THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE
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OF

SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY HOWARD STAUNTON.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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PREFACE.

Of the personal history of Shakespeare, and of the usages of theatres formerly in relation to dramatic productions, 1 so little is now known, that it is impossible to say why he made no provision for the publication of his transcendent works. Whether, having written them for the stage, he was satisfied with their success in that arena, or had forfeited the power of giving them a wider circulation, or was confident enough in their merits to believe they must survive all accidents, no one probably will ever determine. All we know upon the subject is, that, unlike his learned contemporary, Jonson, he published no collection of his "Plays" as "Works," and that although some of them were printed during his life, and possibly with his sanction, there is no evidence to show that any one of them was ever corrected by his own hand. What is strange, too, of a writer so remarkable and of compositions so admired, not a poem, a play, or fragment of either, in his manuscript, has come down to us. What is still more surprising, with the exception of five or six signatures, not a word in his handwriting is known to exist!

The first collective edition of his dramas did not appear till seven years after his death. This was the famous folio of 1623, in which his "fellows" Heminge and Condell brought together rather than edited the whole of the plays, Pericles excepted, which are by common consent ascribed to him.

In the singular prefatory address "To the Great Variety of Readers," written, as Steevens supposed, mainly by Ben Jonson, the editors, so to call them, confess it had been a thing "worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings;" though they claim credit for the care and pain they have bestowed in collecting and publishing them, so that—"where (before) you were abus'd with

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1 It is well ascertained that the printing of a play was considered injurious to its stage success; and although in the sale of a piece to the theatre there may have been no express contract to that effect between the vendor and vendee, the purchase apparently was understood to include, with the special right of performing such piece, the literary interest in it also. Authors, however, were not always faithful to this understanding. Thomas Heywood, in the address to the reader, prefixed to his Rape of Lucrece, 1636, observes, "Though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part, I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty in the last."

Sometimes plays were printed surreptitiously without the cognizance of either the authors or the company to which they belonged, and there is an admonition directed to the Stationers' Company, in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, dated June 10, 1637, against the printing of plays, to the prejudice of the companies who had bought them :—"After my hearty commendations, Whereas complaint was heretofore presented to my dear brother and predecessor by his Majesty's servants the players, that some of the Company of Printers and Stationers had procured and printed divers of their books of Comedies, Tragedies, Interludes, Histories and the like, which they had for the special service of his Majesty, and their own use, bought and provided at very dear and high rates," &c.

Occasionally too, an author, from apprehension or in consequence of a corrupt version of his piece getting abroad, was induced to have it printed himself:—"One only thing affects me; to think, that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be enforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted; I have therefore myself set forth this comedy," &c.—Marston's Preface to the Malecontent. 1604.
diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them, and profess further to have printed at least a portion of the volume from "papers" in which they "scarse received from him a blot." By the "diverse stolne and surreptitious copies" they point evidently at the quartos; but the depreciation of those editions is merely a clap-trap to enhance the value of their own folio.2 The facts, which are indisputable, that in many of the plays the folio text is a literal reprint of that in the quartos, even to the errors of the press, and that some of the publishers of the latter were bought off and included among the proprietors of the folio, prove that, if not absolutely authentic, the earlier copies had strong claims to accuracy and completeness.3 The seventeen of Shakespeare's plays which appeared in the quarto form prior to the publication of the folio 1623, are: King Richard II, King Richard III, Romeo and Juliet, Love's Labour's Lost, Henry IV. P. I., Henry IV. P. II., Henry V., The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, Titus Andronicus, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Hamlet, King Lear, Troilus and Cressida, Pericles, and Othello. The folio contains the whole of the above pieces (excepting Pericles), which had previously appeared in print, and twenty plays besides, which, so far as we know, till that time were only in manuscript.

2 Malone observes that what Heminge and Condell state regarding the imperfection and mutilation of the quartos "is not strictly true of any but two of the whole number," and that in general the other quartos "are preferable to the exhibition of the same plays in the folio; for this plain reason, because, instead of printing these plays from a manuscript, the editors of the folio, to save labour, or from some other motive, printed the greater part of them from the very copies which they represented as maimed and imperfect, and frequently from a late, instead of the earliest edition."

3 "It is demonstrable that Heminge and Condell printed Much Ado about Nothing from the quarto of 1600, omitting some short portions and words here and there, and making some trivial changes, mostly for the worse:—that they printed Love's Labour's Lost from the quarto of 1603, occasionally copying the old errors of the press; and though in a few instances they corrected the text, they more frequently corrupted it; spoil the continuity of the dialogue in Act III. Sc. 1, by omitting several lines, and altered the preparatory repetitions in Act IV. Sc. 3, and Act V. Sc. 2, to stand as in the quarto:—that their text of A Midsummer Night's Dream was mainly taken from Robert's quarto,—by much the inferior of the two quartos of 1600,—its blunders being sometimes followed; and though they amended a few passages, they introduced not a few bad variations, to say nothing of their being chargeable with some small omissions:—that for The Merchant of Venice they used Heyes's quarto, 1600, retaining a good many of its misprints; and though in some places they improved the text, their deviations from the quarto are generally either objectionable readings, or positive errors:—that in King Richard II. they chiefly adhere to the quarto of 1615, copying some of its mistakes; and though they made one or two short additions, and some slight omissions, they occasionally corrupted the text, and greatly injured the tragedy by omitting sundry passages, one of which, in Act I. Sc. 3, extends to twenty-six lines:—that their text of The First Part of King Henry IV. is, on the whole, more faulty than that of the incorrect quarto of 1613, from which they printed the play:—that their text of King Richard III., which materially differs from that of all the quartos,—now and then for the better, but oftener perhaps for the worse,—was in some parts printed from the quarto of 1602, as several corresponding errors prove, and though it has many lines not contained in any of the quartos, it leaves out a very striking and characteristic portion of the 2d scene of Act IV., and presents passages here and there which cannot be restored to sense without the assistance of the quartos:—that they formed their text of Troilus and Cressida on that of the quarto of 1609, from which some of their many blunders were derived; and though they made important additions in several passages, they omitted other passages, sometimes to the destruction of the sense:—that in Hamlet, while they added considerably to the prose-dialogue in Act II. Sc. 2, inserted elsewhere lines and words which are wanting in the quarto of 1604, &c., and rectified various mistakes of those quartos; they,—not to mention minor mutilations of the text, some of them accidental,—omitted in the course of the play about a hundred and sixty verses (including nearly the whole of the 4th scene of Act IV.), and left out a portion of the prose-dialogue in Act V. Sc. 2, besides allowing a multitude of errors to creep in passim:—that their text of King Lear, though frequently correct where the quartos are incorrect, and containing various lines and words omitted in the quartos, is, on the other hand, not only often incorrect where the quartos are correct, but is mutilated to a surprising extent, —the omissions, if we take prose and verse together, amounting to about two hundred and seventy lines, among which is an admirable portion of the 8th scene of Act III. * * * In short, Heminge and Condell made up the folio of 1623 partly from those very quartos which they denounced as worthless, and partly from manuscript stage-copies, some of which had been depraved, in not a few places, by the alterations and "botchery of the players," and awkwardly mutilated for the purpose of curtailing the pieces in representation."—Dyce.
This folio of 1623, then, forms the only authority we possess for above one half of Shakespeare’s plays, and a very important one for the remainder which had been published before its appearance. Unhappily it is a very ill printed book; so badly edited, and so negligently “read,” that it abounds not only with the most transparent typographical inaccuracies, but with readings disputable and nonsensical beyond belief. Such, indeed, are its errors and deficiencies that Mr. Knight, who professes more deference to the authority of its text than any other editor, and has gone the length of saying that “perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed,” was constrained to abandon it in thousands of instances. The truth is, that no edition of Shakespeare founded literally on the folio would be endured by the general reader in the present day. Opinions may differ as to the extent to which the quartos are required in correcting and supplementing the players’ copy; that they are invaluable for these purposes it would be the height of prejudice to deny. Some portion of the corruptions in the folio may be due to obscure or imperfect manuscript, papers originally received from the author’s hands with scarce a blot, were probably much worn and soiled by years of use in the theatre, but the clusters of misprints, the ruthless disregard of metrical propriety, the absolute absurdities of punctuation, which deform this volume, too plainly indicate that it received little or no literary supervision, beyond that of the master printer who prepared it for the press.

The second folio, published in 1632, is no improvement on its predecessor in point of accuracy. It corrects a few of the most palpable typographical mistakes of the former folio; but the editor, as Malone has shown, was entirely ignorant of Shakespeare’s phraseology and versification, and has left few pages undisfigured by some capricious innovations.

The third folio, bearing the date 1664, is very scarce, a large number of copies having been destroyed in the Great Fire of London, in 1666. Like the second folio, it is, as regards the acknowledged plays, merely a reprint, perpetuating the errors of the first, and adding new ones of its own. This edition, however, possesses a special interest, as it contains seven additional plays, “never before printed in folio:” viz. *Pericles Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy;* and *The Tragedy of Locrine.* No one of these plays, with the exception of *Pericles,* is ever now included in the editions of Shakespeare’s works, nor has any other of them a claim to such distinction.

The fourth folio of 1685 is nothing more than a reproduction of the third copy, and, like its immediate precursor, not only presents blunders of its own, but repeats the most obvious errors found in the second folio. Such were the earliest collected editions of this poet’s dramas, and such the only volumes in which these dramas were accessible for nearly a hundred years after his decease. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, etc. etc.
new impulse to the study of his works was given by the editions of Rowe, in 1709 and 1714, and the reviving appreciation of his genius was strikingly shown by the long succession of distinguished editors that century produced:—Pope, 1725 and 1728; Theobald, 1733 and 1740; Hanmer, 1744; Warburton, 1747; Johnson, 1765; Capell, 1768; Johnson and Steevens, 1773, and 1779; Reed, 1785; Malone, 1790; and Rann, 1786—1794.

In addition to the early printed authorities for the formation of a text, there are two manuscript claimants, whose merits and pretensions demand some notice. The first of these, a version of the First and Second Parts of Henry IV, which by certain omissions and modifications is compressed into a single play, formerly belonged to Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden, Kent, and is probably the oldest manuscript copy of any play by Shakespeare known. It is annotated in the hand-writing of Sir Edward Dering, and Mr. Halliwell inclines to think it was written after 1619, when, according to the family papers, Sir Edward purchased "twenty-seven play-books for nine shillings." This manuscript is certainly curious, and it has two or three conjectural emendations which are ingenious, but it is entitled to no consideration on the score of authority, being evidently formed upon the text of the quarto, 1613.

The other, and far more pretentious claimant to a voice in the regulation of Shakespeare's text, is the now notorious Collier folio, a copy of the 1632 edition, formerly belonging to Mr. John Payne Collier, and which was sold or presented by that gentleman to the late Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Collier's account of the way this volume came into his hands, and of the circumstances under which he first became aware of its MS. treasures, is as follows:—

"In the spring of 1849 I happened to be in the shop of the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport Street, at the time when a package of books arrived from the country; my impression is that it came from Bedfordshire, but I am not at all certain upon a point which I looked upon as a matter of no importance. He opened the parcel in my presence, as he had often done before in the course of my thirty or forty years' acquaintance with him, and looking at the backs and title-pages of several volumes, I saw that they were chiefly works of little interest to me. Two folios, however, attracted my attention, one of them gilt on the sides, and the other in rough calf: the first was an excellent copy of Florio's 'New World of Words,' 1611, with the name of Henry Osborn (whom I mistook at the moment for his celebrated namesake, Francis) upon the first leaf; and the other a copy of the second folio of Shakespeare's Plays, much cropped, the covers old and greasy, and, as I saw at a glance on opening them, imperfect at the beginning and end. Concluding hastily that the latter would complete another poor copy of the second folio, which I had bought of the same bookseller, and which I had had for some years in my possession, and wanting the former for my use, I bought them both,—the Florio for twelve, and the Shakespeare for thirty shillings.

"As it turned out, I at first repented my bargain as regarded the Shakespeare, because, when I took it home, it appeared that two leaves which I wanted were unfit for my purpose, not merely by being too short, but damaged and defaced: thus disappointed,
I threw it by, and did not see it again, until I made a selection of books I would take with me on quitting London. In the mean time, finding that I could not readily remedy the deficiencies in my other copy of the folio, 1632, I had parted with it; and when I removed into the country with my family, in the spring of 1850, in order that I might not be without some copy of the second folio for the purpose of reference, I took with me that which is the foundation of the present work.

"It was while putting my books together for removal, that I first observed some marks in the margin of this folio; but it was subsequently placed upon an upper shelf, and I did not take it down until I had occasion to consult it. It then struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his Booke,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of about that date, and that the volume might have been his; but in the first place, I found that his name was Richard Perkins, and in the next, I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard; and this circumstance and others induced me to examine the volume more particularly. I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous." Preface to Notes and Emendations, &c.

After due announcement of the extraordinary discovery, with samples of the emendations, in the chief literary newspapers, Mr. Collier, in 1852, published his volume entitled Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the Folio, 1632, &c. &c. The annotations excited great interest, and, among those not conversant with the language of our early literature and the labours of the poet's commentators, unbounded admiration. Shakespearian scholars, however, were by no means satisfied with the history of the "corrections," or disposed to concede the authority assumed for them. The late Mr. Singer, in particular, distinguished himself by a vigorous opposition to Notes and Emendations, and in an able though somewhat too trenchant work, The Text of Shakespeare Vindicated from the Interpolations and Corruptions advocated by John Payne Collier, Esq. &c. &c. very clearly proved that many of the best of the emendations were not new, and that most of the new were uncalled for or absurd. In this estimate of the readings he was followed and supported by Mr. Knight, Mr. Halliwell, and Mr. Dyce.

In spite of this antagonism, a second edition of Notes and Emendations was soon published. Nearly at the same time, too, Mr. Collier brought out a Monovolume of Shakespeare's Plays, in which all the "emendations," good, bad, and indifferent, were adopted without note or comment to distinguish them from the customary text. This was followed by a volume entitled by Mr. Collier, Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, by the late S. T. Coleridge; containing what professed to be a list of every manuscript note and emendation in Mr. Collier's folio. And finally appeared an edition of Shakespeare's Works edited by that gentleman, in which he adopted the greater part
of the anonymous substitutions, and strenuously advocated the remainder. In the meantime, however, such sweeping changes in the text, and upon authority so questionable, became the subject of discussion and energetic protest in various quarters. Having myself, I may be permitted to say, from the first publication of Notes and Emendations, felt assured, by the internal evidence, that they were for the most part plagiarized from the chief Shakesperian editors and critics, and the rest of quite modern fabrication—I earnestly longed to have the writing tested. That which was a desire before, when the present book was undertaken became a necessity, and during the year 1858 I more than once communicated to Sir Frederic Madden, as the most eminent paleographer of the age, my motives for wishing that the volume should undergo inspection by persons skilled in ancient writing. Sir Frederic's official engagements at that time prevented his giving the subject the attention it perhaps merited. With the courtesy and consideration which have marked his conduct throughout this painful business, he did, however, I subsequently found, in consequence of my solicitations, apply to Mr. Collier to obtain him access to the volume. His letter, it appears, was not answered. In the spring of last year I again called upon him, and reiterated my reasons for desiring the volume should be examined, and if possible by him. This time I was more successful. Sir Frederic immediately wrote to the Duke of Devonshire, requesting permission to see the much talked of folio, and it was liberally forwarded to the British Museum for inspection by himself and friends. While there, the writing was carefully examined by Sir Frederic Madden, Mr. Panizzi, Mr. Bond, Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, Professor Brewer, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, Mr. Hamilton, and other paleographers, and these gentlemen were unanimously of opinion that the MS. annotations on the margins and in the body of the book, though in an apparently ancient character, were really of quite modern origin. The technical evidences upon

8 In reply to the discreditable insinuations of Mr. Collier and his partisans, that Sir Frederic Madden was influenced by personal animosity to Mr. Collier, in the measures he has taken, and the opinion he has expressed respecting the disputed folio—Sir Frederic has published the following narrative of the circumstances which led to the book being placed in his hands:

"'During the summer and autumn of 1858 Dr. Mansfield Ingleby and Mr. Staunton had called more than once on me, to ask my opinion of the genuineness of the notes of the 'Old Corrector,' as printed by Mr. Collier, and also at the same time to express their opinion, from internal evidence, that the notes were of recent origin. So far from my having at that time 'aided the case' against Mr. Collier, as falsely asserted by him (p. 70 of his Reply), I called upon the two gentlemen above named to bear witness whether I did not express my great surprise at their statement, and manifest the utmost unwillingness to believe that so large a body of notes could have been fabricated, or, if fabricated, could escape detection. These interviews, however, led me to address a request to Mr. Collier, on Sept. 6, 1858, that he would procure me a sight of the Folio, which of itself ought to prove that I could at that time have entertained no doubt of his integrity in the matter. To this request I never received any answer, nor indeed, to the best of my belief, did Mr. Collier write to me at all subsequently; and, although I thought it strange, yet I certainly never took offence at it. Resolved, however, in my own mind, to prefer my request to the Duke of Devonshire himself; but official and other business constantly interfered to prevent my carrying out my intention until May 1859, when Professor Bodenstein introduced to me by Mr. Watts of the Museum, and having expressed his great desire to see the Collier Folio, I promised them to gratify, if possible, their and my own wishes on the subject, as well as to give several of my Shakesperian friends an opportunity of examining the volume. Accordingly, on the 18th of May, I wrote to the Duke, requesting the loan of the volume for a short time, and by his grace's liberality it was sent to me on the 28th of the same month, late in the day. In the evening of the same day I wrote letters to Professor Bodenstein, the Rev. A. Dyce, Mr. W. J. Thoms (a friend of Mr. Collier), and I believe Mr. Staunton, inviting them to see the volume.

"Having thus succeeded in obtaining the volume, my next step was to examine it critically on paleographic grounds, and this I did on the following morning very carefully, together with Mr. Bond, the Assistant-Keeper of my Department, and we were both struck with the very suspicious character of the writing—certainly the work of one hand, but presenting varieties of forms assignable to different periods—the evident painting over of many of the letters, and the artificial look of the ink. The day had not passed before I had quite made up my mind that the 'Old Corrector' never lived in the seventeenth century, but that the notes were fabricated at a recent period."
which this decision was founded were immediately made public in a letter from Mr. Hamilton to the *Times* newspaper. The most striking of these were "an infinite number of faint pencil-marks and corrections on the margins, in obedience to which the supposed old corrector had made his emendations," which pencil-marks, without even a pretence to antiquity in character or spelling, but written in a bold hand of the present century, can sometimes be distinctly seen underneath the quasi-antique notes themselves. To the very grave and inevitable inferences supplied by this remarkable discovery, Mr. Collier replied in a letter to the same *Journal,* that he "never made a single pencil-mark on the pages of the book, excepting crosses, ticks, or lines, to direct [his] attention to particular emendations." That he had shown and sworn that the volume in its present annotated state, was formerly in the possession of a gentleman named Parry. That soon after the discovery of the folio, he had produced it before the Council of the Shakespeare Society, and at two or three assemblies of the Society of Antiquaries. That he had given, not sold the volume, as had been stated in some newspapers, to the late Duke of Devonshire, and unless before a proper legal tribunal he would not submit to say another word in print upon the subject.

A letter followed in the *Times* from Mr. Maskelyne, *Keeper of the Mineral Department,* in the British Museum, which stated that on examination of the writing by means of a microscope, the existence of the pencil-marks mentioned by Mr. Hamilton is indisputable; that in some cases these pencillings underlie the ink, and that the ink, though apparently at times it has become mixed with ordinary ink, in its prevailing character is nothing more than a paint formed perhaps of sepia, or of sepia mixed with a little Indian ink. The publicity given to the investigation induced Mr. Parry, the gentleman cited by Mr. Collier as the former owner of the folio, to call at the British Museum to recognise his old possession. On seeing the volume, he at once denied not only that it was the book formerly his, but that it had ever been shown to him by Mr. Collier. Some further controversy ensued which need not be detailed, and the question of the genuineness of the writing was warmly discussed both in the leading English and American papers. Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Hamilton’s letter to the *Times,* a clever little work upon the subject by Dr. Ingleby, called *The Shakespeare Fabrications, or the Manuscript Notes of the Perkins Folio shown to be of recent Origin,* &c. was published. In this *opusculum* Mr. Collier’s conduct in relation to the discovered volume was so severely handled, and the charge of complicity in the fabrications so plainly brought home to him, that his friends deemed it proper to announce that the volume was undergoing a careful examination by "four eminent antiquaries." As the result of this perquisition has not been made known, we may infer that these four gentlemen found nothing to invalidate the verdict passed upon the writing by the authorities who had preceded them in the task. A few months later Mr. Hamilton published his long promised

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6 Curiously enough, Mr. Parry, in searching through his library subsequently, has discovered a fly-leaf belonging to his lost folio, and on comparing it with the Collier volume, it is found to be a quarter of an inch too short, and a quarter of an inch too broad to match the latter.

This substantiates the declaration of Mr. Parry when he first saw the Collier folio at the British Museum, that his book was wider than the one stated to have been his, and proves beyond future cavil that the Collier and the Parry folio were not the same.
pamphlet, *An Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakespeare, folio, 1632, &c.* In this work he not only recapitulates all the former evidence against the Collier folio annotations, but publishes the result of an examination of certain other documents connected with Shakespeare, which Mr. Collier professed to have discovered in Devonshire House; among the archives of Lord Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House; in Dulwich College; and in the State Paper Office, proving, what had long been suspected, that a systematic series of Shakespearian forgeries has been perpetrated of late years, and apparently by one hand.

To the additional charges of uninquisitive credulity, not to say positive imposition, suggested in this "Inquiry," Mr. Collier has published a formal "Reply." In this reply he fails entirely to grapple with the main question at issue; he brings no evidence to rebut the technical and professional testimony against the impeached documents. He does not even propose the obvious course to any one circumspected as he is, who believed the papers genuine—that of submitting them to the scrutiny of an authoritative tribunal of literary men and paleographers. Beyond the indulgence of much ill-judged personality against those gentlemen, who from a sense of duty have brought the subject before the public, he contents himself with a simple denial of culpability, an ignoring of the most palpable facts, and an appeal ad misericordiam.

But enough of this disreputable topic. Without taking into account these "New Particulars," the value of which will be more fittingly considered in the Memoir that follows, we may rest satisfied that the authority of the Collier folio is at an end. Such of its readings as are of worth will be restored to their rightful owners, for the paternity of nearly all such is known; and the rest will speedily find the oblivion they so well deserve.

A few words may be desirable to explain the principle which has been followed in the present attempt to supply the best text of Shakespeare which the means at command allow. It has before been stated that we possess no play or poem, or even fragment of one, in the poet's writing. The early printed copies of his works are therefore the sole authority for what he wrote, and an accurate collation of them becomes the first and indispensable business of a modern editor. This portion of my duty has been performed at least with care, I hope with fidelity. Not only have I collated the quarto editions with the folio; but the former, where more than one of the same play existed, with themselves; and then, both quarto and folio with the best editions of modern times. 7

Having mastered and noted the *variae lectiones* in the old copies, the task of selection in a play found only in the folios was not difficult, the first copy, 1623, being in almost all cases preferable to the subsequent impressions. Where, however, a play exists both in quarto and folio form, and there are more than one edition of it in quarto, and, as is always the case, each copy abounds in corruptions, the choice is embarrassing. In these instances, taking the first folio as the basis of the text throughout, and when substituting a letter,

7 The modern editions consulted are Rowe's, Pope's, Theobald's, Hamner's, Warburton's, Johnson's and Steevens's. Those collated, Caiiil's, Malone's, Knight's, Collier's, and Dyce's; the two last-named, however, having appeared after great part of the present work was published, were available only for a portion of the play.
word, or passage from any other source, always showing the folio reading in a note, I have trusted sometimes to the judgment of my predecessors, and occasionally to the dictates of my own. As a general rule it may be affirmed, that as in the folios, the first is freer from errors than the second, the second than the third, &c., so the earlier quartos exhibit a better text than the later ones, and, since the folio often prints from these later ones, of course in such cases a better one than the folio. When everything has been done in the shape of comparison which time, unwearied industry, and commodious access to old editions will allow, and when the labour of selecting from so many authorities in so many thousand instances has been fully accomplished, it is surprising how much remains to do.

Dr. Johnson, after enumerating the various circumstances which tended to the corruption of Shakespeare's text, observes, "It is not easy for invention to bring together so many causes concurring to vitiate a text. No other author ever gave up his works to fortune and time with so little care; no books could be left in hands so likely to injure them, as plays frequently acted, yet continued in manuscript; no other transcribers were likely to be so little qualified for their task, as those who copied for the stage, at a time when the lower ranks of the people were universally illiterate; no other editions were made from fragments so minutely broken, and so fortuitously re-united; and in no other age was the art of printing in such unskilful hands." With a text thus pitiably depraved, it is not surprising that when collation is exhausted there should hardly be a page which does not present passages either dubious or positively corrupt. In those of the former category my rule has been to give the original lection in the text, but, as old Fuller well says, that "conjectures, if mannerly observing their distance, and not imprudently intruding themselves for certainties, deserve, if not to be received, to be considered,"—I have subjoined the emendations proposed by other commentators with my own, in the margin. The remedy for those of the latter class, I sought firstly in the modern editions, and did not often seek in vain. When they failed to rectify the error, recourse was had to my own sagacity. In no instance, however, has any deviation from the authentic copies been adopted without the change being notified. Mindful, too, of the Roman sentiment quoted by Johnson, "that it is more honourable to save a citizen than to destroy an enemy," I have in most cases, unless the emendation is indisputable on the ground of internal evidence, retained the ancient reading, and placed the proposed correction in a note. On the same principle, I have in some important instances, by citing examples of the disputed expression from Shakespeare himself, or from the authors he read, succeeded in restoring words found in the original, but which have been banished from all subsequent editions.

After exhibiting what Shakespeare wrote, according to the ancient copies, and the best modern glosses thereon, I have endeavoured, with the aid of those who have preceded me in the same task, and to the extent of a long familiarity with the literature and customs of his day, to explain his obscurities, to disentangle his intricacies, and to illustrate his allusions. In this attempt, the amount of reference and quotation will be seen to have been very great. It has, however, been much greater than it appears, since, with a few
exceptions where the books or MSS. were unattainable, every extract throughout the work has been made at first hand. This is a circumstance I should have thought undeserving notice, but that in a standard edition of Shakespeare, like the Variorum of 1821, I have not found one quotation in ten without an error.

For the rest, it may suffice in this brief sketch of my plan to add, that by a careful regulation of the pointing, in some passages the lost sense has been retrieved, and in others the meaning has been rendered more conspicuous.

April, 1860. 8

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8 Suum cuique. As some few of my readings have received the honour of adoption by more than one editor of Shakespeare, lately, the date above without explanation might expose me to the censure of plagiarism. I shall be forgiven therefore for stating that the present work was begun in Nov. 1857, and has been published month by month in parts up to the first of May, 1860.
SOME ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

For such of the information on Shakespeare's personal history as can be deemed authentic, we are chiefly indebted to modern research. No memoir of him was published in his own time, nor do the several "Commentatory" effusions of which his contemporaries and immediate successors made him the object, imply that their writers knew aught of him except as a poet. Writing nearly a century after Shakespeare's death, Rowe was only able to fill six or seven pages with personal matter; a great portion of his "Life" being devoted to criticism. He derived his memorials from the famous actor, Betterton, who was born in 1635; and what he did was serviceable as a nucleus for more extended treatises; but Betterton ought to have known Shakespeare's private history better, than from Rowe's meagre and questionable narrative he appears to have done, since he was intimately associated with Sir William Davenant (born in 1605), and was apprenticed to a bookseller named Rhodes, who in his younger days was wardrobe-keeper to the theatre in Blackfriars.

From the time of Rowe to that of Malone, great part of another century, though editions of Shakespeare's works were issued by the most distinguished literary characters of the period, and much was done to increase our knowledge of the poet, very little was added to our enlightenment respecting the man. A few odd scraps and memoranda picked out of Aubrey, Oldys, Wood and others, spring up here and there among their notes and illustrations; but of a comprehensive biography we find no trace. In 1790, however, Malone published a Life of Shakespeare, for which, although the time for collecting accounts of private occurrences in the poet's career had passed away, every available source of intelligence regarding his public course was industriously and profitably examined. Guided by this luminary, whose services, whether as biographer or commentator, have never been adequately acknowledged, other inquirers, as Messrs. Dyce, Halliwell, Collier, and Knight, have gone over the same field, each adding something to our scanty store of information on the subject. With materials derived from these authorities, the following sketch, containing an abstract of the most essential particulars really ascertained concerning his origin, family, life, property, and character, has been compiled.

1 "I must own a particular obligation to him [Betterton], for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the public; his veneration for the memory of Shakespeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration."—Rowe's Life of Shakespeare.

2 "All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakespeare, serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fullness by a contemporary, has been produced."—Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe, p. 176. 1843.
The family of Shakespeare, Rowe says, "as appears by the register and publick writings relating to that town [Stratford-upon-Avon], were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen." This is an error. The register styles none of the family "gentleman" except the poet himself, and even he is so distinguished only after he had returned to his native place with the glory and fortune acquired by his genius and talents. Nor is it probable that his father was originally a Stratford man. Many families of the name had long been settled in different parts of Warwickshire; as at Warwick, Knowle, Rowington, Wroxhall, Hampton, Lapworth, Nuneaton and Kineton. To which of these branches the dramatist belonged, was until recently an insoluble problem. It has now been pretty clearly established, by the researches of Mr. Collier and Mr. Halliwell, that his father, John Shakespeare, was a son of Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, a village three or four miles from Stratford. The evidence in favour of this descent consists in the facts, that the said Richard was a tenant of Robert Arden, whose daughter John Shakespeare married, and that the poet's uncle, Henry Shakespeare, resided at Snitterfield; but this discovery, if such it may be termed, throws little light upon the family itself, and affords no assistance in our endeavours to ascertain from which particular stock the poet's branch descended. With reference to the status of the family, it appears to have been of the class of small farmers in the villages, and of respectable shopkeepers in the towns; no proof having been found, that any public honour or private fortune was ever acquired by its members.

About 1551, John Shakespeare, the father of William, settled in some kind of occupation at Stratford-upon-Avon. There is clear proof that he lived in Henley Street, where the dramatist is supposed to have been born, as early as 1552. In 1556, we find him in the registers of the bailiff's court described as a glover; at the same time he was evidently engaged in agricultural pursuits, since he is mentioned in a deed bearing that date as "John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, yeoman." Aubrey says he was a butcher: according to Rowe, he was "a considerable dealer in wool." It would be a material addition to our knowledge of William Shakespeare, if the standing and means of his father could be accurately determined. We could then understand, in some degree, what is now extremely doubtful, the manner in which the dramatist was bred and educated. From the slender facts before us, we can only suppose, that John Shakespeare was the son of a respectable farmer at Snitterfield; that he came into the borough of Stratford with a moderate inheritance at his command, and then entered into business as a local merchant; dealing in wool, gloves, timber, etc. The old familiar Shakespeare has thus become converted into Shakespeare, Shakespeare, and Shakesper. This seems a purely idle fancy. The art of spelling was in a very primitive condition at the time of Shakespeare's signing his name, and, if he had wished to attain great accuracy in his own signature, as some of his literary sponsors have done since, he would not have found it an object very easy of accomplishment.

The different records of Warwickshire, the word is spelt in innumerable ways, appearing for instance, as Shaxper, Shaxpeer, Shakespeare, Schakspere, Schakspeire, Chaspeir, Shakspeyer, and Shakespero. Whatever may have been the root and original meaning of the word (a point perhaps less obvious than the multitude suppose), it has always been held to signify a race of speare shakers, or warriors. That the poet's contemporaries interpreted it in this sense, is shown in Greene having sarcastically designated Shakespeare the only "Shake-scene," and in

Ben Jonson having said of him,

"Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-toned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance."

Using an authority as ancient as the human imagination,
Verstegan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, explains the word in the following grave sentence:—

"Breakspair, Shakespeare and the lyke hare byn suynames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feats of armes."

Without implicitly assenting to this doctrine, as concerns the name in question, we may fairly act upon it so far as to spell the word in accordance with its asserted root.—Shakespeare—which seems the least affected as well as most correct practice that can be followed.

About 1552, as we learn from a Court Roll, dated April 25th, 1552, preserved in the Record Office, by which we learn that he with others incurred a fine of xijd. for a *sterquinarium* before his dwelling "in Hendley Strote contra ordinationem curiae."


"Rowe's Life of Shakespeare."
corn and perhaps cattle. In 1557, he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilne-cote, receiving with her an estate called Ashbies, estimated to have comprised about fifty-six acres of land, and the sum of £6 13s. 4d.; together with the interest in two tenements at Snitterfield. Whatever our uncertainty regarding the rank of the Shakespeares; that of the Ardens is not doubtful. They had been landed proprietors in the parish of Aston Cantlowe for more than a century before the marriage of Shakespeare's father. They were connected with John Arden, Esquire for the Body to Henry VII. On the maternal side, then, the poet was unquestionably descended from a family of long standing among that class,—the yeoman-squires of England,—who, cultivating their own estates, enjoyed perhaps a larger admixture of comfort and independence than any other of the population.

At the period of his marriage, the circumstances of John Shakespeare appear to have been prosperous. On the 2d of October, 1556, a year before he wedded Mary Arden, he purchased the copyhold of a house in Green-hill Street, and of another in Henley Street: the former having a garden and croft attached to it; the latter only a garden. He became a member of the Corporation in 1557, and in the same year was chosen Ale-taster, "an officer appointed in every court-leet, and sworn to look to the assize and goodness of bread, or ale, or beer, within the precincts of that lordship." In 1558 he was appointed one of the four constables. In 1559 he was chosen one of the four assessors, empowered to determine the fines for offences against the bye-laws of the corporation. He was elected one of the chamberlains in 1561, and in 1565 he became alderman. From Michaelmas, 1568, to the same period of 1569, he held the chief borough office of bailiff, and in 1571 he was elected chief alderman. It is reasonable to suppose, that while attaining these successive municipal distinctions, his worldly condition was easy if not affluent; but subsequent to the year 1573, in which he purchased two other houses in Henley Street, his affairs appear to have declined. In 1578 he and his wife mortgaged the estate of Ashbies to Edmund Lambert; and shortly after their interest in the tenements at Snitterfield was parted with. About this time, too, John Shakespeare's attendance at the corporation became irregular. On the 19th of November, 1578, when it was required that every alderman should pay fourpence a week for the relief of the poor, John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt were exempted from the tax. In March 1578-9, when an amount of money was levied on the inhabitants of Stratford for the purchase of arms, his name occurs as a defaulter. On "Jan. 19, 28 Eliz." the return to a distinguis, was—"quod predictus Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distinguis potest. Ideo fiat capias versus eundem Johannem Shackspere," &c. The following month, and again in March, a capias was issued against him; and in the same year another person was chosen alderman in his stead, the reason assigned being, that he "dothe not come to the halles, nor hathe not done of longe tyme." Nor are these the only indications of his fallen fortune. On "Mar. 29, 29 Eliz." he produced a writ of habeas corpus in the Stratford Court of Record,—"Johannes Shakesper protulit breve domine reginse de habeas corpus cum causa," &c.; from which it is conjectured he was then in custody for debt.

8 "She was the youngest of the seven daughters of Robert Arden by his first wife, whose maiden name is not known. His second wife, Agnes Arden, was the widow of a person named Hill; her maiden name was Webbe."—Dyce.

9 "There is no good proof that the Robert Arden, Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII., and rewarded by that sovereign, a fact which appears from the Patent Rolls of that reign, was related to the Ardens of Wilne-cote; but there can be little doubt, from the identity of coat-armour, that the latter were connected with the

John Arden, Esquire for the Body to Henry VII., whose will, dated in 1586, would appear to show that the King had honoured him with visits."—Halliwell's Life of Shakespeare. p. 17, folio ed.

10 In 1570, he occupied a small farm called Ingon, or Ingon, Meadow, for which, with its appurtenances, he paid a rent of £8 yearly. The land was only fourteen acres in extent, so that a house was probably included.

11 Joan Arden, the sister of Mary Shakespeare, was married to an Edward Lambert.
Reversing the customary order of things, John Shakespeare, in 1596, when nearly seventy years of age, and apparently in embarrassed circumstances, applied to the Herald's College for a grant of arms. His application was successful: Dethick, the Carter King of Arms, made the grant in 1597; and a second grant, authorizing the arms of Arden to be impaled on the coat, was made by Dethick and Camden in 1599. Drafts of these two grants are still preserved: that of 1597 says, "being therefore solicited, and by credible report informed that John Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon in the countey of Warwick, whose parents and late antecessors were for their vallant and faithfull service advanced and rewarded by the most prudent prince King Henry the Seventh of famous memorie, sythence which time they have con-
tinewed at those parts in good reputacion and credit, and that the said John having maryed Mary daughter and one of the heyrs of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, in the said counte, gent. In consideration whereof and for the encouragement of his posterite, to whom theyse 
achevments maie desend by the auncient custom and lawes of Armes, I have therefore assigned, granted, &c. &c." This would be a gratifying piece of the family history were it trustworthy, but unfortunately it is of very doubtful credit. Such expressions as those respecting Shakespeare's antecessors are no guarantee that the valiant services rendered to Henry the Seventh, were any beyond the most menial offices. Independently too of this drawback, we have the evidence itself on the word of a very suspicious witness. Dethick was at a subsequent period charged, among various miscellaneous offences, with having granted arms to persons whose circumstances and position did not warrant the distinction; and this grant to John Shakespeare was one of the cases cited against him. In reply to this particular portion of the charges, he and his colleague, in "The Answer of Carter and Clarencieux Kinges of Arms, to a libellous Scrawlle against certain Arms supposed to be wrongfully given," say that "the persone to whom it was granted had borne magestracie, and was justice of peace at Stratford-upon-Avon; he married the daughter and heyre of Arderne, and was able to maintaine that estate."

Moreover, at the bottom of the first draft, made in 1597, Dethick had attached the following memorandum:—"This John hath a paterne thereof [i.e. a blazon of the arms] under Clarence Cookes hand in paper xx years past. A justice of peace, and was baylife, officer and cheefe of the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, xv or xvi years past. That he had the landes and tenememt of good wealth and substance, £500. That he married a daughter and heyre of Arden, a Gent. of Worship." The most curious part of this note is the reference to a prior grant twenty years before, in the time of Clarence Cooke. But no confirmation of Dethick's statement on this point has ever been found, and the story is generally regarded as fabulous. The received opinion, indeed, now is, that John Shakespeare had no hand in the business, beyond lending his name; that no arms were either sought or obtained in 1576, and that they were applied for in 1596 by, or at least for, the then opulent poet, William Shakespeare.12

In 1597, John Shakespeare and his wife filed a bill in Chancery, to recover the estate of Ashbies, against John Lambert, son of Edmund Lambert, to whom we have seen they mortgaged the property for the sum of £40 in 1578, conditionally, that it should revert to them if they repaid the money advanced on or before Michaelmas day, 1580. The money in discharge was duly tendered, according to the declaration of the plaintiffs, but was refused unless other monies in which they were indebted to the mortgagee were also paid. In answer

12 "In all probability John Shakespeare sought this distinction at the instance of his son William, whose profession of actor prohibited him from directly soliciting it for himself: and we certainly need not doubt that before 1599 the prosperity of the son had secured the father, during the remainder of his days, against any recurrence of those difficulties which had so long beset him."—Dyce, Life of Shakespeare.
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

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the bill, John Lambert denied that the £40 had been tendered; and maintained, that by the death of his father, he was legally entitled to the estate. This answer was followed by a replication on the part of John and Mary Shakespeare, reiterating their former declaration of the tender and refusal of the £40 within the period specified. In what way the suit terminated is not known, but it is supposed to have been settled by private arrangement.

According to Rowe, John and Mary Shakespeare had ten children, and to this circumstance he ascribes the father's incapability of giving the poet a "better education than his own employment." The register of Stratford makes the number only eight. Rowe's error probably arose from the fact of there being another John Shakespeare at Stratford, who in November, 1584, married Margery Roberts, and had three children, born respectively in 1588, 1590 and 1591. Adapting the baptismal register as our guide, the following are found to have been the offspring of John and Mary Shakespeare:

1. Joan, baptized Sept. 15th, 1558
3. William, — April 26th, 1564.
5. Jean, — April 15th, 1569.
6. Anne, — Sept. 28th, 1571.
8. Edmund, — May 3d, 1580.

Of these children, the first Joan is supposed to have lived but a few months. Margaret and Anne are known to have died young; Gilbert, the second Joan, Richard, and Edmund I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

From the defective manner in which ancient registers were kept—an imperfection not completely remedied until the passing of the present Registration Act—we have no certain knowledge of the day when William Shakespeare was born. The record of his baptism in the register stands as follows,— "1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes [sic] Shakspere;" and tradition tells us he first saw the light on the 23d of the month, three days before he was baptized. A house in Henley Street has always been regarded as that in which he was born, and the legend is supported by evidence of considerable weight. His father appears to have resided in Henley Street nearly if not all his Stratford life. His descendants, the Harts, lived there after him. It is probable that they successively occupied the same house.

Of William Shakespeare's boyhood, of his pursuits up to leaving Stratford, or of the

13 Life of Shakespeare.
14 It has been ascertained that the second John Shakespeare was a shoemaker, and no way related to the father of the dramatist. He is always mentioned in the parish records as plain John Shakespeare, whereas the poet's father is designated Mr. John Shakespeare, a title due to his municipal standing, if not to his position in other respects. There is also evidence to prove that the shoemaker was much the younger man of the two.
15 "The Rev. Joseph Greene, who was master of the free-school at Stratford, several years ago made some extracts from the register of that parish, which he afterwards gave to the late James West, Esq. They were imperfect, and in other respects not quite accurate. In the margin of this paper Mr. Greene has written, opposite the entry relative to our poet's baptism, 'Born on the 23d;,' but for this, as I conceive, his only authority was the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb—Obit anno Do. 1616, Statutes 53, die 33 Ap. ' which, however, renders the date here assigned for his birth sufficiently probable."—Malone.
16 It is proved by a deed bearing date 14 August, 1591, that John Shakespeare then lived in Henley Street. This is a deed of conveyance from George Badger to John Couch of a messuage or tenement situate in a certain street called Henley Street, 'between the house of Robert Johnson on the one part and the house of John Shakespeare on the other.'
17 Another deed, dated 1647, mentions "all that messuage or tenement with the perturbances seitaute and beinge in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in a certain streete there called Henley Strete commonly called or knowne by the name of the Maideharn, and now or late in the tenure of John Butter or his assigns; and all that other messuage or tenements seitaute and beinge in Henley Strete aforesaid now or late in the tenure of Thomas Hart, and adjoyning unto the said messuage or tenement called the Maideharn.'
18 When Shakespeare was only nine weeks' old, the plague broke out at Stratford, and raged with such malignity, that in half a year, two hundred and thirty-eight deaths were recorded in a population that did not then reach fifteen hundred. Happily, the part of the town where Shakespeare's family resided escaped the visitation of this destructive epidemic.
motive which prompted that step, nothing positive is known. The first of his immediate successors who collected any particulars of his life was the "inventare gossip" Aubrey, who, writing about 1680, tells us that he was the son of a butcher; adding, "and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his fathers trade, but when he kill'd a calf, he wold doe it in a high style, and make a speech." 19 It is well ascertained that his father was not a butcher, but it is remarkable that the very next account we meet with says the son was. On April the 10th, 1633, one Dowdall addressed to Mr. Southwell a small treatise which the latter has endorsed, "Description of several places in Warwickshire." In this, after describing the monumental inscription over the poet's grave, in Stratford Church, the writer observes: "The clarke that shew'd me this church is above 80 years old: he says that this Shakespear was formerly in this towne bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London and there was received into the play house as a servitute, and by this means had an opportunity to be what he afterwards prov'd."

Rowe's statement, that he was for some time sent to the Free-school, 20 is probably true. There no doubt he acquired the general rudiments of education; comprising the "small Latin and less Greek," to his possession of which, in after life, Ben Jonson bears testimony. 21

The most interesting known circumstance in connection with Shakespeare's youth, is the custom that then prevailed of encouraging theatrical representations in provincial towns. The accounts of the Stratford chamberlains contain several notices of official money having been paid for such performances; and Willis, a contemporary of Shakespeare, born in the same year, says, in his Mount Tabor, "When players of enterludes come to towne, they first attend the mayor, to enforme him what noble mans servants they are, and so to get licence for their publique playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common counsell of the city; and that is called the mayors play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as hee thinks fit, to shew respect unto them." It appears from the records which have been preserved, that this usage was of frequent observance at Stratford; and curiously enough, the first reference to it is in 1569, the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff; his son William being then five years of age, and probably a delighted spectator of the performance. The entries in the chamberlains' account that apply to the period of his residence at Stratford are as follows:—"1569. payed to the Queene's players £9. Item, for the Queenes provyson 3s. 4d. Item, to the Erle of Worcesters pleers Is." Four years are then skipped over, when we meet with, "1573. paid Mr. Bayly for the Erle of Lecesters playes 5s. 8d." Then, after another interval of three years, "1576. Geven my Lord of Warwicke playes 18s. Paid the Erle of Worceter playes 5s. 8d." The entries then become more frequent, companies of performers having been retained at the public expense, twice in 1577, twice in 1579, once in 1580, twice in 1581, once each in 1582 and 3, and three times in 1584. These are all the items that relate to the present inquiry; but the whole are of interest as displaying the state of a country town in Shakespeare's time, and one of later date, 1622, "payd the Kinges players for not playing in the hall 6s." is of ominous significance, as showing into what straits the drama fell when Puritanism began to raise its shaven, dismal

19 Mr. Raine conjectured that Aubrey was here alluding to an old semi-dramatic entertainment called Killing the Calf, in which the actor, behind a door or screen, by means of ventriloquism, went through a pretended performance of slaughtering a calf.
20 The free-school of Stratford was founded by Thomas Jolyffe, in the reign of Edward IV., and subsequently chartered by Edward VI. The successive masters from 1572 to 1578, the period during which it may be presumed that Shakespeare was a scholar there, were Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins.
21 Aubrey, Misc. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon., states, on the authority of a Mr. "Beeston," that Shakespeare "under-stode Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the country."
countenance. We see in these numerous entries the means by which Shakespeare may have acquired his first taste for dramatic pursuits; and who shall say that it was not an acquaintance with one of these companies of players that first took him to London?

Another circumstance which may possibly have exercised an influence on his after life was Queen Elizabeth's celebrated visit to the Castle of Kenilworth. This took place in the summer of 1575, when Shakespeare was between eleven and twelve years of age. As Stratford is only thirteen miles from Kenilworth, it is by no means unlikely that the future poet was among the spectators of those "Princely pleasures." Some writers have supposed, indeed, there is a direct allusion to Leicester's entertainment in the exquisite compliment addressed to Elizabeth in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1. 23

It was an opinion of Malone, an opinion subsequently adopted by several other critics, that some years of Shakespeare's youth were passed in an attorney's office. There can be no doubt that legal expressions are more frequent, and are used with more precision in his writings than in those of any other author of the period. If these do not prove him to have had professional training, they help to show with what mastery comprehensiveness he could deal with the peculiarities of this, as of nearly every other human pursuit. 23

Leaving such speculations, we now come to an authentic and important incident of Shakespeare's life—his marriage. Whether glover, wool-stapler, butcher, schoolmaster, or attorney's clerk, in the autumn of 1582, while under nineteen years of age, he took to wife Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman of Shottery, a hamlet adjoining Stratford. 24

Anne Hathaway, at the supposed time of the marriage, must have been nearly eight years...
the senior of her husband. 25 Her father, in all probability, was Richard Hathaway, 26 whose family had held property at Shottery from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day. 27

The first offspring of this union, Susanna, was born in May 1583. 28 The only other issue were Hamnet and Judith, twins, who were baptized Feb. 2d. 1584–5. 29

Shortly after the birth of these children, it seems to be agreed, that Shakespeare quitted his home and family; and there is a well-known tradition, that this important step was owing to his being detected, with other young men, in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote. For this indiscretion, 30 he is said to have been severely punished, and to have retorted with a lampoon so bitter, that Sir Thomas redoubled his persecution and compelled him to fly. 31

What degree of authenticity the story possesses will never probably be known. Rowe derived his version of it no doubt through Betterton; but Davies makes no allusion to the source from which he drew his information, and we are left to grope our way, so far as this important incident is concerned, mainly by the light of collateral circumstances. These, it must be admitted, serve in some respects to confirm the tradition. Shakespeare certainly quitted Stratford-upon-Avon when a young man, and it could have been no ordinary impulse which drove him to leave wife, children, friends, and occupation, to take up his abode among strangers in a distant place. Then there is the pasquinade, 32 and the unmistakable identification of Sir Thomas Lucy as Justice Shallow in the Second Part of Henry IV. and in the opening

25 She died, according to the brass plate over her grave in Stratford church, on "the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years."

26 Two precepts of the Stratford Court of Record exhibit John Shakespeare as the surety of Richard Hathaway in 1566; and prove an early connexion between the two families.

27 A house still existing in the hamlet, though now divided into three cottages, has always passed as that in which the poet’s wife resided in her maiden years. Having no evidence to the contrary, we may still look upon that habitation as the scene of Shakespeare’s courtship.

28 The record of her baptism is as follows:—"1583, May 26. Susanna daughter to William Shakespeare."

29 The record in the register runs thus:—"1584, Feb. 2. Hamnet and Judith twin and daughter to William Shakespeare."

They were doubtless christened after Hamnet Sadler, and Judith his wife; the former a baker at Stratford, to whom the poet presented 9d. and 5d. to purchase a ring.

30 Deer stealing, in Shakespeare’s day, was regarded only as a youthful frolic. Antony Wood (Athen. Oxon. i. 371), speaking of Dr. John Thorburn, who was admitted a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1570, at the age of eighteen, and was successively Bishop of Limerick in Ireland, and Bishop of Bristol and Worcester in England, informs us, that he and his kinsman, Robert Finlay, "seldom studied or gave themselves to their books, but spent their time in the fencing-schools and dancing-schools, in stealing deer and conies, in hunting the hare, and wooing girls."

31 The story is first told in print by Rowe, Life of Shakespeare:—"He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London."

Aubrey is silent on the subject. He only says, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London I guess about eighteen." But the deer-stealing freak and its consequences are narrated more specifically than by Rowe, in an article headed Shakespeare among the MS. collections of the Rev. William Fulman, who died in 1688. This learned antiquary bequeathed his papers to the Rev. Richard Davies, rector of Sapperton and Archdeacon of Litchfield, upon whose death they were presented to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. To Dr. Fulman’s notes under the article Shakespeare, Davies has added the following:—"Much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft wipeth and sometimes imprisonment, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement: but his renown was so great, that he is his Justice Clodeplate and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms." 52

According to Rowe, the ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy was lost. According to Oldys, as quoted by Steevens: "There was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford (where he died fifty years since) who had not only heard from several old people in that town of Shakspere’s transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which, respecting to one of his acquaintances, he preserved it in writing, and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me:—"

A parliamento member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an ass;  
If lowse is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,  
Then Lucy is lowse; whatever befall it:  
He thinks himself great.  
Yet an ass in his state  
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate,  
If Lucy is lowse, as some volke miscalle it,  
Sing lowse Lucy, whatever befall it!"
scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The genuineness of the former may be doubted; but the ridicule in the plays betokens a latent hostility to the Lucy family which is unaccountable except upon the supposition that the deer-stealing foray is founded on facts.

Whatever the motive,—fear, distress, or ambition,—Shakespeare, it is believed, left Stratford about 1586, and found employment at some theatre in London;\(^33\) but we have no direct proof of the year when he left his home, or of that in which he took up his abode in the metropolis. According to a document introduced by Mr. Collier, as discovered in Lord Ellesmere's muniments, he was a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1589, but this memorial, like the rest of the Shakesperian papers from the same collection, has been shown to be a rank fabrication.\(^34\) In fact, from the baptism of his twins in 1584–5, to the latter end of the year 1592, when Green alludes to him in *A Groatsworth of Wit*, &c. his history is a blank.

It does not come within the scope of this brief memoir to enter at large into the subject of the Elizabethan theatre, but a few words respecting it are indispensable. Shakespeare in all likelihood originally joined the company playing at the Blackfriars Theatre. This company afterwards (in 1594) built another theatre, called *The Globe* on the south bank of the Thames; using the latter, which was partially open to the air, in summer; and the former, which was a private or enclosed house, for winter performances. The *Blackfriars* playhouse stood in an opening still called *Playhouse Yard*, between Apothecaries' Hall and Printing-house Square. Besides these two, there were several theatres in London during Shakespeare's residence there. The principal appear to have been, *The Theatre* (so denominated probably from being the first building erected specially for scenic performances) and *The Curtain*, in Shoreditch; *The Paris Garden, The Rose, The Hope, The Swan*, on the Bankside, Southwark; *The Fortune*, in Golden Lane, Cripplegate; *The Red Bull*, St. John Street, Smithfield; *The Whitefriars*, near to where the gas works now stand, between the Temple and Blackfriars Bridge; and a summer theatre at *Newington Butts*.\(^35\)

\(^33\) Rowe says, "To be received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank;" and this tallies with the statement made by Dowdall in 1609 (See R. xx.).

In a work entitled, *Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1759, there is a life of Shakespeare, in which, for the first time, we meet with the incredible tradition that Shylock held the horses of gentlemen who visited the play:

"I cannot forbear relating a story which Sir William Davenant told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Mr. Newton, the late editor of Milton, and a gentleman who heard it from him, 'tis here related. Concerning Shakespeare's first appearance in the playhouse. When he came to London, he was without money and friends, and being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the playhouse, Shakespeare, driven to the last necessity, went to the playhouse door, and picked up a little money, by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play: he became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his diligence and skill in it; he had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under him, who were known by the name of Shakespeare's boys. Some of the players, accidentally converse with him, found him so acute, and master of so fine a conversation, that, struck therewith, they [introduced] and recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station; but he did not long remain so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer."

\(^34\) It is as follows:—"These are to certify you right honorable Li that he makes poor players, James Burbidge, Richard Burbidge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadson, Thomas Pope, George Peck, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, Robert Army, being all of them sharers in the last Blackfriars playhouse, have never given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their playes matters of state and Religion, vnto be handled by them or to be presented before lowe spectators; neither hath anie complainte in that kinde ever beene preferred against them or anie of them. Wherefore they truste moste humblie in you Li consideration of their former good behauiour, beinge at all tymes ready and willinge to yeidle obedience to anie coynsant whatsoever your Li in your wisdome maye thinke in such case meete, &c."

"Nov. 1589."

\(^35\) The *Phoenix*, which had formerly been a *Cockpit*, in Drury Lane, was not converted into a playhouse until after Shakespeare's retirement from London.

Edmund Howe, in his Continuation of Stow's chronicle, gives a curious summary of playhouses incidents extending over the whole of Shakespeare's time. After describing the burning of the Globe in 1613, the destruction of the Fortune by a like accident four years after, the rebuilding of both, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars," he says, writing in 1631, "And this is the seventeenth stage, or common playhouse, which hath been new made within the space of three score years within London and the suburbs, viz. five inns, or common hostelries turned to playhouses, one cockpit, St. Paul's singing school, one in the Blackfriars, one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one.
Before the erection of established theatres, and long afterwards, plays were also acted in the yards of certain inns, such as the *The Bell Savage*, on Ludgate Hill; *The Cross Keys*, in Gracechurch Street; and *The Bull*, in Bishopsgate Street.

With respect to the regular theatre we are not very intimately acquainted with the details of its structure, but the interior economy appears to have resembled that of the old inn yards, and it was evidently provided with different accommodation to suit different classes of visitors. There were tiers of galleries or scaffolds, and small rooms beneath, answering to the modern boxes. There was the *pit*, as it was called in the private theatres, or *yard*, as it was named at the public ones. In the former, spectators were provided with seats; in the latter they were obliged to stand throughout the performance. The critics, wits, and gallants were allowed stools upon the stage, for which the price was sixpence or a shilling each, according to the eligibility of the situation, and they were attended by pages, who supplied them with pipes and tobacco; smoking, drinking ale, playing cards, and eating nuts and apples, always forming a portion of the entertainment at our early theatres.

The stage appliances were extremely simple. At the back of the stage there was a permanent balcony, about eight feet from the platform, in which scenes supposed to take place on towers or upper chambers were represented. Suspended in front of it were curtains, and these were opened or closed as the performance required. The sides and back of the stage, with the exception of that part occupied by the balcony, were hung with arras tapestry, and sometimes pictures, and the internal roof with blue drapery, except on the performance of tragedy, when the sides, back, and roof of the stage were covered with black. The stage was commonly strewed with rushes, though on particular occasions it was matted over.

The performance commenced at three o'clock, in the public theatres, the signal for beginning being the third *sounding* or flourish of trumpets. It was customary for the actor who spoke the prologue to be dressed in a long velvet cloak. In the early part of Shakespeare's theatrical career, the want of scenery appears to have been supplied by the primitive expedient of hanging out a board, on which was written the place where the action was to be understood as taking place. Sometimes when a change of scene was requisite, the audience were left to imagine that the actors, who still remained on the stage, had removed to the spot mentioned. During the performance, the clown would frequently indulge in extemporean buffoonery.

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*History of English Dramatic Poetry, &c. iii. 63.*
There was always music between the acts, and sometimes singing and dancing. And at the end of the play, after a prayer for the reigning monarch, offered by the actors on their knees, the clown would entertain the audience by descanting on any theme which the spectators might supply, or by performing what was called a jig, a farcical doggerel improvisation, accompanied by dancing and singing.

During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were acted every day in the week, 44 or in the time of James I., though dramatic entertainments on Sundays were allowed at court, they were prohibited in the public theatres. As there were two sorts of theatres, there were two classes of actors. There were the regular companies, acting in the name and under the auspices of the Crown or of a man of rank and influence, such as the Queen's servants (of whom Shakespeare was one), the Earl of Leicester's players; those of Lord Warwick, Lord Worcester, Lord Pembroke, &c. There were also certain private adventurers who acted without official licence, and were the subjects of prohibitory enactments. The Act of the 14th of Elizabeth (1572) operated as a protective law to the authorized companies. It was entitled an act "for the punishment of vagabonds, and for the relief of the poor and impotent." One of its provisions extends the meaning of rogues and vagabonds to "all fencers, bearwards, common-players in interludes, and minstrels, not belonging to any Baron of this realm or towards any other honorable personage of greater degree; all jugglers, pedlars, tinkers, and petty chapmen, which said fencers, bearwards, common-players in interludes, minstrels, jugglers, pedlars, tinkers, and petty chapmen shall wander abroad, and not have licence of two justices of the peace at the least, whereof one to be of the quorum, where and in what shire they shall happen to wander." This act effected no material restriction on the number of actors, for, while its provisions were evaded by numerous jugglers, minstrels, and interlude players, various companies were enrolled in the service of the nobility. The growing Puritanism of the time occasioned many attempts to be made at suppressing the drama on the part of civic authorities, both in London and elsewhere, 45 but the theatre maintained its ground through the reign of Elizabeth and for many years afterwards.

43 "At the end of the piece, the actors, in noblemen's houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed, prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and in the publick theatres, for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue. Hence, probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of Vivant vex et regina to the modern playbills."—Malone.

44 In 1550, the magistrates of the city of London obtained from the queen a prohibition against plays on the Sabbath, which seems, however, to have continued in force but a short time.

45 "Comedians and stage-players of former time were very poor and ignorant in respect of these of this time; but being now [1603] grown very skilfull and exquisite actors for all matters, they were entertainied into the service of divers great lords: out of which companies there were twelve of the best chosen, and, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, they were sworn the queen's servants, and were allowed wages and liveries as grooms of the chamber: and until this year 1553, the queen had no players. Among these twelve players, were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilson, for a quicke, delicate, refined, extemporall witt, and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentiful pleasant extemporall wit, he was the wonder of his tyme. He lieth buried in Shoreditch Church."—Skel's Chronicles, sub 1553, ed. 1615.

46 A few years ago, Sir Frederic Madden published the following interesting illustration of the pertinacity with which the authorities of the city of London resisted the admission of stage-players within the city. It is an original letter, preserved among the Cottonian charters, from the Mayor and Alderman to the Earl of Sussex, Lord Chamberlain, dated March 2d, 1573, refusing their consent to his lordship's request in favour of a Mr. Holmes, that he should be allowed to appoint places for plays and interludes within the city; and intimating that some previous applications of the same kind had met with a similar refusal.

[Cart. Cott. xxvi. 41.]

"To the right honorable our singular good Lord the Earl of Sussex, Lord Chamberlain of the Queenes Majestyes honorable household.

Our duty to you good L. Humbly done, where you were made request in favor of Mr. Holmes, for our assent that he might have the apointment of places for plays and entreludes within the citie. It may please you L. to receive undoubted assurance of our rediness to gratifie in any thing that we reasonably may, any persone whom you L. shall favor and comend. Howbeit this case is such and soe touching the governance of this citie in one of the greatest maters thereof, namely the assemblies of multitudes of the Queenes people; and in regard to be had to sondry inconveniences whereof the peril is continually upon everie occasion to be foreseen by the rulers of this citie, that we can not with our duties, byside the president farre extending to the hart of our liberties, well assent that the sayd apointment of places be committid to any private persone. For which and other reasonable consideracons, it hath long since pleased you good L., among the rest of her Majesties most honorable counsell, to rest satisfied with our not granting the like to such persone as by their most honorable letters was heretofore in like case comendid unto us. Byside that if it might with reasonable convenience be grautid, great offfrs have ben and be made for the same, to the relefe of the
The "fellowship" which Shakespeare is supposed to have joined was originally attached to the Earl of Leicester. In 1574, it was distinguished by more illustrious patronage, a writ being issued that year to the Keeper of the Great Seal, commanding him to set forth letters patent addressed to all justices of the peace, licensing and authorizing James Burbadge, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wyson, servants of the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, enterludes, stage-plays, and such other like as they have already used and studied, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them as well within our City of London and the liberties of the same as throughout the realm of England." This admonition was opposed by those charged with the liberties of the City of London, and in 1575 the Common Council passed what in civic language was called an "Act," in which they saddled their licence with a condition, that the players should contribute half their receipts to charitable purposes. But in the same year Burbadge and his fellow-servants of the Earl of Leicester, through the powerful influence of their patron, obtained a patent for the erection of a theatre at Blackfriars; close to the city wall, though beyond the jurisdiction of the city authorities. Shortly afterwards they took some large premises in the precinct of the dissolved Black-friars monastery, and in spite of a vigorous opposition on the part of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, converted them into the very theatre of which it is presumed Shakespeare became a fellow, not long after his arrival in London.

Shakespeare's first connexion with the company in the Blackfriars was probably as an actor. Of his qualifications and line of performance in this art, scarcely anything is known, though, according to Aubrey, "he did act exceedingly well." Rowe says, "His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet."

Downes, the writer of the Roscius Anglicanus, who was prompter at one of the London theatres in 1662, speaking of Sir William Davenant's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, between 1662 and 1665, remarks, "The tragedy of Hamlet, Hamlet being performed by Mr. Betterton. Sir William having seen Mr. Taylor of the Blackfriars company act it, who being instructed by the author, Mr. Shakespear, taught Mr. Betterton in every particle of it; which, by his exact performance of it, gained him esteem and reputation superlative to all other players."

In like manner he speaks of Betterton's having been instructed by Sir William to play Henry VIII., after the fashion of "old Mr. Lowen," who had been taught by Shakespeare...
himself. On this authority, it appears that if Shakespeare, as Rowe asserts, was not a brilliant actor, he was at any rate a skilful teacher of acting. But the testimony of Chettle, who must have seen him perform, is of far more weight than the hearsay evidence of Rowe and others; and he, in the preface to his Kind-Harts Dreame, which we shall have to notice presently, expressly declares that he was "excellent in the quality he professed."

The earliest conjectural allusion to Shakespeare as a dramatist which has yet been discovered in print, is contained in Spenser's Teares of the Muses, a poem forming part of a collection published in 1591.50 In this poem, the Muse Thalia is introduced, lamenting the decline of the drama. After reciting how "the sweete delights of learnings treasure" have disappeared from the stage; how "unseemly Sorrow," "ugly Barbarisme," and "brutish Ignorance" in the minds of men "now tyrannize," whereas "fine Counterfesauce, "unhurtful Sport, Delight and Laughter" used to reign supreme, she says,—

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had mad
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.
In stead thereof, scoffing Scourrilittie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameless ribaudrie,
Without regard or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make 51
And doth the Learned's tasko upon him take.
But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honnie and sweete Nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashilo throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

In the first edition of his Life of Shakespeare, Rowe tells us "Mr. Dryden was always the opinion that these verses were meant of Shakespeare;" though in a subsequent impression of the memoir Rowe omitted the statement. Modern authorities are not agreed upon the point, but the prevailing opinion is that Shakespeare could not have been the writer referred to by Spenser. The reasons for this opinion are, firstly, that he had not at the time attained a rank such as would justify the encomiums; secondly, because there is no probability of his having subsided into the condition of inertness described, and thirdly, because there are grounds for supposing the verses in question were composed before he ever began to write.52

Without entering into the last consideration, there appears to me sufficient evidence to prove that the expressions in this poem, however suitable to the character of Shakespeare, and accordant with those employed by his contemporaries when speaking of him, were intended for

50 Complaints. Containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitye, &c.
51 That is, to compose, to invent.
52 Todd, in his edition of Spenser's works, conjectures from the following address, prefixed to the collection of poems in question by the publisher, that The Teares of the Muses was composed about 1589:—"Since my late setting forth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you; I have sithence endeavoured by all good means (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights), to get into my handes such same poemes of the same authors, as I heard were dispersit abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe; some of them having bene diversitie imbeazled and purloyned from him since his departure over Sea. Of the which I have by good means gathered togethersome paece parts present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogether," &c.
some other Willy.\textsuperscript{53} The quotation from Chettle shows, in fact, that our poet was in the full tide of activity at the time when Spenser’s hero is metaphorically described as “dead of late.”

Malone is of opinion that the term Willy had in this instance a more particular significance, and was intended to express Lyly the poet, and he supports this notion by adducing many examples of a similar play on names, as Lerinda for Ireland, Uno for Juno, Caliban for Cannibal, Aigna for Anglia, &c., all derived from the literature of Spenser’s age. Todd thinks, and Mr. Dyce seems to agree with him, that Willy means Sir Philip Sydney, “who was a writer of masks,—who is elsewhere styled by Spenser ‘gentle shepherd of gentles race,’ and ‘the right gentle minde,’—and who is lamented under the name of Willy in An Eclogue in Davison’s Poetical Rhapsody.”\textsuperscript{54}

In the following year, we have an indisputable and most important reference to Shakespeare. On the 3d of September, 1592, at a wretched lodging, in the house of a poor shoemaker, near Dowgate, and under circumstances of privation too dreadful to dwell on, expired Robert Greene, one of the most distinguished and favourite writers of his time. The last few days of this misguided and unhappy man’s existence were devoted, it is said, to the production of a small pamphlet entitled A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance, which was published not long after by Henry Chettle. In this tract, after a long and not remarkably lucid admonition to certain of his fellow dramatists,\textsuperscript{55} we come upon the following striking passage:—“Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave; those puppets (I meant) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have bin beholding, shall (were yee in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and seeing an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is, in his owne conceyte, the only Shake-scene in a country. Oh, that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaynte them with your admyrred inventions. I knowe the best husband of you all will never proove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never proove a kinde nurse; yet whilst you may, seeke you better maisters; for it is pitty men of such rare wits should bee subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.”

The allusion to Shakespeare is not to be mistaken; and the imputation is evidently, that he had remodell’d pieces originally produced by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and brought them upon the stage as his own composition. It seems probable, too, by the words, “his Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde,” which is a parody upon a well-known line introduced by Shakespeare into Henry VI.\textsuperscript{56} from The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, that Greene refers particularly to that piece and The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, on which our poet based The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth.

Greene’s address, we learn from Chettle’s epistle “To the Gentlemen Readers,” prefixed to his tract called Kind-Harts Dreame, was resented not alone by Shakespeare, at whom the attack was levelled, but by Marlowe also, whom it charged with atheism.\textsuperscript{57} “About three moneths since

\textsuperscript{53} Willy was a mere Arcadianism for any shepherd, i.e. poet.

\textsuperscript{54} Dyce’s Life of Shakespeare.

\textsuperscript{55} It is addressed “To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdome to prevent his extremities,” and there can be little doubt was intended for Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele.

\textsuperscript{56} Third Part, Act I, Sc. 4,—

“\textit{Oh, tygers hart wrapt in a woman’s hide!”}

\textsuperscript{57} “\textit{Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thon famous gracor of tragedians [Marlowe], that Greene, whom hath said with thee, like the fode in his heartes, \textit{There is no God, should now give glorio unto his greatness},” &c.
are Chettle's words, "died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers hands; among other, his Groatworth of Wit, in which a letter written to divers play-makers is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author; and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all the time of my conversing in printing, hindered the bitter inveying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be: the other whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have use my owne discretion, especially in such a case, the author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had bene my fault, because myselfe have scene his demeanor no lesse civill than he excelent in the qualitie he professes; Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art. For the first, whose learning I reverence, and, at the perusing of Greene's booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure wrt, or, had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable; him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve. I had onely in the copy this share; it was ilwritten, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best; licensed it must be ere it could bee printed, which could never be if it might not be read: to be briefe, I writ it over, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine nor Maister Nashes, as some unjustly have affirmed."

The "first" person, to whom this apology is directed, and for whose learning Chettle expresses his reverence, though with a disparaging qualification as to his character in general, could have been none other than Marlowe. "The other" was certainly Shakespeare, and the reference is an interesting testimony to his high reputation as a dramatist and an actor, and to his urbanity and rectitude as a man.

In 1593 our author's Venus and Adonis, and in 1594 his Lucrece, appeared, each dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton. It is impossible now to determine whether the dedication of the former work first led to the friendly intercourse which appears to have subsisted so many years between Shakespeare and this generous and amiable nobleman, or whether their acquaintance began at an earlier period of the poet's career. Mr. Collier expresses an opinion, that it was shortly after the publication of the latter poem that Lord Southampton afforded that extraordinary proof of his esteem and admiration of the poet which Rowe was the first to relate: "There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton, at one time, gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." Looking at the difference in the value of money at that time and the present, we may reasonably presume that Lord Southampton's bounty on this occasion has been magnified; but the fact that Shakespeare in little more than ten years after he quitted Stratford was in circumstances to purchase New Place, one of the best houses in his native town, very strongly confirms the general truth of the anecdote.

Whatever doubt there may be as to Spenser's referring to Shakespeare, in his Teares of the Muses, no one will deny the extreme probability of his doing so in another poem, entitled Colin Clout's come Home again, written during 1594. After enumerating under fanciful titles various poets whose real names can in many instances be determined, and respecting
some account of the

whom the indefatigable Malone has accumulated a mass of interesting particulars, Spenser writes:—

"And there, though last not least, is Addon;
A gentler shepherd may no where be found;
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth, like himselfe, heroically sound."

The applicability of the expression "heroically sound," to the name of Shakspere, as well as to the subject of his Muse, he having then produced upon the stage both Richard II. and Richard III., is not to be gainsaid.

In what year the Globe Theatre on the Bankside was completed has not been ascertained. Malone thought it was not built long before 1596. After the opening of this house, the Lord Chamberlain's servants—the company to which Shakespeare belonged,—were in the practice of performing there in the summer, and at the Blackfriars during the winter. About the period when the former was opened, the company appear to have undertaken the task of repairing and enlarging the Blackfriars. Mr. Collier was the first to call attention to three documents professing to have connexion with this circumstance in Shakespeare's life, which, if authentic, would be important, but upon which not the slightest reliance can be placed. The first of these papers, described by Mr. Collier as in the State Paper Office, and as being "a representation from certain inhabitants of the precinct in which the playhouse was situated, not only against the completion of the work of repair and enlargement, then commenced, but against all further performances in the theatre," is not only undiscoverable, but no record of its existence can be found in the Office mentioned. The second instrument, purporting to be an answer to the

59 In his recent " Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakspeare, folio, 1632; and of certain Shaksperian Documents likewise published by Mr. Collier," Mr. Hamilton remarks, with reference to this paper, "I endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to see this 'petition of the inhabitants.' In reply to an official request for the production of the document, Charles Lechmere, Esq., Assistant Keeper of State Papers, writes, 'I have referred to the Calendar of 1596, but I do not find any entry of the Petition from the inhabitants of the Blackfriars.'"

60 Appendix is a copy of this extraordinary fragment, which, if only upon the credit of the place where it was deposited, has been received without hesitation by every one as a genuine document, until the recent disclosures relative to Mr. Collier's annotated folio threw suspicion upon every Shakespearian discovery of the last forty years. It was first printed by Mr. Collier, in his History of English Dram. Poet. (1831), where it is preceded by the following observations:—"This remarkable paper has, perhaps, never seen the light from the moment it was presented, until it was very recently discovered. It is seven years anterior to the date of any other authentic record, which contains the name of our great dramatist, and it may warrant various conjectures as to the rank he held in the company in 1596, as a poet and as a player.

"To the right honorable the Lt. of her Majest most honorable private Council.

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope Richard Bur- badge John Hemings Augustine PhillipsWll Shakespeare Will Kempe Will Slys Nicholas Tooley and others servants to the right honorable the L. Chamberlane to her Majest

"Sheweth most humbly, that ye petitioners are owners and players of the private house or theater in the precinct and libertin of the Blackfriars, and hath beene for manie yeares used and occupied for the playing of tragedies comedies histories enterludes and plays. That the same, by reason of having beene so long build hath fallen into great decaye, and that besides the reparation thereof, it hath been found necessarie to make the same

more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereunto. That to this end ye petitioners have all and each of them put down some of money according to their shares in the said theater, and wth they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their qualitie of Stage players; but that certain persons, some of them of honour) inhabitanthes of the precinct and libertin of the Blackfriars, have, as ye petitioners are enourmous, besought ye honorable Lps not to permit the said private house any longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shut up and closed to the manifest and great injury of ye petitioners, which have no other means whereby to maintaine their wives and families but by the exercise of their qualitie, as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season ye petitioners are able to proye more than in winter, and that the said private house belongeth to the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriers, and if ye honorable Lps give consent unto that wth is praysed against ye petitioners, they will not onely while the winter endureth loose the meane whereby they nowe support themselves and their families, but be unable to practise them selves in anie plays or enterludes when calde upon to proue for the recreation and solace of her Majest and her honorable Court as they have beene hertofore accustomed. The humble prayer of ye petitioners therefore is, that ye honorable Lps will grant permission to finishe the reparations and alterations they have begun, and as ye petitioners have latherto beene well ordred in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that ye honorable Lps will not inhibit them from acting at their above named private house, in the precinct and libertin of the Blackfriers, and ye petitioners as in dutie most bounden will ever praye for the increasing honour and happiness of your honorable Lps."

The attention of the Rt. Hon. the Master of the Rolls having been called to some questionable particularities in this petition, he directed that an official enquiry into its authenticity should be made. The gentlemen chosen for the investigation were Sir Frederic Madden, Keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum; Sir Francis Palgrave,
former, would, if authentic, have been what Mr. Collier describes it, "a very valuable relic," inasmuch as it would have proved that Shakespeare, about the year 1596, was an "owner" of the Blackfriars Theatre, but on examination by several of the most skilled paleographers, it has been denounced as spurious. The third of these papers, represented to be a note from "a person of the name of Veale" to Henslowe, and found by Mr. Collier among the Alley collection at Dulwich, has been sought for in vain, and, I fear, like nine-tenths of the so-called "New Facts" relative to the life of Shakespeare, is not entitled to the smallest credence.

Referring to some document in his possession at the time when he wrote his "Inquiry into the Authenticity of certain Papers," &c., Malone remarks, "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear Garden, in 1596." The paper in question is now perhaps irrecoverable, but its loss is not momentous. If we have no authentic trace of Shakespeare's abode during his residence in London, we have the pleasant tradition, that once a year he made his native place his home. There his family continued to reside, and it is delightful to reflect that amidst all the triumphs and temptations of his career, he kept steadily in view the prospect of one day returning, honourably independent, to spend the remainder of his life with them and the humble friends of his youth. In the year we are dwelling on, that of 1596, there was a melancholy necessity for his visiting Stratford, the loss of his only son, Hamnet, who died in his twelfth year, and was buried August 11th, 1596.

From hiscomings as a dramatist, an actor, and perhaps a proprietor in two prosperous theatres, Shakespeare must now have been in easy circumstances. One proof of this is, that early in 1597 he bought for sixty pounds (about £300 according to the present value of money), of William Underhill, the house called New Place, in Stratford; a house originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII. Another proof is, that in this year John Shakespeare was enabled to tender the redemption money, £40, to recover the estate of Ashbyes, for which there can be little doubt he was indebted to his son. Additional evidence of his prosperity at

Deputy Keeper of Public Records; T. Duffus Hardy, Esq., Assistant Keeper of Public Records; Professor Brewer, Reader at the Rolls, and Mr. Hamilton. After a minute examination of the document, these gentlemen were unanimously of the opinion recorded in the following certificate:

"We, the undersigned, at the desire of the Master of the Rolls, have carefully examined the document heretofore annexed, purporting to be a petition to the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council, from Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Heminges, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Toole, and others, in answer to a petition from the Inhabitants of the Liberty of the Blackfriars; and we are of opinion that the document in question is spurious.

30th January, 1809.

FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K.B., Deputy Keeper of H.M. Public Records.
FREDERICK MADDEN, K.B., Keeper of the MSS. British Museum.
J. S. BREWER, M.A., Reader at the Rolls.
T. DUFFUS HARDY, Assistant Keeper of Records.
N. E. S. A. HAMILTON, Assistant, Department of MSS. British Museum."

It was first published by Mr. Collier, in his Life of Shakespeare, where it reads thus:—

"Mr. Henslowe. This is to enjoin you that my Mr., the Master of the revelles, hath rec.from the Ed.of the counsell order that the L. Chamberlon's serveantes shall not be disturb at the Blackfryars, according with their petition in that behalfe, but leave shall be given unto them to make good the decaye of the saide House, but not to make the same longer then in former tymes hath bene. From thefleece of the Reveles, this 3 of mae, 1596. Rich. Veale."

This paper Mr. Collier presumes to have been a small slip which he discovered in Dulwich College, containing the following memorandum:—

"Inhabitantes of Seoweth as have complained, this — of July, 1596.

Mr. Markis
Mr. Tuppin
Mr. Langorth
Wilson the pyper
Mr. Barett
Mr. Shaksper
Phillipes
Tompson
Mother Golden, the baude
Naggis
Filippot and no more, and soo well ended."

But I have the authority of two most eminent paleographers, who have recently examined some of the manuscripts in the Alley collection, for saying that this fragment, so far from being the veritable document alluded to by Malone, is "an evident modern forgery."

"He was went to go to his native country once a yeare. A...brey's MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.

The record of the burial in the register of Stratford Church is as follows:—

"1596, August 11, Hamnet filius William Shakesper."
this period is afforded too by a letter dated January 24th, 1597-8, from Abraham Sturle, at Stratford, to, it is supposed, Richard Quiney, in the course of which the former writes:

"It semeth bi him that our countrian, Mr. Shakespole, is willinge to disburse some monie upon some od yarde land or other att Shottori or neare about us; he thinketh it a veri fitt patterno to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes."

The year 1598, it is believed, witnessed the first acquaintance between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, an acquaintance honourable to both, and which there can be no doubt speedily ripened into hearty friendship. According to Rowe, Shakespeare's "acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature: Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted, and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turn'd it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespear luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the public." We have only Rowe's authority for this anecdote, but there seems no reason for doubting that some such passage did occur. There is another agreeable tradition respecting the acquaintance of these famous "Worthies" preserved by Fuller, who, speaking of Shakespeare, says, "Many were the wit-combates betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galion and an English man-of-war;—Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shake-speare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

We now come to perhaps the most remarkable literary notice of Shakespeare by a contemporary extant. In 1598, Francis Meres published a work entitled Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury, being the Second Part of Wits Commonwealth, in which occurs the following passage respecting our poet and his compositions:

"As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete-wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c.

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love Labors Lost, his Love Labours Wonne, his Midsommers Night Dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard the 2., Richard the 3., Henry the 4., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.

"As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English."
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

xxxiii

This extract is of striking importance in determining the chronology of Shakespeare's dramas, and it is of equal interest in a biographical sense. It shows to what a height of reputation he had risen at the early age of thirty-four, an age when many writers have hardly begun to put forth their full powers.

The next literary allusion to our author is poetic, and occurs in a collection of Epigrams, published by Weever in 1599:—

"Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare.

Honie-tongd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I aaware Apollo get them, and none other;
Their rosie-tainted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother.
Rose-cheeked Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquins seeking still to prove her;
Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not;
Their sugred tongues and power-attractive beauty
Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
For thousand vows to them subjective dutie.
They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare, let them,
—Go, wo thy muse; more nymphish brood beget them."

Another memorial of this period, a letter addressed by Richard Quiney to the poet himself, is considered of inestimable value, as being the only one now known to exist of all the communications he must have received:—

"Loveinge Contreyman, I am bolde of yow, as of a ffirende, craveinge yowr helpe with xxxlii
upon M'. Bushells and my securyte, or M'. Myttons with me. M'. Roswell is nott come to
London as yeate, and I have especiall cawse. Yow shall ffirende me muche in helpeinge me out
of all the debettes I owe in London, I thanck God, and muche quiete my mynde, which wolde
nott be indebeted. I am nowe towards the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my
buysenes. Yow shall nether loose credytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe
bargaine yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare butt with all heartie
thanckfullnes I wyll holde my tyme, and contenyt yowr ffirende, and yf we bargaine farther,
yow shallbe the paie-master yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me hasten to an ende,ande soe I committ
thyse [to] yowr care and hope of yowr helpe. — I feare I shall nottt be backe thyse night ffrom
the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow and with us all, Amen! ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane,
the 25 October, 1598.

Yowrs in all kyndenes,

Ryc. Quyne.

To my loveinge good ffirende and contreyman M'. Wm. Shackespeare deliver theses."

From a subsidy roll dated Oct. 1st, 1598, discovered in the Carlton Ride Record Office by
the Rev. J. Hunter, Shakespeare, it appears, was then assessed at five pounds, and subjected to a
rate of thirteen shillings and fourpence, in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgeate:

"Affid. William Shakespeare, vli.—xiijs. iiiijd." 69

68 Richard Quiney was the father of the Thomas Quiney who subsequently married Shakespeare's youngest daugh-
ter. He was at London when the above letter was written, on business connected with the Stratford corporation, that
borough having solicited Lord Treasurer Burghley for exemption from the subsidies imposed by the last Parlia-
ment, on account of the distress and poverty occasioned in the town by two recent fires. 69 The memorandum affidavit, attached to the name is sup-
posed to signify that he had made an affidavit of non-
residence, or some ground of exemption.
On the 8th of September, 1601, is recorded the burial of the poet's father. He was born, according to Malone, in or before the year 1530, and had consequently outlived the allotted threescore and ten years.

In May of the succeeding year, the poet increased his property by the purchase of a hundred and seven acres of arable land, for three hundred and twenty pounds; in September of the same year, he purchased a house or cottage in Dead Lane, opposite New Place, and also a messuage with barns, gardens, and orchards, of Hercules Underhill, for sixty pounds.

On the 29th of March, 1602-3, died Queen Elizabeth; and Chettle in his Englandes Mourning Garment, complains, that Shakespeare, whom she had “graced,” had not bewailed her loss in elegiac strains:

“Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied Muse one sable teare
To mourne her death that grac'd his desert,
And to his laces open'd her royall eare.
Shepheard, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her Rape done by that Tarquin, Death.”

King James’s partiality for the drama was manifested long before he ascended the English throne. In 1589, there is said to have been an English company, called “Her Majesties Players,” at the Scottish Court. Ten years later, he licensed a company of English comedians to act at Edinburgh; and on the 9th of October, 1601, we find, from the registers of the town council of Aberdeen, that the English players received thirty-two marks as a gratuity; and on the 22d of the same month, that the freedom of the city was conferred upon “Laurence Fletcher Comedian to his Majestic.”

On the 17th of May, 1603, a few days only after he reached London, the following warrant under the Privy Seal was issued:

“By the King.

“Right trusty and welbeloved Counsellor, we greete you well, and will and command you, that under our privie seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be decreted to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commanding him under our said greate seale, he cause our letters to be made patent in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defender of the faith, &c. To all justices, maior, sheriffs, constables, headboroughs, and other, our officers and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge and meere motion, have licenced and authorized, and by these presents doe licence and authorize, these our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely

— The entry in the Stratford register is as follows: —

‘‘1601, Septemb. 9, Mr. Johanes Shakespeare.”

73 One of the latest visits she paid to any of her nobility, we are told, was to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, at Harfield, at the beginning of August, 1602, and on that occasion, according to an interlined memorandum first printed by Mr. Collier from the Egerton papers, Othello was acted for her entertainment:

“6 August, 1602. Rewards to the vauliers, players, and dauncers, (of this xlii. to Burbidges players for Othello), lviiij£. xvijij. xijd.”

71 The indenture is “Between William Combe, of Warrwick, in the countie of Warrwick, esquier, and John Combe, of Olde Stratford, in the countie aforesaid, gentleman, on the one parte, and William Shakespeare, of Stratford-uppon-Avon, in the countie aforesaid, gentleman, on thether parte,” and is dated 1st of May. The dramatist being at this time absent from Stratford, the conveyance was executed by his brother Gilbert. In the fine levied on this property in 1611, “twenty acres of pasture land” are mentioned, in addition to the hundred and seven acres of arable land. See Appendix.

72 The indenture is “Between William Combe, of Warrwick, in the countie of Warrwick, esquier, and John Combe, of Olde Stratford, in the countie aforesaid, gentleman, on the one partie, and William Shakespeare, of Stratford-uppon-Avon, in the countie aforesaid, gentleman, on thether partie,” and is dated 1st of May. The dramatist being at this time absent from Stratford, the conveyance was executed by his brother Gilbert. In the fine levied on this property in 1611, “twenty acres of pasture land” are mentioned, in addition to the hundred and seven acres of arable land. See Appendix.

74 In the Chapter House.—The patent under the Great Seal is dated May 18th.
to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such other like, as thei have already studied, or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure; and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usual howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mont halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions: willing and commanding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your lets, hinderances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them yf any wrong be to them offered; and to allowe them such former courtesies, as thehe bene given to men of their place and qualitie; and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe.

"Given under our signet at our manner of Greenewiche, the seavententh day of May in the first yeere of our raigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the six and thirtith." Of the precise period when Shakespeare ceased to act we know no more than of the time when he began.55 His name last appears in a printed list of the characters attached to Jonson's "Sejanus," published in 1603, and it is thought that he relinquished a profession to which, if the lines in Sonnet cxv.76 express his real sentiments, he was never partial, shortly after the King's Patent was issued.77

In 1604, we find the poet bringing an action in the Court of Record at Stratford against Phillip Rogers for the sum of £1 15s. 10d., the consideration being for "malt" sold and

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55 Among the various contributions purporting to throw light on Shakespeare's career which we owe to Mr. Colliker, are two that claim attention at this stage of the biography. The first is a new reading of a letter still preserved at Dulwich College, from Mrs. Alleyn to her husband the actor, then absent on a professional expedition. The letter in question is dated October 20, 1603, and towards the end, where the paper is somewhat decayed, occurs a postscript, one paragraph of which reads thus:—

"About a weekes day there came a younge youthfull youthfull youth that was in my soule, and I desire heare what thinges for [his] Mr. Mr. Comings without token, I would have [we have], & I bone us, and inqurie after the fellow and saide he had lent hym a horse. I was afraid he gell hym, though he gell not. The youth what was a pretty youthfull youth, and haseen in appayrel, we know not, became of hym. Mr. Brontoffield commendes hym, was heare yestredaye, Nickes & Jeannes be well, and commend them, so dothe Mr. Cooke and his wete. In the kyndest sorte, and so once more in the hartiest manner farwell." In Mr. Collier's transcript of the letter, as published in his Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, 1841, and in his Life of Shakespeare, 1859, the above extract is exhibited as follows:—

"About a weekes day there came a youthfull youth that was in my soule, and I desire heare what thinges for [his] Mr. Mr. Comings without token, I would have [we have], & I bone us, and inqurie after the fellow and saide he had lent hym a horse. I was afraid he gell hym, though he gell not. The youth what was a pretty youthfull youth, and haseen in appayrel, we know not, became of hym. Mr. Brontoffield commendes hym, was heare yestredaye, Nickes & Jeannes be well, and commend them, so dothe Mr. Cooke and his wete. In the kyndest sorte, and so once more in the hartiest manner farwell.""

76 By what oversight, or from what motive, certain words which by no possibility could ever have formed part of the original were interpolated, and others which are plainly visible were omitted, I will not attempt to conjecture, but as Mr. Collier has deduced from the assumed mention of Mr. Shakespeare of the globe that our poet was in London at the date when this letter was written, it is proper to show that the assumption is unfounded. The other document professes to be a letter, found in the Ellesmere collection, from Daniel the poet to Sir Thomas Egerton, thanking him for his advancement to the office of Master of the Queen's Revels, and which, if genuine, would be of singular interest in relation to the life of Shakespeare (See Appendix). But this letter, long suspected, is now proclaimed to be a forgery.

77 "O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide, The guilty goddess of my harmful doings, That did not better for my life provide Than public means which public manners brood. Thence comes it that my name receives a brand; And almost thence my nature is subdu'd To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

78 To show "that he continued a member of the company until April 9, 1604," Mr. Collier prints a list of the King's players, appended to a letter from the council to the Lord Mayor of London, where the names are thus enumerated: "Barbidge, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condell, Heminge, Arrows, Sly, Cowley, Hostler, Day." This list, however, though added on to a genuine document, has lately been pronounced a modern fiction. See Appendix."
delivered at several times. The following year, he made the most considerable purchase he is known to have effected, in buying the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcome. Not long subsequently, we are told King James wrote to the poet with his own hand "an amicable letter," ²⁷ and, as Mr. Dyce remarks, "the tradition is, perhaps, indirectly supported by the following entries in the Accounts of the Revels, which prove how highly the dramas of Shakespeare were relished at the court of James:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Players</th>
<th>The Poets which mayd the plays.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>By the Kings Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>Hallamas day being the first of November, A play in the Banketing House att Whithall called the Moor of Venis. [Nov. 1st, 1604.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By his Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>The Monday followinge, A Play of the Merry Wives of Winson. [Nov. 4th, 1604.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By his Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>On St. Stivens night in the Hall a Play called Mesur for Mesur. [Dec. 26th, 1604.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By his Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>On Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors. [Dec. 28th, 1604.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By his Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>Betwin Newers day and Twelde day a Play of Loves Labours Lost. [1605.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By his Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift. [1605.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By his Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>On Shrovsunday A play of the Marchant of Venis. [Mar. 24th, 1605.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By his Mat^e^ plaies.</td>
<td>On Shrovtusday A Play called the Marchant of Venis againe commanded by the Kings Mat^e^. [Mar. 26, 1605.]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[Accounts from Oct. 31st, 1611, to Nov. 1st, 1612.]

| By the Kings players. | Hallamas nyght was presented att Whithall before y^e^ Kings Ma^e^ a play called the Tempest. [Nov. 1st, 1611.] |
| The Kings players. | The 5th of November; A play called ye^s^ Winters nightes Tayle. [1611.]²⁸ |

²⁷ "That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person, now living, can testify."—Advertisement to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's Poems, 1710. In a manuscript note on his copy of Fuller's Worthies, Oldys states that Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, told Lintot that he had seen the letter in the possession of Sir William Davenant. Farmer conjectures that the letter was in acknowledgment of the compliment conveyed in the passage of Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 1, where James is indicated as carrying "two-fold balls and treble sceptres."
²⁸ Cunningham's Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.
The titles of several plays of Shakespeare occur in the *Accounts of Lord Harrington*, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., among performances given before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in 1613:

"Paid to John Heminges upon the councells warre, dated at Whitehall, xx° die Maii 1613, for presenting before the Princes Higges, the La. Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fourwotecne severall plays, viz. one playe called Filaster, one other calld the Knote of Folees, one other Much Adoe abowte Nothinge, the Mayed’s Tragedie, the Merye Dyvell of Edmonton, the Tempest, a Kinge and no Kinge, the Twin’s Tragedie, the Winter’s Tale, Sir John Falstafe [The Merry Wives of Windsor], the Moore of Venice, the Nobleman, Caesar’s Tragedye, and one other called Love Iyes a Bleedinge, all wch plays were played wth in the tyme of this accompte, viz. p’. the some of iii. (xx.) xiiij. li. vjs. viijd." 

From a retrospecvt of the few materials available for tracing the dramatist’s career from the time when he is presumed to have left Stratford, we may conjecture him to have arrived in London about the year 1586, and to have joined some theatrical company, to which he remained permanently attached as playwright and actor until 1604. How often and in what characters he performed; where he lived in London; who were his personal friends; what were his habits; what intercourse he maintained with his family; and to what degree he partook of the provincial excursions of his fellows during this period, are points on which it has been shown we have scarcely any reliable information. In about the year just named, his history, I think, reverts to Stratford; where, from the records of the town, he would appear to have then finally retired, and engaged himself actively in agricultural pursuits.

On June 5th, 1607, Shakespeare’s eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to John Hall, a medical practitioner at Stratford. In December of the same year his brother Edmund died, and on the 31st of that month was buried at St. Saviour’s, Southwark. As he is entered in the burial register as “a player,” he probably belonged to the same company as the poet.

On the 21st of Feb. 1607-8, Elizabeth Hall, the only daughter of John Hall and the poet’s daughter Susanna, was baptized at Stratford. A few months later, Shakespeare lost his mother.

In June of 1609, the records of Stratford show him to have brought an action, and obtained a verdict, against one John Addenbroke, for a debt of £6 and costs. Addenbroke not being
forthcoming, the suit was afterwards prosecuted against Thomas Horneby, the defendant’s bail; but with what result is not shown.

At the beginning of 1613, died Richard Shakespeare, the brother to the dramatist, in his fortieth year; of his history we know even less than of the other brother’s, Gilbert, whom we have seen effecting a purchase for the poet, and whose signature as witness to a deed is still extant.

In the month of March, 1612-13, Shakespeare bought a house with ground attached, near to the Blackfriars Theatre, “abutting upon a streete leading downe to Pudle Wharffe on the east part, right against Kings Majesties Wardrobe.” The indenture of conveyance dated the 10th of March, is “Betwenee Henry Walker citizen and Minstrel of London, on thone portie, and William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warwick, gentleman, William Johnson citizen and vintner of London, John Jackson and John Hemmyng of London gentleman, on thother partie.”

Local patronage of the drama we find was neither a cause nor a consequence of Shakespeare’s retirement to Stratford; on the contrary, theatrical entertainments had for some years been discouraged by the municipal authorities of that borough. So early as 1602, it was ordered “that there shall be no pleys or enterlewedes played in the chamber, the guildhalle, nor in any parte of the houssse or courte, from hensforward upon payne that whossoever of the baylief, aldermen, and burgesses of this borouche shall gyve leave or licence thereunto, shall forfeyt for everie offence xs.” But this penalty does not seem to have been efficacious, for, on the 7th of February, 1612, the corporation made the following stringent order:—

“The inconvenience of plaies being verie seriouslie considered of, with the unlawfullnes, and howe contrarie the sufferance of them is againste the orders hearetofore made, and againste the examples of other well-governed citties and burrowes, the companie heare are contented and theie conclude that the penalty of xs. imposed in Mr. Bakers yeare for breakinge the order, shall from henceforth be xli. upon the breakers of that order, and this to holde untill the nexte commone councell, and from thenceforth for ever, excepted, that be then finallie revokd and made voide.”

One of the best known though least authentic anecdotes of Shakespeare, is that relating to his epitaph on a gentleman named Combe. This story has been variously told; Rowe’s version is as follows:—“The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasantable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespear in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when dead, he desired it might be done immediately. Upon which, Shakespear gave him these four verses:—

‘Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav’d,
’Tis a hundred to ten, his soul is not sav’d!
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh, ho, quoth the devil, ’tis my John-a-Combe.’

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54 These lines, variously modified, are found in miscella-

nies long before Shakespeare’s time.
But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it."

That the tale is not altogether destitute of foundation we may believe; but Rowe’s version is certainly inaccurate. So far from Shakespeare having done what Combe “never forgave,” we have the conclusive evidence of Doctors’ Commons that Combe testified his cordial feelings towards the poet by a legacy in his will, and that the latter reciprocated the kindness by bequeathing his sword to Thomas Combe, the nephew of John.85 As an act of justice to the memory of John Combe, it should be mentioned that in his will he bequeathed one hundred pounds (equal to five hundred in present money) to be lent to poor tradesmen of Stratford, and in addition, as an immediate legacy, twenty pounds to the poor of that place, together with legacies of five pounds each to the poor of Warwick and of Alcester.

About this period, we find the poet engaged in the unenviable proceedings of a Chancery suit. The action grew out of the share he had purchased of the tithes payable by the land of Stratford, and some other places. The draft of a bill presented by him, Lane, and Greene, is still in existence, but nothing further is known of the litigation. The bill alleges that these three plaintiffs had a joint interest with William Combe and various other persons in the tithes, &c. the whole being held for a term of 87 years, at a reserved rent of £27 13s. 4d. a year, but that the other parties refused to pay their proportion of this annual sum, to the injury of Shakespeare and his fellow-suitors. The draft bill is of interest in one respect; it recites that Shakespeare’s income from this portion of his property was “threescore pounds” (equivalent to three hundred in our time) a year.

The same year, 1613, is memorable from the destruction of the Globe Theatre, which was burnt down on the 29th of June.86 Whether Shakespeare was a loser by the calamity is not known; but it is conjectured that when he finally retired to his native home, he parted with all his interest in theatrical property.

During the next year, Shakespeare was concerned with the corporation of Stratford in opposing a projected enclosure of some common lands. A memorandum relating to this subject, dated 5th Sept. 1614, and headed “Auncient fireholders in the fields of old Stratford and Welcombe,” contains, among sundry entries, the following item:—“Mr. Shakspeare 4 yard land, noe common nor ground beyond Gospell-bushe, nor ground in Sandfield, nor none in Slow-hill-

85 Another tradition, of perhaps equal veracity with that of John Combe’s epitaph, was communicated to Malone by a native of Stratford, Life of Shakespeare, p. 500 sqq. to the effect that Shakespeare and some of his companions having accepted the challenge of a party calling themselves the Bedford topers and sippers, to a bout of ale-bibbing, whereas the Stratfordians were overcome, Shakespeare on the occasion composed these lines:

“The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and defacers’ hands;
When all to time’s consumption shall be given
Shakspere, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

86 According to some MS. notes in a copy of Stow’s Annates (formerly in the possession of Mr. Pickering the bookseller): “The Globe play house on the Bank side in Southwarke was burnt downe to the ground in the yeares 1613 [1618]; and newe built up againe in the year 1613 [1614], at the great charge of King James and many noble men and others.” For an account of this accident, see p. 643, Vol. II.
field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton.\textsuperscript{67} The landowners, it appears, were desirous of effecting certain enclosures as a means of improving their property, but their scheme was opposed by the corporation, on the plea that the inhabitants of the place had recently suffered from a disastrous fire,\textsuperscript{68} and would be still further endangered by the consummation of this measure. A petition was consequently addressed to the Privy Council, and the effect was an order, not only prohibiting the enclosures, but requiring William Combe, who was a chief promoter of the plan, to undo certain work which, in respect of his own property, he had begun.\textsuperscript{69} On this business, Thomas Greene, the clerk of the corporation, and a relative of Shakespeare, was sent to London, and some memoranda made by him on the occasion are still preserved. Under date of Nov. 17th, 1614, he notes, "my cosen Shakspear\textsuperscript{70} comyng yesterdy to Town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospell Bush, and so upp straight (leaving out part of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisburyes pece; and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothing done at all."

Shortly after the date of this memorandum, Greene returned to Stratford, leaving the poet in London. Other notes of his prove Shakespeare's uneasiness at the projected encroachments. And that he took precautions to guard himself from loss, we have remarkable evidence in certain articles of agreement between him and William Replingham, of Great Harborough, dated the 28th of October, 1614. These articles provide that the latter shall, "upon reasonable request, satisfie, content, and make recompence unto him the said William Shackespeare or his assignes, for all such losse, detriment, and hinderance as he the said William Shackespeare, his heires and assignes, and one Thomas Greene gent. shall or maye be thought in the vieue and judgement of foure indifferent persons, to be indifferentlie elected by the said William and William and their heires, and in default of the said William Replingham, by the said William Shackespeare or his heires onely, to survey and judge the same to sustayne or incurre for or in respecte of the increaseing of the yearie value of the tythes they the said William Shackespeare and Thomas doe joynthie or severallie hold and enjoy in the said fieldes or anie of them, by reason of anie inclosure or decaye of tyllage there ment and intende by the said William Replingham; and that the said William Replingham and his heires shall procure such sufficient securite unto the said William Shackespeare and his heires for the performance of their covenantes, as shall bee devised by learned counsell. In witnes whereof the parties abovesaid to their presents interchangeable their handes and seales have put, the daye and yeare first above wryttten."


In the Chamberlain's Accounts for Stratford, in 1614, there is an entry: — "Item, for on quart of sack and on quart of clarret winne, geven to a preacher at the New Place, xxxd," which is supposed to show that Shakespeare was entertaining a preacher at the time. This is not improbable, as the custom of refreshing eminent visitors with sack and clarret at the general expense was not uncommon in Stratford formerly. At the same time it is quite possible that the

\textsuperscript{67} It appears from a brief granted for the relief of the town shortly afterwards, that this fire, "within the space of lesse than two hourses consumed and burnt fifty and fowre Dwelling Howses, many of them being very faire Houses, besides Barnes, Stables, and other Howses of Office, together with great Store of Corne, Hay, Straw, Wood and Timber therein, amounting to the value of Eight Thousand Pounds and upwards; the force of which fire was so great (the Wind sitting full upon the Towne), that it dispersed into so many places thereof, whereby the whole Towne was in very great danger to have beene utterly consumed."

\textsuperscript{68} But the poet did not live to see the issue of the contest; the prohibition and order in question not being made before 1618.

\textsuperscript{69} Greene terms Shakespeare his cousin, i.e. kinman, but their exact relationship is unknown. In the burial register of Stratford there is an entry, "1589 [90], March 6, Thomas Greene, alias Shaksper," and the town clerk is thought to have been his son.
Early in 1616, the poet's youngest daughter, Judith, was married to Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine merchant of Stratford. The ceremony took place on the 10th of February, 1615-16, the bride being then thirty-one years of age, and her husband twenty-seven.

On the 25th of the next month, Shakespeare executed his will, which had evidently been prepared two months before: the date,—"Vicesimo quinto die Martii,"—having originally been "Vicesimo quinto die Januarii." It declares the testator to be "in perfect health and memory;" which might be true at the time when the instrument was first drawn, but his signatures on the three sheets of paper which the will occupies, are thought to indicate much physical debility. This was his last recorded act. A few weeks later, on the 23d of April, 1616, William Shakespeare died.

Of the particular malady which deprived the world of this incomparable genius, we have no authentic information. The Rev. John Ward, who was vicar of Stratford in the seventeenth century, has left behind him a Diary, now in the library of the Medical Society of London, wherein is the following passage:—"I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that hee spent at the rate of 1000l. a-year, as I have heard. Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted." The statement that subsequent to his retirement from London, Shakespeare supplied the stage with two plays a-year, and lived at the rate of a thousand pounds a-year, is no doubt an exaggeration; but the casual is not at all improbable. As Mr. Dyce remarks,—"Drayton, a native of Warwickshire, and frequently in the neighbourhood of Stratford, may fairly be presumed to have partaken at times of Shakespeare's hospitality; and Jonson, who, about two years after, wandered on foot into Scotland and back again, would think little of a journey to Stratford for the sake of visiting so dear a friend." It is remarkable that the poet's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who doubtless attended him in his last illness, and who has left observations on various medical cases within his own experience, should have preserved no memorandum concerning this, the most interesting case of all.

90 A note at the end of the volume says, "this booke was begunne Feb. 14, 1601, and finished April the 25th, 1603, att Mr. Brooks his house, in Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire."

91 They were written in Latin, and published with the following title in 1657: Select Observations on English Bodies: Or, Cures both Empiricall and Historicall, performed upon very eminent Persons in desperate Diseases.
On the 25th of April, all of Shakespeare that could perish was buried on the north side of the chancel of Stratford Church. A flat stone covering his grave bears the following inscription:

"Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,  
To digg the dust enclosed here:  
Blest be the man that spares these stones  
And cursed be he that moves my bones."  

The monument erected to the great dramatist's memory against the north wall of the chancel, is too well known to require description. It is said to have been executed by Gerard Johnson soon after the poet's death, and is mentioned by Leonard Digges, in his verses prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623. The bust which forms part of the monument must therefore be regarded as the most authentic likeness of Shakespeare we possess.

The inscription below it is as follows:

"Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,  
Terra tegit, populus mæret [mæret] Olympus habet."  
"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?  
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plast  
Within this monument, Shakespeare, with whom  
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck your tombs  
Far more then cost; sith all ye have writ,  
Leaves living art but page to serve his writ.  
Obit Ao. D. 1616  
Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap."  

The first folio is illustrated with a portrait, engraved by Martin Droeshout, which, though inferior as a work of art, bears a general resemblance to the bust at Stratford. Unless it were a copy therefrom, the similarity would indicate a certain fidelity in both. Accompanying this print are some verses by Ben Jonson, which of themselves attest in some degree the truthfulness of the portrait:

"This figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With Nature, to out-doo the life.  
O, could he but have drawne his wit  
As well in brasse as he hath hit  
His face, the print would then surpasse  
All that was ever writ in brasse;  
But since he cannot, reader, looke  
Not on his picture, but his booke."

The bequests of the poet will have been often criticized. The interlineation, by which he leaves to his wife only the "second-best bed," has occasioned especial speculation. But

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92 The record in the burial-register is:

"1616. April 25. Will Shakespeare, Gent."

93 Dowdall affirms that this epitaph was "made by himselfe, a little before his death."

94 "The bust is as large as life, and was originally coloured in imitation of nature: the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn; the doublet was scarlet; the loose gown, without sleeves, black; the plain band round the neck, and the wrist-bands were white: the upper part of the cushion in front of the bust was green, the under half crimson: the cord running along the cushion and the tassels were gilt. These colours were renewed in 1749; but Malone caused the whole to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint in 1793."

95 For particulars respecting the other portraits of Shakespeare, the reader is referred to, An Inquiry into the Authenticity of various Pictures and Prints, which, from the decease of the Poet to our own times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakespeare, &c., by James Beaden, 1824: and to An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakespeare Portraits, &c., by Abraham Wivel, 1827.
the credit is due to Mr. Knight of having suggested that by the law of the land, Mrs. Shakespeare had certain rights in her husband's property which required no provision in his will. The same writer has pointed out that even the express mention of the second-best bed, was anything butkindness and insult; the best bed at that period being considered amongst the chattels which went by custom to the heir in chief.

I have now approached, not without a sense of relief, the limits apportioned to a record of the few particulars in the personal history of Shakespeare which have been discovered. But, as everybody connected with so illustrious a man possesses interest, this imperfect memoir must not close without some account, however brief, of those members of his family who survived him. His widow outlived him seven years. She was buried at Stratford on the 8th of August, 1623. The inscription on the brass plate over her remains is as follows:—"Here lyeth interred the body of Anne wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of Augt. 1623, being of the age of 67 years.

Ubera tu, mater, tu haec vitamque dedisti: Vae mihi, pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amovest lapidem bonus angelus ore,
Exeat Christi corpus imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent: venias cito, Christi, resurgens,
Clausa liecit tumulo, mater et astra petet."

Shakespeare's wife makes but a small figure in this memoir. From her having been older than her husband; from certain passages in his works; from the slight notice of her in his will; from none of her family being named in that instrument; and from her having apparently lived a great part of her married life in some measure separated from him; it has been inferred that the match was not felicitous. But we have no satisfactory means of forming a judgment on the subject, and in the absence of these it is not fair to conclude that there was unhappiness or estrangement between them. 68

His eldest daughter, Susanna, who it has been mentioned was married to Dr. John Hall inherited the bulk of his property. 69 Her daughter, and only child, Elizabeth, was born 21st of

68 The entry of her burial in the register is peculiar:—

1623.
8 Mrs. Shakespeare.
Anna uxor Richardi James.—

The figure represents the day of the month, but what are we to understand by the bracket? Mr. Harness is of opinion that the two names represent one person; that Mrs. Shakespeare, after the death of her husband, forgot her allegiance to his memory, and became Mrs. James. "The book," he remarks, "affords no similar instance of this mode of entry. On every occasion, when two funerals have taken place on the same day, the date is either repeated, or left blank, but this bracketing the names together—supposing Mrs. Shakespeare and Mrs. James to be different people, is altogether without a parallel. What can be the meaning of this departure from the common rule, unless it was intended to show that the two names constitute one register? Again, with hardly an exception to the contrary, all the entries on the page are in Latin; and it would not only be difficult to account for the deviation into the vulgar tongue in the case of the poet's widow, but to explain why, unless the whole register referred to one individual, the officiating minister, who described one Anna, at full length, as "Uxor Richardi James," should have been content without describing the other Anna at full length also, as "Vidua Guiliami Shakespeare."

69 In MS, this line no doubt originally read as it is commonly printed, "Exeat ut Christi," &c.,—but the "ut" is omitted on the brass plate.

69 A memorial of Anne Shakespeare in connexion with the friends of her youth at Shottery, is found in the will of Thomas Whittington, a man who had been her father's shepherd. Whittington, who died in 1608, made one bequest as follows:—

"Item, I gave and bequeath unt the poore of Stratford 40s., that is in the hand of Anne Shaxpere, wyfe unto Mr. Wyllyam Shaxpere, and is due debt unto me, beyng paid to mine executor by the sayd Wyllyam Shaxpere or his assignes according t the true meaning of this my will." The money in question had probably been deposited in the hands of Mrs. Shakespeare for safe custody.

69 "New Place, the abode of the poet's later years,—which is said to have been originally built by Sir Hugh Clpton in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and which was then known by the name of The Great House,—came, on Shakespeare's death, to Mrs. Hall, and, on her decease, to her only child, Elizabeth Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard. In this mansion, while it belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Queen Henrietta Maria held her court for about three weeks, during the civil war in 1643. As directed in Lady Barnard's will, New Place was sold after the death of herself and her husband. Subsequently we find it again in the possession of the Clpton family: and in 1742 Garrick, Macklin, and Delane (the actor) were entertained by Sir Hugh Clpton, in the garden of New Place, under what was called Shakespeare's mulberry-tree. The constant tradition of Stratford declared that this celebrated tree was planted by the poet's hand; probably about 1603, as during that year an immense number of young mulberry trees was imported from France, and sent into different
February, 1607-8, and appears to have been a favourite of her grandfather, as testified by his will. Dr. Hall died in 1635, leaving his property between his wife and daughter. Susanna survived him fourteen years, being buried on the 16th of July, 1649. The inscription on her tombstone, which adjoins her husband’s in the chancel of Stratford Church, is as follows:—


Witty above her sexe, but that’s not all, 
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall: 
Something of Shakespear was in that; but this, 
Wholy of him with whom shee now in bisse. 
Then, passenger, hast ne’re a tear 
To weeps with her that wept with all? 
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere 
Them up with comforts cordiall. 
Her love shall live, her mercy spread, 
When thou hast ne’re a teare to shed.”

Elizabeth, the poet’s grand-daughter, was married on the 22d of April, 1626, to Thomas Nash, son of Anthony Nash, who had an estate at Welcombe. Thomas Nash was born in 1593, he was therefore fifteen years older than his wife. He died in April, 1647, leaving no issue. His widow married her second husband John, afterwards Sir John, Bernard, of Abington, near Northampton. He was created a knight by Charles II., on the 25th of November, 1661. He was himself a widower, having married for his first wife a daughter of Sir Clement Edmonds, of Preston, in Northamptonshire. The Bernards were a respectable county family, having held the manor and advowson of Abington for more than two hundred years. Lady Bernard died at Abington, and was buried there on the 17th of February, 1669-70, and with her passed away the last of the poet’s immediate descendants, as she left no issue by her marriage with Sir John Bernard. By her will, preserved in the Prerogative Court of London, Lady Bernard bequeathed legacies of forty and fifty pounds each, to six members of the Hathaway family, testifying thereby, to an affectionate regard for the memory of her grandmother, Anne Shakespeare. She left the inn called the Maidenhead, and the next house

counties of England, by order of King James, with a view to the encouragement of the silk manufacture. Sir Hugh Clopton modernized the house by internal and external alterations. His son-in-law, Henry Talbot, Esq., sold New Place to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire. This wealthy and unamiable clergyman, conceiving a dislike to the mulberry-tree, because it subjected him to the importunities of travellers, whose venery for Shakespeare induced them to visit it, caused it to be cut down and cleft into pieces for fire-wood, in 1756: the greater part of it, however, was bought by a watchmaker of Stratford, who converted every fragment into small boxes, goblets, toothpick-cases, tobacco-stoppers, &c., for which he found eager purchasers. Mr. Gastrell having quarrelled with the magistrates about parochial assessments, razed the mansion to the ground in 1758, and quitted Stratford amidst the rage and executions of the inhabitants.”—Dyce.

100 The inscription on his tombstone reads thus:—

“Here leyth ye body of John Hall, gent; hee marr. Susanna ye daughter and coheir of Will. Shakespeare, gent. Hee deceased Novr 25, A° 1635, aged 60.

Hallus hisitus est, medicae celerrimae arte, 
Expectans regni gaudia lenta Dei. 
Dignus erat meritis qui Neatam vincere annis, 
In terris omnes sed rapid aqua dies.

Ne tumulto quid desit, adest adissima conjux, 
Et vitae comitem nunc quoque mortis habet.”

101 This inscription was removed to make room for another to the memory of one Richard Watts, who died in 1707; but it was restored a few years ago at the expense of the Rev. William Harness.

102 He was buried with the Shakespeares in the chancel of Stratford Church:

“Here resteth ye body of Thomas Nash, esq. Ha mar. Elizabeth, the daug. and heire of John Halle, gent. He died April 4. 1647, aged 53.

Fata manent omnes: hunc non virtute carentem, 
Ut neque divitiis, abestuli atia dies; 
Abestit, at referret lux ultima; siste, visitor; 
Si peritura paras, per male parta pertis.”

103 See Appendix.

104 The following is the record of her burial from the Abington register:

Madam Elizabeth Bernard wife of Sir John Bernard Knt., was buried 17th Febr. 1669.”

105 The representatives of the poet are now the Harts, descendants from his sister Joan, who was buried at Stratford, Nov. 4, 1646.

106 See Appendix.
adjoining (in Henley Street, Stratford) to Thomas Hart, grandson of Shakespeare's brother-in-law, William Hart; and to her kinsman, Edward Bagley, citizen of London, she bequeathed the residue of her property. Sir John Bernard survived his wife about four years, and was buried with her at Abington. 107

Shakespeare's second daughter, Judith, a twin with Hamnet, was married on the 10th of February, 1616, to Thomas Quiney. She died in February, 1661–2, and was buried at Stratford; the issue of this marriage consisted of three sons, Shakespeare, Richard and Thomas, born respectively in November, 1616, February, 1617–18, and August, 1619. Of these children, Shakespeare died in May, 1617, Thomas in January, 1638, and Richard in February of the same year; no one of them having attained to man's estate; and thus absolutely terminated the poet's family in the Quiney branch.

Regarding the character and disposition of Shakespeare, the testimony of his contemporaries and the traditional accounts which have reached us, concur in extolling his integrity, ingenuousness, amiability, and lively wit. "Chettle, as has been shown, acknowledges "his uprightness of dealing." 108 Jonson, in a generous burst of enthusiasm, declares him to have been "indeed honest and of an open and free nature." 109 Fuller 110 has preserved for us a pleasant tradition of his social merit. From what has been gathered of his history, and from what we know of his works, we can ourselves attest to his having been a man of rare industry, of sedulous attention to business, of unusual skill in the direction of affairs, of the right personal ambition, of admirable judgment, and to have been pre-eminently endowed with those indefinable, but well appreciated qualities, which go to make up what Englishmen understand by the term "Gentleman." His writings prove that he was exempt from the despicable weakness of sectarian animosity, since it is left for modern Papists and Protestants to dispute whether he belonged to the one denomination or the other. That he took extended views of public affairs, is manifest by the words of universal, not of temporary application, which he has put into the mouths of his kings and statesmen, and by the felicity with which he combined great freedom of expression with abstinence from giving umbrage to the ruling authorities of his time.

A good deal of argument has been expended with the view to determine the extent of his "learning." Gildon, Sewell, Upton, Whalley and others, contend that he was a man of extensive literary attainments. Dr. Farmer, on the other hand, having shown conclusively that his plays are full of historical and other errors, and that in all cases where he had the option of resorting to ancient authors in the original or to translations, he had recourse to the latter, represents him as positively illiterate, though allowing that he "remembered, perhaps, enough of his school-boy learning to put the Hig, hog, hog, into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans; and might pick up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian." The truth is probably between these extremes. Ben Jonson's evidence admits him to have had some portion of Latin, if not a smattering of Greek; and although I think he

107 The entry of his burial stands thus in the register book:—

"A. D. 1673.

S. John Bernard, Knight my noble and ever honoured Patron, was buried 5th of March 1673."

108 See page xxix.

109 "I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned), he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most failed; and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: SuRaminandus etsv; as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: 'would the rule of it have been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, 'Cesar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cesar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."—Discourses,

—Jonson's Works, 1x. 175, Gifford's ed.

110 See page xxxii.
had little acquaintance either with French or Italian, there is nothing to show that he had not an average amount of "schooling." A man who wrote thirty-seven plays in twenty-five years, who acted in most of them, who took a prominent part in the business of an extensive theatrical enterprise, who laboured assiduously for the improvement of his private affairs, and who by these means raised himself from a lowly position to one of wealth and influence, was not likely to prosecute a laborious study of dead or foreign languages. But that Shakespeare was intimately conversant with most branches of knowledge, that he had both read diligently and pondered deeply, that he was "an exact surveyor of the inanimate world," while he was familiar with all the varied pursuits of human-kind, cannot for a moment be denied. And if the stores of "learning" were not at his command, we have the testimony of a ripe scholar that his native force enabled him to soar far above

"\"— all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.\""

He found, as we know, the stage scarce emerged from barbarism; and by the vigour of his own genius, unaided by the models of the ancient theatre, he "expanded the magic circle of the drama beyond the limits that belonged to it in antiquity, made it embrace more time and locality, filled it with larger business and action, with vicissitudes of gay and serious emotion, which classical taste had kept divided; with characters which developed humanity in stronger light and subtler movements, and with a language more wildly, more playfully diversified by fancy and passion, than was ever spoken on any stage."

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.


T. W=1 Shakspeare
In the name of God, Amen! I William Shakspeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of warre, gent, in perfect health and sounde, soe by God was prayed this my last will and testament in manner and forme following; That ye to saye, First I Comend my Soule into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredlie believing, through thonellie merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinglie, And my bodie to the Earth wherewith ye made. Item, I gyve and bequest unto my Daughter Jude, one hundred and Frytife poundes of lawfull English money, to be paied unto her in manner and forme following, That ye to saye, One hundred poundes in discharge of her marriage portion within one yeare after my deceas, with consideration after the Rate of twoe Shillinges in the pound for soe long tymre as the same shalbe unpaied unto her after my deceas, and the Frytife poundes Residewere thereof, upon her Surrendering of or gyving of such sufficient Securite as the overseers of this my Will shall like of, to Surrender or graunte All her estate and Right that shall descend or come unto her after my deceas, or that shew nothe hath, of in or to one Copiehold tenemente with thappurteneuences, lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the saied county of warre, being parcel or holien of the manour of Rowington, unto my Daughter Susanna Hall, and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and bequest unto my saied Daughter Judith One hundred and Frytife Poundes more, if shee, or Anie issue of her bodie, be Lyinge att thend of three yeares next ensuinge the Date of the Date of this my Will, during which tymre my executors to paiue her consideration from my deceas according to the Rate aforesaid; And if she dye within the saied terme without issue of her bodie, then my will ys, and I Doe gyve and bequest One Hundred Poundes thereof to my Nece Elizabeth Hall, and the Frytife Poundes to be sett fourth by my executors during the lyfe of my Sister Johane Harte, and the use and profitt thereof Comings, shalbe payed to my saied Sister Jone, and after her deceas the said 1. shall Remaine Amongst the children of my saied Sister Equallie to be Devided Amongst them; But if my saied Daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three Yeare, or anie yssue of her bodie, then my will ys, and soe I Devise and bequeste the saied Hundred and Frytife Poundes to be sett out by my executors and overseers for the best benefite of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paied unto her soe long as she shalbe maried and Covert Baron; but my will ys, that shee shall have the consideration yearelie paied unto her during her lif, and after her deceas, the saied stock and consideration to be paiue to her children, if she have Anie, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas: Provided that ye husband shall as shee att thend of the saied three yeares be maried unto, or at anie [lyf] after, doe sufficientlie Assurance unto her, and thisissue of her bodie landes Answerweable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executors and overseers, then my will ys, that the said C", shalbe paid to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequest unto my saied sister Jone xx" and all my wearing Apparrel, to be paiued and delivered with in one yeare after my Deceas; And I doe will and devise unto the house with thappurteneuences in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural lief, under the yearelie rent of xij".

Item, I gyve and bequest unto her three sonnes, William Harte, [Thomas'] Hart, and Michael Harte, Frye Poundes Apeece, to be paiued with in one Yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequest unto the saied

1 The will is written in the clerical hand of that period, on three sheets of paper, fastened together at top. The poet's name is signed at the bottom of the first and second sheet, and his final signature, "I am William Shakspeare," is near the middle of the third sheet. Malone was of opinion that he signed the last sheet first, and that the hand grew gradually weaker in signing the second and first pages. The words printed in Itallies are those which in the original are interlined.

2 Originally written Januarii.

3 Originally sonne and daughter.

4 This Christian name is omitted in the original will.

5 The following words were here at first inserted, but afterwards cancelled: "to be set out for her within one year after my deceas by my executors with thadvice and directions of my overseers, for her best profits, until her marriage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paid unto her."
SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

Elizabeth Hall 6 All my plate, except my brood silver and gilt bole, that I now have at the Date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the Poore of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my Sword; to Thomas Russell, Esquier, Fyve pounds; and to Francis Collins of the Borough of warr. in the countie of warr, gentleman, thirteene pounds Sixe shillings and Eight pence, to be paid within one Year after my Deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to Hamlett? Sadler xxviij viij; to buy him A Ring; to William Raymoldes, gent. xxvij viij; to buy him A Ringe; to my godson William Walker xx in gold; to Anthonye Nashe, gent. xxvij viij; and to Mr. John Nashe, xxviij viij; and to my Fellowes, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, xxviij viij Apees, to buy them rings. Item, I Gyve, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towards the performana thereof, All that Capital messuage or tenemente, with thappurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, Called the new place, wherein I nowe Dwell, and two Messuages or tenementes, with thappurtenances, scituat, lying, and being in Henley-streete, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; And all my barnes, stables, Orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lying, and being, or to be had, Receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townnes, Hamilettes, Villages, Fieldes, and groundes of Stratford upon Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in ane of them, in the said countie of warr. And alocale All that messuage or tenemente, with thappurtenances, wherein One John Robinson dwellthin, scituat, lyeng, and being, in the blackfriers in London nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever: To have and to hold All and singular the said premisses, with their appurtenantes unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the terme of her naturall life; and after her decesa to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueinge, and to the heires Males of the bodie of the said first Sonne lawfully yssueinge; and for default of such issue, to the second Sonne of her bodie lawfullie issuinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the said second Sonne lawfully yssueinge; and for default of such heires, to the third Sonne of the bodie of the said Susanna Hall lawfully yssueinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the said third sonne lawfully yssueinge; And for default of such issue, the same soe to be and Remaine to the Fourth, Fifth, Sixte, and Seaventh sonnes of her bodie, lawfullie issuinge one after Another, and to the heires Males of the bodies of the said Fourth, fifth, Sixte, and Seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueinge, in such manner as yt is before Lymitted to be and Remaine to the first, second, and third Sonns of her bodie, and to the heires Males; And for default of such issue, the said premisses to be and Remaine to my sayed Necce Hall, and the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie yssueinge; And for default of such issue, to my Daughter Judith and the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie issuinge, And for default of such issue, to the Right heires of me the sayed William Shakspeare for ever. Item, I gyve unto my wief my second best bed, with the furniture. Item, I gyve and bequeath to my sayed Daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goddes, Chattel, Leasses, plate, Jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever, after my Dettes and Legacies pained, and my funerall expenses discharged, I gyve, devise, and bequeath to my Sonne-in-lawe, John Hall, gent. and my Daughter Susanna his wief, whom I ordaine make executors of this my Last will and testament. And I doe inintreat and Appoint the saied Thomas Russell, Esquier, and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof, And doe Revoke All former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In Witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, 8 the Daie and Yeare first above written.


By me William Shakspeare.

Probatum coram Magistro Williamo Byrde, Legum Doctoris Comiss. d. c. xxij. de die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616 ; juramento Johannis Hall, uniue executorum d. c. cui d. c. de bene d. c. jurat. reservat. potestate d. c. Susanna Hall, alteri executorum d. c. cum venerit petitur, (Inv. ex.)

6 This sentence was originally only her.
7 Instead of Hamlett Sadler, Mr. Richard Tyler theilder, was first written.
8 Seal was originally written.
APPENDIX.

Purchase of New Place. (See page xxxi.)

Translation of the foot of the fine levied on the occasion of Shakespeare's purchase of this house. The original is now in the Public Record Office:—

This is the Final Agreement made in the Court of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, at Westminster, in one month from the day of St. Michael in the Forty Fourth year of the reign of Elizabeth by the grace of God of England France and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith &c., after the Conquest: before Edmund Anderson, Thomas Walmysley, George Kingsesmyll, and Peter Warburton, Justices of our Lady the Queen, and others there then present: between William Shakespeare gentleman, Complainant and Hercules Underhill gentleman deforciant; of one messuage, two barns, two gardens, and two orchards with appurtenances in Stratford upon Avon: whereupon a plea of Covenant was summoned between them in the same Court; that is to say, that the aforesaid Hercules hath acknowledged the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances to be the right of the same William as those which he the same William hath of the gift of the aforesaid Hercules, and those he hath remised and quit claimed from him and his heirs to the aforesaid William and his heirs for ever: And moreover the same Hercules hath granted for him and his heirs that they will warrant to the aforesaid William and his heirs the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances, against him the aforesaid Hercules and his heirs, for ever: And for this acknowledgment, remise, quitclaim, warranty, fine and Agreement the same William hath given to the aforesaid Hercules Sixty Pounds Sterling.

Warwick.

[On the back follow the Proclamations according to the Form of the Statute.]

Purchase of Land from William Combe and John Combe. (See page xxxiv.)

The following is a translation of the foot of the fine levied on this property thirteen years after its purchase. The original is preserved in the Public Record Office:—

This is the Final Agreement made in the Court of our Sovereign Lord the King at Westminster, on the morrow of the Holy Trinity in the year of the reigns of James by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c. of England France and Ireland the eighth, and of Scotland the Forty Third; before Edward Coke, Thomas Walmysley, Peter Warburton, and Thomas Foster, Justices of our Lord the King and others there then present: Between William Shakespere gentleman complainant, and William Combe Esquire and John Combe gentleman deforciants, of one hundred and seven acres of land and twenty acres of pasture with appurtenances in Old Stratford and Stratford upon Avon: whereupon a plea of Covenant was summoned between them in the same Court, that is to say, that the aforesaid William Combe and John have acknowledged the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances to be the right of the same William Shakespeare as those which the same William hath of the gift of the aforesaid William Combe and John, And those they have remised and quit claimed from them the same William Combe and John and their heirs, to the aforesaid William Shakespeare and his heirs for ever: And moreover the same William Combe hath granted for him and his heirs that they will warrant to the aforesaid William Shakespeare and his heirs the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances against him the aforesaid William Combe and his heirs for ever; And further the same John hath granted for him and his heirs that they will warrant to the aforesaid William Shakespeare and his heirs the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances against the aforesaid John and his heirs for ever: And for this Acknowledgment remise quitclaim warranties fine and agreement the same William Shakespeare hath given to the aforesaid William Combe and John one hundred Pounds Sterling.

WARWICK.

[On the back follow the Proclamations according to the Form of the Statute.]
APPENDIX.

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO SHAKESPEARE'S ESTATES, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE ROLLS CHAPEL.

Shakespeare by his will dated 25 March, 1616, bequeathed, as we have seen, to his daughter, Susanna Hall, (wife of John Hall) the capital messuage in Stratford-upon-Avon, called the New Place, wherein he then dwelt, and two messuages in Henley Street within the said Borough, and all his other lands and tenements in Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe in Co. Warwick; also all that messuage wherein John Robinson dwells, in the Blackfriars, in London, near the Wardrobe; to hold for the term of her life, and after her decease, to the heirs male of her body; and in default of heirs male of her body, the said premises to remain to his nieces (grand-daughter), Elizabeth Hall, and the heirs male of her body; for default of such issue to his daughter Judith (wife of Thomas Quiney), and her heirs male of her body, and for default of such issue to his right heirs.

This lady, Elizabeth Hall, it has been shown, at eighteen years of age became the wife of Thomas Nash, and as the three sons of Judith Quiney all died without children, the last of them in January, 1639, the poet's older daughter Susanna Hall, her daughter, Elizabeth Nash, and her husband, Thomas Nash, suffered a Fine and Recovery in the fifteenth of Charles I., A.D. 1639-40, by which all the estates in question were confirmed to Mrs. Hall, for her life, with remainder to Mr. and Mrs. Nash, and her issue; and in default of such issue then upon Mr. Nash.

Mr. Nash died without issue 4th April, 1642; having by his will dated 25th August, 1642, bequeathed all the said estate to his wife Elizabeth, for her life, and the reversionary interest thereof to his cousin Edward Nash.

Mrs. Nash, advised that her husband had no right to make such a will, as the Fine and Recovery settled the estates upon her and her issue, and considering that she might marry again and have children (being then only thirty-nine years old), refused, it seems, to carry out her husband's will. Whereupon the said Edward Nash filed his Bill in Chancery against her and others, setting out the will in question, and calling upon the Court to compel Mrs. Nash to produce and execute the same, &c.

These circumstances, and the consequent fact that by another Fine and Recovery Shakespeare's estate were again limited to his descendants, were first made public by the late Mr. Wheeler, of Stratford. Neither he, however, nor Malone, who was indefatigable in his inquiries concerning the poet's grand-daughter and the ultimate disposition of the property, was fortunate enough to find the legal papers in the suit in Chancery between Mrs. Nash and Edward Nash. The instruments in question appear to have remained untouched in their original depository, the Rolls Chapel, for above two hundred years until a few months since, when, during some alterations in the Chapel, they were brought to light, together with the original will of Thomas Nash. By the liberality of Sir John Romilly, the Right Honourable the Master of the Rolls, I am enabled to print the whole of these documents, as well as some others relating to the poet's property which have never, to my knowledge, been published.

CHANCERY PROCEEDINGS.

N. N. 17. No. 65.

The several answers of Elizabeth Nash, widow, one of the Defendants, to the Bill of Complaynt of Edward Nash, Complainant.

All advantage of excepcion to the incertainties and insufficencies of the said Bill of Complaynt now and at all tyme hereafter saved and reserved unto the Defendant for Answer sayth: That the Complainant is Cousin to the Defendant's late husband Thomas Nash Esquier deceased but not heir to the said Thomas Nash. For that the said Thomas Nash hath a sister living whose is one of the Defendants to the said Bill of Complaynt besides other kindred whose are nearer in blood to the said Thomas Nash deceased than the said Complainant as the Defendant takes it, and the Defendant sayth: That the said Thomas Nash in his life time was seized of diverse messuages, lands, tenements and hereditaments and possessed of a personal Estate, and that hee being soe seized and possessed made his last will and Testament in writing into and about the Twentie Fifth day of August one thousand six hundred Fortie and two and thereby Devised unto this Defendant and the other Defendants his sister and the Complainant and other persons the lands and legacies in such sort and to such purpose word for word as the Complainant hath set forth in his said Bill of Complaynt why the Complainant might well doe for that the Defendant gave unto the said Complainant a true copy of the said last will and Testament of the said Thomas Nash and of the Codicil to the said will annexed which Codicil the said Thomas Nash made or caused to bee made in his sickness in or about the third day of April Anno Domini one thousand six hundred Fortie and seaven and published the same for as

1 An abstract of Nash's will, and of a nuncupative codicil hereto was printed by Malone. See Variorum editio, 1821, Vol. II. p. 619.
part of his said last will and Testament and to bee added to the same. And that shortly after (that is to say) in or about the Fowerth day of the same moneth the said Thomas Nashe dyed havinge in or by his said last will appoynted and made this Defend(1) his sole Executrix whoe proved the said will with the said Codicell thereunto annexed in due forme of Lawe in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury where the said last will and Codicell are entred and remayne upon Record amongst the Records there, to the said Defend(1) for more certaintie refereth herselfe for and concerning all and everye the matters contayned in the said will and Codicell and complanyed of in or by, the said Bill of Complaynt, And the Defend(1) saith: That the said message called the New Place in Stratford with thappurtenances and Fower yard land in the comon fields of Old Stratford and the messuage in London ncer the Wardrope there supposed to bee devided to the Complainant and his heires by the said Thomas Nashe could not bee devised given or disposed of by the said Thomas Nashe, For that the said message Fower yard land and house in London were the Inheritance of William Shakespeare the Defend(2) Grandfather whoe was siezed thereof in Fee simple long before the Defend(2) marriage with the said Thomas Nashe, And being see by his said last will and Testam(1) in writing bearing date in or about the Twenty Fifte day of March in the Fowerteenth year of the reigne of our late Soveraigne Lord King James Devised the same to Susan Hall the daughter and coheir of the said William and mother to the Defend(1) for and dureing her life, And after her death to this Defend(1) and the heires of her body, As in and by the said will to bee produced to which due reference being had may more fully appear, And the Defend(1) saith: That the said Susan the Defend(2) mother to whome the said message, Fower yard land and the house aforesaid was devised by the said William Shakespeare is yet living and enjoyeth the same, And that the said Susan and the Defend(1) since the death of the said Thomas Nashe have acknowledged and leyed one or more Fines and suffered a Recoverie of the said message called the New Place and the said Fower yard land and the house in London to the use of the said Susan the Defend(2) mother for her life, And after her deceas to this Defend(1) and her heires for ever As was lawfull for them see to doe which are all the Conveyances and estates that the Defend(1) since the death of the said Thomas Nashe hath made granted or suffered of anie the lands mentioned in the said Bill of Complaynt And the Defend(1) denies that shee hath a mind to suppresse the said last will of the said Thomas Nashe, Or that the same can bee suppressed to the knowledge of the Defend(1) Or that the said Thomas Nashe made noe Codicell to his said last will Or that the said Thomas Nashe dyed without makinge any alteracation of the said will set forth by the said Complainant other then is expressed in or by the said Codicell of the said Thomas Nashe, And the Defend(1) denies that shee the Defend(1) or any other to her knowledge give out, that the said Thomas Nashe dyed intestate and that shee made noe will, Or that shee the said Thomas revoked the said will and made a new will to the knowledge of the Defend(1) But true it is shee the Defend(1) hath given forth, That the said Thomas Nashe made the said Codicell as part of his said last will which the Defend(1) proved as aforesaid, And that hee the sadd Thomas Nashe had noe power to give and devise the said message called the New Place the Fower yard Land and the house in London being the Defend(1) Inheritance as aforesaid. But that the Defend(1) with her said mother may dispose thereof as they please And the Defend(1) denies that shee doth refuse to prove the will or to assent to such Legacies as are given to the said Complainant savinge the right and Inheritance in the said message Fower yard land and house in London, And saith that shee this Defend(2) hath in her hands or custodie many Deeds Evidences Writings Charters Brevets and manum(1) which concern the lands and premises which the Defend(2) claymeth as her Inheritance and other the lands which are the Defend(1) Joynture(2) and are devised to her by the said Thomas Nashe in or by his said last will which writings concerning the Defend(1) Joynture shee may kepe for her life as shee is informed But the Defend(1) is ready to produce the same by coppies or otherwise to make knowe the same to the Complainant in such manner as the Hon(1) shall appoynt, And the Defend(1) denies, that shee doth supresse or conceale the said writings or hath cancelled the same, or doth refuse to set forth the same, Or that this Defend(1) doth knowe that the said writings doe concern the Complainant dureing the Defend(1) life, Or that shee this Defend(1) hath made or consented to the makinge any estate of the premises to any person or persons whatsoever other then as aforesaid, Without that that anie other matter or thing materiall or effectuall in the Lawe to bee Answered unto by this Defend(1) and not herein and hereby well and sufficiently Answered unto confessed traversed or denied is true All weth matters and thinges his Defend(1) is and will bee ready to aver mayntayne and prove as this Hon(1) shall award And humbly prayeth to bee hence dismissed with her reasonable costs and charges &c. &c.

Predict Def Jur xvij die Aprilis anno r. R. Carol. xxiiij i° apud Stratford sup Avon in Com Warr. Tho: Dighton

John Eston.

Sir Hugh Clapton to Macklin in 1742, that she carried away with her from Stratford many of her grandfather's manuscripts.

APPENDIX.

(1) This declaration is interesting and important as proving that some of Shakespeares papers were in his grand-daughter's custody after the death of her first husband, and coincides with the tradition mentioned by

(2) Defend(2)
Veneris 11° Februrij Termino Hillarj Anno dni One thousand six hundred and forty eight
Inter Edru Nash and Quer
Eliza Nash and Defent

Forasmuch as this Court was this present day informed by Mr. Catlin being of the Plaintiff’s Counsel that the Plaintiff having exhibited his Bill into this Court to be relieved touching certain lands devised to the Defendant or her life, the remainder to the Plaintiff and his heirs the Defendant by her Answer hath confessed the having of the Original Will and the Plaintiff’s estate which being an estate of an inheritance and the Defendants but an estate for life and witnesses being examined in the Cause it was prayed that the Defendant might bring the said Original Will confessed in her answer into this Court, there to remain indifferently for both parties which is ordered accordingly, unless the Defendant having notice thereof shall within a week after such notice shew unto this Court good cause to the contrary.

B 1648 folio 343 C.

F. BODWELL, Clerk.

Lune 15° May Termino Pas Anno Regni Caroli Regis 24° One thousand six hundred and forty eight.
Inter Edwardu Nashe and Quer.
Elizabeth Nashe executrix Thome Nash et Thoma Withers Deftes.

Upon Motion this day made unto this Court by Mr. Catlin being of the Plaintiff’s Counsel It is Ordered that process of duces tecum be awarded against the Defendants to bring into this Court the will evidences and writings confessed by their answer to be in their custody or at the return thereof to shew unto this Court good cause to the contrary.

B 1647 folio 573 C.

F. BODWELL, Clerk.

Sabbi 10° Junij Term Trin A° Ra Car 24° One thousand six hundred and forty eight.
Inter Edrnu. Nash and Quer
Eliza Nash executrix Tho: Nash and Thoma Withers Deftes

Whereas by an order of the 15th of May last process of duces tecum was awarded against the Defendants to bring into this Court the will evidences and writings confessed by their answer to be in their custody or at the return thereof to shew unto this Court good cause to the contrary, upon opening of the matter this present day unto this Court by Mr. Dighton being of the Defendants Counsel in the presence of Mr. Chute being of the Plaintiffs Counsel and upon reading of the said Order It was alleged that the Defendant Elizabeth hath an estate for life in the Landa in question and being executrix of the said Thomas Nash hath proved the will and justifies the detaining of the said evidences in her hands for the maintenance of her title but the Plaintiffs Counsel alleging that the inheritance of the lands being in the Plaintiff the said evidences do properly belong to the Plaintiff, Whereupon and upon hearing what was alleged on either side It is Ordered that the will be brought into this Court to the end the Plaintiff may examine witnesses thereupon and then to be delivered back to the Defendant and that the Defendant shall also bring the said evidences and writings into Court upon oath the first day of the next term there to remain for the equal benefit of both parties and shall within ten days after notice deliver unto the Plaintiff a true Schedule thereof.

B 1647 folio 742 C.

F. BODWELL, Clerk.

NASH’S WILL.

By this will, dated August 25, 1642, which appears to have been kept in the Chapel of the Rolls from the period when Mrs. Nash was ordered to produce it in Court, Thomas Nash makes the following disposition of that portion of his property in which alone we are interested,—the inheritance of the poet’s grand-daughter:—

"That is to saie first I give dispose and bequeath unto Elizabeth my welbeloved wife and her assigns for and during the terme of her natural life in lieu of her Joynture and thrides All that messuage or Tenemente with thappurtenances situate lyinge and beinge in Stratford upon Aven in the said County of Warwick in a strete there called or known by the name of the Chappell streete and noe in the tenure use and occupacion of one Jehane Norman widowe, And alsoe one meadowe with thappurtenances lyinge and beinge in the parisse of Old Stratford in the said County of Warwick and called or known by the name of the Square meadowe and lyinge more unto the great stone bridge of Stratford aforesaid And noe in the tenure use & occupacion of one Willim Abbottes Inholder And alsoe one other meadowe with thappurtenances lyinge and beinge in the parisse of
old Stratford aforesaid in the said County of Warwick and Called or known by the name of the Wash Meadow and lyeinge were unto the said great stone bridge of Stratford... Item I give dispose and bequeath unto my loveinge kinsman Edward Nash gentleman sonne and heir of my Uncle George Nashe of London gentlemand and to his heires and assignes for ever after the death and deceasse of Elizabeth my said wife All that the said messuage or Tenement with thappurtenances situate lyeinge and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in the said County of Warwick in the said Strete there Called the Chappell streete and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of the said Johane Norman And alsoe the said meadowe with the appurtenances lyeing and beinge within the parshe of old Stratford aforesaid in the said County of Warwick Called or known by the name of the square meadowe and lyeinge Were unto the said great stone bridge of Stratford aforesaid and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of one Willm Abbottes Inholder... Item I give dispose and bequeath unto my said kinsman Edward Nash and to his heires and assignes for ever one message or Tenement with the Appurtenances comonly called or known by the name of the Newe place situate lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in the said County of Warwick in a strete there Called or known by the name of the Chappell streete Together alsoe with all and singular howes outowhes barnes stables orchardes gardens easementes profits and Comodies to the same belonging or in anie wise appertaining or reputed taken esteemed or enjoyed as thereunto belonging and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of mee the said Thomas Nashe And alsoe flour yard land of carrayle land meadowe and pasture with Thappurtenances lyeinge and beinge in the Comon fieldes of old Stratford in the said County of Warwick tgogether with all essemnetes profits Comons Comodies and hereditaments to the same flour yard landes or anie of them belonging or in anie wise appertaining... And alsoe one other message or tenement with thappurtenances situate lyeinge & beinge in the parish of in London and Called or known by the name of the wardropp and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of one Dikes... And alsoe the said message or tenemente with Thappurtenances situate lyeinge and beinge in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in the said County of Warwick in the said strete there Called the Henley streete and nowe in the tenure use & occupacon of the said John Horneby blacksmith And alsoe one other message or Tenem with thappurtenances situate lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in the said County of Warwick in a certayne strete there Called the Chappell streete and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of the said Nicholas Ingram... All the rest and other of my godees Chattles Cattells leases Jewels plate howsehold-stuffe and Implementes of howsehold moveable and unmoveable my debts and legacies being payd and my funerall expences being discharged I give and bequeath unto Elizabeth my wife whom I make full and whole Executrix of this my last will and Testament And I revoke and renounce all former & other Will and Wills by mee made And I appoynt and entreatte my Loveinge frendes Edmund Rawlins gent Willm Smith and John Easton to bee the overseers of this my last Will and Testament desiringe them to see this my last Will to bee performed sone as farre as in them lyeth And for their paines therein I give them and every of them forty shillings apiece In witness to this my Will I have put my hand & scale the day and yeares above Written. Tho : Nashe.

Witnesses to the sealing and publishinge hereof,

John Soch.
Michael Johnson.
Samuell Rawlins.

The following are translations of two Recoveries hitherto unpublished, by which Mrs. Nash, after disputing the will in question, succeeded in limiting a portion of the poet's estates to his descendants. The first refers to the land purchased by him in 1602, of William and John Combe: the other to the house in Blackfriars, bought in 1612-13. It will be observed that the parties concerned with Mrs. Nash in this confirmation of the property are two of the Hathaways, or Hathaways, an additional proof, to that afforded by her will, of her friendly intercourse with the members of her grandmother's family.

RECOVERY ROLL. 23. CHARLES 1. MICHAELMAS. ROLL 103 (on the back).

Pleas of Land Inrolled at Westminster before Peter Phesant and John Godbold Justices of the Lord the King of the Common Pleas, of Michaelmas Term in the twenty third year of the reign of Lord Charles by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Warwick Ss. William Hathway and Thomas Hathway in their proper persons demand against Richard Lane gentleman and William Smyth gentleman, three messuages, three gardens, one hundred and seven acres of land and twenty acres of pasture with appurtenances in Stratford upon Avon, Olde Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe as their right and inheritance. And into which the same Richard and William Smyth have not entry.
but after the disseisin which Hugh Hunt thereof unjustly and without judgment hath made to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas within thirty years &c. And whereupon they say that they were seized of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of our Lord the King that now is, by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring Suit &c.

And the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth in their proper persons come and defend their right when &c. And thereupon vouch to warrant Elizabeth Nashe widow who is present here in Court in her proper person. And freely warrants the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to them &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the same Elizabeth tenant by her own warranty the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seized of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of our Lord the King that now is, by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring Suit &c.

And the aforesaid Elizabeth Tenant by her own Warranty defends her right when &c. And thereupon further voucheth to warrant Robert Lee who is also present here in Court in his proper person. And freely warrants the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to her &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the same Robert Tenant by his own warranty the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seized of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of Our Lord the King that now is, by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring Suit &c.

And the aforesaid Robert Tenant by his own warranty defends his right when, &c. And saith that the aforesaid Hugh did not disseise the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances as the same William Hathway and Thomas by their writ and declaration aforesaid above do suppose And of this he putteth himself upon the Country &c. And the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas thereupon crave licence to imparl And they have it &c. And afterwards the same William Hathway and Thomas came again here into Court in this same Term in their proper persons. And the aforesaid Robert although solemnly called cometh not again but departed in contempt of the Court. And maketh default. Therefore it is considered that the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas recover their seisin against the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances And that the same Richard and William Smyth have of the land of the aforesaid Elizabeth to the value &c. And that the same Elizabeth further have of the land of the aforesaid Robert to the value &c. And the same Robert in Mercy, &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas pray a writ of our Lord the King to be directed to the Sheriff of the County aforesaid to cause full seisin of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to them. And it is granted to them returnable here without delay &c. Afterwards that is to say on the twenty ninth day of November in this same Term come here into Court the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas in their proper persons. And the Sheriff namely Richard Lucy Esquire now returns that he by virtue of the said writ to him directed on the twenty sixth day of November last past did cause full seisin of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas as by the said writ he was commanded. &c.


Pleas of Land Inrolled at Westminster before Peter Pessant and John Gobold Justices of the Lord the King of the Common Pleas, of Michaelmas Term in the twenty third year of the reign of Lord Charles by the grace of God of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

London Sx. William Hathway and Thomas Hathway in their proper persons demand against Richard Lane gentleman and William Smyth gentleman, one messuage with appurtenances in the parish of St Anne Blackfriars as their right and inheritance. And into which the same Richard and William Smyth have not entry but after the disseisin which Hugh Hunt thereof unjustly and without judgment hath made to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas within thirty years &c. And whereupon they say that they were seized of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of our Lord the King that now is by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring suit &c.

And the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth in their proper persons come and defend their right when &c. And thereupon vouch to warrant Elizabeth Nashe widow who is present here in Court in her proper person. And freely warrants the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances to them &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the same Elizabeth tenant by her own warranty the messuage aforesaid
APPENDIX.

with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seised of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of the Lord the King that now is by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring suit &c.

And the aforesaid Elizabeth Tenant by her own warranty defends her right when &c. And thereupon further voucheth to warrant Robert Lee who is also present here in Court in his proper person And freely warrants the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances to her &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the said Robert Tenant by his own warranty the message aforesaid with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seised of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of the Lord the King that now is by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring suit &c. And the aforesaid Robert Tenant by his own warranty defends his right when &c. And saith that the aforesaid Hugh did not disseise the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas of the message aforesaid with appurtenances as the same William Hathway and Thomas by their writ and declaration aforesaid above do suppose And of this he putteth himself upon the Country &c.

And the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas thereupon crave leave to imparl And they have it &c. And afterwards the same William Hathway and Thomas come again here into Court in this same Term in their proper persons And the aforesaid Robert although solemnly called cometh not again but departed in contempt of the Court And maketh default. Therefore it is considered that the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas recover their seisin against the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth of the message aforesaid with appurtenances And that the same Richard and William Smyth have of the land of the aforesaid Elizabeth to the value &c. And that the same Elizabeth have lastly of the land of the aforesaid Robert to the value &c. And the same Robert in mercy &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas pray a writ of Our Lord the King to be directed to the Sheriffs of London aforesaid to cause full seisin of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to them And it is granted to them returnable here without delay &c. Afterwards, that is to say, on the Twenty ninth day of November in this same Term come here into Court the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas in their proper persons And the Sheriffs namely Samuel Averey and John Bide now return that they by virtue of the said writ to them directed on the twenty seventh day of November last past did cause full seisin of the message aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas as by the said writ they were prayed. &c.

THE SUPPOSITITIOUS SHAKESPEARE DOCUMENTS.

In addition to the MS. annotations of Mr. Collier's "Corrected folio, 1632," and those on the margins of Lord Ellesmere's folio, 1623, every one of which has been pronounced by the most competent authority to be of quite recent fabrication, the following documents, after careful inspection, have been found to present unmistakable evidences of being counterfeit.

IN BRIDG Water House.


2. List of Claims made by R. Burbidge: Laz. Fletcher: W. Shakspeare, &c. No date, which Mr. Collier describes as "a paper, which shows, with great exactness and particularity, the amount of interest then claimed by each sharer, those sharers being Richard Burbadge, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, John Heminge, Henry Condell, Joseph Taylor, and Lowin, with four other persons not named, each the owner of half a share."—Collier's Life of Shakespeare, p. 189.

"For avoiding of the playhouse in the Blakes Friers.

Irpr Richard Burbidge owth the Fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000 li for the Fee, and for his four shares the summe of 293 li 6s 8d 1933 li 6s 8d

Item Laz Fletcher owth three shares wth he rateth at 700 li, that is at 7 years purchase for eche share, or 33 li 6s 8d one year with an other. 700 li.

Item W. Shakkpeare asketh for the Wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500 li, and for his 4 shares, as the same as his fellows Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933 li 6s 8d 1433 li 6s 8d

Item Heminges and Condell eche 2 shares 333 li 6s 8d

Item Joseph Taylor one share and an halfe 350 li

Item Lownig one share and an halfe 466 li 13s 4d

Item Fourre more playeres with one halfe share unto eche of them 6166 li 13s 4d Sum* totalis e 2
APPENDIX.

"Moreover, the hired men of the Companye demande some recconpence for their greate losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of players, who are paid by the Sharers at diuers rates and proportion, soe as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and Citizens at the least 7000 l."

3. A letter from Samuel Daniel to the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Egerton, from which, Mr. Collier remarks, "we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare, as well as Michael Drayton, had been candidates for the post of Master of the Queen's Revels."—See note 72, p. xxxv. and Collier's Life of Shakespeare, p. 173.

To the Right honorable Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, Lord Keeper of the great Seale of England.

I will not indenouvr, Right honorable, to thank you in wordes for this new great and vnlookt for favor shonwe vnto me, whereby I am bound to you for ever, and hope one day with true harte and simple skill to prove that I am vnvmindfull.

Most earnestly doe I wishe I could praise as your Honor has knowne to deserv, for then should I, like my maister Spencer, whose memorie your Honor cherisheth, leave behinde me some worthie worke, to be treasured by posteritie; What my pore muse could perfome in haste is here set downe, and though it be farre below what other poets and better pennes have written it commeth from a gratefull harte and therefore maye be accepted. I shall nowe be able to lue free from those cares and troubles that hethero have been my continuall and wearisome companions. But a little time is paste since I was called vpon to thanke yo' honor for my brethren advancement and nowe I thank you for my owne w^h double kindnes will alwaies receive double gratefullnes at both our hands.

I cannot but knowe that I am lesse deseruing then some that sued by other of the nobilitie vnto her Ma^t for this roome, if M. Drayton my good friend had bene chosen I should not have murmured for sure I am he wold have filled it most excellentlie: but it seemeth to myne humble judgement that one which is the authour of playes now daylie presented on the publick stages of London and the possessor of no small gains, and moreover himself an actor in the kinges companie of Commedias, could not with reason pretend to be m' of the Queenes Ma^t Reuelles for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approue and allowe of his owne writinge. Therefore he and more of like qualitie cannot justly be disappoynted because through yo' Honors gracious interposition the chance was haply myne. I owe this and all else to yo' Honors and if ever I have time and abilitie to finishe anie noble vndertaking as God graunt one daye I shall, the worke will rather be yo' Honors then myne. God maketh a poet but his creation would be in vaine if patrones did not make him to lue. Yo' Honor hath ever shonwe yo' selfe the friend of desert, and pitty it were if this should be the first exception to the rule. It shall not be whiles my poore witt and strength doe remaine to me, though the verses w^h I nowe sende be indeed noe prove of myne abilitie I onely intreat yo' Honor to accept the same the rather as an earnest of my good will then as an example of my good deede. In all things I am yo' Honors

Most bounden in dutie and observance,

S. DANTELL

4. A letter assumed to be from Henry Lord Southampton to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere on behalf of Shakespeare and Burbadge. No date.—(See note 2d, p. xxxvii.) and Collier's Life of Shakespeare, p. 193:—

My verei honored Lo. the manie good offices I have receiued at yo' Lps handes wh^ ought to make me backward in asking further favours onely imboundeneth me to require more in the same kinde. Yo' Lp wilbe warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute seeing it draweth on more and greater damandes: this w^h now preseth is to request yo' Lp in all you can to be good to the poore players of the blakke Fryers who call themselves by authoritie the Servantes of his Ma^t and aske for the protexcion of their most gracious maister and Souveraigne in his the tyme of there troble. They are threatened by the Lo. Maior and Aldermen of London never friendly to their calling w^h the distruccon of their meanes of livelihood by the pulling downe of their plaicehouse w^h is a private theatre and hath never giuen occasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie, one of them by name Richard Burbidge who humble sueth for yo' Lp kindes helpe for that he is a man famous as our english Roscius one who fitteth the action to the worde and the worde to the action most admir^bly. By the exercise of his qualitie industry and good behaviour he hath become possesed of the Blakke Fryers playhouse w^h hath bene imploied for players sithence it was builded by his Father now nere 50 yeares agoe. The other is a man no whitt less desereuing favor and my especial friends till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best english playes w^h as your Lp. knoweth were most singularly liked of Quene Elizabeth when the companie was called vpon to performe before her Ma^t at Court at Christmas and Shrove tide. His most gracious Ma^t King James alsoe since his coming to the crowne hath extended his Royall favour to the companie in diuers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare and they are both of one countie andindeed almost of one towne, both are right famous in their qualitues though it longeth not of yo' Lo. grauitie and wisdome to resort vnto the places where they are wont to delight the publique care. Their trust and sute nowe is not to bee molestes in there waye of life whereby they
maintaine themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputacõn) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellows. Yo' Lo. most bounden at cõm.

Copia vera.

H. S.

5. Draft of warrant appointing Robert Daborne, William Shakespeare, &c. instructors of the Children of the Queen's Revels—(See note 8, p. xxxvii.) and Collier's Life of Shakespeare, pp. 197-8:—

Right trustie and well beloved &c. James, &c. To all Mayors, Sherifflies, Justices of the peace, &c. Whereas the Queene our dearest wife hath for her pleasure and recreacon appointed her servauntes Robert Daborne &c. to provide and bring uppe a convenient number of children who shalbe called the children of her Majestie revelles. Knowe yee that We have appointed and authorized by these presentes doe appoint and authorize the saide Robert Daborne, Williõ Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, and Edward Kirkham from time to time to provide and bring ypp a convenient number of children, and them to instruct and exercise in the qualitie of playing Tragedies Comedies &c. by the name of the children of the revelles to the Queene, within the blacke Fryers in our Cittie of London and els where within our realme of England. Wherefore we will and command you and eervie of you to permitte her said servauntes to keepe a convenient number of children by the name of the children of the revelles to the Queene, and them to exercise in the qualitie of playing accordyng to our Royall pleasure. Provided allwayes that noe playes &c. shalbe by them presented, but such playes &c. as have received the approbacon and allowance of our Maister of the Revelles for the tyme being. And these our lyes shalbe yo' sufficient warrante in this behalfe. In Witness whereof &c. 4° die Janii, 1609.

In Dulwich College.

1. Alleyn and Kempe's Wager, which Mr. Collier introduces as follows:—

"But there is another paper of a very similar kind, apparently referring to the preceding, or to some other like contest, but containing several remarkable allusions, which Malone did not notice. Perhaps it never met his eye, or perhaps he reserved it for his Life of Shakespeare, and was unwilling to forestall that production by inserting it elsewhere. It seems to be of a later date, and it mentions not only Tarlton, Knell, and Bentley, but Kempe, Phillips, and Pope, while Alleyn's rival Burbage is sneered at as 'Roscius Richard,' and Shakespeare introduced under the name of Will, by which we have Thomas Heywood's authoritie (in his 'Hierarchie of the blessed Angels,' 1635, p. 206) for saying he was known among his companions. The paper is in verse, and runs precisely as follows:

"Swett Nedde, nowe wynne an other wager
For thine old friends and Fellow stager;
Tarlton himself thou dost exell,
And Bentely beate, and conquer Knell,
And nowe shall Kempe overcome aswell.
The moneys downe, the place the Hope,
Phillipes shall hide his head and Pope.
Fear not, the victorie is thyne ;
Thou still as macheles Ned shall shyne.

"If Roscius Richard foames and fumes,
The globe shall have but emptie rooms ;
If thou dost act; and Willes newe playe
Shall be rehearst some other daye.
Consent, then, Nedde; doe us this grace :
Thou cannot faile in anie case ;
For in the triall, come what maye,
All sides shall brave Ned Allin saye,'"

Memoirs of Alleyn, p. 13, ed. J. P. Collier, 1811

2. A list of players, added to a genuine memorandum; (See note 77, p. xxxv.) of which addition Mr. Collier says:—

"Malone also appears to have reserved another circumstance, of very considerable importance in relation to Shakespeare, for his life of the poet. To the last-quoted document, but in a different hand and in different ink, is appended a list of the king's players. The name of Shakespeare there occurs second, and as it could not be written at the bottom of the letter of the Council to the Lord Mayor, &c. prior to the date of that letter, it proves that up to 9th April, 1604, our great dramatist continued to be numbered among the actors of the company.
Hitherto the last trace we have had of Shakespeare as actually on the stage, has been as one of the performers in Ben Jonson's 'Sejanus,' which was produced in 1603. We will insert the list as it stands at the foot of the Council's letter to the Lord Mayor, &c.

"'Ks Comp.

| Burbidge   | Armyn          |
| Shakespeare| Syre           |
| Fletcher   | Cowley         |
| Phillips   | Hostler        |
| Condle     | Day,'         |

Hemminges

Collier's Memoirs of Alleyn, p. 68.

3. A letter from John Marston to Henslow, heralded thus:—

"The following undated note from Marston to Henslow may not be unfitly introduced here: it refers to a play by Marston on the subject of Columbus, of which we hear on no other authority. It is one of the scraps of correspondence between Henslow and the poets in his employ, existing at Dulwich College, of the major part of which Malone has given copies, but omitting the subsequent, which is certainly one of the most interesting of the whole collection.

"'Mr. Hensloe, at the rose on the Bankside.

"'If you like my play of Columbus, it is verie well and you shall give me no more than twentie pounds for it, but If not, lett mee have it by this Bearer againe, as I knowe the kinges men will freele give mee as much for it, and the profits of the third daye moreover.

"'See I rest yours


4. A slip purporting to be a list of the inhabitants of Southwark who made a complaint,—against what is not specified,—in 1596, and which Mr. Collier's Life of Shakespeare, p. 126, represents as "valuable only because it proves distinctly that our great dramatist was an inhabitant of Southwark very soon after the Globe was in operation." (See note 6, p. xxxi.)

5. "A breif neat taken out of the poore's booke, containyng the names of all the inhabitants of this Liberty which are rated and asseced to a weekly paimt towards the relief of the poore, as it standes now encreased, this 6th day of April, 1600," &c. This document is quoted by Mr. Collier in his Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, p. 91, and in his Life of Shakespeare, p. 187, to show that Shakespeare, at the date in question, was rated to the poor of the Clink in Southwark as an "inhabitant" at 6d. per week. Among the names on this list are Hensowe, Alleyne, Lee, Benfield, Lowes, Towne, Jubye, Hunt, Shakespeare, and Bird, all connected with the theatres of the period. (See note 8, p. xxxvii.)

IN THE STATE PAPER OFFICE.


Although the above are all of the documents brought to light by Mr. Collier which have been subjected to paleographic examination and are condemned as spurious, they form but a small part of his discoveries which stand suspected. But as the remainder will shortly undergo investigation by skilled paleographers, it is not prudent to offer an opinion on their authenticity based only upon internal evidence.
PRELIMINARY MATTER IN THE FOLIO OF 1623.

THE DEDICATION.

To the Most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren. William Earle of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most excellent Majesty. And Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c., Gent. man of his Majesties Bed-chamber. Both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your LL., we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your HII. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprivd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your LL. have beene pleas’d to thinke these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosequed both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your LL. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask’d to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphane, Guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your LL. but with a kind of religious address: it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your HII. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your HII. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your LL., the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

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¹ In the preliminary matter of the first and second folio, I have thought it desirable to adhere to the old, quaint spelling, and, where the sense was not obscured by it, to the ancient punctuation also.
THE ADDRESS TO THE READER.

To the great Variety of Readers.

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you will stand for your priviledges we know: to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit to arraigne Playes dally, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have sett forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onelie gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge,
Henrie Condell.
COMMENDATORY VERSES

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the Reader.
This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brasse,
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.—B. J.

To the Memory of the deceased Author
Master W. Shakespeare.
Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which,
on-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee
looke
Fresh to all Ages; when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; on'try Line, each Verse,
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor carking Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleive, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) until our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t'out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parling Romans spake,
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expresst.
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.
L. Digges.

To the Memory of M. W. Shake-speare.
Wee wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soon
From the Worlds-Stage to the Graves-Tyring-room.

Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor's Art
Can dye, and live to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortallitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.—I. M.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke and Fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For selliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Band or Whore
Should praise a Matron:—what could hurt her more?
But thou art proofs against them, and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chancer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live.
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses,—
I meane with great, but disproportionate Muses;
For if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lilly out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse
Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,

Until doomsday; for hardly will a fifth,
Bewitch this day and that, by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawen again.
But if procedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone:
Thy un molest peace, unshar'd cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave;
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine! thou hast one to shewe,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warne
Our cares, or like a Mercury to charm
Nature her-selfe was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greekes, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lye,
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses arvile: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or, for the lawrell, he may gain a scorne,—
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Looke how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeares minde and manners brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advane'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight frö hence, hath moun'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Jonson.

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet,
Master William Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapt, go now and wring.
You Britaines brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty Plays
Which make the Globe of heav'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that vein, dry'd is the Thesopian Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and Phoebus clouds his rayes:
That corps, that collin, now bestickes those rayes,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets' King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is.
For, though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Hugh Holland.

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ADDITIONAL COMMENDATORY POEMS
PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO EDITION OF 1632.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend,
the Author
Master William Shakespeare,
and his Works.

SPECTATOR, this Life’s Shadow is; To see
The truer image and a liveller he,
Turne Reader. But, observe his Comick veine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,
Then weep, So when thou find’st tw two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soule rise,
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet,
W. Shakespeare.

What neede my Shakespeare for his honour’d bones
The labour of an Age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow’d Reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing Pyramid?
Dear Sonne of Memory, great Heiro of Fame,
What needest thou such dull witness of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyselfe a lasting Monument:
For whilst, to th’ shame of slow-endavouring Art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued 4 Booke
Those Delphickes Lines with deep Imression tooke;
Then thou, our fancy of herselfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And, so Sepulchred, in such pomp gentle lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.

On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose cleere
And equall surface can make things appeare
Distant a Thousand yeares, and represent

Them in their lively colours, just extent.
To out-run hasty Time, retrace the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, bow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where (confused) lye
Great hapes of ruinous mortality.
In that deeps duscie dungeon to discerne
A royal Ghost from Charles; By art to learne
The Physiognomie of shades, and give
Them suddain birth, wondering how oft they l’vo
What story coldly tells, what Poets faine
At second hand, and picture without braine,
Senseless and soullesse showes. To give a Stage
(ample and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Platos yeares and new Scene of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld:
To raise our ancients Sovereignes from their herse,
Make Kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enliven their pale trunks, that the present age
Joyes in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their paine: And eyes in tears
Both wepe and smile: fearfull at picts so sad,
Then, laughing at our fears, abus’d, and glad
To be abus’d; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false; pleased in that rith
At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur’d and tickled; by a crablike way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravine for our sport—
—While the Plebian Impe, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; Now to move
A chilling pitty, then a rigorous love:
To strike up and stroake down, both joy and ire;
To steeke th’ affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stone from ourselves—
This, and much more which cannot bee express’d
But by himselfe, his tongue, and his own brest,
Was Shakespeare’s freehold; which his cunning
braine
Improv’d by favour of the nine-fold traine,
The buskied Muse, the Commickte Queene, the grand,
And lowder tone of Clio; nimble hand,
And nimbler foot of the melodious pairre,
The silver-voiced Lady; the most faire
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose prayses the heavenly body chants.
Thesejointly wo’d him, envying one another,
(Obey’d by all as Spouse, but lov’d as brother),
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blew, rich purple, guiltlesse white,
The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright;
Branch’d and embroidered like the painted Spring,
Each leafe match’d with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silke; there run
Italian workes whose thred the Sisters spun;

before the player editors had purchased the right of publishing it from Bonian and Whalley, who brought out the quarto impression in 1649.

These famous lines are Milton’s.

b The folio reads pair, an obvious misprint for “heart;” the word found in the edition of Milton’s Minor Poems, 1615.

c — unvalued — Inestimable.
And there did sing, or seeme to sing, the choyce
Birdes of a forraine note and various voyce.
Here hangs a mossey rocke; there playes a faire
But chiding fountaine, purled: Not the ayre,
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living drawne,
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne,
But fine materialls, which the Muses know,
And onely know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortall garments pent, "death may destroy,"
They say, "his body, but his verse shall live,
And more then nature takes, our hands shall give.

In a lesse volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak, with Laurell
crown'd
Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meate
In a well-lyned vesture, rich and neate."
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him
weare it,
For time shall never staine, nor envy teare it.

The friendly admirer of his Endowments,
I. M. S.*

* The author of this magnificent tribute to the genius of Shake-
spere is unknown. By some writers it has been ascribted to Milton; by others to Jasper Mayne; Mr. Beaden conjectured it
was from the pen of George Chapman; and the Rev. Joseph

Hunter suggests the probability that the writer was Richard
James, author of a poem called Iter Lancastrense, and that the
initials I. M. S. represented James.
ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

INTRODUCTION TO "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

P. 1. "—a work very popular in Spain towards the end of the seventeenth century." Read: "sixteenth century."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

P. 52. "Why should I joy in any abortive birth?" At Christmas I no more desire a rose, Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows: But like of each thing that in season grows."

"Shows" here is a manifest misprint. I would read:—

"—a snow on May's new-fangled wreath."

P. 53, note (a). Add, after "very small game":—But Steevens was evidently unconscious of its being a proverbial expression. It occurs in Whetstone's "Promes and Cassandra," Part I. Act III. Sc. 6:—

"A holey hood makes not a finer devour
He will play at small game, or he sitte out."

Ibid. note (b). "Mr. Collier's old annotator proposes garrulity;"—Read: Mr. Collier's annotator proposes garrulity, which he borrowed no doubt from Theobald, who in 1729, suggested it to Warburton. See Nichol's Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 317.

P. 64, note (b). Add: Belly-doublet is in fact nonsens. The doublets were made some without stuffing—thin bellied—and some bombasted out:—"Certain I am, there never was any kind of apparel ever invented, that could more disproportion the body of man, than these doublets with great bellies hanging down, and stuffed," &c. &c—STUBBS.


P. 67. "This senior-junior (4) giant-dwarf." Dele (4).

P. 80. "prisons up."—Read: with the old editions: prisons up, and, in corroboration, see Act V. Sc. 2:—

"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!"

And, stronger still, the following from King John, Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stuff such a villain up."

Ibid. "Makes heaven drowse with the harmony."

A consonant idea occurs in Shirley's "Love Tricks," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"These eyes that grace the day, now shine on him,
He her Endymion, she his silver moon,
The tongue that's able to rock Heaven asleep,
And make the music of the spheres stand still."

P. 83, note (c). "—and Mr. Dyce says nothing can be more evident than that Shakespeare wrote," &c. Read: and Mr. Dyce says, "Nothing can be more evident than that Shakespeare wrote," &c.

P. 84, note (c). In this note, strike out the clause, "Hence the epitoque, which was sometimes in allusion to snuff for the nose, and sometimes to the snuff of a candle."

P. 85. "And shape his service wholly to my behests; And make him proud to make me proud that feasts!"

I would now read, hests, with Mr. Sidney Walker, instead of behests.

Ibid. "Arm'd in arguments;"—Read: "Armed in arguments; &c."

Ibid. note (e). It meant I now suspect, deeply in love, applied to a love-sick person. In this sense it occurs in the excellent old comedy of "Roister Doister," Act I. Sc. 2.

P. 91. "Above this world: adding thereto, moreover." Read: "moreover."

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

P. 120, note (a). See also note (b) Vol. III. p. 62.

P. 121, note (f). But to carry out this metaphor, serious hours, should be several hours. The integrity of the allusion is destroyed by serious. I suspect, however, the corruption lies in the word common.

P. 124, note (b). So also in Ben Jonson, "Sejanus," Act V. Sc. 4:—

"Cut down,
Drums, that upright elm; wither'd his wine."

P. 129. "Sing, syren,"—Read: "Sing, siren."

P. 136. "With his mace." It ought to have been mentioned that the sergeants carried a staff or small mace in their hands. See "The Example," by Shirley, Act III. Sc. 1.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

P. 227, note (d). Another instance may be added from Taylor, the Water Poet's, "Anagrams and Sonnets," fol. 1630:—

"He that's a miser all the yeere beside
Will revel now, and for no cost will spare,
A poke hang sorrow, let the world go slide,
Let's eat and drink, and cast away all care."

P. 228, note (a). Add:—By "Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is embossed," &c. is meant, Couple Merriman with a female bond,—the poor cur is, &c. So in the next line, "and couple Clower with the deep-mouth'd brach."

P. 229, note (a). "Sinclo to this line. Sinclo."

Read: "Sinklo to this line. Sinklo."

P. 233. "I wis, it is not half way to her heart.
Dele the hyphen.

P. 239. "My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours."
Mr. Collier's annotator, adopting a suggestion of Theobald's, (see Nichol's Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 334,) reads, "—for his own good, and ours."


P. 264. "What I up and down, cur'd like an apple tart!" Read: "What up and down, cur'd like an apple tart!"

P. 296, note (c). I am now partly of opinion that "expect" here means, attend, pay attention, and that the passage should be pointed thus,—"I cannot tell. Expect they are busied," &c. The word occurs with this sense apparently in Jonson's Masque of "Time Vindicat." "Hark! it is Love begins to Time. Expect. [Music."

P. 272, note (a). Perhaps, after all, the old text is right, but the two words have been inadvertantly made into one "therefore, sir, as surance," i.e. as proof."
P. 273. "We three are married, but you two are spred." Of spred, in this place, the commentators can make no sense. It perhaps means promissed. See "A Proper Sonnet, Intituled, Maid will you Marry," in "The Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," part ii. p. 43:—

"Why then you will not wed me?—
No sure, Sir, I have spred me."

The lover then goes on in answer to say,
"It is a woman's honesty,
To keep her promise faithfully."

KING JOHN.

P. 293, note (a). I now think the original text is possibly correct, and that the thought running through the passage and which sufficiently explains it, is, that there is peculiar hardness in Arthur suffering, not only for the sins of the grandmother, (which might be regarded as the common lot— the canon of the law,) but by the instrumentality of the person whose sins were thus punished; the grand-
mother being the agent inflicting retribution on her grandson for her own guilt.

"I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and hence the plague
On this removed issue: plagued for her.
And with [or by] her plague—her sin: his injury
Her injury— the bedell to her sin.
All [in] punished in the person of this child,
And all [for] her: a plague upon her.

P. 302, note (a). I am not at present so satisfied of the propriety of Mr. Dyce's ingenious emendation untrimmed as I was formerly. In old times it was a custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided, and hanging loose over her shoulders. May not Constance by "a new untrimmed bride," refer to this custom of Peacham in describing the marriage of the princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave says that "the bride came into the chapel with a coronet of pearl on her head, and her hair dischevelled and hanging down over her shoulders." Compare, too, "Tucked and Gismond," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"So let thy treases flaring in the wind
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck."—

P. 303, note (b). "Against the thing thou swearsst," query, "swearsst by?"

P. 318, note (a). "Whose confidential parley." Rather whose secret dispatch. There is an instance of private used substantively in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," Act IV. Sc. 5: "I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal.

P. 319. "Thou'rt damn'd as black,—" It should have been remarked that Shakespeare had here probably in his mind the old religious plays of Coventry, some of which in his boyhood he might have seen, wherein the damned souls had their faces blackened.

In Sharp's Dissertation on these performances, the writer speaking of "White and Black Souls," observes:— "of these characters the number was uniformly three each, but sometimes they are denominated 'saryd' and 'dampnd Soyles,' instead of white and black." And in the same work we meet with,

"Itih payd to iij white sollys
Itih payd to iij black sollys
Itih for makynge and menynge of the blakke scules
hoso
p'd for blayynge the sollys fassya."

Ibid, note (c). Add the following example from Florio's "Worlds of Words." "Ruffiare, to rile, to skamble.

P. 321, note (c). Johnson is right. Florio after explaining Porogio to mean folder, &c., says it had anecdy the sense of Purogo, which is out, abroad, forth, &c.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

P. 358. In some of the early copies of this edition, a part of Bottom's speech runs, "Ladies, fair ladies, I

would wish you, I would request you, I would entreat you not to fear," &c. Read: "Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear," &c.

P. 359. For "Exit," after "thou art translated:"—

Read: "Exit, Snout and Quince.

P. 356, note (a). "The critical remedy applied, afforded,"

Deluxe applied.

Subsequent consideration induces me to believe that the emendation of Mr. Collier's annotator, mentioned in the above note, is uncalled for.

P. 365, note (b). "O me! what means my love?"

I should now adhere to the old text,—

"O, me! what news my love?"

Mr. Collier's attempt to substantiate his annotator's reading means by reference to a passage in Nash and Marlowe's "Dido, Queen of Carthage," where he proposes the puerile change of "needy clad" for "meandy clad," is a signal failure. The passage in the original stands thus:—

"Achates, thou shalt be so meandy clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs."

And meandy is an obvious misprint for "meandy," i.e. shapely.

P. 377. "For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams."

For gleams, I would now read with the second folio, "streams."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 417, note (f). Add: which the said corrector borrowed from Theobald. (See Nichols' Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 308.)

P. 419, note (a). "For intermission," after all may mean, for fear of interruption. So in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 4:—

"Delivered letters spite of intermission."

P. 421. "How true a gentleman you send relief!"

See note (d), p. 342, Vol. I.

P. 423. "A woolen bagpipe."

Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "bollens bagpipe," and Mr. Dyce adopts the change: for "What writes," he says, "ever used such an expression as a woolen bagpipe? Might he not, with almost equal propriety, talk of a woolen lute, or a woolen fiddle?" But see Massinger's play of "The Maid of Honour," Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"Walks she on woolen feet?"

RICHARD THE SECOND.

P. 470. "Great Duke of Lancaster, come to thee,"

read:— "I come to thee."

HENRY THE FOURTH. PART I.

P. 508. For "Edward Mortimer," Read: "Edmund Mortimer"

P. 511. After, "spent with crying—bring in," insert (d).

P. 525, note (b). Add: perhaps correctly; see "A Woman is a Weathercock," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"But did that little old dried neat's tongue, that ed-skin get him!"

P. 534. "The likeness of a fat old man." We should read as in the quarto, "the likeness of an old fat man."

P. 540, note (e). Add: It meant to mix or mingle: thus, in Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier:"—"'You card your beer (if you see your guests beginning to get drunk,) half small half strong." Again, in Hakluyt's Voyages, Vol. II. p. 489:—"'They drinke milke, or warne blynde, and for the most part card them both together.'"

P. 631, note (1). For "Asunotua," read "Asunotua,""
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 500, note (a). The emendation of "physician" for "preceptor" is really Theobald's. (See Nichols's Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 274.)

P. 553, note (e). An antithesis was possibly intended between firmly and frailty. The meaning being,—"Who thinks himself so secure on what is a most brittle foundation."

P. 605, note (a). Add: The meaning being—I see what you would be if Fortune were as bountiful to you as Nature has been.

VOL. II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P. 18. "Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits." Mr. Collier assigns the emendation "fits" for shifts to a MS. correction in Lord Ellesmere's folio, 1623, but it is due to Theobald. (See Nichols's Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 503.)

P. 23, note (a). For "Act V. Sc. 2," read "Act V. Sc. 5."

P. 40, note (a). I believe now the old text is correct; made, in the sense of being fortunate, is a very common expression, even at this day.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

P. 87, note (a). "Nook-shotten isle," means, in fact, an isle spawned in a corner. Shotten-herring is a herring that has spawned its roe. "Here comes Romey without his roe."

"Romey and Juliet," Act II. Sc. 4.

P. 91, note (f). So in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 1:

"Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, if I achieve not this young modest girl."

Again in "The Malcontent," Act V. Sc. 4:

"Slave take thy life: Wert thou defend'd, through blood and wounds The stcamet horror of a civil fight, Would I advance thee."

P. 92, Prefix "Cho," to the first line.

P. 103, Prefix "Cho," to the first line.

PERICLES.


P. 187. "His seal'd commissiion," Read: "His seal'd commission."

P. 192. "If it be a day fits you, scratch out of the calendar," &c. "Fits you," possibly means disorders you, puts you out of sorts, wrenches you. So in "Sonnet cxxix," "Now have mine eyes out of their spheres been fixt," i.e. been started, wrenched.


TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

P. 293. (Introduction) In speaking of the Manningham Diary, I erred in attributing to Mr. Collier any share in the discovery of this interesting MS. I have before me now unanswerable evidence that the credit of its detection, as well as of determining its authorship, is solely due to the Rev. Joseph Hunter.

P. 249. "Ass, I doubt not." This feeble pun upon the words as and ass, was an old joke. It occurs in a rare tract called, "A Pit to purge Melancholly," supposed to have been printed about 1590:—

"And for bidding me, come up asse into a higher roomer."

P. 263, note (b). The literal meaning of "I am for all waters," was, undoubtedly, "I am ready for any drink." The cant term for potations, in Shakespeare's time, was wassers; and to "breathe in your wasserings," "Henry IV."

P. I. Act II. Sc. 5, meant to take breath while drinking. See Taylor's "The Water Poet," "Drinke and welcome, or the famous history of the most part of Drinkes in use in Great Britain and Ireland; with an especial Declaration of the Potency, Vertue, and Operation of our English Ale: with a description of all sorts of Waters," &c.

HENRY THE SIXTH. PART I.

P. 238, note (c). Add: which he took from Theobald. See Nichols's Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 452.

P. 239, note (a). Add: which we owe, not to Mr. Collier's annotator, but to Theobald. See Nichols's Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 414.

P. 320, note (a). Litter indisputably signified lazy, sluggish. See North's Plutarch, (Life of Sertorius) "— he saw that Octavius was but a slow and lither man." See also Florio in soze "Badalone." And compare "Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses." "Richard the Third," Act I. Sc. 2.

P. 325, note (a). But yet see "Richard the Third," Act I. Sc. 3:

"O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand, In sign of league and amity with thee."

HENRY THE SIXTH. PART II.

P. 322, note (a). So in "Julius Cesar," Act I. Sc. 2:

"Brutus had rather be a villager, Than to rep Neptune's son a son of Rome Under these hard conditions."

TIMON OF AThENS.

P. 500, note (a). For "own and," read "own fault."

P. 502, note (a). I now prefer, "let him make his haste."


KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

P. 575. "Abate the edge of traitors." Mr. Collier, upon the authority of his MS. annotator, changes "Abate" to "Rebate," and lauds the "emendation" as indisputable. This, however, is only one of innumerable instances where the "old corrector," by the needless ejection of an ancient and appropriate word, betrays the modern character of his handy-work. "Abate" here means, to blunt, to disedge. So Florio, in voce, "Spartano," "to oblate the edge or point of any thing or weapon, to blunt, to unpoint." See also, "Love's Labour's Lost," Act I. Sc. 1:

"That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 612, note (a). The following extract from Markham's "Hunger's Prevention, or the whole Arte of Fowling, &c." 1621, substantiates the explanation given in this note. "For a Fowle is so wonderfully fearful of a man, that albeit a Hawke were turning over her to keep her in awe, yet upon the least show of a man she will rise and trust to her wings and fortune."

P. 607. "Hark how the villain would close now." To the note (b) on the word "close," add: but most improperly; for "close" and not close, despite of all Mr. Collier can adduce in favour of the latter, is the genuine word. In proof of this take the following unanswerable quotations:

"It would become me better than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies." Julius Caesar, Act III. Sc. 1.

"This closing with him fits his lunacy." Titus Andronicus, Act V. Sc. 2.

"I will close with this country peasant very lovingly." Webster's Works, Dyce's ed. p. 281.

"Thus cunningly also closed with him, and he conceived her thoughts."—Warner's "Abbot's England."
ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

P. 637, note (2). For “£ 13s. 4d.,” read “£ 16 13s. 4d.” and for “£ 33 6s. 8d.” read “£ 13 3s. 8d.”

King Henry the Eighth.

P. 650. “Things, that are known alike, &c. Mr. Collier claims for his “corrector” the merit of reading here,— “Things, that are known belike, &c. but the substitution was made first by Theobald. See Nichols’s Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 459.

P. 654, note (a). “As first good company.” We should, I think, read: “As soon, good company.”

P. 693, note (a). The reading of culpable, for “capable,” which Mr. Collier assigns to his annotator, was I find originally proposed by Theobald. See Nichols’s Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 463.

Cymbeline.


P. 719, note (b). For “number’d in the sense,” Read: “number’d in the sense.”

VOL. III.

King Lear.

P. 58, note (b). For, “misprint for ‘but,’” Read: “misprint for ‘not.’”

P. 69, note (d). I now believe “sovereignty,” a misprint for “soveraign.”

P. 90, note (e). I should prefer, “Wantonizeth thou at trial Madan?”

P. 114. For, “seest thou this object, Kent?” Read: “seest thou this object, Kent?”

Coriolanus.

P. 136, note (a). “Take only the following examples, from plays which that gentleman must be familiar with.” Read: “— must be acquainted with.”

P. 146. For “scarfs and handkerchief,” Read: “scarfs and handkerchiefs.”

P. 156, note (b). See Shirley’s “Bird in a Cage,” for a similar obscure use of the word:—

“Or for some woman’s lemotly accuse
That fair creation.”


P. 169. For, “think ourfells are asleep,” Read: “I think our fellows are asleep.”

Winter’s Tale.


P. 239, note (b). So in “Antony and Cleopatra,” Act IV. Sc. 15:

“— gentle, bear me.”

P. 241, note (a). Add: Sometimes this state was called handling: thus in the “London Prodigal;”—”Ay, but he is now in hucater’s handling (i.e. for fear cf) running away.”

P. 250. In the line “Would I were dead, but that,” &c. Delete the first comma.

Note (a). In addition to the examples given in this note, the following from Florio’s “World of Words” deserves to be quoted. “Postio morire, an oath much used, as we say, I would I were dead, I pray God I dye, may I dye.”

Troilus and Cressida.

P. 272. “but, when the planets
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,” &c.

Was Shakespeare in this place thinking of a passage in Hooker’s book “Concerning Laws, &c.”? If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the light of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course should, as it were, through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disorders and confused mixtures, the winds breathe out their last grasy,” &c. &c.

Hamlet.

P. 335. For, “pray thee stay with us,” Read: “I pray thee stay with us.”

P. 341, note (a). Add: So in Spenser’s Faerie Queen, b. i. c. iii. s. 30:—

“A drum of sweetes is worth a pound of sorrow.”

P. 358, note (b). Another example of the phrase occurs in a letter from Thomas Wilkes to the Earl of Leicester, under the date 1586 (Egerton MS. 1694, British Museum):—“I am arrived here in such a time and sea of troubles;” and it is employed by Spenser in the Faerie Queene, b. i. c. x. s. 31:—

“With storms of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles, and of toylesome paine.”

P. 396, note (a). For “no lory,” read “no glory.”

Julius Cesar.

P. 416, note (a). If the old text required further confirmation it would be supplied by the following couplet from Daniel’s “Vanity of Fame.”—

“Is this the walkes of all your wide renowne,
This little point, this scarce discerned life?”

P. 418, note (b). Compare likewise (which put this interpretation beyond doubt) the following lines of Sir Philip Sydney, quoted by Harington in his Ariosto (Orlando Furioso):—

“Not toying kynd, nor causely unkynd,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;
Not spying faults, nor in plain errors bynd,
Never hard hand, nor ever rains to light.”

P. 436, note (b). So also in the Faerie Queen, b. i. c. i., ii., s. 20:

“— the thristy land
Dronke up his life.”

Macbeth.

P. 476. “Whose horrid image doth unfit my hair.”

Query, upke? That temptation whose horrid image fixes my unstable hair, and shakes my seated heart.

P. 477. “The swiftest wing of recompence is slow,” &c. The substitution of wind for “wing” in this line, which Mr. Collier credits his “annotator” with, was first proposed by Pope.

Antony and Cleopatra.

P. 543. For, “Enthron’d’n the market-place;” Read: “Enthron’d’n the market-place.”

P. 547. For, “and therefore have;” Read: “and therefore have we.”

P. 550. For, “My country’s high pyramids my gibbet;” Read: “My country’s high pyramids my gibbet.”

Titus Andronicus.

P. 609. For, “The snake is rolled;” Read: “The snake lies rolled.”

Othello.

P. 675, note (*). After “First foilo, insert: “your.”

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

This play, indisputably one of the earliest complete productions of Shakespeare's mind, was first printed in the folio of 1623, where, owing to the arbitrary manner in which the dramas are disposed, it is preceded by The Tempest, assuredly one of the poet's latest creations. Some of the incidents in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Steevens conjectures, were taken from Sidney's Arcadia (Book I. Chapter vi.), where Pyrocles consents to lead the Helots; but the amount of Shakespeare's obligations to this source does not appear to be considerable. For a portion of the plot he was unquestionably indebted to the episode of Felismena, in the Diana of George of Montemayor, a work very popular in Spain towards the end of the sixteenth century, and which exhibits several incidents, and even some expressions, in common with that part of the present play, which treats of the loves of Proteus and Julia. Of this work there were two translations, one by Bartholomew Yong, the other by Thomas Wilson.* There is a strong probability, however, that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of Felismena's story from another source, namely: "The History of Felix and Philomena," which was played before the Queen at Greenwich in 1584.† Be this as it may, the story of Proteus and Julia so closely corresponds with that of Felix and Felismena, that no one who has read the two can doubt his familiarity with that portion of the Spanish romance.

Mr. Malone, in his "Attempt to ascertain the Order in which The Plays of Shakespeare were Written," originally assigned The Two Gentlemen of Verona to the year 1595; but he subsequently fixed the date of its production as 1591; a change which he has thus explained: "The following lines in Act I. Scene 3, had formerly induced me to ascribe this play to the year 1595:

'——— He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away.'

"Shakespeare, as has been often observed, gives to almost every country the manners of his own; and though the speaker is here a Veronese, the poet, when he wrote the last two lines,

* The translation by Yong was not published until 1598; but from his "Preface to divers learned gentlemen," we learn that it was written many years before. "It hath lyen by me finished," he remarks, "Horace's ten, and six yeeres more." He further observes:—"Well might I have excused these paines, if onely Edward Pson, Esquier, who heere and there for his own pleasure, as I understood, hath aply turned out of Spanish into English some leaves that liked him best, had also made an absolute and complete translation of all the parts of Diana; the which, for his travell in that countrey, and great knowledge in that language, accompanied with other learned and good parts in him, had of all others that ever I heard translate these Bookes, proved the rarest and worthiest to be embraced." Thomas Wilson's version, Dr. Farmer informs us, was published two or three years before that of Yong. "But," he adds, "this work, I am persuaded, was never published entirely."

† See Cunningham's "Revels at Court," p. 189.

B 2
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

was thinking of England, where voyages, for the purpose of discovering islands far away, were at this time much prosecuted. In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh undertook a voyage to the island of Trinidad, from which he made an expedition up the river Oronoque to discover Guiana. Sir Humphry Gilbert had gone on a similar voyage of discovery the preceding year.

"The particular situation of England in 1595, I had supposed, might have suggested the line above quoted—'Some, to the wars,' &c. In that year it was generally believed that the Spaniards meditated a second invasion of England with a much more powerful and better-appointed Armada than that which had been defeated in 1588. Soldiers were levied with great diligence and placed on the seacoasts, and two great fleets were equipped—one to encounter the enemy in the British seas; the other to sail to the West Indies, under the command of Hawkins and Drake, to attack the Spaniards in their own territories. About the same time, also, Elizabeth sent a considerable body of troops to the assistance of King Henry IV. of France, who had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the English queen, and had newly declared war against Spain. Our author, therefore, we see, had abundant reason for both the lines before us:—

'Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there; Some, to discover islands far away.'

"Among the marks of love, Speed in this play (Act II, Scene I) enumerates the walking alone, 'like one that had the pestilence.'" In the year 1503, there had been a great plague, which carried off near eleven thousand persons in London. Shakespeare was undoubtedly there at that time, and his own recollection might, I thought, have furnished him with this image. But since my former edition, I have been convinced that these circumstances by no means establish the date I had assigned to this play. When Lord Essex went in 1591, with 4,000 men, to assist Henry IV. of France, we learn from Sir Robert Carey's Memoirs, p. 59, that he was attended by many volunteers; and several voyages of discovery were undertaken about that very time by Raleigh, Cavendish, and others. 'There was a considerable plague in London in 1583.'"

Mr. Knight surmises that this play, Love's Labour's Lost, The Comedy of Errors, Midsummer-Night's Dream, Pericles, and Titus Andronicus, were written between 1585 and 1591; and we agree with him that this is a more probable division of the poet's labours, than ascribing to him the power of producing seventeen plays,—and such plays!—in seven years.

Persons Represented.

DUKE of MILAN, father of SILVIA.
VALENTINE, GENTLEMEN of VERONA.
PROTEUS.
ANTONIO, father of PROTEUS.
THURIO, a foolish rival to VALENTINE.
EGLAMOUR, agent for SILVIA in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish servant to VALENTINE.
LAUNCE, servant to PROTEUS.

PANTHINO, servant to ANTONIO.
HOST, with whom JULIA lodges in MILAN.
OUTLAWS.
JULIA, a lady of VERONA, beloved by PROTEUS.
SILVIA, beloved by VALENTINE.
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to JULIA.

SERVANTS, MUSICIANS.

SCENE.—Sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on the frontiers of MANTUA.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;* Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;† Wer 't not affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would entreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than, living dully 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.

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 bead's-man, a Valentine.

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

"It is for homely features to keep home, They had their name thence."* Bead's-man,—A beadsman is one who offers up prayers for another. Bead, in Anglo-Saxon, meaning a prayer. "To count one's beads," means, to say the Rosary, a favourite devotion in the Roman Catholic Church, composed for meditating on the principal events in the life of our Saviour. The better to fix the attention during this exercise, recourse is had to a chaplet con-

* Proteus; Throughout the old copy (folio 1623), the ancient spelling of Proteus, which was Protheus, is invariably adopted. "Our ancestors," Malone observes, "were fond of introducing the letter a into proper names to which it does not belong: and hence even to this day, our common Christian name, Antony, is written improperly Anthony."† Homely wits; Stevens has noted the same play of words in Milton's Comus—
ACT 1.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.*
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never sworn the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.(2)
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,
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,4 I fear, you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker* dwell, 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,
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expect 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.

sitting of either fifty or a hundred and fifty beads, on each of
which is repeated a short prayer.
* How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.] This is believed
to have reference to the poem of Musaeus, entitled, "Hero and
Leander;" but as Marlowe's translation of this piece, though en-
tered on the Stationers' books in 1593, was not published till 1598, a
probability is raised that Shakespeare took his allusion from a
classical source. The commentators, however, prefer the sup-
position that he saw Marlowe's version in MS.
4 For you are over boots in love,—for appears to be a misprint,
perhaps instead of and or but.
* Is However,—] That is, any way.
* For you are over boots in love,—for appears to be a misprint,
perhaps instead of and or but.
* Is However,—] That is, any way.
* For you are over boots in love,—for appears to be a misprint,
perhaps instead of and or but.
* Is However,—] That is, any way.
* For you are over boots in love,—for appears to be a misprint,
perhaps instead of and or but.
* Is However,—] That is, any way.
letter to her, a laced mutton; (3) and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; (4) 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? [Speed nods.] Did she nod?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddy. (5)

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fair to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; (6)
having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains,

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard

---

* In that you are astray;) It has been proposed, to keep up this bout of petty quibbles, that we should read a stray, i.e. a stray sheep.

(1) Did she nod? This query, and the stage-direction, Speed nodded, were added by Theobald. The latter seems essential to what follows; but I have ventured to insert it at a different place to that in which it has hitherto been given.

(2) The old spelling of the affirmative particle Ay, without which the conceit of Proteus would be unintelligible.

(3) Why, that's noddy.) There is a game at cards called Noddy, but the allusion is rather to the common acceptance of Noddy.
Should censure* thus on lovely gentlemen.

**Jul.** Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?  
**Luc.** Then thus: of many good I think him best.

**Jul.** Your reason?  
**Luc.** I have no other but a woman's reason;—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.

**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.

---

* Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.] The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio reads, for the sake of rhyme—

"That I, unworthy body as I can,
Should censure thus a lovely gentleman."

The alteration is specious, but uncall'd for. To censure, in Shakespeare's time, usually meant to pass judgment or opinion, and

**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.

**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, 'tis an office of great worth,  
And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;  
Or else return no more into my sight.

**Luc.** To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

**Jul.** Will you be gone?  
**Luc.** That you may ruminate.  
[Exit.

**Jul.** And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

Julia's "Why not on Proteus?" &c. proves, I think, that on occurred in the preceding line.

* Fire, that's closest kept,—] Fire in old times was often spelt *fyer*, and appears here, as in other portions of these plays, to be used as a dissyllable.

* A goodly broker!] A pandar, a go-between, a procurer.
And pray her to a fault for which I chide her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say No to that
Which they would have the profferer construe Ay. 
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse.
And presently, all bumbled, kiss the rod!
How cheerfully I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My patience is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta! !

Re-enter 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?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stop 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.*
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of Light o' love.(2)
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then.(6)
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?

*TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. [SCENE II.

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out;
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; 't is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descent: b
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean* is drown'd with your unruly base.d
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.(7)
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!—

[Tears the letter.]
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
to be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!*
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious waps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—kind Julia!:—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And, here is writ—love wounded Proteus:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was—Proteus—written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearfull, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. [SCENE II.

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?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stop 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.*
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of Light o' love.(2)
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then.(6)
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?

* Your ladyship can set.] "When Lucetta says 'Give me a note [to sing to]: your ladyship can set [a song to music]," it adds one more to the many proofs of the superior cultivation of the science in those days. We should not now readily attribute to ladies, even to those who are generally considered to be well educated and accomplished, enough knowledge of harmony to enable them to set a song correctly to music, however agile their fingers may be."—Chappell's Popular Music of the Old Time, P. 211.

b Too harsh a descent:] "The name of Descant is usurped by the musicians in divers significations; sometime they take it for the whole harmony of many voices; others sometimes, for one of the voices or parts. Last of all, they take it for singing a part extemporise upon a plain song, in which sense we commonly use it."—Morley's Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music, 1597.

c The mean—] That is, the intermediate part between the tenor and the treble.

d Your unruly base.] The original has, "you unruly base." The alteration was made in the second folio.

* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!] It is surprising that no one has hitherto pointed out the inconsistency of Julia's replying to an observation evidently intended to be spoken by her attendant aside, or remarked the utter absence of all meaning in such reply. I have little doubt that the line above is part of Lucetta's side speech. The expression of the wish "would I were so anger'd with the same!" from her is natural and consistent.

In the mouth of her mistresses it seems senseless and absurd
Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.*
Jul. I see you have a month's mind (5) to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will 't please you go?

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthiono.

Ant. Tell me, Panthiono, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
PAN. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
PAN. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
PAN. I think your lordship is not ignorant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time.4—Now will we break 8 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!
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendation 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-below'd,
And daily grace'd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time

* For catching cold. i. e. for fear of catching cold. A mode of expression very common in our author's day.
4 Panthiono. In the list of persons represented in the old copy this name is spelt Pantheion; and in Act II. Sc. 3, he is designated Panthion; and in Act II. Sc. 3, Panthion.
8 For catching cold.
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:
Exeute 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.
O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.

[Exeunt.

* Like exhibition—] Pension, allowance.
† O, how this spring of love resembleth—] Resembleth Mr. Tyr-
ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.\(^*\)
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marty, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;\(^b\) to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.\(^{1}\) You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.
Val. Are all these things perceived in me?
Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

\(^{*}\) For this is but one.] On and one were formerly pronounced alike, not I believe as on, but as one. Hence Speed's quibble. See note in "King John," Act III. Sc. 3. —

\(^b\) Like one that takes diet;\(^1\) One under regimen for the restoration of health.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT II.

SPEED. Without me? they cannot.

VAL. Why, sir, I know her not.

SPEED. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

VAL. Thou dost know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

SPEED. Do I see no favour, sir?

VAL. Proceed not fair, boy, as well favoured.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What dost thou know?

SPEED. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.

VAL. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED. You never saw her since she was deformed.

VAL. How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED. Ever since you loved her.

VAL. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her, you cannot see her.

VAL. Why?

SPEED. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

VAL. What should I see then?

SPEED. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

VAL. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED. And have you?

VAL. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy, but as well as I can do them; — Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPEED. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!

Now will he interpret to her.

VAL. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-mornings.

SPEED. O, give ye good ev'n! here's a million of manners.

[Aside.

SIL. Sir Valentine and servant, (2) to you two thousand.

SPEED. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter unto the secret nameless friend of yours; which I was much unwilling to proceed in, but for my duty to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; for, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

a Without me!] The equinoctial consists in Speed's using the word without to signify his master's exterior, personal demeanour, &c., and Valentine taking it in the sense of non-existence, absence, &c., as how could those peculiarities be seen in me unless I myself am present? In the next passage, Speed uses the word in its meaning of unless.

b None else would:] "None else would be so simple," says Johnson; and this appears to be what is implied.

1 I account of her beauty.] I. e. I value, estimate, appreciate. There dwelt sometime in the city of Rome a painter named Astatio, who for his honest behaviour was well accounted of amongst his neighbours. — Tarlton's News out of Purgatorio.

c For going ungartered!] Negligence of dress, time out of mind, has been considered symptomatical of love, and going ungartered, an infallible and characteristic mark of Cupid's seven legmen.

1 Cannot see to put on your hose.] The allusion, whatever it was, which gave point here, has evaporated, or a word on which to hang a quibble been misprinted.

1 O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet!] Motion, the commentators say, meant a puppet-show, which is true; but assuredly it was also often used to signify one of the figures in it. Thus in "Measure for Measure," Act III. Sc. 2, Lucio, speaking of Angelo, calls him a motion generative. So, too, in "Pericles," Act V. Sc. 1:

"Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy? No motion!"

In the present case, Speed terms Silvia a motion and a puppet, because of her diminutive appearance. In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2, Helena terms Hermia a puppet, whereupon the latter exclaims—

"Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game. Now I perceive that she hath made compare Between our statures."

So too in Massinger's play, "The Duke of Milan," Act II. Sc. 1, the tall Marcella taunts the dwarfish Marianna:—"For you, puppet!— which the latter retorts with—"What of me, pine-tree?"

f If interpret to her.] A motion or puppet-show was not complete without the interpreter, who probably sat behind the scenes and furnished the dialogue.

[SCENE I.]
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT II.]

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
    Please you command, a thousand times as much:
    And yet,—

SIR. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
    And yet—I will not name it;—and yet—I care
    not;—
    And yet—take this again;—and yet—I thank you;
    Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED. And yet—you will; and yet—another yet.

VAL. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SIR. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:*
    But since unwillingly, take them again;
    Nay, take them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

SIR. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
    But I will none of them; they are for you:
    I would have had them writ more movingly.

VAL. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

SIR. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
    And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VAL. If it please me, madam! what then?

SIR. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

And so good morrow, servant. [Exit Silvia.

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; 'tis you that
    have the reason.

VAL. To do what?

SPEED. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

VAL. To whom?

SPEED. To yourself: why, she woos you by a
    figure.

VAL. What figure?

SPEED. By a letter, I should say.

VAL. Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED. What needs she, when she hath made
    you write to yourself? Why, do you not per-
    ceive the jest?

VAL. No, believe me.

SPEED. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did
    you perceive her earnest?

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 she delivered, and
    there an end.

VAL. I would it were no worse.

SPEED. I'll warrant you 'tis as well.

For often have you writ to her, and she, in
    modesty,
    Or else for want of idle time, could not again
    reply;
    Or fearing else some messenger, that might her
    mind discover,
    Herself hath taught her love himself, to write unto
    her lover.—

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
    Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

VAL. I have dined.

SPEED. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the camelon
     Love can feed on the air,6 I am one
     that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain
     have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be
     moved, be moved. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House

Enter Proteus and Julia.

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL. I must, where is no remedy.

PRO. When possibly I can, I will return.

JUL. If you turn not,6 you will return the
    sooner:
    Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.

PRO. Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

JUL. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.3

PRO. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
    And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
    Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
    The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
    Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
    My father stays my coming; answer not;
    The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
    That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[Exit Julia.

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

* Very quaintly writ.] Quaint formerly meant clever, adroit, skilful, not as now, pleasant, odd, fanciful.

6 All this I speak in print.] In print, meant precisely, exactly, to the letter. Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says—
"He must speak to print, walks in print, eat and drink in print, and that which is all in all, he must be mad in print."

6 The camelon Love can feed on the air.] "Oh Palmerin, Palmerin, how cheaply dost thou furnish out thy table of love! Canst feed upon a thought! live upon hopes! feast upon a look! fatten upon a smile! and surfeit and die upon a kiss! What a Cameloon lover is a Platonick!"—The World in the Moon, 1687.

6 If you turn not.—] If you remain constant to your love.
Ty, so true loves should do: it cannot speak; 
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

PRO. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

LAUN. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done 
weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this 
very fault: I have received my proportion, like 
the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus 
to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be 
the sorest-natured dog that lives: my mother 
weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our 
maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and 
all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not 
this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a 
stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity 
in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to 
have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having 
no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my 
parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: 
This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my 
father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, 
that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; 
it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole 
in it, is my mother, and this my father. A ven-
genance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my 
sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and 
as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; 
I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am 
the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. 
Now come I to my father; Father, 
your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a 
word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; 
well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, 
(O, that shoe could speak now, like a wood 
woman;)—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; 
here 's my mother's breath up and down; 
now come I to my sister; mark the moon she 
makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a 
tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the 
dust with my tears.

---

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master 
is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. 
What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? 
Away, ass; you'll lose the tide if you tarry any 
longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the tide were lost; for it is 
the unkindest tied that ever man tied.

PAN. What's the unkindest tide?

LAUN. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; 
and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in 
losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing 
thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy 
service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAUN. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PAN. Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUN. In thy tale.

PAN. In thy tale?

LAUN. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the 
master, and the service, and the tied! Why, 
man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it 
with my tears; if the wind were down, I could 
drive the boat with my sighs.

PAN. Come, come away, man; I was sent to 
call thee.

LAUN. Sir, call me what thou darest.

PAN. Wilt thou go?

LAUN. Well, I will go. [Exeunt.


Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

SIL. Servant!

VAL. Mistress.

SPEED. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

VAL. Ay, boy, it's for love.

SPEED. Not of you.

VAL. Of my mistress then.

SPEED. 'T were good you knocked him.

SIL. Servant, you are sad.

VAL. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THU. Seem you that you are not?

VAL. Haply I do.

THU. So do counterfeits.

VAL. So do you.

THU. What seem I that I am not?

VAL. Wise.

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a Like a wood woman: The folio, 1623, reads—"like a wood 
woman." Thomson suggested the reading in the text. Wood 
means mad, crazed, wild.

The alteration of she to shoe in the same line was proposed 
by Blackstone, and after "now should not the shoe speak a word for 
weeping," seems a legitimate correction.

b Up and down: An expression of the time, implying exactly, 
as we say "for all the world," or "all the world over." It occurs

again in "Much Ade about Nothing," Act II, Sc. 1:—

"Here's his dry hand up and down." 

c If the tied were lost: A similar quibble is quoted by 
Stevens from Chapman's "Andromeda." It is found also an earlier as Hey-
wood's "Epigrams."

"The tyde tareth no man, but here to scan 
Thou art tied so that thou tarest every man."
ACT II.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. [SCENE IV.

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.

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

THU. How?

SIR. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

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.

SIR. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quick shot off.

VAL. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

SIR. 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 liversies, that they live by your bare words.

SIR. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends,

Of much good news?

VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

DUKE. Know you don Antonio, your countryman?

VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

DUKE. Hath he not a son?

VAL. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father.

DUKE. You know him well?

VAL. I 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

Come all the praises that I now bestow,)

He is complete in feature, and in mind,

With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.

DUKE. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,

He is as worthy for an emperor's love,

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,

With commendation from great potentates;

And here he means to spend his time awhile;

I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

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 'cito him to it:

I will send him hither to you presently.

[Exit Duke.

VAL. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship,

Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

SIR. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

VAL. Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.

SIR. 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.

Enter Proteus.

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

VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

(*) First folio, knew.

The punctuation I have adopted in this passage, though at variance with that of all the Editors, is fully authorized by the following one in "Henry VIII.," Act III. Sc. 2—

"She is a gallant creature, and complete

In mind and feature."
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

[SCENE IV.]

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.*

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Servant.

Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me:—once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[Execute Servia, Thurio, and Speed.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse;
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chast'sd sleep from my enthrall'd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;

* The first folio assigns this to Thurio.

Val. O, 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 chast'sd sleep from my enthrall'd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,⁶
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye;
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,⁴
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any; Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour:
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her posture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,⁹
And make rough winter everlasting.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggartism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own:
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more,
our marriage hour,

"Not to his service no such joy on earth,"

i. e. "Not, compared to his service." &c.

⁴ Tol let her be a principality.—] If not a divinity, admit she is celestial.
"The first he calleth Seraphim, the second, Cherubim, the third, Thrones, the fourth, denominations, the fifth, Virtues, the sixth, Powers, the seventh, Principalities, the eighth, Archangels, the ninth and inferior sort, he calleth angels."—Scow's Discoveries of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 500.

⁹ The summer-swelling flower.—] Mr. Collier's old corrector changes this fine epithet to summer-swelling. Steevens also says,
"I once thought that our poet had written summer-swelling; but the epithet which stands in the text, I have since met with in the translation of Lucret by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, b. viii. p. 354."

An analogous ellipsis occurs in the very next line—
With all the cunning manner of our flight, Determin'd of: how I must climb her window; The ladder made of cords; and all the means Plotted and 'greed on, for my happiness. 

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber, In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PRO. Go on before: I shall inquire you forth: I must unto the road, to disembark Some necessaries that I needs must use; And then I'll presently attend you.

VAL. Will you make haste?

PRO. I will. — [Exit Val. Even as one heat another heat expels, Or as one nail by strength drives out another, So the remembrance of my former love Is by a newer object quite forgotten. Is it her mien, or Valentine's praise, Her true perfection, or my false transgression, That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus? She 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, 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.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan. *

LAUN. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, Welcome.

SPEED. Come on, you madecap, I'll to the ale-

247 house with you presentely; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

LAUN. Marty, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED. But shall she marry him?

LAUN. No. 

SPEED. How then? shall he marry her?

LAUN. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

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

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

LAUN. Marty, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

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

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

SPEED. What thou say'st?

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

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUN. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

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

LAUN. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is then, that it will.

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

SPEED. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master has become a notable lover?

LAUN. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

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

SPEED. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakst me.

LAUN. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

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

LAUN. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to genuine compound Archaism, used both as an adjective and an adverb, meaning excessive or excessively. d 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,—1 He has seen but her exterior yet, and that has dazzled his "reason's light." when he looks upon her intellectual endowments, they will blind him quite. So in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 7:—

"All of her that is out of door, most rich! If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, She is alone the Arabian bird.—"e

"A diadem once dazzling the eye, The day too darke to see affusile."
ACT II.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

[SCENE VI.

the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED. Why? Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale(6) with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn; To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn; To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn; And even that power, which gave me first my oath, Provokes me to this threefold perjury. Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear: O sweet-suggesting love,* if thou hast sinn'd, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it. At first I did adore a twinkling star, But now I worship a celestial sun. Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken; And he wants wit that wants resolved will To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.— Fie, fie, un reverend tongue! to call her bad, Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.

* O sweet suggesting love,—] To suggest is to entice, to tempt, to seduce. Thus, in "The Tempest," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"'__________ For all the rest
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk."
And in the present play, Act III. Sc. 1:—

"Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested."

b I cannot leave to love,—] i.e. I cannot cease to love. This use of leave is very frequent in the old writers.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do; But there I leave to love, where I should love. Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose: If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss, For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia. I to myself am dearer than a friend, For love is still most precious in itself: And Silvia, witness Heaven, that made her fair! Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopio. I will forget that Julia is alive, Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead; And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy, Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. I cannot now prove constant to myself, Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:— This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window; Myself in counsel, his competitor:6 Now presently I 'll give her father notice Of their disguising, and pretended flight; d Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine; For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter: But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross, By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding. Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift, As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

6 Myself in counsel, his competitor:] In counsel is in secret; and competitor here, as in other places, means coadjudor, auxiliary, confederate. In "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 4, we have,—

"——The Guilifords are in arms,
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels!"
and in "Love's Labour's Lost,"—

"The king and his competitors in oath."  

d Pretended flight: i.e. intended, purposed flight.
SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me! And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—Who art the table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—To lesson me; and tell me some good mean, How, with my honour, I may undertake A journey to my loving Proteus. Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long. Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly! And when the flight is made to one so dear, Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus. Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return. Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food? Pity the dearth that I have pined in, By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inly touch of love, b

*Who art the table—* Alluding to the table-book, or tables made of slate and ivory, and used as a note or memorandum-book. Thus lamlet,—

"My tables—meet it is I set it down."

Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow, As seek to quench the fire of love with words. Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire; But qualify the fire's extreme rage, Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason. Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns; The current that with gentle murmur glides, Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage; But, when his fair course is not hindered, He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones, Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge He overtaketh in his pilgrimage; And so by many winding nooks he strays, With willing sport, to the wild ocean. Then let me go, and hinder not my course: I'll be as patient as a gentle stream, And make a pastime of each weary step, Till the last step have brought me to my love; And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil, A blessed soul doth in Elysium. **

*The inly touch of love,—* Inly, Halliwell says, is used as an adjective:

"Trust me, Lorrique, besides the inlie grief, That swallows my content."—*The Tragedy of Hoffman,* Act 4, Scene 3.
ACT II.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. [SCENE VII.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may be seem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knot it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandals'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least. Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray Heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longings journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence;
Come, answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[Exeunt.

*And instances of Infinite of love.—* So in Fenton's "Tragi-
call Discourses," 4to. 1607, fol. 46. — "Wherewith he using the
benefit of his fortune, forgot not to embrace his Lady with an
infinite of kysses." The construction in the text seems harsh;
but we are not for that reason to conclude the passage is corrupt.
The second folio reads:—

"And instances as infinite of love."
ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile; We have some secrets to confer about. [Exit Thurio. 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. I know you have determin’d to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stolen away from you, It would be much vexation to your age. Thus, for my duty’s sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift, Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows, which would press you down, Being unprevented, to your timeless grave. Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care; Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs myself have often seen, Haply, when they have 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 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, 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,

a My jealous aim might err.—] Aim, as Malone and Steevens remark, in this instance, implies guess, surmise, as in “Romeo and Juliet.”

b Soon suggested.—] See Note (a) at p. 17.
Enter Valentine.

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VAL. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE. Be they of much import?

VAL. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

DUKE. Nay then, no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

VAL. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Was rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter?
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,
Foward, proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolve'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.

VAL. What would your grace have me to do in this?

DUKE. There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd.)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VAL. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

DUKE. But she did send a present that I sent her.

VAL. A woman sometimes scorches what best
contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to begat more love in you;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no reproach, whatever she doth say:
For get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, except their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

DUKE. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

VAL. Why then I would resort to her by night.

DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys
kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

VAL. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

VAL. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VAL. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

VAL. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;

An error of the same kind occurs in Act II. Sc. 5, where Speed
says,—"Welcome to Padua," instead of Milan. The corrections
were made by Pope.

Sc. 4.—"By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

Quaintly made of cords,—] Cleverly, skillfully made of cords.

"Valente, dodge the rubric and the corresponding captions to the right.
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ACT III]

**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

**Enter Proteus and Launce.**

**Pro.** Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

**Laun.** So-ho! so-ho!

**Pro.** What seest thou?

**Laun.** Him we go to find:

There’s not a hair on his head, but I’t is a Valentine.

**Pro.** Valentine?

**Val.** No.

**Pro.** Who then? his spirit?

**Val.** Neither.

**Pro.** What then?

**Val.** Nothing.

**Laun.** Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

**Pro.** Who wouldst thou strike?

**Laun.** Nothing.

**Pro.** Villain, forbear.

**Laun.** Why, sir, I’ll strike nothing: I pray you,—

**Pro.** Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

**Val.** My ears are stopp’d, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess’d them.

**Pro.** Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untameable, and bad.

**Val.** Is Silvia dead?

**Pro.** No, Valentine.

---

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But, as thou lov’st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit Duke.

**Val.** And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be 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,

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, keep alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:

Tarry I here, but attend on death;

But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

---

**Val.** How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

**Val.** It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak, that is of any length.

**Duke.** A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

**Val.** Ay, my good lord.

**Duke.** Then let me see thy cloak:

I’ll get me one of such another length.

**Val.** Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

**Duke.** How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me—

What letter is this same? — What’s here? — To Silvia?

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I’ll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.*

My heralds thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them impor-
tune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless’d them,

Because myself do want my servants’ fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What’s here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

’T is so; and here’s the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon, (for thou art Merops’ son,) a

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:

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

---

*a Merops’ son,—] “Thou art Phaethon in thy rashness, but without his pretensions: thou art not the son of a divinity, but a terræ filius, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaethon was falsely reproached.”—JOHNSON.

*b I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;] This is somewhat obscure. Mr. Singer reads:—

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“———; to fly is deadly doom;” but the original may mean,—

“I escape not death in flying his (the Duke’s) deadly doom.”

There’s not a hair—] “Launce is still quibbling. He is now running down the bare that he started when he entered.”—MALONE.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished. O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Dost Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unvers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close-prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life;
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless doleour.
Pro. Cease to lament for that which thou lament'st,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.
Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!
[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.
Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and 'tis a milkmaid; 'tis not a maid, for she had had gossips: 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [pulling out a paper] of her conditions. Imprimis, She can fetch and carry. Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, She can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?
Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.
Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?
Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.
Speed. Why, man, how black?
Laun. Why, as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them.
Laun. Pie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.
Speed. Thou liest, I can.
Laun. I will try thee: tell me this: Who begot thee?
Speed. Marty, the son of my grandfather.
Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.
Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
Laun. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed! (1)
Speed. Imprimis, She can milk.
Laun. Ay, that she can.
Speed. Item, She brews good ale.

*If he be but one knave.] Warburton very plausibly proposed to read—"If he be but one kind." Something, however, leading to Launce's love confession, appears to have been omitted. Possibly the poet wrote—"But that's all one, if he be but one in love."
Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale. a

Speed. Item, She can sew.
Laun. That 's as much as to say, can she so?
Speed. Item, She can knit.
Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
Speed. Item, She can wash and scour.
Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scouried.
Speed. Item, She can spin.
Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
Speed. Item, She hath many nameless virtues.
Laun. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
Speed. Here follow her vices.
Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. Item, She is not to be fasting, b in respect of her breath.
Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.
Speed. Item, She hath a sweet mouth. c
Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. Item, She doth talk in her sleep.

a You brew good ale.
"Our ale 's o' the best, And each good guest Prays for their souls that brew it."
Masque of Augurs, Ben Jonson.

Laun. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.
Speed. Item, She is slow in words.
Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.
Speed. Item, She is proud.
Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.
Speed. Item, She hath no teeth.
Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.
Speed. Item, She is curst.
Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. She will often praise her liquor.
Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.
Speed. Item, She is too liberal.
Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I 'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.
Speed. Item, She hath more hair than wit, d and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

b She is not to be fasting.—J So the folio. The word kissed, which is found in the modern editions, was added by Rowe.

c She hath a sweet mouth.—As we now say, a liquorish tooth.
d More hair than wit.—J A well-known old English proverb. Steevens has given many instances of its occurrence in the old writers.
LAUN. Stop there; I’ll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: rehearse that once more.

SPEED. Item, She hath more hair than wit,—

LAUN. More hair than wit,—it may be; I’ll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit—is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What’s next?

SPEED. And more faults than hairs,—

LAUN. That’s monstros: O, that that were out!

SPEED. And more wealth than faults.

LAUN. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I’ll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

SPEED. What then?

LAUN. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

SPEED. For me?

LAUN. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

SPEED. And must I go to him?

LAUN. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED. Why didst not tell me sooner? ’pos of your love-letters!

LAUN. Now will he be swung for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I’ll after, to rejoice in the boy’s correction.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke’s Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish’d from her sight. THUR. Since his exile she hath despot’s 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.— How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

PRO. Gouc, my good lord.

DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievously.

PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE. Thou know’st how willingly I would effect The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

PRO. I do, my lord.

DUKE. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

PRO. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE. Ay, and perversely she perservés so. What might we do, to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

PRO. The best way is, to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent; Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE. Ay, but she’ll think that it is spoke in hate.

PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

DUKE. Then you must undertake to slander him. PRO. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do: ’T is an ill office for a gentleman; Especially, against his very friend.

DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage him, Your slander never can endanger him; Therefore the office is indifferent, Being entreated to it by your friend.

PRO. You have prevail’d, my lord: if I can do it, By aught that I can speak in his dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him. But, say this weed b her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will love sir Thurio. THUR. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him, Lest it should ravel, and be good to none, You must provide to bottom it on me; a Which must be done by praising me as much As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;

Because we know, on Valentine’s report,

a His very friend. True friend. In modern phraseology, particular friend.

b Say this weed—Mr. Collier’s corrector reads ween; and the same substitution was made by B. Viktor in his alteration of this play, 1763.

c To bottom it on me:] A bottom of thread every housewife is familiar with:—

"A bottom for your silke it seems
My letters are become,
Which oft with winding off and on
Are wasted whole and same."

GRANGE’S Garden, 1557

25
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—

1 Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 Out. Peace! we'll hear him.
3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man!*
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 Out. Whence came you?

* A proper man!] Well-proportioned, comely man.
ACT IV.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

[SCENE I.

VAL. From Milan.

1 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

3 Out. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

VAL. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearse:

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

VAL. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy;

Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar;*

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

Of Robin Hood's fat friar,—] Friar Tuck, the well-known associate and quasi confessor of Robin Hood, whom Scott has immortalized in his "Ivanhoe," and of whom Drayton sings in his "Polyolbion,"—

"Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hoode, his outlawes and his trade."

1 Out. We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

VAL. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

VAL. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men; b
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke. c

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,

That they may hold 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,

b Of awful men;] Men of worth and station. "An awful man

is to this day used in the North to denote a man of dignity."

—Thomas White, 1793.

c An heir, and near allied unto the duke.] The folio, 1623, reads,—

"And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke."

The folio, 1664, corrected the first word; Theobald substituted

near for nece.
As we do in our quality much want:—

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

3 Out. What sayest thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all: We’ll do thee homage, and be rule’d by thee, Love thee as our commander, and our king.

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

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer’d.

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

3 Out. No, we desist 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. Court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine, And now I must be as unjust to Thurio. Under the colour of commending him, I have access my own love to prefer; But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthless gifts. When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my falsehood to my friend: When to her beauty I commend my vows, She bids me think how I have been forsworn In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov’d: And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips, The least whereof would quell a lover’s hope, Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love, The more it grows, and fawneth on her still. But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window, And give some evening music to her ear.

a In our quality—[Our profession or calling. Thus in “Hamlet,” Act II. Sc. 2;—

“Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?” and subsequently;—]

“Come, give us a taste of your quality.”

b Of our consort] Of our fellowship, confederacy, fraternity.

c [We’ll bring thee to our crews;—] Mr. Collier’s corrector reads, cases; Mr. Singer, crews. I have not ventured to alter the original text; but can hardly believe crews to be what the poet wrote.

d [Her sudden quips,—] Her angry gibes, scoffs, taunts.

* Who?] “Our author, throughout his plays, has confounded

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thur. 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. Thur. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here. Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence. Thur. Who?* Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake. Thur. I thank you for your own. Now, gentle,

Let’s tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia, in boy’s clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you’re allycholly; 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 asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

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.

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.

the personal pronouns, &c. and uses one for the other (seek for whom, she for her, him for he); nor was this inaccuracy peculiar to him, being very common when he wrote, even among persons of good education.”—Malone.

1 Holy, fair, and wise is she,—] Mr. Collier’s corrector reads, wise as free; free is certainly a most inappropriate epithet applied to Silvia. Proteus had just before described her as “too fair, too true, too holy”.

and true, no doubt, was the becoming term; but as the object of the serenade was to make her break faith, it would have been somewhat out of place in the song; and hence wise was substituted in its stead.

29
Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.\(^a\)

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me; he loved her out of all nick.\(^b\)

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, tomorrow, by his master’s command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory’s well.

Thu. Farewell.

[Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen: Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart’s truth, You’d quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What’s your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

* passage from Rowley’s play of “A Woman never Vexed,” where the innkeeper says,—

I have carried The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
For I did ever love to deal honestly in the nick.”

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\(^a\) The music likes you not.] That is, pleases you not.

\(^b\) Out of all nick.] Beyond all reckoning. It was the custom formerly to reckon by the nick or notch cut upon the tallystick. Steevens, in a note to this passage, quotes a very opposite
SIL. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, 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 rows?
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.
JUL. 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [Aside.
SIL. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunity?
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 take it from the earth.
SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers
Thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
JUL. He heard not that. [Aside.
PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
JUL. If 't were a substance, you would, sure,
Deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [Aside.
SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you so 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'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.
JUL. Host, will you go?
HOST. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
JUL. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus? HOST. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think 'tis 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'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

SIL. Who calls?
EGL. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,®
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
SIL. 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 abhor'd.
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.(1)
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 reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

* Most heaviest.] The use of the double superlative is not peculiar to Shakespeare; it is found in all the authors of his time.
® Your ladyship's impose,—] Impose is bidding, injunction, requirement.
® Remorseful,—] Compassionate, full of pity.
(1) see above.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;* Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd, I give consent to go along with you; Recking as little what betideth me As much I wish all good befortune you. When will you go? 
Sil. This evening coming. 
Egl. Where shall I meet you? 
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell, Where I intend holy confession. 
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship: Good morrow, gentle lady. 
Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exeunt. 

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* I pity much your grievances; Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd, &c.

Mr. Collier's old annotator, seeing the difficulty here, intercalates a line:—

"Madam, I pity much your grievances, 
And the most true affections that you bear, 
Which since I know," &c.

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SCENE IV.—The same. 

Enter Launce, with his dog. 

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes, hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing 

But this, as it has been remarked, would make Sir Eglamour bestow his pity on the most true affections as well as on the grievances. Unless, as I have sometimes thought, grievances in Shakespeare's age occasionally bore the meaning of sorrowful or crossed affections, the corruption would seem to lie in the word plac'd, which may have been a misprint for caused, or some word to the same effect.
when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke’s table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog, says one; What cur is that? says another; Whip him out, says a third; Hang him up, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I: 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their * servant? Nay, I’ll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman’s farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently. Jul. In what you please.—I’ll do what I can. Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoremonger peasant; [To Launce.] Where have you been these two days loitering? Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me. Pro. And what says she to my little jewel? Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman’s boys in the marketplace: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay’st thou to vex me here? [Exit Launce.]

A slave, that still an end* turns me to shame.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 't is no trusting to you foolish lout;

But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;

Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She lov’d me well, deliver’d it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov’d not her to leave b her token:

She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose 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.

’T is pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter,—that’s her chamber.—Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, lie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

[Exit Proteus.]

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,

[Enter Launce.]

* That still an end—] Still on end and most an end were common forms of speech, and signified constantly, perpetually.

"Now help, good heaven, 'tis such an uncouth thing To be a widow out of term time! I Do feel such anguish qualms, and dumps, and fits, And shakings still an end."—The Ordinary.

b To leave her token: The old copy has—

"It seems you lov’d not her, not leave her token."

The second not, there can be little doubt, was a misprint for to To leave means to part with, to give away.
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.

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. [Picture brought.

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
Delivered you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
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,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV.

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.

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 think, and that's her cause of sorrow.

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 judgment, 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-tinture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

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 judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me.
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,

by Coles in his Dict., 1679, cornceus, glaucus."—Malone. Old
glass is said to have a bluish tinge.

"I can make respective—] That is, regardful, considerative, ob-
servable.

"My substance should be statue—] It is true enough, as the
commentators have shown, that the words statue and picture were
of old used indiscriminately; but is not image here meant? and
had not the poet in his mind the story of Pygmalion? That he
was conversant with it we know:—

"What, is there none of Pygamlon's images, newly made
woman to be had."—Measure for Measure.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues
off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

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SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it
loathes.*
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is
black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

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* But love will not be spurr'd, &c.] This line, as well as one a
little lower, Mr. Boswell justly thought belonged to Julia. They
are of a character with her other remarks, and intended to be
spoken aside.
ACT V.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.

Thou. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thou. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.

Thou. What says she to thy valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

[Aside.

Thou. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

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

Thou. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thou. Wherefore?

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

Pro. That they are out by lease. [Aside.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?

Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thou. Not I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Lawrence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

He knows 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 his 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.

Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thou. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flees her fortune when it follows her:

I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,

Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter Silvia and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischieves than this one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

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

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

But Moyse's and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,

There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled,

The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [Exit.

Enter Valentine.

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

This shadowy desert, unfreqented 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!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase:

They love me well; yet I have much to do,

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here?

[Steps aside.

endowments: and when he says they are out by lease, he means

that they are no longer enjoyed by their master, (who is a fool),

but are leased out to another."

And record my woes.] To record refers to the singing of birds,

and is derived, Douce says, from the recorder,—a sort of flute by

which they were taught to sing.

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Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you, (Though you respect not aught your servant doth,) To hazard life, and rescue you from him That would have fore'd your honour and your love. Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look; A smaller boon than this I cannot beg, And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear! Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [Aside.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am! I Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came; But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

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

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

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion, I would have been a breakfast to the beast, Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. 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.

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

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,

* And still approv'd,— That is, always proved. So in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 3—

"My very noble and approv'd good masters." ^

^ All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.] No passage in the play has caused so much perplexity to the commentators as this. "It is, I think, very odd," remarks Pope, "to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alleged;— and every reader thinks so too; and innumerable have been the expeditious suggested to remove the anomaly. It has been proposed to transfer the lines to Thurio in another scene; and Mr. Knight intimates that, with a slight alteration, they might be given to Silvia. Mr. Baron Field suggested we should read,—

"All that was mine, in Silvia I give thee."

i.e. "I will make up my love for you as large as the love you once had for Silvia." The most plausible correction is, I think, I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end; And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you, Silv. O Heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire. Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch; Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love; (For such is a friend now;) treacherous man! Thou hast 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, I am sorry I must never trust thee more, But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me.— Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow Be a sufficient ransom for offence, I tender it here; I do as truly suffer As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid; And once again I do receive thee honest:— Who by repentance is not satisfied Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd; By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd,— And, that my love may appear plain and free, All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.]*

Jul. O me, unhappy! [Faints.

Pro. Look to the boy.


Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it. [Gives a ring.

Pro. How! let me see:

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia. Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;

(*) Own is not in First folio.
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another ring.]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true; O
Heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

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*That gave aim—*) To give aim, and to cry aim, have been so admirably explained and discriminated by Mr. Gifford, that we cannot do better than append his note upon the expressions:—

"Aim! for so it should be printed, and not cry aim, was always addressed to the person about to shoot; it was an hortatory exclamation of the bystanders, or, as Massinger has it, of the idle lookers-on, intended for his encouragement. To cry aim was to encourage; to give aim was to direct; and in these distinct senses the words perpetually occur. Those who cried aim stood by the archers; he who gave it, was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark."

*Cleft the root!] That is, of her heart. She is carrying on the allusion to archery. To cleave the pin was to split the wooden peg which attached the target to the butt.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Tru. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia’s mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee.* Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Tru. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress’ love!
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall’d merit,*
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv’d;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deriv’d her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made
me happy,
I now beseech you, for your daughter’s sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

* Verona shall not hold thee.] This is the reading of the only authentic edition of the present play we possess. Theobald, upon the ground that Thurio was a Milanese, and that the scene is between the confines of Milan and Mantua, changed the reading to—

"Milan shall not behold thee;"

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate’er it be.
Val. These banish’d men, that I have kept
withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall’d from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail’d; I pardon them,
and thee;
Dispoze of them, as thou know’st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.(1)

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 fortuned.—

Come, Proteus; ’tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[Exeunt.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—Nay, give me not the boots.] To give one the boots, like the French equivalent, donner le change à quelqu’un, means, to sell him a bargain.

"Aec. What, doo you give me the boots?"

Half. Whether will they, here be right Cobler’s cuts."

LILLY’S Mother Bobbie, 1594.

So also in “The Weakest go to the Wall,” 1618—

"‘Tis not your big belly nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you offer us the boots.”

Steevens thinks the expression arose from a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanours committed in harvest; and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench and slapped on the breech with a pair of boots.

But he remarks, the allusion may be to the dreadful punishment known as the boots. In Harl. MSS., 6999—

48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to Lord Hunsdon, and mentions in the P.S. to his letter, that George Fluke had yesterday night the boots, and is said to have confessed that the Earl of Morton was privy to the poisoning the Earl of Atoth, 16th March, 1589; and in another letter, March 18th, 1589, “that the Laird of Wittingham had the boots, but without torment, convales’d.” The punishment consisted in putting on the victim a pair of iron boots, fitting close to the leg, and then driving wedges with a mallet between those and the limb. Not a great while before this play was written, Douce tells us it was inflicted on a poor wretch, one Fian, in Scotland, in the presence of King James (afterwards our James the First). Fian was supposed to be a wizard, and to have been concerned in raising the storms which the King encountered on his matrimonial expedition to Denmark. The account of the transaction, which is contained in a very curious old pamphlet, states that Fian “was with all convenient speed, by commandement, conveyed againe to the torment of the boots, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blows in them, that his legges were crushed and beaten togethee as small as might be, and the bones and flesh so bruised that the bloud and marrowe spouted forth in great abundance, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever.” The miserable man was afterwards burned.

(2) SCENE I.—I, a lost maunton, gave your letter to her, a lacey maunton.] Laced maunton was, from a very early period of our history, a cant phrase to express a courtesan. In our author’s time, according to Malone, it was so established a term for one of these unfortunate, that a street in Clerkenwell, much frequented by them, was then called Maunton Lane. Mr. Dyce suggests that, in the present instance, the expression might not be regarded as synonymous with courtesan; and that Speed applied the term to Julia in the much less offensive sense of—a richly-attired piece of woman’s flesh. We believe there was but one meaning attached to the term; and the only palliation for Speed’s application of it in this case is, that in reality it was not the lady, but her waiting-maid, to whom he gave the letter.

(3) SCENE I.—You have testern’d me.] The old copy reads cesterm’d—a palpable corruption. The tester, testern, teston, derives its name, some suppose, from the French teston, so called on account of the King’s head first appearing on this coin, Louis XII. 1513; or from an Italian coin of the same denomination. In England the name is said to have been first applied to the shilling (originally coined by Henry VII.), at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., and was at first of the value of twelve silver pennies; it subsequently became much reduced; and its debasement by an admixture of copper, temp. 1551, and again, 1560, is satirised in Haywood’s “Epigrams.”

“Those testons, look, read; how like you the same?
‘Tis a token of grace—they blush for shame.”

At the latter period named, it was so far reduced as to be worth but fourpence halfpenny; but it afterwards rose in value again to the value of sixpence.

Sir Toby. Come on; there is silence for you, let’s have a song.

Sir Andrew. There’s a teatrel of me too; if one knight give me a song.

Clown. Would you have a love song,” &c.

Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. 3.

And it appears to have ever since continued as a popular name for that coin.

(4) SCENE II.—What ho! Lucetta!J It may be interesting to compare this scene with the corresponding portion of Felsemena’s story in Book II. of Bartholomew Yong’s translation of the “Diana” of Montemayor, 1588—

“But to see the means that Rosin made unto me (for so was she called), the dutifull services and unwonted circumstances, before she did deliver it, the othes that she shew unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and woorthie the noting. To whom (neveretheless) with an angrie countenance I turned againe, saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what hereafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne ever after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minition; but because it is the first time, let this suffice that I have saide, and give thee warning to take heed of the second.

Me thinkes I see nowe the craftie wench, how she held her peace, dissembling so cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angrie answer; for she fained a counter-fate smiling, saying, Jesus, mistresse! I gave it you, because you might laugh at it, and not to move your patience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it would have provoked you to anger, I praye God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well enough) to pacifie the fained anger and ill opinion that I had conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestie and shame forbade me to ask it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day until night, in varietie of many thoughts; but when Rosina came to helpe me to
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

bede, God knowes how desirous I was to have her entreat me againe to take the letur, but she would not speake unto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once think thereof. Yet to trio, if by giving her some occasion I might prevale, I saide unto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistresse (saide she demurely to me againe), that are commonly incident to love, wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to have angered you with it, I would have first pulled out the bals of mine eyes. How cold my heart at that blow, God knowes, yet did I resemble the matter, and suffer myselfe to remaine that night onely with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe. And so it was, indeed, for that (me thought) was the longest and most painfull night that ever I passed. But when, with a slower pace (then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in doing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall, which, when I perceived, What is that that fell downe? (said I) let me see it. It is nothing, mistresse, saide she. Come, come, let me see it (saide I): what I moove me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, mistresse (saide she) why will you see it: it is the letter I would have given you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I) wherefore showe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so, but she put it into my handes, saying, God never give me good if it be anie other thing; and although I knowe it well indeede, yet I saide, what, this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy lovers letters: I will read it, to see in what neede he standeth of thy favour.

(5) SCENE II.—The tune of “Light o’ love.” “Light of Love” is so frequently mentioned by writers of the sixteenth century, that it is much to be regretted that the words of the original song are still undiscovered. When played slowly, and with expression, the air is beautiful. In the Collection of Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, is “A very proper dittie, to the tune of Lightie Love,” which was printed in 1576. The original may not have been quite so “proper,” if “Light O’ Love” was used in the sense in which it was occasionally employed, instead of its more poetical meaning:—

“One of your London Light O’Loves, a right one, Come in thin pipes and half a petitee, FLETCHER’S WILD GOOSE, Act IV. sc. 1.

CHAPPELL’S Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 231.

Shakespeare refers to this tune in “Much Ado about Nothing,” Act III. sc. 4.

“Morg. Clap us into—Light o’love, that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I’ll dance it.”

(6) SCENE II.—Belike it hath some burthen then.] The burden of a song, in the old acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse. Burden is derived from bordune, a drone base (French, bordoun).

“This Sempron bear to him a stiff burdoun, Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.” CHAUCER.

We find, as early as 1250, that Soemer is sworne in, was sung with a foot or burden in two parts throughout (“Sing, Cuckoo, Sing Cuckoo”); and in the preceding century Giraldis had noticed the peculiarity of the English in singing under-parts to their songs.—CHAPPELL’S Popular Music, &c.

(7) SCENE II.—I bid the base for Proteus.] Lucetta, playing on the word base, turns the allusion to an ancient and still practised sport, known as the base, or prison base, or prison bars. This game is frequently mentioned by the old writers. It consisted in a number of men or boys congregating within certain spaces, from whence one of them issued some hundred or more yards, and challenged any other to come out and catch him before the challenger could make his way to a privileged spot equi-distant from where the two parties were placed. The party who went out and challenged the other was said to bid the base.

“—lads more like to run The country base, than to commit such slaughter.” Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. 2.

“To drink half potts, or deale at the whole Canne:— To play at Base or Ben, and Inick-horn, Sir Ihan.” The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine, S. ROWLAND, 1600

“Yet was no better than our prison base.” Annaelia Dubrician, 6to. 1636.

(8) SCENE II.—I see you have a month’s mind to them.] The month’s mind, i.e. the religious observances for the dead performed daily for one month after the death of the person on whose behalf they were offered, was generally prompted by regard for the deceased. To perform a month’s mind might be taken, therefore, as a proof of strong affection for some one; and when these religious ceremonies ceased with the Reformation, the expression came by degrees to have only the meaning we find attached to it in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, implying a hankering after, or as we now express it, a great mind for, anything.

“Disi.— I had of late A month’s mind, sir, to you, ’tis the right make To please a lady.” RANDOLPH’S Jealous Lovers, 1646.

“These verses Euphues sent also under his glasse, which having finished, he gave himself to his bookes, determining to end his life in Athens, although he had a month’s mind to England.”—Euphues and his England, 1623.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—To speak puding, like a beggar at Hallowmas.] “It is worth remarking,” observes Tollet, “that on All-Saints’-Day the poor people in Staffordshire, and, perhaps, in other country places, go from parish to parish a-souling, as they call it; i.e. begging and puding (or singing small, as Bailey’s Dictionary calls it) for soul-cakes, or any good thing to make them merry. This custom is mentioned by Peck, and seems a remnant of

Popish superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends.” In Lancashire and Herefordshire it was usual at this period for the wealthy to dispense oaken cakes, called soul-mass-cakes, to the poor, who, upon receiving them, repeated the following couplet in acknowledgment:—

God have poor soul, Bones and all.
(2) Scene I.—Sir Valentine and servant.] By servant, in this and numerous instances of a similar kind, where the word occurs in the old writers, we are to understand, not an accepted lover, as some commentators suppose, but a follower, an admirer.

"Sweet sister, let's sit in judgement a little; faith upon my
servant, Monsieur Laverdure. 
-Mel. Troth, well for a servant, but for a husband!"
What You Will, 1607.

(3) Scene II.—And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.] "This," Douce remarks, "was the mode of plighting troth between lovers in private. It was sometimes done in the church with great solemnity; and the service on this occasion is preserved in some of the old rituals."

The latter ceremony is described by the priest in "Twelfth
Night," Act V. Sc. 1, 

"A contract eternal bond of love, 
Confirm'd by mutual joiner of your hands, 
Attested by the holy close of lips, 
Strengthend by interchange of your rings."

And will be further alluded to in the Notes to that
Comedy.

(4) Scene IV.—Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire.] Among the practices imputed to the hapless wretches who in former times had the misfortune to incur the charge of witchcraft, was that of making clay or waxen images of the individuals they were supposed to be hostile to, and roasting them before a fire. By doing which it was supposed they melted and wasted away the body of the person represented. Thus Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft employed to destroy King Duffo,—"whereupon learning by her confessor in what house in the town (Foress) they wrought their mischievous mysteries, he sent forth soldiers about the midst of the night, who, breaking into the house, found one of the witches resting upon a wooden brooch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person, made and devised (as is to be thought) by craft and art of the devil; another of them sat reciting certain words of incantation, and still basted the image with a certain liquor very busilie. . . . They confessed they went about such manner of incantation to the end to make awake with the king; for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the body of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the incantation, they served to keep him still waking from sleep, so that as the wax ever melted so did the king's flesh; by which means it should have come to pass, that when the wax was once clean consumed, the death of the king should immediately follow."

So Webster also, in his Duchess of Malfy, 1623:-

"—it wastes me more 
Than wert my picture fashioned out of wax, 
Stuck with a magic needle, and then buried 
In some foul dunghill."

(5) Scene V.—To go to the ale with a Christian.] Launce is here supposed, though I think erroneously, to refer not to the ale-house he had before mentioned, but to one of those periodical festivities which our rustic ancestors delighted in observing about the sixteenth century, called Ales. Such as the Leet-ale, Lamb-ale, Bride-ale, Clerk-ale, Church-ale, and Whitsun-ale.

The Church-ale, we learn from Drado, was instituted generally for the purpose of contributing towards the repair or decoration of the church. On this occasion, it was the business of the churchwardens to brew a considerable quantity of strong ale, which was sold to the populace in the churchyard, and to the better sort in the church itself—a practice which, independent of the profit arising from the sale of the liquor, led to great pecuniary advantages; for the rich thought it a meritorious duty, besides paying for their ale, to offer largely to the holy fund. Other Ales, however, were held by agreement, annually or oftener, by the inhabitants of one or more parishes, each individual contributing a certain sum towards the expenses. An interesting proof of this is found in a MS. from the "Dodsworth Collection" in the Bodleian Library: "The parishioners of Elveston and Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly to brew four Ales, and every Ale of one quarter of malt, bestwix this (the time of contract) and the feast of St John Baptist, next coming; and that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook, at the several Ales; and every husband and his wife shall pay twopence, and every cottager one penny; and all the inhabitants of Elveston shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said Ales, to the use and behoof of the said church of Elveston. And the inhabitants of Elveston shall brew eight Ales bestwix this and the feast of Saint John Baptist, at which the Ales the inhabitants of Okebrook shall come and pay, as before reckoned; and if he be away at one Ale, to pay at the toder Ale for both," &c.

ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—St Nicholas to thy speed!] Launce invokes St. Nicholas to be Speed's speed, because this saint was the patron of scholars. The reason of his being so chosen may be gathered, Douce tells us, from the following story in his life, translated from the French version of Mater Wace, chaplain to Henry the Second:—"Three scholars were on their way to school, (I shall not make a long story of it,) their host murdered them in the night, and bid their
bodies; their — he reserved. St. Nicholas was in
formed of it by God Almighty, and according to his pleasure, went to the place. He demanded of the scholars of the host, who was not able to conceal them, and therefore showed them to him. St. Nicholas, by his prayers, restored

the souls to their bodies. Because he conferred such honour on scholars, they at this day celebrate a festival."

Whether the election of St. Nicholas as the tutelary saint of scholars, had really its origin in the belief of this legend, is perhaps too much to say. He appears to have been very early and very generally so acknowledged in this country. The parish clerks of London were incorporated as a guild, with this saint for their patron, in 1293; and we find that the first statutes of St. Paul's School required the children to attend divine service in the cathedral on his anniversary.

* A word defaced in the manuscript.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT IV.

(1) Scene III.—Upon whose grave thou wouldest purify chastity.] “It was common,” Steevens observes, “in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In “Dugdale’s Antiquities of Warwickshire,” p. 10—19, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was for life to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votaries; and, therefore, this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglington should be drest, and will account for Silvia’s having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character.”

(2) Scene IV.—And threw her sun-expelling mask away.] “When they use to ride abroad they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereon they looke. So that if a man that knew not their guise before, should chance to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a Devil, for face he can shew none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them.”—Stukeley’s „Anatomy of Abuses,” &c. p. 59, 1695.

So Randle Holme, “Academy of Armory,” book iii. c. 5, speaks of wizard masks that covered all the face, having holes only for the eyes, a case for the nose, and a slit for the mouth. They were easily disengaged, being held in the teeth by means of a round bead fastened in the inside. These masks were usually made of leather, covered with black velvet.

(3) Scene IV.—I’ll get me such a colour’d periwig.] Periwigs are said to have been first introduced into England about 1572, and were worn of different colours by ladies long before the use of false hair was adopted by men. Heywood has a passage in which he makes Saranapalus exclaim:

“Curl’d periwigs upon my head I wore,
And, being man, the shape of woman bore.”

And periwigs are mentioned in one of Churchyard’s earliest poems. So also in Barnabe Rich’s “Honestie of the Age,” 1615:—“The artificers-makers within this forty years were not known by that name, but now very lately they kept their lowrie commodity of periwigs, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes; and there women that used to wear them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stools—such monstrous mop-powles of hairs, so proportioned and deformed, that but within this twenty or thirty years would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them.”

ACT V.

(1) Scene IV.—With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.] We shall have occasion hereafter to speak at large on the subject of those magnificent and costly spectacles, the delight sakes of the monarch and the people, called Triumphs, Masques and Pageants, of the grandeur and stateliness of which in Shakespeare’s time, some conception may be formed from a description of an entertainment of the kind Ben Jonson has left us in his Hymenaei, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers at a Marriage. “Hitherto extended the first night’s solemnity, whose grace in the execution left not where to add to it, with wishing; I mean (nor do I court them) in those, that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance, as (beside the pomp, splendor, or what we may call apparelling of such presentments), that alone (had all else been absent) was of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give [sold] to the furniture or complement; either in riches, or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still! or (now it is past) cannot by imagination, much less description, be recovered to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.” Speaking of the attire of those who on this occasion assumed the part of actors, he tells us, “that of the Lords had part it taken from the antique Greek statues; mixed with some modern additions; which made it both gracefull and strange. On their heads they wore Persick crowns that were with scrones of gold-plate turned outward and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder; the other was tricked up before, in several degrees of folds between the plaits, and set with rich jewels and great pearl’s. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, richly wrought, and cut to express the naked, [the flesh,] in manner of the Greek Thoraz; girt under the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold embroidered, and fastened before with jewels: Their Labels were of white cloth of silver, laced and wrought curiously between, suitable to the upper half of their sleeves; whose nether parts with their bases, were of watchet cloth of silver, chev’rond all over with lace. Their Mantils were of severall coloured silkes, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs; the first, skiè colour; the second, pearle colour; the third, flame colour; the fourth, cassey; and these cut in leaves, which were subtilly tuck’d up and embroidered with O’s, and between every ranck of leaves, a broad silver lace. They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compass down the back in gracious [graceful] folds, and were again ty’d with a round knot, to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore silver greaves.”—The Works of Benjamin Jonson, folio, 1640. Masques, p. 143.
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just, but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country. He places the Emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more. He makes Protesus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered and sometimes forgot.

"That this play is rightly attributed to Shakespeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except Titus Andronicus; and it will be found more credible that Shakespeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest."—JOHNSON.

"Mr. Pope has expressed his surprise that 'the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote.' But I conceive it is natural and unaffected, and less figurative, than some of his subsequent productions, in consequence of the very circumstance which has been mentioned—because it was a youthful performance. Though many young poets of ordinary talents are led by false taste to adopt inflated and figurative language, why should we suppose that such should have been the course pursued by this master genius? The figurative style of 'Othello,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth,' written when he was an established and long-practised dramatist, may be ascribed to the additional knowledge of men and things which he had acquired during a period of fifteen years; in consequence of which his mind teemed with images and illustrations, and thoughts crowded so fast upon him, that the construction in these, and some other of his plays of a still later period, is much more difficult and involved than in the productions of his youth, which in general are distinguished by their ease and perspicuity; and this simplicity and unaffected elegance, and not its want of success, were, I conceive, the cause of its being less corrupted than some others. Its perspicuity rendered any attempt at alteration unnecessary. Who knows that it was not successful? For my own part, I have no doubt that it met with the highest applause. Nor is this mere conjecture; for we know from the testimony of a contemporary well acquainted with the stage, whose eulogy on our author I have already produced, that he was very early distinguished for his comic talents, and that before the end of the year 1592, he had excited the jealousy of one of the most celebrated dramatick poets of the time.

"In a note on the first scene of this comedy, Mr. Pope has particularly objected to the low and trifling conceits which, he says, are found there and in various other parts of the play before us; but this censure is pronounced without sufficient discrimination, or a due attention to the period when it was produced. Every composition must be examined with a constant reference to the opinions that
CRITICAL OPINIONS.

prevailed when the piece under consideration was written; and, if the present comedy be viewed in that light, it will be found that the conceits here objected to were not denounced by any person of Shakespeare's age low and trifling, but were very generally admired, and were considered pure and genuine wit. Nothing can prove the truth of this statement more decisively than a circumstance which I have had occasion to mention elsewhere,—that Sir John Harrington was commonly called by Queen Elizabeth her witty godson, and was very generally admired in his own time for the liveliness of his talents and the playfulness of his humour; yet, when we examine his writings, we find no other proof of his wit than those very conceits which have been censured in some of our author's comedies as mean, low, and trifling. It is clear, therefore, that the notions of our ancestors on this subject were very different from ours. What we condemn, they highly admired; and what we denominate true wit, they certainly would not have relished, and perhaps would scarcely have understood.

"Mr. Pope should also have recollected that, in Shakespeare's time, and long before, it was customary in almost every play to introduce a jester, who, with no great propriety, was denominated a clown, whose merriment made a principal part of the entertainment of the lower ranks, and, I believe, of a large portion of the higher orders also. When no clown or jester was introduced in a comedy, the servants of the principal personages sustained his part, and the dialogue attributed to them was written with a particular view to supply that deficiency, and to amuse the audience by the promptness of their pleasantry, and the liveliness of their conceits. Such is the province assigned to those characters in Lilly's comedies, which were performed with great success and admiration for several years before Shakespeare's time; and such are some of the lower characters in this drama, 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and some others. On what ground, therefore, is our poet to be condemned for adopting a mode of writing universally admired by his contemporaries, and for not foreseeing that, in a century after his death, these dialogues which set the audience in a roar would, by more fastidious critics, be denominated low quibbles and trifling comments?"†

"With respect to his neglect of geography in this and some other plays, it cannot be defended by attributing his error in this instance to his youth, for one of his latest productions is liable to the same objection. The truth, I believe, is, that as he neglected to observe the rules of the drama with respect to the unities, though before he began to write they had been enforced by Sidney in a treatise, which doubtless he had read, so he seems to have thought that the whole terraqueous globe was at his command; and as he brought in a child in the beginning of a play, who, in the fourth act, appears as a woman, so he seems to have wholly set geography at defiance, and to have considered countries as inland or maritime, just as it suited his fancy or convenience.

"With the qualifications and allowances which these considerations demand, the present comedy, viewed as a first production, may surely be pronounced a very elegant and extraordinary performance.

"Having already given the reasons why I suppose this to have been our author's first play, it is only necessary to say here, that I believe it to have been written in 1591. See the Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays."—Malone.

"The 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' paints the irresolution of love, and its infidelity to friendship, pleasantly enough, but in some degree superficially—we might almost say, with the levity of mind which a passion suddenly entertained, and as suddenly given up, presupposes. The faithless lover is at last, on account of a very ambiguous repentance, forgiven without much difficulty by his first mistress. For the more serious part, the premeditated flight of the daughter of a prince, the capture of her father along with herself by a band of robbers, of which one of the Two Gentlemen, the betrayed and banished friend, has been against his will elected captain: for all this a peaceful solution is soon found. It is as if the course of the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love. Julia, who accompanies her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, is, as it were, a light sketch of the tender female figures of a Viola and an Imogen, who, in the latter pieces of Shakespeare, leave their home in similar disguises on love adventures, and to whom a peculiar harm is communicated by the display of the most virginal modesty in their hazardous and problematical situation."—Schlegel.

* See particularly his "Supple" (or Supplement) to Godwin's Account of the English Bishops, which abounds in almost every page with such conceits as we are now speaking of. The titles of some of our poet's comedies, which appear to have been written by the booksellers for whom they were printed, may also be cited for the same purpose; thus we have, "A pleasant conceited comedy called Love's Labour's Lost," &c. 1598; that is, a comedy full of pleasant conceits. The bookseller, doubtless, well knew the publick taste, and added this title as more likely to attract purchasers than any other he could devise. See also "A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedy of Sir John Faisto"se, &c., 1602, i.e. a comedy full of excellent conceits.

† See this topic further discussed in the preliminary observations to the "Comedy of Errors."
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"A PLEASANT Conceited Comedie called Loves labor's lost." As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W., for Cuthbert Burly. 1598. 4th. Such is the title of the first edition we possess of the present comedy. Whether any impression was published prior to the corrections and augmentations mentioned, or between the date of this quarto and the folio, 1623, has yet to be discovered. Like The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost bears unmistakable traces of Shakespeare's earliest style. We find in both, though in different degree, the same fluency and sweetness of measure, the same frequency of rhymes, the same laborious addiction to quibbling, repartees, and doggerel verse, and in both it is observable that depth of characterization is altogether subordinate to elegance and sprightliness of dialogue. In the former, however, the wit and fancy of the poet are infinitely more subdued; the events are within the range of probability; and the humour, for the most part, is confined to the inferior personages of the story. But Love's Labour's Lost is an extravaganza for Le bon Roi, René, and the Court of Provence; "a humoursome display of frolic," as Schlegel calls it, "in which every one is a jester; and the sparkles of wit fly about in such profusion that they resemble a blaze of fireworks; while the dialogue is in the same hurried style in which the masks at a carnival attempt to banter each other."

From the circumstance that Armado is sometimes styled "the Braggart," and Holofernes "the Pedant," it has been conjectured that Shakespeare borrowed his plot from the Italian stage, where these buffoons once formed a staple source of entertainment.* But, judging from the names of the characters, and an evident Gallicism in the Fourth Act,† Douce attributes its origin to a French novel, and his opinion is in some degree countenanced by the following passage in the Chronicles of Monstrelet (Lond. 1810, i. 108, ed. Johnes), first pointed out by Mr. Hunter:—"Charles king of Navarre came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours with some of its dependant castlewicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and all the other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the king of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord."‡

This passage is interesting because it shows that the original story, whether French or Italian, whence Shakespeare drew the outline of his plot, was founded in part at least upon an historical event, and because it enables us to fix the time of the play about 1425, in which year

* "I was often," says Montaigne, "when a boy, wonderfully concerned to see in the Italian farce, a pedant always brought in as the fool of the play."—Vol. i. p. 109.
† Where the Princess speaking of the love-letter says,—
  Break up this capon.

using the same metaphor of a poules for a love epistle, that the French adopt.
‡ Knr. Madam, your father here doth intimate
  The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
  Bringing but the one-half of an entire sum,
  Disbursed by my father in his wars. Act II. Sc. 1.
the king of Navarre died. To the date of its production we have no such clue; it is one of the
plays enumerated by Meres in the oft-quoted passage from his Palladis Tamia, 1598, "As
Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so
Shakespeare among English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy,
witness his Gettlemū of Verona, his Errors, his Love Labor's Lost, his Love Labour's Wonne,
his Midsummer's Night Dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard the II.,
Richard the III., Henry the IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet."

It is noticed also, and in a manner which seems to imply that the writer had seen it some
time before, in the rare poem by R[obert T]ofte, intituled "Alba; or, The Month's Minde of
a Melancholy Lover, 8°, 1598."

"Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play
Yeleped so, so called to my paine,
Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
Giving attendance on my froward dame;
My misgiving minde presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will.

The play, no play, but plague was unto me,
For there I lost the love I liked most,
And what to others seemde a jest to be,
I that in earnest found unto my cost,
To every one save me, 'twas comicall;
While traitrick-like to me it did befall.

Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare ;
Yet all was fained, 'twas not from the hart,
They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care ;
'Twas I that grieve indeed did bære in brest,
The others did but make a shew in jest."

Beyond these two allusions we have no external evidence positive or negative to aid us in
ascertaining the precise date when this comedy was written. We do not despair, however, of
the first draft, like the Hamlet of 1603, turning up some day, and in the meantime shall not be
far wrong if we assign its production to a period somewhere between 1587 and 1591.

Persons Represented.

FERDINAND, king of NAVARRE.
BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, Lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,
BOYET, Lords attending on the Princess
MERCADE, of FRANCE.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.

MOTH, page to ARMADO.
A Forester.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
ROSALINE,
MARIA, Ladies attending on the Princess.
KATHARINE,
JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

OFFICERS and others, attendant on the King and Princess.

SCENE,—NAVARRE.

* This list of characters was first printed by Rowe.
LOVES
LABOUR'S LOST.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, Live register'd upon our brazen* tombs, And then grace us in the disgrace of death; When, spite of cormorant devouring time, Th'endeavour of this present breath may buy That honour, which shall bate his seythe's keen edge, And make us heirs of all eternity.

* Biron,—] In the old copies the name is spelt Berowne, probably in accordance with the ancient pronunciation of Bison, which appears to have been Beron, with the accent on the last syllable. Thus in Act IV. Sc. 3, we find it rhyming to moon—

"My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;—
My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron."  

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are, That war against your own affections, And the huge army of the world's desires,—(1) Our late edict shall strongly stand in force: Navarre shall be the wonder of the world; Our court shall be a little Academe, Still and contemplative in living art. You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville, Have sworn for three years' term to live with me, My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes That are recorded in this schedule here:

* Livr. register'd upon our brazen tombs,—] The allusion here is to the figures and inscriptions on plates of brass, with which it was the fashion to ornament the tombs of distinguished persons, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Numerous examples still remain in the churches throughout England, and in those of Belgium and Germany.
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names;  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, Domain is mortified.  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. 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.

Biron. 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, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. 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.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. 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 expressely am forbid;  
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistressess from common sense are hid:  
Or, having sworn too hard—a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

(*) Old copies, it.
(1) The folio, 1623, bankers, omitting quite.
(2) Old copies, fast.

* Fat paunches have lean pates, &c.
"Pingoque venter non gnitas senem tumen." There is a more elegant Greek proverb, mentioned by Hierom, to the same effect; and the whole couplet is given in Clark's

(*) First folio, and.
"Paronomologia Anglo-Latina; or, Proverbs English and Latino, &c., f. 1630—"  
"Fat paunches make lean pates; and grosser bits  
Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

b Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—  
"That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

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 stud-- quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but* that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:  
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the mile,  
Doth falsely blind the eye—sight of his look:  
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his head,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.
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.  
To much to know, is, to know nought but fame  
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason again reading!

Dum. Proceed well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,  
Than wish a snow on May's new-fanged wreath,  
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
KING. Well, sit you out; go home, Biron; adieu!

BIRON. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;
Yet, confident I'll keep what I have swore,*

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

BIRON. [Reads.]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile
Of my court—

Hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

BIRON. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.]

—on pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

BIRON. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty,
A dangerous law against gentility."

BIRON. [Reads.]

Item. If any man be seen to talk with a woman
Within the term of three years, he shall endure such
Public shame as the rest of the court can't possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitan
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

(*) Old copies, sworn.
† First folio, shall.

a Well, sit you out? The folio reads, sit you out, which is a palpable mistranscription. To sit out, a phrase borrowed from the card table, was a common expression in Shakespeare's age. Steevens quotes the following illustration from Bishop Sandwich.—

They are glad, rather than sit out, to play very small game.

To this may be added another given by Mr. Dyce, from The Tryal of Cowley, 1605, sig. G. 2:

"Louis. . . .

King of Nauar, will one you sit out?

"No. No, king of France, my blood's as hot as thine.
And this my weapon shall confirm my words." 

b Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty,
A dangerous law against gentility.

So the old copies, but Theobald first, and all the modern editors since, have deprived Longaville of the second line, and given it to Biron. I have no hesitation in restoring it to the proper speaker. The only difficulty in the passage is the word gentility, (in the quarto, gentilitie,) which could never have been the expression of the poet. Mr. Collier's old annotator proposes primility; that, or servility, certainly comes nearer to the sense, but neither

KING. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

BIRON. So study evermore is over-shot;
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,
'Tis won, as towns, with fire; so won, so lost.

KING. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

BIRON. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
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:

[Subscribes.]

And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attendance of eternal shame:
Suggestions* are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

KING. Ay, that there is: our court, you know,
is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This ch'ld of fancy, that Armado hight,
For I term to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

BIRON. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

(*) First folio, break.

is satisfactory. By a dangerous law, we are to understand a biting law. In Act I. Sc. 2, there is a similar use of the word.—

"A dangerous thyme, master, against the reason of white and red."

* She must lie here— I. e. reside here.
† Suggestions—] Temptations, seductions.
‡ No quick—Bravish—] I. e. lively pastime, brisk diversion.

"—the quick comedians
Extempore will stage us,"

Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. 2.

A man of complements,—] One versed in punnities, of point-de-voie manners,—a formalist.

"He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth; he is the very mint of compliment; all his behaviours are printed; his face is another volume of essays; and his beard is an Aristarchus."—Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, (Gifford's Ed.) vol. ii. p. 264.

§ Fire-new words,—] Words freshly coined; brand-new.

"Your fire-new stamp of honour scarce is current."

Richard the Third, Act I. Sc. 3.

Again, in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 2—

"And with some excellent jest, fire-new from the mint," &c.

53
LONG. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull,* with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow; what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

(*) Old copies, constable.

a Tharborough: A corruption of thirdborough: a constable.
b A high hope for a low heaven: This passage has occasioned a great deal of controversy. Theobald proposed to read a low hearing; Mr. Collier's manuscript-corrector reads, a low hearing; and some critics will have, a low havens. The allusion may be to the representations of Heeven, and the attendant personifications of Faith, Hope, &c. in the ancient Pageants.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONG. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.4

Biron. In what manner?
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all

c Or forbear laughing? The old copies have, "forbear hearing." The emendation is due to Capell.
d I was taken with the manner. Costard quibbles on manner, written mainour in the old law-books; i.e. the thing stolen, and manor house, where he was arrested. With the manner, meant in the fact.

"— and being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himself."—Heywood's Baye of Lucrece, 1636.
ACT I.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[Scene I.]

those three: I 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.

Biron. 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?

Biron. 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.

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.

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 yeleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscure and most preposterous event, that drawer 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-northeast 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.

—that unletter'd small-knowing soul.

Cost. Me.

* Thy curious-knotted garden: Ancient gardens, Steevens observes, abounded with figures, of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. Thus in "Richard II." Act III. Sc. 6:—

King.

—that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King.

—which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.

—sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—

with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.

Cost. With a wench.

King.

—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.

For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

(*) Old copies, which with.

"Her fruit-trees all unprune'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd," &c.

55
Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And don Armado shall be your keeper.— My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.— And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[Execunt King, Longaville, and DUMAIN.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

SIR RAH. come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!*

[Execunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Armado's House.

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? †

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.b

MOTH. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

(*) First folio, until then sit down, &c.
(†) First folio, signeur.

a Armado.] Here and throughout the scene in the old copies we have Brogari, instead of Armado.

b Thou pretty, because little.] So in Ben Jonson's play of "The Fox," (Gifford's edition,) vol. ii. p. 336:—

" First for your dwarf, he's little and witty, And every thing, as it is little is pretty "

c Crosses love not him.] A punning allusion, very frequent in

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 heat'st my blood.

MOTH. I am answered, sir.

ARM. I love not to be crossed.

MOTH. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

[Aside.

ARM. I have promised 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. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.(3)

ARM. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar do ‡ call, three.

ARM. True.

MOTH. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrive wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse (4) will tell you.

ARM. A most fine figure!

MOTH. To prove you a cipher. [Aside.

ARM. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARM. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH. Sampson, master; he was a man of

(*) First folio, ingenious. (†) First folio, fits.
(‡) First folio, vulgar call.

Shakespeare's day, probably to the ancient penny, which Stowe describes as having a double cross, with a crest stamped on it, so that it might easily be broken in half or into quarters. In "Henry IV. Part II." Act I. Sc. 2, we meet with the same quibble:—

"Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses." And again, in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 4:—

"For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you."
good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love, too—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

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 masked 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 pathetical!

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:

(*) First folio, immaculate.

(†) Old copies, blush-in.
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.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar? (5)

MOTH. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis 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. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.

ARM. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

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 let him take no delight, nor no pence; but a† must fast three days a week. For this damsels, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.² Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That's hereby.²

ARM. I know where it is situate.

JAQ. Lord, how wise you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face? ²

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you say.

ARM. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.

ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your followers, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM. Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

MOTH. No, sir; that were fast and loose:² thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

MOTH. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master MOTH, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too* silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.

ARM. I do affect* the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause² will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager² is in love; yea, be loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnets. Devise, wit; write, pen; for, I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exit.

(* Old copies, Enter Clouse, Constable, and Wench.
(†) First folio, he.
— for the day-woman.] A day-woman is a dairy-woman, a milk-woman. Johnson, in his Dictionary, derives dairy from day, which, he says, though without adding any authority, was an old word for milk.
² That's here! She means, scoffingly, that's as it may happen; that's to be seen. Amado understands her in the literal sense, close by.
³ With that face? An old bantering phrase, hardly obsolete now. The folio marks it by reading, "With what face?"
⁴ That were fast and loose! An allusion to a well-known game of the time, now "alled "pricking the garter."
⁵ I do affect— i.e. I do love, &c. Affect, in this sense, is so

common an expression with the old writers, as scarcely to require explanation.

* The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not.— These are terms borrowed from the school of fence, and the fantastical treatises on the Duello by Savio and Caranza. See the Illustrative Comments on Act II. of "Romeo and Juliet."
² — for your manager is in love! The corrector of Mr. Collier's copy of the folio 1632, with much plausibility, suggests for manager that we should read arranger; and two lines lower, instead of sonnets, as in the old editions, sonnet-maker. In the latter case, I prefer sonnet, the happy emendation of an American critic, Dr. Verplanck.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

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 Aquitain, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,

* Your dearest spirits: That is, your choicest, rarest spirits.

As Nature was in making graces dear, When she did starve the general world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you. 

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment 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 out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us 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 despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag’d suitors, his high will.

BOYET. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 LORD. Longaville is one.
PRIN. Know you the man?
MAR. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigord and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem’d;
Well fitted in the* arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue’s gloss
(If virtue’s gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match’d with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
It should none spare that come within his power.
PRIN. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is’t so?
MAR. They say so most, that most his humours
PRIN. Such short-liv’d wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

KATH. The young Dumain, a well-achiev’d youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov’d:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he* had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon’s once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

ROS. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour’s talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit’s expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRIN. God bless my ladies! are they all in love
That every one her own hath garnished
With such beauteous ornaments of praise?
MAR. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

PRIN. Now, what admittance, lord?
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 uncloseted house.
Here comes Navarre.

[The Ladies mask.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, 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.
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:
’Tis 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.

[Give a paper.

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
PRIN. You will the sooner, that I were away;

(*) Folio, 1623, 8vo.
*t—this virtuous duke?] The titles of king and duke were used indifferently both by Shakespeare and his contemporaries

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b Well fitted in the arts.—] The older copies omit the article, which was supplied in the second folio.
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'T is long of you that spur me with such questions!
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,) RECEIV'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so golded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
KING. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

PRIN. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me so.

BOYET. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
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 we shall visit you again.

PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Bern.] We are out of Aquitain.

KING. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

BOYET. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I
Would be glad to see it.

BOYET. I would you heard it groan.

ROS. Is the fool sick?

BOYET. Sick at the heart.

(*) First folio, would I.

(†) First folio, farther.

a Depart seizual.] Depart, for part. "Which we would much rather part with."

b Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.] In the folio, 1623, this speech, and the specches of Biron immediately following, are given to Boyet.

[Scene 1.]

ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?

ROS. My physic says, ay.

BIRON. Will you prick't with your eye?

ROS. No poyn't, with my knife.

BIRON. Now, God save thy life!

ROS. And yours from long living!

BIRON. I cannot stay Thanksgiving. [Retiring.

DUM. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline 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.

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.

BIRON. What's her name, in the cap?

BOYET. Katharine, by good hap.

BIRON. Is she wedded, or no?

BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.

BIRON. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.

MAR. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET. And every jest but a word.

PRIN. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

BOYET. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

MAR. Two hot sheeps, marry!

BOYET. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

MAR. You sheep, and I pasture: Shall that finish the jest?

BOYET. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.

MAR. Not so, gentle beast;

(*) First folio, i.f.

* No poyn't,— The same diminutive pun on the French negation, Non point, is repeated in Act V. Sc. 2:—

"Dumain was at my service, and his sword; Non point, quoth I."
My lips are no common, though several* they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentlest, agree:

This civil war of wits were much better us'd

On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,) By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes, Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did* make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

(*) First folio, do.

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where* they were glass'd,

Did point you+ to buy them, along as you pass'd

His face's own margent (1) did quote* such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:

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 speak'st 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.

[Exeunt.]

(*) First folio, whereas. (1) First folio, ours

(2) Old editions, coata.

as places devoted to pasture,—the one for general, the other for particular use,—the meaning is easy enough. Boyet asks permission to graze on her lips. "Not so," she answers; "my lips, though intended for the purpose, are not for general use."
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concoiteli, [Singing.

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? [2]

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; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed 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 betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation. [3]

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot. [4]

(*) First folio omits Master.
(1) First folio, the.
(2) First folio, eye.

a Canary to it with your feet.—I The canary was a favourite dance, probably of Spanish origin, and supposed to derive its name from the Canary Islands, where it was much in vogue. The folio, 1623, reads, "With the feet."

b Your thin belly doublet.—I Modern editors, except Capell, have thin belly doublet; but surely thin-belly, "like a rabbit on a spit," is more humorous.

c By my penny of observation. I The early copies read penne, which, with peny, penni, penny, was an old form of spelling the word. "My penny," "his penny," "her penny," was a popular phrase formerly. See Note (3), Illustrative Comments on Act III.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE 1.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard c broken in a shern.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy

Venoy,—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no Venoy; no salve in the male, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no Venoy, no Venoy, no salve, sir, but a plantain! 6

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 Venoy, and the word Venoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not Venoy a salve?

Arm. No; page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

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 Venoy.

Moth. I will add the Venoy; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and 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.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
With my Venoy.

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 Venoy, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
That's a flat:

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat Venoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

(*) First folio, false.

<sup>a</sup> Honest master, or, rather master.—This is always punctuated "or, rather, master." But, from the context, which is a say on swift and slop, I apprehend Moth to mean by rather master, nasty master; rather, of old, meaning quick, eager, lusty, &c.

<sup>b</sup> To say so; should we not read slow for so?

<sup>c</sup> Here's a Costard broken in a shen.] Costard means head, but:

"I will rappe you on the costard with my horse."

In "King Lear," Act IV, Sc. 6—

"Keep out, the vor'ye, or else try whether your costard or my at the harder"

65

HYECKE SCORNER.
Arm. Come hither, come hither; how did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.

Then called you for the envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy’s fat 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.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that envoy.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within, fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances; — I sm some envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou w immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant to the country.

(*) Old editions, Sirrah Costard. "Marry, Costard," I believe, first suggested in Mr. Knight’s "Stratford Shakesp.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

[SCENE I.

Enter Birbon.

BIRON. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

COST. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

BIRON. What is a remuneration?

COST. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

BIRON. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

COST. I thank your worship: God be wi' you! BIRON. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee; as thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COST. When would you have it done, sir?

BIRON. O, this afternoon.

COST. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

BIRON. O, thou knowest not what it is.

COST. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BIRON. Why, villain, thou must know first.

COST. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

(*) First folio, "honours."

* My inconn Jew! Inconn is defined to mean "fine, delicate, pretty." It occurs occasionally in our old plays, and is repeated in the present one, Act IV. Sc. 1. Of Jew, as a term of endearment, remember no other example, except that in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 1, where Thalie calls Pyramus "Most lovely Jew." (See note (8), p. 71.)

** Guerdon.-O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration. In reference to this passage, Farmer has pointed attention to a parallel one, which is given in a tract called "A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men," by J. M., 1598. "There was, saith he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will of name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of any,) that aspiring to his friend's house, who was a gentleman of good eeking, and being there kindly entertained and well used as' well of his friends the gentleman, as of his servant; one of the said servants doing him some extraordinary pleasure during his bode there, at his departure he comes unto the said servant and aith unto him, Holde thee, here is a remuneration for thy paynes; which the servant receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his sones) thankes, for it was but a three-farthings piece! and I holde hankes for the same a small price as the market goes. Now mother coming to the said gentleman's house, it was the fore-said servant's good hap to be neire at his going away, who, alling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a guerdon for thy desartes. Now the servant payde no deere for the guerdon than he did for the remuneration, though the guerdon was xijd. farthering better, for it was a shilling, and the other but a three-farthings." The joke was probably older than either the play or the tract quoted.

*** This wimpled,— Hooded, veiled, blindfolded.

"Justice hersele she sitteth wimpled about the eyes," &c.

Comedy of Mids. 1592.

Of trotting paritores. O my little heart! And I to be a corporal of his field,* And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife! A woman, that is like a German clock, (5) Still a-repairing; ever out of frame; And never going ariht, 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 violet brow, With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;

(*) Old editions, cloake.

for thy desartes. Now the servant payde no deere for the guerdon than he did for the remuneration, though the guerdon was xijd. farthering better, for it was a shilling, and the other but a three-farthings. The joke was probably older than either the play or the tract quoted.

A corporal of his field, — A corporal of the field, according to some authorities, was an officer like an aide-de-camp, whose employment was to convey instructions from head-quarters, or from the higher officers of the field.

A whitely wanton — The old editions have "A whitely wanton," which is, perhaps, a misprint for "witty wanton." Whitely is not a suitable epithet to apply to a dark beauty. In Vicer's "Virgil," 1633, it is applied bedizening enough to the moon—.

Night-gadding Cynthia with her whitely face."
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, groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[Exeunt]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the King, that spurr’d his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe’er he was, he show’d a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speakest, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what! first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv’d pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my lord, take this for telling true;
[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sa’yd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise,—

But come, the bow:—now Mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do’t;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

(*) First folio, and then again.

a O heresy in fair.—J. Mr. Collier’s old annotator suggests, “O heresy in faith,” Sc. 1; but this alteration would destroy the point of the allusion. Fair is used here, as in many other instances, for beauty: and the heresy, is that merit should be esteemed equivalent to beauty.

b Do not curst wives.—That is, sour, cross-grained, intractable wives. A very ancient sense of the word, and one in which it is repeatedly used by Shakespeare. Thus, in “Turning of the Shrew,” Act I. Sc. 1:

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame’s sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer’s blood that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst b wives hold that self
sovereignty
Only for praise’s 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.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! e Pray you, which is the head 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 truth.

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 Biron, 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. d

“Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd.”

Again, in Act I. Sc. 3, of the same Play,—

“—and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates’ Xantippe.”

c God dig-you-den all—] A vulgar corruption of God give you
good even. It is sometimes contracted to God ye good den; as in “Romeo and Juliet,” Act II. Sc. 4.

d Break up this capon.] A Gallicism. Poulet, with the French, meaning both a young fowl and a billet-doux. The Italians use
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV.

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 art beauteous; truth itself; that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have coministration on thy heroic vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelonphon; * and he it was that might rightly say veni, vidi, vici; which to annotahize, in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlecit, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came to 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 enrich'd; 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 shall 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 designs of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar '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?

BOYET. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

(1) First folio, vice.

the same metaphor, calling a love-letter, una pollicetta amorosa. To break up, Percy says, was a peculiar phrase in carving. "Undoubtedly," he says, "We carve a hare, or else break up a hen."—FLORIO'S Pronouncing, p. 106, 1603.

But Shakespeare is not singular in applying it to the opening of a letter. In Ben Jonson's "Every Man Out of His Humour," Act I. Sc. 1, Carlo Buffone recommends Bogilardo to have letters brought to him when dining or supping out,—"And there, while you intend circumstances of news, or inquiry of their health, or so, one of your familiars, whom you must carry about you still, breaks it up, as 'twere in a jest, and reads it publicly at the table."—

PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarch, (1) and one that makes sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

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 Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away,

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!

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?

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?

BOYET. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROS. [Singing.]

Thou canst not hit it; hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

*Zenelonphon; in the old ballad of "A Song of a Beggar and a King," 1612, the name is Penelonphon, but the misspelling may have been intentional.

(1) Who is the suitor? The jest lies in pronouncing suitor, as it is spelt in the old copies, shooter; which, indeed, appears to have been the ancient pronunciation.

c Thou canst not hit it,— Alluding to a song, or dance, mentioned in S. Gosson's "Pleasant Quipps for Upstart New-sanged Gentlewomen," 1596.—"Can you hit it? I's oft their daunce, Deuce-ace fals stil to be their chace."

And in "Wily Begul'd," 1606,—"And then dance, Canst thou not hit it?"

— Malefici
SCENE II.—The same.

Enter HOLOFFERNES, 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; & ripes as a pomaster, who now hangeth like a jewel in the *caro* of *terra,*—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra,*—the soil, the land, the earth.

NATH. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket. *(3) Dull.)*

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in viv,* in way, of explanation; *facere,* as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherviews, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coetus*!—

O, thou monster, Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.

He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be.

(Which we of a taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene,* say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

"Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!"

belongs to the previous Act, and in the original MS. follows Costard's panegyric on the Page,—

"My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my iconic Jew!" It is evidently out of place in the present scene, and quite appropriate in the one indicated.

*In blood:* To be *in blood,* a phrase of the chase, has been explained, to be fit for killing; but it appears also to have meant an animal with its blood up—ready to turn and attack its pursuers; like a stag at bay. See the passage in "Henry VI. Part I." Act IV. Sc. 2, beginning—

"If we be English deer, be then in blood; Not rascal like," &c.

*(4) Which we of taste—*) The proposition is not found in the old copies. It was inserted by Tyrwhitt.
Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit, 
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?
Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna, Goodman Dull.
Dull. What is Dictynna?
Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.
Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.
Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.
Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called 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 preyful princess pier'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 to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

a Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna.—] The old copies have Dictyssima and Dictysma. Rowe made the corrections.
b I have called the deer—] I have, not in the ancient copies, was inserted by Rowe.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;
O sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

NATH. A rare talent!
DULL. 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 beget in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater,* 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 tutord by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercule! if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put them to it; but, vir sapit qui pauea loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

JAQ. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—quasi pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis 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. Faustes, precor gelida quando pecus omnne sub umbra Ruminaet,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—Vinogia, Vinogia,
Chi non te vede, et non te prega.(8)

(8) Old copies, primater.

If a talent be a claw, &c.—] Goodman Dull's small pun is founded on talus of a bird or beast being often of old spelt talent, and on claw, in one sense, meaning to flatter, to fawn upon.

Master person.—] Parson was formerly very often pronounced and spelt person; which, indeed, is more correct than parson, as the word comes from persona ecclesi. Though we write Parson differently, yet 'tis but Person; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of the Church, and 'tis in Latin Personas, and Personatus a Personage.—Selden's Table Talk, Art. Person. 

Faustes, precor gelida.—] In the old copies this passage is assigned to Nathaniel. There can be no doubt of its belonging to Holofernes, who probably reads it, or recites it from memory, while the curate is intent upon the letter. Like all quotations.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.

—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.
Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a vsce; Lege, domine.

NATH.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I' ll faithful prove:

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh, pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired* horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

(8) First folio omits loves thee not.

from a foreign language, the Latin here, and the Italian proverb which follows, are printed most vilely in both quarto and folio. The "old good Mantuan" was Baptista Spagnolus, a writer of poems, who flourished late in the fifteenth century, and was called Mantuanus, from the place of his birth.

Here are only numbers ratified.] In the old copies Sir Nathaniel is now made to proceed with this speech; so to other passages in the present scene, which clearly belong to Holofernes, Nath. has been mistakenly prefixed.

* Imitari is nothing:] The quarto and folio, 1623, read invention imitans. Theobald made the obvious correction.

The tire horse—] Banks' horse is thought to be here again alluded to; but perhaps by tire horse (in the original tyred) any horse adorned with ribbons or trappings may be meant. 73
Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.*

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing* to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment,

Biron.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by 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.

(*) Old copies, written.  (†) First folio omits royal.

* Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.] Unless Jaquenetta is intended to blunder or prevaricate, the poet has committed an oversight here. As Mason remarks, "Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been sent to her from Don Armathe, and given to her by Costard."
I will, or my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit nor invention: I beseech your society.

NATH. I thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hot. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [to DULL] 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.—Another part of the same.

Enter Biron with a paper.

BIRON. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched 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 I 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 part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o’my sons already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King with a paper.

KING. Ay me! BIRON. [Aside.] Shot by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump’d him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—I’ faith, secrets.—

KING. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot The dew of night;* that on my cheeks down flows:

(*) Old copies, night of dew.

a Gets up into a tree.] A modern stage direction. The old one is, “He stands aside.”

b He comes in like a perjurie, wearing papers.] For perjurie, some modern editors. Mr. Collier among them, read perjurie; but in the old play of “King John,” Act II., Constance says,—

“But now black-spotted perjurie as he is,”

He takes a truce with Elinor’s dam’ d brat.”

Wearing papers is an allusion to the custom of making persons convicted of perjurie wear papers, while undergoing punishment, descriptive of their offence. Thus Hollingshed, p. 383, says of

Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright Through the transparent bosom of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine give light: Thou shin’st in every tear that I do weep; No drop but as a coach doth carry thee, So ridest thou triumphing in my wepe: Do but behold the tears that swell in me, And they thy glory through my grief will show: But do not love thyself: then thou wilt keep My tears for glasses, and still make me weep. O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel! No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I’ll drop the paper; Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.

Enter Longaville with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear. BIRON. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! [Aside. LONG. Ay me! I am forsworn. BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjurie,* wearing papers. [Aside. KING. In love, I hope: a sweet fellowship in shame! [Aside. BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name. [Aside. LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur’d so? BIRON. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: Thou mak’st the triumvirie, the corner cap of society, The shape of Love’s Tyburn that haugs up simplicity.4 LONG. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love! These numbers will I tear, and write in prose. BIRON. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wan-ton Cupid’s hose:

Disfigure not his shape." LONG. This same shall go.—[He reads the sonnet. Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye (‘Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument) Persuade my heart to this false perjurie? Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

Wolsey,—“he so punished a perjurie with open punishment, and open paper wearing, that in his time it was less used.”

* In love, I hope.] The early copies give this line to Longaville.

d Thou mak’st the triumvirie, the corner cap of society, The shape of Love’s Tyburn, &c.] The old gallows at Tyburn was of a triangular form.

* Disfigure not his shape.] The quarto and folio, 1623, read shop, which has been altered by some editors to stop. If any change is necessary, of which I am not sure—for stop may have been an old word for ser— I prefer that in the text, which is a MS. correction in the margin of Lord Ellesmere’s copy of the first folio.
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, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest 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?

BIRON. [Aside.] 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' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

LONG. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[
BIRON. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets beedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
DuM. transform’d: four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
DuM. O most profane cockcomb!
[Aside.]
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
DuM. By earth, she is not; corporal, thou
you lie.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.
DuM. An amber-colour’d raven was well noted.
[Aside.]
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
DuM. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.
[Aside.]
Dum. As fair as day.
DuM. Ay, as some days: but then no sun
must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine!
[Aside.]
King. And I* mine too, good lord! [Aside.]
DuM. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that
a good word? [Aside.]
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember’d be.
DuM. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
[Aside.]
Dum. Once more I’ll read the ode that I have
writ.
DuM. Once more I’ll mark how love can
vary wit.
[Aside.]
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love’s fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain [advancing], thy love is far
from charity,
That in love’s grief desir’dst society;
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o’erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir [advancing], you blush; as his,
your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wretched arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark’d you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ’d your fashion
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One,* her hairs were gold, crystal the other’s
eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[To Long.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[To Dumain.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn I 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.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
[Descends from the tree.
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
There is no certain princess that appears:
You’ll not be perjur’d, ’tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o’ershot?

* First folio, On.
corporal also, in allusion to the mortal eye of the preceding line.
* Wish’d himself—The old editors have wish for wish’d; and, a little lower, throne instead of thorn. The corrections were made in “England’s Helicon,” 1600, where this poem appeared.
* No coaches! An allusion to the line in the King’s sonnet

The old copies have coaches.
You found his note *; 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 tuning a jrig, 
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, 
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! 
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Duman? 
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? 
Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to 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 Joan? 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 guilt, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist, A leg, a limb?—
King. Soft; whither away so fast? 
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so? 
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king! 
King. What present hast thou there? 
Cost. Some certain treason. 
King. What makes treason here? 
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir. 
King. If it mar nothing neither, 
The treason, and you, go in peace away together. 
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read; 
Our person misdots it; it was treason, he said. 
King. Biron, read it over. [Giving him the letter. Where hadst thou it? 
Jaq. Of Costard.

(*) Old editions, moth.  (†) First folio, A candle. 
* A king transformed to a gnat! ] Instead of gnst, which seems to be without meaning in this place, it has been proposed to read knot or vet; but both are rhythmically inadmissible. I have some notion that the true word is gnat, which appears to have been a cant term applied to a simpleton, or green-horn. Thus Iago, "Othello," Act V. Sc. 1, speaking of his silly tool Roderigo, says: "I have rub'd this young gnat almost to the sense," Sc. 6. So also, in Decker's "Gul's Hornbook." 1669: "—whether he be a young gnat of the first year's renewal, or some austerer and sulker-fac'd steward." It is worth remarking, too, that in the passage from "Othello," quoted above, the early quarto prints gnst for gnat. 

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King. Where hadst thou it? 
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio. 
[Biron tears the paper. 
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it? 
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it. 
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it. 
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [Picks up the pieces. 
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead [to Costard], you were born to do me shame. — Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess. 
King. What? 
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess; 
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I, Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die. 
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even. 
Biron. True, true; we are four: — Will these turtles be gone? 
King. Hence, sirs; away. 
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [Exeunt Cost. and Jaq. 
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let an embrace! 
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be: 
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face; 
Young blood doth not obey an old decrees; We cannot cross the cause why we were born; Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn. 
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine? 
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline, 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 the now? 
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; 

* First folio, arc.

b With men-like men, of strange inconstancy. ] So the old copy except that they omit strange, which was added by the editor the folio, 1632. As the expression men-like men is obscure, Hamlet reads "earth-like men," Mason proposes "moon-like men" and Mr. Collier suggests that we should read—

"With men-like women of inconstancy." 
Which, but that men-like might have been a term of reproach man-kind was, I should have preferred to either of the oth

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions, the cuil'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 passest 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,

(*) Old editions, word.

She, an attending star,—] It was a prevailing notion formerly that the moon had an attending star. Lilly calls it Lunoisquya, and Sir Richard Hawkins, in his "Observations on a Voyage to the South Seas," published in 1622, remarks: "Some I have heard say, and others write, that there is a starre which

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.

(*) Old editions, word.

Old editions, "short.
never separateth itself from the moon, but a small distance." &c.

b And usurping hair,—] And is not in the early editions. The folio of 1632, &c.

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood* divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It morneth, that painting, and b usurping hair,
Act IV.

Love's Labour's Lost.

[Scene III.

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 disgrace,
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.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [Showing his shoe.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillet, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:*
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:—
Flat treason 'gainst the kindly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

—Can you still dream, and pore, and therein look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Prometheus.

Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty b 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 immersed 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 cocked 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 sphynx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink was temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

(*) Old editions, Make.

a We see in ladies' eyes, — After this line, the words, "[il] ourselfe", have, apparently by inadvertence, been inserted in the early copies. See Note (4), Illustrative Comments on Act IV.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Prometheus fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and display all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Yell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
A conflict that you get the sun of them.

(*) Old editions, author.

b *That will betime, &c.* This is invariably printed, "That will be time," &c.; with what meaning, I am at a loss to know.

b *That will be time* is right, it appears to be used like *beleem*, from the Anglo-Saxon, *Tym-an*, to bear, to yield, &c.; but I suspect Shakespeare wrote, "That will belide," &c., i.e. will fall out, will come to pass, &c.

b *Allons! Allons!*— The old copies, read, "Alone, alone," which may be right, and mean along. The word occurs again at the end of the first scene of Act V. of this Play, in "The Tempest," Act IV. Sc. 1.—*Let's alone*, where it has been the source of interminable controversy; and in other places in these dramas,—in the sense of along; and, in every instance, it is spelt alone. I find it with the same meaning in Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of "The Loyal Subject," Act III. Sc. 5, where it rhymes to *gone*; and could hardly, therefore, in that case, be a misprint.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.*

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

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 thurisacional. He is too picked,* too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[ Takes out his table-book

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers o

* Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.] In the quarto and the folio, 1623, the direction here is, "Enter the Pedant, Curate, and Dull." And Holofernes is styled the "Pedant," to the end of the Scene.

b Satis quod sufficit.] The ancient copies have quod; and in them the errors in the Latinity are so frequent and so barbarous that, in mercy to the reader, I have refrained from noting them severally, and have silently adopted the obvious corrections of my predecessors.

c Without affection.—] That is, without affectation. Thus, in "Hamlet," Act II., Sc. 3.—

* No matter that might indite the author of affection.
orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say; doubt: det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, half; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable,* (which he would call abominable *) it insinueth me of insanie: Ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

NATH. Laos Deo, bone intelligo.
Hol. Bone!—bone, for bené: Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

NATH. Vide me quis venit?
Hol. Video et gaudeo.
ARM. Chirra!
Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?
ARM. Men of peace, well encountered.
Hol. Most military sir, salutation.
Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

[To Costard aside.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alma-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatis: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.
ARM. Monsieur [to Hol.], are you not lettered?
Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—

What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?
Hol. Ba, queritita, with a horn added.
Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—

You hear his learning.
Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?
Moth. The third v of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.
Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venen (1) of wit: snap, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.
Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?
Moth. Horns.
Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.
Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your insamy circum circu: A gig of a cuckold's horn!
Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.
Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unquam.
ARM. Arts-man, proambula; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?
Hol. Or, mons, the hill.
ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.
Hol. I do, sans question.
ARM. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.
Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled; choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.
ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:— I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it

(*) Old copies, abominable. (1) Old editions, The last.

* Abominable,—] The antiquated mode of spelling the word, which appears to have been in a transition state at the period when the present Play was written.
* It insinueth me of insanie: The old editions have insanis. For this and other corrections in the speech we are indebted to Theobald.
* I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy: The words remember thy courtesy have been a stumbling-block to all the commentators. Mr. Malone wrote a very long note to prove that we should read, "remember not thy courtesy;" and Mr. Dyce says, "nothing can be more evident than that Shakespeare so wrote." Whatever may have been the meaning of the words, or whether they were a mere complimentary periphrasis, without

any precise signification, the following quotations prove, I think beyond question, that the old text is right; and that the expression refers—not, as Mr. Knight supposes, to any obligation of secrecy, but simply to the Pedant's standing bare-headed,—

"I pray you be remembered, and cover your head."

"Then I pray remember your courtesy."
MARLOWE'S Faustus, Act IV, Sc. 3

"Pray you remember your courtesie."

Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour,
pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sev't 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 antic, or fire-work. 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 Nathaniel,* as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; 'tis, 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 Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir: error: he is not quantity enough for that 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 I 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 antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Vía, Goodman Doll! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

(*) Old editions. Sir Holofernes. (†) Old editions, and.

a If this fadge not.—To fadge is to fit, to suit, to agree with.
b Allons ! See note (b) at page 81.
c And let them dance the hay.] This dance, Dolce informs us, was borrowed from the French, and is clasped among the braves in Thudinot Arbeau's "Orchesographie," 4to. 1588.
d To make his godhead wax.] To wax, is to grow. We say, he waxed in years. The moon waxes and wanes.

"So ripe is vice, so green is virtue's bud, The world doth wax in ill, but wane in good."

Moth. See, sir, that it is in snuff.] This was a favourite conceit with Shakespeare and the writers of his time. To take anything in snuff, was to take it in dudgeon, to be in ill temper. Every-

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady will'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Rosal. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Rosal. That was the way to make his godhead wax; 
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Rosal. You'll ne'er be friends with him; 'a kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Rosal. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Rosal. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff; 
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

(*) Old editions. Sir Holofernes. (†) Old editions, and.

a If this fadge not.—To fadge is to fit, to suit, to agree with.
b Allons ! See note (b) at page 81.
c And let them dance the hay.] This dance, Dolce informs us, was borrowed from the French, and is clasped among the braves in Thudinot Arbeau's "Orchesographie," 4to. 1588.
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Moth. See, sir, that it is in snuff.] This was a favourite conceit with Shakespeare and the writers of his time. To take anything in snuff, was to take it in dudgeon, to be in ill temper. Every-

body is familiar with Hotspur's pop and his pounce-box:

"—which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again:—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff."
So in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act V. Sc. 1.—

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

So, too, in Decker's "Satiro-mastix," where the characters are speaking of tobacco,—

"—'tis enough,
Having so much fuel, to take him in snuff."
Act V.

Ros. Look, what you do; you do it still i’the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not, —O, that’s you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for, Past cure is still past care.*

Prin. Well banded both; a set of wit well play’d.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron: The numbers true; and, were the num’ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground: I am compar’d to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter! Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.


Ros. ’Ware pencils, Ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter: c
O that your face were not so* full of O’s!

Prin. A pox of that jest! and I a beshrall all shrows!

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dommain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil’d, 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?

(*) First folio omits not so.  (†) First folio omits not.

* Past cure is still past care.] The old editions transpose the words cure and care; but Rosaline is quoting a familiar adage, —"Things past cure, past care."

† ’Ware pencils, Ho!] The elder copies read, ’Ware pensals. How? Mr. Dyce has shown that, in books of the period, Ho! is frequently printed How? but he is wrong in saying that all editions have hitherto retained the old reading. Sir Thomas Hanger, in his edition, 1544, gives the lection in the text.

c My golden letter.] Rosaline was a "darke ladye": Katharine fair and golden haired; and, as in the early alphabets for children, A was printed in red, and B in black, ink, the taunting allusions are sufficiently expressive.

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 mockings so.

That same Biron 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 behests;* And make him proud to make me proud that jests! So portent-like I 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.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is‡ in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb’d with laughter! Where’s her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! —Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are Against your peace: Love doth approach disguisd, Armed in arguments; you’ll be surpris’d: Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they, That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour; When, lo! to interrupt my purpos’d rest,

(*) The quarto and first folio have device.  (†) The quarto and first folio read wantons be.  (‡) First folio omits is.

* And I beshrall all shrows?] To beshrall, is to impricate sorrow, or evil, on any person or thing, to curse, &c.

† He were but in by the week.] To be in by the week, i.e. for a fixed period, was a frequent saying in former times; and is supposed to be taken from the custom of hiring servants, or operatives, generally.

‡ So portent-like.—] The old copies have portent-like, Hamner first suggested portent-like; and he has been followed by most of the subsequent editors.

[Scene II.
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page.
That, well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there.
ThiLS must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt.
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy replied. An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.
With that, all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, Via! we will don't, come what will come:
The third he caper'd, and cried, All goes well;
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That, in this spleen ridiculous, appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears. *

PANT. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
BOYET. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
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;

* To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.] Mr. Collier's annotator, for "solemn tears," read "sudden tears," which is, at least, a very plausible suggestion. But whether we have sudden, or solemn tears, I cannot help believing the line should run,—
To check their folly's passion, &c.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V.

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine; So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.— And change your favours too; so shall your loves Woo contrarily, 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 'tis 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 within. Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [The ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. All hail the richest beauties on the earth! Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffata. [Aside. Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames, [The ladies turn their backs to him. That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views! Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes! Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed. Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe Not to behold— Biron. Once to behold, rogue. Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,— With your sun-beamed eyes—

(*) Old copies, his. (†) First folio, Keeper's.

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet, You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes. Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out. Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue! Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet: If they do speak our language, 't is our will That some plain man recount their purposes: Know what they would. Boyet. What would you with the princess? Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation. Ros. What would they, say they? Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation. Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone. Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone. King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles, To tread a measure(2) with her * on the grass. Boyet. They say that they have measur'd many a mile, To tread a measure with you on this grass. Ros. It is not so; ask them how many inches Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many, The measure then of one is easily told. Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles, And many miles, the princess bids you tell, How many inches do † fill up one mile. Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps. Boyet. She hears herself. Ros. How many weary steps, Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, Are number'd in the travel of one mile? Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you; Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accost. Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face, That we, like savages, may worship it. Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too. King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do! Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine (Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne. Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter; Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water. King. Then, in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change: Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange. Ros. Play, music, then: may, you must do it soon. [Music plays. (*) First folio, you. (†) Old editions, date.
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

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.

--- she is the moon, and I the man.] An allusion to a stage character, with whom the audience of Shakespeare's day was seriously familiar—the Man in the Moon.

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:—

Cour't'y, 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?

(* First folio, you. (†) First folio omits you.

Vouchsafe some motion. †] The early copies assign this line to Rosine.
KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

LONG. One word in private with you, ere I die.

KATH. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry,

[They converse apart.

BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

BIRON. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure seoff!

KING. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[Exeunt King, Lords, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.

PRIN. Twenty adieux, my frozen Muscovits.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

BOYET. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

PRIN. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!b
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

PRIN. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, a quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

KATH. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

PRIN. Qualm, perhaps.

KATH. Yes, in good faith.

PRIN. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps,(3)

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

PRIN. And quick Biron 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:

(*) First folio, "Take you that."

a Since you can cog,—] To cog the dice is to load them for cheating; and hence when any one deceives or defrauds another, he is said to cog.

b O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout! No ingenuity has yet succeeded in extracting sense from this passage. It appears to me manifestly corrupt, and the misprint to have been occasioned by a transposition. Kingly-poor, I suspect, is no other than a printer's error for poor-liking. Rosaline, in irony, speaks of their visitors having rich, well-liking, i.e. good-conditioned, wits; to which the Princess replies:—

"O poverty in wit, poor-liking flout!"

Liking, of old, was spelt, indifferently, liking, or liking.

c No point,—] See note (*), p. 62.
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

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?

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 Museovites, 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.

PRIN. Whip to our tents, as roses run over land.*

[Exeunt Princess, Ros., Kath., and Maria.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their proper habits.

KING. Fair sir, God save you! Where is 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.

BIRON. This fellow peeks $ up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retains his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve (‡) too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due* of honey-tongued Boyet.

KING. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, and Attendants.

BIRON. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this † man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

KING. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

PRIN. Fair, in all hail, is soul, as I conceive.

KING. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRIN. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

KING. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

PRIN. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

KING. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

PRIN. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's truth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

KING. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

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

(*) Old copies, runnes are land. (‡) Old copies, where.'
(‡) First folio omits thither. ($) First folio, picks
† First folio, joye.

(*) First folio, duty. (‡) Old editions, madman.
(‡) Old editions, unsallied.
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.

**BiON.** This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle-
sweet.*

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we

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.

**Ros.** This proves you wise and rich, for in my

eye,—

**BiON.** I am a fool, and full of poverty.

But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

**BiON.** O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

**Ros.** All the fool mine?

**BiON.** I cannot give you less.

**Ros.** Which of the visors was it that you wore?

**BiON.** Where? when? what visor? why de-
mand you this?

**Ros.** There, then, that visor; that superfluous

case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

**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.

**BiON.** 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;

Bruse with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pi'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,*

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggots ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

(*) Old copies, affection.

---

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God

knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

**Ros.** Sans sans, I pray you.

**BiON.** Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write Lord have mercy on us,(6) on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

**Prin.** No, they are free that gave these tokens
to us.

**BiON.** Our states are forfeit, seek not to

undo us.

**Ros.** It is not so. For how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

**BiON.** Peace; for I will not have to do

with you.

**Ros.** Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

**BiON.** Speak for yourselves, my wit is at

an end.

**King.** Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude

transgression

Some fair excuse.

**Prin.** The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguist'd?

**King.** Madam, I was.

**Prin.** And were you well advis'd?

**King.** I was, fair madam.

**Prin.** When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

**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 eye-sight: 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 *phold his word.

Collier gives a very apposite illustration of this old use of the

word,—

"O Lorde! some good body for God's sake, gyve me meate,

I force not what it were, so that I had to eate."

Int. of Jacob and Esau, 1569, Act II. Sc. 2.

* 1 You force not to forswear.] To force not is to care not. Mr.

91
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 Biron, I thank him, is my dear:
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. 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, woe'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,
[To Boyet.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire, b
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.
You leer upon me, do you? 'tis an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, c this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthics shall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is very fine, For every one pursants three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir: under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:
You cannot beg us, (6) sir, I can assure you, sir;
we know what we know;
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where—
until it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three thrice for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the partes themselves, the actors, sir, will show where-—
it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man, in one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the great; * for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.
[Exit Costard.
King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
King. I say, they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents, f
Their form confused makes most form in mirth:
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

(*) Old copies, 'tis.
a That smiles his cheek in years: One that by incessant grinning wears his face into wrinkles. Thus, in the "Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 1,—
"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."
b By the squire.— From the French squire, a square, or rule.
c Go, you are allow'd: That is, you are hired, licensed as a fool or jesters,—
"There is no slander in an aforesaid fool."
Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 5.
d Hath this brave manage.— The quarto has usage, and the folio, 1623, manager.
* Pompy the great] Some surprise has been expressed at Costard's first pronouncing the name Pompion, and then giving it, immediately after, correctly; but his former speeches show either
that his rusticiety is merely assumed, and put on and off at pleasure, or that Shakespeare had never finally settled whether to make him a fool natural or artificial, and so left him neither one nor the other.
f Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,—
This passage, as it stands, looks like a printer's jumble. Some editors have attempted to render it intelligible by substituting die for dies, and them for that; and others, lies, in place of dies.
Perhaps we should read—
Where zeal strives to content, and discontent
Dies in the zeal of them which it present.
Shakespeare has before indulged in the same antithesis,—
"Sister, content you in my discontent."
The Taming of the Shrew, Act I. Sc. 1.
Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceedingly fantastical; too-too vain; too-too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna della muerte.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [Exit Armado.

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 pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate* throw at novum; and the whole world again

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.(7)

Enter Costard, armed, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard’s head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam’d the big,—

Dum. The great.

(*) Old editions, fortuna delaguar.

* Abate throw at novum:; Novum, or novem, was a game played with dice, at which five and nine appear to have been the best throws; but what abate means here, has yet to be shown. The reading is,—

Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompey surnam’d 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.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in great.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel, armed, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv’d, I was the world’s commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alexander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay’d: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv’d, I was the world’s commander.

Boyet. Most true, ‘t is right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir [to Nath.,] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid* to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [Nath. retires.] There, an’t shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dish’d! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how ‘tis:—a little o’erparted:—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

(*.) First folio, afraid.

"Abate a throw," &c.

b You lie,—] We must suppose that, on his entrance, Costard prostrates himself before the court; hence Boyet’s joke.

93
Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill’d Cerberus, that three-headed canine; And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus: Quoniam, he seemed in minority; Ergo, I come with this apology.— Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit Moth.

Judas, I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—

Judas, I am, surnamed Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. 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?

Biron. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hang’d on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Biron. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death’s face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Biron. The pummel of Caesar’s fauchion.

Dum. The carved bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George’s half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac’d them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Biron. 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.

Biron. For the ass to the June; give it him:—Judæs, &c! away!

Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.

* bone face on a flask. [Query, Roni-face, or Boni-face?

a — bone face on a flask. Query, Borri-face, or Boari-face?

b When he breathed, he was a man—] These words are from 94

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado, armed, for Hector.

Biron. 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?

Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He’s a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!*

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:

A man so breath’d that certain he would fight yet

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullumene.

Arm. Sweet lord Longavile, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector’s a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried when he breathed, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty [to the Princess], bestow on me the sense of hearing:

Biron whispers Costard.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace’s slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector, far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

(*) First folio omits Peace. 
+t Old copies, you. the quarto. The f-ilo, 1623, omits them.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaque-netta that is quick by him; and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. 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.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V.

Love's.  and  but,  I  her  I  for

Dum.  Room  for  the  incensed  Worthies.

Dum.  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.

Biron.  What  reason  have  you  for  't?

Arm.  The  naked  truth  of  it  is,  I  have  no  shirt;  I  go  wooward  for  penance.*

Broyet.  True,  and  it  was  enjoin'd  him  in  Rome  for  want  of  linen:  since  when,  I'll  be  sworn,  he  wore  none  but  a  disheuelt  of  Jaquenetta's;  and  that  'a  *  wears  next  his  heart,  for  a  favour.

Enter  Mercade.

Merr.  God  save  you,  madam!

Pryn.  Welcome,  Mercade;

But  that  thou  interrupt'st  our  erriment.

Merr.  I  am  sorry,  madam;  for  the  news  I  bring  is  heavy  in  my  tongue.  The  king,  your  father—

Pryn.  Dead,  for  my  life.

Merr.  Even  so;  my  tale  is  told.

Biron.  Worthes,  away;  the  scene  begins  to  cloud.

(*)  Folio,  1623,  &c.

*  I  go  wooward  for  penance.]  To  go  wooward,  i.  e.  to  go  with  a  woollen  garment  next  the  skin,  was  a  penance  appointed  for  pilgrims  and  penitents;  and  from  this  arose  the  saying,  when  any  one  was  shirtless,  that  he  went  wooward.  Thus,  in  Lodge's  "Incarcane  Devils,"  1596,—"His  common  course  is  to  go  always  untrust,  except  when  his  shirt  is  washing,  and  then  he  goes  wooward."

And  in  Samuel  Rowland's  collection  of  Epigrams  and  Satyres,  which  he  quaintly  intitules,  "The  Letting  of  Humour's  blood  in  the  Head-Vaine,"  &c.,  Satyre  4:—

"He  takes  a  common  course  to  goe  untrust,  Except  his  shirt's  a  washing;  then  he  must  goe  wooward  for  the  time."

b  A  heavy  heart  bears  not  a  humble  tongue;]  I  am  very  doubtful  of  the  genuineness  of  this  line;  the  true  section  is  probably,—

"A  heavy  heart  bears  but  a  humble  tongue."

Or,  as  Theobald  suggested,—

"A  heavy  heart  bears  not  a  nimble  tongue."

c  The  extreme  parts  of  time.]  The  word  parts  here  is  an  admitted  misprint.  Mr.  Singer  proposes  to  substitute  haste.  Mr.  Collier's  corrector  rewrites  the  line,—

"The  extreme  porting  time  expressly  forms,"  &c.

A  much  slighter  change  will  render  the  sense  clear.  I  would  read,—

"The  extreme  dart  of  time  extremely  forms  All  causes  to  the  purpose  of  his  speed,"  &c.

And  I  am  strengthened  in  my  belief  that  parts  is  a  corruption  for  dart  or  shaft  by  the  next  line,—

"And  often,  at  his  very  loose,  decides,"  &c.

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.

[Execut  Worthies.

King.  How  fares  your  majesty?

Pryn.  Boyet,  prepare;  I  will  away  to-night.

King.  Madam,  not  so;  I  do  beseech  you,  stay.

Pryn.  Prepare,  I  say;—I  thank  you,  gracious  lords,

For  all  your  fair  endeavours;  and  entertain,
Out  of  a  new-sad  soul,  that  you  vouchsafe
In  your  rich  wisdom,  to  excuse,  or  hide,
The  liberal  opposition  of  our  spirits:
If  ever-boldly  we  have  borne  ourselves
In  the  converse  of  breath,  your  gentleness
Was  guilty  of  it.—Farewell,  worthy  lord!
A  heavy  heart  bears  not  a  humble  tongue;  b
Excuse  me  so,  coming  too *  short  of  thanks
For  my  great  suit  so  easily  obtained.

King.  The  extreme  parts  e  of  time  extremely  forms

All  causes  to  the  purpose  of  his  speed;

And  often,  at  his  very  loose,  decides—

That  which  long  process  could  not  arbitrate:
And  though  the  mourning  brow  of  progeny
Forbidden  the  smiling  courtesy  of  love,

The  holy  suit  which  fate  it  would  convince;  d
Yet,  since  love's  argument  was  first  on  foot,

Let  not  the  cloud  of  sorrow  justle  it
From  what  it  purpos'd;  since,  to  wall  friends  lost
Is  not  by  much  so  wholesome-profitable,

As  to  rejoice  at  friends  but  newly  found.

Pryn.  I  understand  you  not;  my  griefs  are  double.*

(*)  First  folio,  so.

To  loose  an  arrow  is  to  discharge  it  from  the  bow:—"th'  Archer  termes,  who  is  not  said  to  finish  the  feate  of  his  shot  before  he  give  the  loose,  and  deliver  his  arrow  from  his  bow."—POTTER  HAM'S  Acts  of  English  Poetics,  1830,  p.  145.

Thus,  in  "Midsummer-Night's  Dream,"  Act  II.  Sc.  I.,—

"And  loo'd  his  love-shaft  smartly  from  his  bow,
As  it  should  pierce  a  hundred  thousand  hearts."

So  also  in  Ben  Jonsoon's  "Every  Man  out  of  His  Humour,  Act  III.  Sc.  2  (Gifford's  Edition):"  "—her  brain's  a  vor  quiver  of  jests  &  she  does  dart  them  abroad  with  that  sweet  loose,  and  judicial  aim,  that  you  would —"  &c.  Where,  from  not  knowing,  strangely  enough,  the  technical  meaning  of  the  term,  the  accomplished  editor  has  punctuated  the  passage  thus:—

"She  does  dart  them  abroad  with  that  sweet,  loose,  and  judicious  aim,"  &c.

By  the  extreme  dart  of  time,  the  King  means  as  he  directs  after  explains  it,—"The  latest  minute  of  the  hour."

*  Which  fain  it  would  convince:  To  convince  is  to  conquer,  overcome.  So  in  "Macbeth,"  Act  I.  Sc.  7,  "—his  two  chamberlains  Will  I  with  wine  and  wassell  so  convince,"  &c.

*  I  understand  you  not;  my  griefs  are  double.]  For  double  which  seems  a  very  inapposite  expression,  Mr.  Collier's  corrector  suggests  dally,—a  good  conjecture:  but,  as  coming  nearer  to  the  letters  in  the  text,  I  think  it  more  likely  the  post-post,

"my  griefs  hear  daily,"  &c.

Which,  besides,  appears  to  lead  more  naturally  to  Biron's  reply:—

"Honest  plain  words  best  pierce  the  ear  of  grief."
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear* of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king,
For your fair sakes have we neglected time;
Play’d foul play with our oaths: your beauty,
ladies,
Hath much deform’d us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem’d ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbecfitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form’d by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange † shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom’d our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true.
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

PRN. We have receiv’d your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
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,
Lave we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a mellriment.

DUM. Our letters, madam, show’d much more
than jest.

LONG. So did our looks.

ROS. We did not quote § them so.

KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Rant us your loves.

PRN. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
0, no, my lord, your grace is perjur’d much,
All of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
For my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

( *) First folio, ear.
† Old copies, ciricalg.
(1) The quarto emits in. First folio reads these are.
(4) First folio, coot.

As bombast, and as lining to the time: Bombast was a sort of
Ding used to fill out the verses formerly.
And last love: The old copies concur in this reading, but
Is not improbably a misprint for proof.
But that it bear this trial and last proof.

In the old copies, and in most of the modern editions also, the
Loving lines now occur:—

Biron. 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,

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forest and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insensible 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 your 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.
DUM. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
KATH. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and
Honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
DUM. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
KATH. Not so, my lord:—a twelvemonth and
a day,
I’ll mark no words that smooth-fac’d wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I’ll give you some.
DUM. I’ll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
KATH. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn
again.

LONG. What says Maria?

MAR. At the twelvemonth’s end,
I’ll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LONG. I’ll stay with patience; but the time is
long.
MAR. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy* love.

(*) First folio, my.

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

On comparing these five lines of Rosaline with her subsequent
Speech, of which they are a comparatively tame and feeble abridgement, it is evident that Biron’s question and the lady’s reply in
this case are only part of the poet’s first draft, and we
Intended by him to be struck out when the Play was augmented
and corrected. Their retention in the text answers no purpose
But to detract from the force and elegance of Rosaline’s expanded
Answer immediately afterwards, and to weaken the dramatic
Interest of the two leading characters. See Note (4) of the Illus-
trative Comments on Act IV.

† forsworn agen.] So the old copies, and rightly. Modern
editors, regardless of the rhyme, have substituted, again.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron, Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks; Full of comparisons and wounding flouts, Which you on all estates will execute, That lie within the mercy of your wit: To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain, And, therewithal, to win me, if you please, (Without the which I am not to be won,) You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day, Visit the speechless sick, and still converse With groaning wretches; and your task shall be, With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death? It cannot be; it is impossible: Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit, Whose influence is begot of that loose grace Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools: A jest's prosperity lies in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue 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 then, 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.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall whaf will befall, I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Pain. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [To the King.

King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play; Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

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 vowed to Jaquenette 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.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.* This side is Hiems, winter: this Ver, the spring the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

I.

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, 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!

II. When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks, Whenturtles tread, and crickets, and daws, And maidens bleach their summer smocks, 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!

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall, And Dick the shepherd blows his nose, And Tom bears logs into the hall, And milk comes frozen home in pails, When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul, Then nightly sings the staring owl, To-who?*

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note, While grey Joan doth keel the pot.

* First folio, Enter all.

And lady-smocks all silver white,

De paint the meadows with delight.

* To-who: A modern addition, to correspond with *cuckoo* in the previous verses, and without which the two last verses could hardly be sung to the same tune.
IV.
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-whit, to-who;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after
the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this
way.

[Exeunt.]
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—

—brave conquerors!—for so you are,

That war against your own affections,

And the huge army of the world's desires.] There is a passage in "The Hystorice of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" (London, 1608,) which strikingly resembles the above both in thought and expression. It is there said that Hamlet "in all his honorable actions made himselfe worthy of perpetual memorie, if one enely spotte had not blemished and darkened a good part of his prayses. For that the greatest victorie that a man can obtaine is to make himselfe victorious and lord over his owne affections, and that restrained the unbridled desires of his concupiscence," see Mr. Collier's reprint in "Shakespeare's Library," vol. 1. p. 130.

(2) Scene I.—A high hope for a low heaven. Upon maturer consideration, I am disposed to believe the low heavens, and the god from whom we might expect high words, refer to the Stage Heaven, and its hectoring Jupiter, whose lofty, huff-cap style was a favourite topic for ridicule.

"If Jove speak English, in a thundering cloud, "Thwrick, thwack;" and 'rif-rar,' tears he out aloud."

Hale's Serires, Book I., Sat. VI.

See an interesting and suggestive article on the Heaven of the old theatres in "A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare," by W. Whiter, 1794, pp. 153-166.

(3) Scene II.—You are a gentleman, and a gueaseter.] Of the extent to which the practice of gambling was carried in Shakespeare's time, we have abundant testimony in the literature of that period. There are few plays or books of any description, illustrative of the social habits of the people, which have not some allusion to this prevalent vice. According to Drake, it "had become almost universal in the days of Elizabeth; and," he remarks, "if we may credit George Whetstone," had reached a prodigious degree of excess. Speaking of the licentiousness of the stage previous to the appearance of Shakespeare, he adds:—"But, there are in the bowls of this famous citie, farre more daungersome players, & little reprehended: that wicked players of the dice, first invented by the devyll, (as Cornelius Agrippa wryteth) & frequented by unhappy men: the detestable roote, upon which a thousand villianies growe.

"The nurses of these (worse than heathenish) hellish exercises are places called ordinary tables: of which there are in London more in number, to honor the devyll, than churches to serve the living God.—P. 24.

"I constantly determine to cross the streets where these vile houses (ordinaries) are planted, to bless me from this enticements of the, which in very deed are many, and the more dangerous, in that they please with a vain hope of gain. Insomuch on a time, I heard a dis- temperate dicer solemnly swear that he faithfully be- leaved, that dice were first made of the bones of a witch, & cards of her skin, in which there hath ever since remained an enchantment, yt whatsoever one taketh delight in either, he shall never have power utterly to leave them; for quoth he, I a hundred times vowed to leave both dice and cards the latter day, and yet he doth it as of old.”—Shakesp. Hist. Hymn. P. 89.

"No opportunity for the practice of this ruinous habit seems to have been omitted, and we find the modern mode of gambling, by taking the odds, to have been fully established towards the latter end of the sixteenth century; for Gilbert Talbot, writing to his brother in the end of Shrewsbury, on May the 10th, 1579, after informing His Lordship that the matter of the Queen's marriage with Monsieur "is growne very cold," subjoums, "and yet I know the people may take a thousand pounds, in this town, to be bounde to pay doble so muche when Monseigneur cimethe into Inglands, and treble so muche when he marryseth the Q. Ma." and if he nether doe the one nor the other, to gayne the thousand pounds clearely."—Ballads of the sixteenth c., xxxviii., p. 299.

His most celebrated performance was the ascent to the top of St. Paul's, in 1600, an exploit referred to in Decker's "Gulf's Horn-Booke," 1600:—"As from hence you may descend to talk about the horse that went up; and strive if you can to know his keeper;" &c. And also in the Blacke Booke, by Middleton, 1604:—"May not the devil, I pray you, walk in Paul's, as the horse go a top of Paul's, for I am sure I was not far from his keeper."

In a rare quarto, called "Tarlton's Jests," &c., published in 1611, we are told,—"There was one Banks (in the time of Tarlton), who served the Earl of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities; and being at the Cross-keyes in Gracious street, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to; Tarlton, then (with his fellows) playing at the Bell by, came into the Cross-keyes (amongst many people) to see fashions; which Banks, seeing the people laugh, says, 'Signor,' (to his horse,) 'go fetch me the most honest man in the company.' The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth draws Tarlton forth. Tarlton (with merry words) said nothing but 'God a mercy, horse!' In the end, Tarlton, seeing the people laugh so, was angry inwardly, and said, 'Sir, had I power of your horse, as you have, I would do more than that.' 'What'er it be,' said Banks (to please
From nature's laws he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all disdain.
But mark what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The second stanza is memorable, from Mercutio's quoting
the opening line:

"Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid."

Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 1.

"And when the wedding day was come
The king commanded strat
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behav'd herself that day
As if she had never walk't the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The properst cloth is come to passe,
The priest when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerge he was;
He knoweth not his estate."

Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. 3.

ACT III.

"Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung
in Marston's "Antonio's Revenges," 1602, are inserted;
but instead of them, cantatas." — STEVENS.

He has shown, too, that occasionally a still greater
latitude was allowed to the players. In Greene's "Tu
Quoque," 1614, the stage direction says:

"Here they two talk and rail what they list."

And in "King Edward IV. Part II." 1619:

"Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words,
but of no importance."
(2) SCENE I.—Master, will you win your love with a French brawl? Marston, in his "Malcontent," describes this dance, but in a way that is quite unintelligible. It appears to have been performed by several persons joined hand to hand in a circle, and to have been the opening dance of a ball. Douce quotes the following account of "Le branle du bouquet," from "Deux dialogues du nouveau langage François, Italianisé," etc. Anvers, 1579, 24mo:

"Un des gentil-hommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse, laissent les autres (qui cependant continuent la danze) et se mettent dedans la dictce compagnie, vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont: à savoir le gentil-homme les dames, et la dame les gentil-hommes. Puis ayans achevé leurs baisances, au lieu qu'ils estoient les premiers en la danse, se mettent les derniers. Et ceste façon de faire se continue par le gentil-homme et la dame qui sont les plus prochains, jusques à ce qu'on vienne aux derniers."—P. 355.

In Thoinot Arbeau's curious treatise on dancing, intituled "Orchesographie," Lyons, 1538, 4to, there is a Scotch brawl, the music of which is given in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakspeare," Vol. I. p. 219.

(3) SCENE I.—By my penny of observation, etc. [J. Penny, in days of yore, was used metaphorically to signify money, or means generally. In vol. i. p. 400, of the celebrated "Roxburgh Collection of Ballads," in the British Museum, is an old ballad,—"There's nothing to be had without Money; the burden of which is, "But God a mercy penny." It is much too long to quote in full; but a few of the stanzas may be amusing to those who are not familiar with the quaint old lays which solaced and delighted our forefathers:

"1. You gallants, and you swaggering blades, Give ear unto my ditty: I am a boon companion known In country, town, or city; I always lend to wear good clothes, And ever seem to take blows; I am belov'd of all me know, But God a mercy penny.

2. My father was a man well known, His bags of gold, he said, to him More sweeter were than honey, But, his son, will let it fly In tavern, or in ordinary; I am belov'd in company, But God a mercy penny.

3. Bear garden, when I do frequent, That need to hear high words, They afford to me most rare content As I full oft have tried. The best pastime that they can make They instantly will undertake, For my delight and pleasure sake, But God a mercy penny.

4. In every place whereas I came, Both I and my sweet penny, Got entertainment in the same, And got the love of many; Both tapsters, cooks, and vintners fine, With other jovial friends of mine, Will pledge my health in beer or wine, But God a mercy penny."

If further proof of this figurative use of penny is required, it may readily be found in our old comedies; but perhaps the following will be sufficient:

"—a man may buy it with his penny."—All Fools, Act IV. Sc. i.

"She had purchased with her penny."—Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money. Act IV. Sc. 3.

(4) SCENE I.—The hobby-horse is forgot.] "The Morris and the May-game of Robin Hood attained their most perfect form," Drake remarks, "when united with the Hobby-horse and the Dragon. Of these, the former was the resemblance of the head and tail of a horse, manufactured in pasteboard, and attached to a person, whose business it was, whilst he seemed to ride gracefully on its back, to imitate the prancings and curvetings of that noble animal, whose supposed feet were concealed by a footcloth reaching to the ground." Considerable practice, and some little skill, must have been required for the most perfect specimens of this burlesque manage. In "The Vow Breaker" of Sampson, one of these centaurs, enraged with the mayor of the town for being his rival, exclaims,—"Let the mayor play the hobby-horse among his brethren, an he will, I hope our towne-lads cannot want a hobby-horse. Have I practic'd my reines, my carreers, my pranceries, my ambies, my false trots, my smooth ambies and Canterbury paces, and shall master mayor put me besides the hobby-horse!"

One of the first steps taken by the puritanical zealots of those days, for the suppression of the ancient May-day sports, was to prohibit this popular favourite; and the playwrights and ballad-mongers seem never weary of satirizing his banishment by their ludicrous repining. Shakespeare again refers to it in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 2:

"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

And Ben Jonson, in his "Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Althorpe:"

"But see the hobby-horse is forgot, Fool, it must be your lot, To supply his want with faces, And some other bussous graces."

So, too, Beaumont and Fletcher, in their "Women Pleased," Act IV. Sc. 1:

"Shall the hobby-horse be forgot, then, The hopeful hobby-horse, shall he lie founder'd!"

And in Greene's "Tu Quoque," 1614:

"The other hobby-horse, I perceive, is not forgotten."

(5) SCENE I.—Like a German clock.] The earliest clocks used in this country came from Germany, and from their cumbersome, inartificial construction were likely to be often out of gear. Weston tells us he heard a French proverb that compared anything intricate and out of order to the cog de Strasburg, that belonged to the machinery of the town clock. The first clock of English manufacture is said to be the one at Hampton Court; which, according to the inscription once attached to it, was set up in 1540. Shakespeare is not singular in comparing a woman, from the elaboration of her toilet, to the complicated mechanism of a German clock. Ben Jonson, in his "Silent Woman," Act IV. Sc. 1. (Gifford's Ed.), has the same simile:—

"She takes herself Saunders still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock."

So, also, Middleton, in "A Mad World, My Masters," 1608:

"What, is it she saunders from her clothes? Being ready she consists of hundred pieces, Much like a German clock, and near ally'd."

Thus, too, Decker and Webster in "Westward Hoe!" 1697:

"No German clock, no mathematical engine Whatever, requires such repARATION."
ACT IV.

(1) Scene I.—A Monarch.] This Monarch was a

Italian, to whom allusion is made by many writers
of the age. His name consisted in believing himself


dying of the world!—

"Soe Monarch of the universal earth;" 

in "A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State," &c. 4to. 1590,

p. 39, the following incident connected with his delusion

is recorded:—"The actors were, that Bergamasco (for

his pantastick humors) named Monarcho, and two of

the Spanish ambassadors retinue, who being about four

and twenty years past, in Pauls Church in London, con

descended who was sovereign of the world; the Monarcho

maintained himself to be he, and named their King to be but

his victor for Spain; the other two with great fury deny

ning it," &c.

Churchyard wrote an epitaph, published in 1680, on this

poor crack-brained being; an extract from which, as it

contains the best account of him yet discovered, may not

be unacceptable:—

"The Phantastical Monarches Epitaph.

"Though Dant be dede, and Marot lies in grave,

And Petrakk's sprit bee mounted past our vewe,

Yet some doe lie (that poets humours have)

To keepe old course with vains of verses newe:

Whose pens are prest to paint out people plaine,

That in their name should remaine.

Come poore old man that boare the Monarks name,

Thyne Epitaph shall here set forth ye fame.

Thy climing mynde aspierd beyonde the stars,

Thy lustie stile no yeartly titill bore:

Thy witts would seeme to see through peace and wars,

Thy taunting song was pleasant sharpe and sore.

And though thy pride and pompe was somewhat vaine,

The Monarks had a depe discourysing brace;

Alonge with freend he could of wunders trae,

In publike place pronounce a sentence greate.

* * *

When strangers came in presence any where,

Strueage was the talke the Monarks uttered than:

He had a voice could thunder through the eare,

And speaketh mutchke a merry Christmas man:

But sure small mirthe his matter harped on.

His forms of life who lists to look upon,

Did shewe some withe, though follie fedde his will:

The man is dede, yet Monarks liuch still." 

(2) Scene II.—Treat a pricket.] In the Play called

"The Return from Parnassus," 1606, we have the several

appllications of the deer at his different stages of growth —

"Now, sir, a Bucke the first yeare is a Fawnne; the

second yeare a pricket; the third yeare a Sorell; the

fourth yeare a Scare; the fift, a Buck of the first head;

the sixt yeare a compleat Buck." 

(3) Scene II.—

Vinegia, Vinegia,

Chi non te vede, et non te pregia.

A well-known proverbial sentence. In Howell's "Letters,

b. I. sect. i. 1. 36, it is quoted thus:—

"Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,

Ma chi t'a troppo veduto le dispregia."

"Venice, Venice, none the unseen can prize,

Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise." 

(4) Scene III. For when would you, my lord, or you, or you.] In the present speech, as in that of Rosaline (p. 97),

we appear to have got both the first sketch and the com

pleted form of the poet's intention, which makes it ex

remely probable that the 4to. 1598, was composed from

his own MS. There can be little doubt that the passage

beginning as above, and the one lower down, both enclosed

in brackets, commencing—

"For where is any author in the world;" 

are a portion of the original drafts of Biron's address, and

were meant by the author to be erased after he corrected

and enlarged the play. In a subsequent part of the speech

we have the same ideas, and even the same expressions.

It has been contended, indeed, that these repetitions were

intentional, and the iteration an artifice of rhetoric; but

Shakespeare never repeats himself unnecessarily, and it is

too much to believe that he would lengthen out an address,

already long enough, by conveying the same thoughts in

the same language. The words, too, "With ourselves,"

which in the old copies occur under a line that bears a

similar expression, point irresistibly to the conclusion,

that the passages indicated were inadvertently left un

cancelled, and so got into print with the amended version.

ACT V.

(1) Scene I. A quick venuce of wit.] The meaning of

venus, or venus, a term used of old by soncers, was made

the subject of a very animated war of words between

Steevens and Malone, the former defining it to be k. bowt,

or setto, and the latter, a hit. Mr. Donne has shown

clearly that venus, staccato, and imbrogato denoted the same

thing—a hit, thrust, focium, or touch. See Saviole's treatise,

called "Use of the rapier and dagger," 4to. 1596; Florio's

Italian, in allusion to which does, and Howell's "Lexicon tetra

glotton," 1600.

(2) Scene II. To tread a measure with her on the grass.] A measure seems originally to have meant any dance the

motions of which kept due touch to music:—

"And dancing is a moving all in measure." 

Orchestra, by Sir John Davies, 1622.

In time, however, it obtained a more precise significations,

and was used to denote a movement slow, stately, and

swaying, like the modern minuet, which appears to be of

the same character, and its legitimate successor:—
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

"But after these, as men more civil grew, They did more severe and solemn measure frame With such fair order and proportion true, And correspondence ev'ry way the same, That no fault-finding eye did ever blame."—Orchestra.

The mesure, Reed tells us, "were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not much more in proportion than a wrong for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revells which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been usual for the first characters in the law to become performers in "treading the measures.""

In "Riche his Farewell to Military Profession," Lond. 1581, there is a description of the Measure and other popular dances of the period too amusing to be omitted:—

"First, for dauncyng, although I like the measures verie well, yet I could never tread them aright, nor to use measure in any thing that I went about, although I desired to performe all thynge by line and by leavell, what so ever I tooke in hande. Our galliardes are so curios, that thei are not for my dauncyng, for thei are so full of tricks and toursnes, that he whiche hath no more but the plaunes singepace is not so good accompted of then a verie bongler; and for my part thei might assone teache me to make a capricornus, as a capre in the right kinde that it should bee.

"For a jeuge my heales are too heauie: and these braulses are so busie, that I love not to beate my braines about them.

A rounde is too giddie a daunces for my diet; for let the dauncyng runne about with as much speed as thei mak, yet are thei never a whil the nier to the ende of their course, unless with often turnynge thei hap to catch a fall; and so thei ende the dauncyng with shame, that it was begonne but in sporte.

"These horcynge I have hater from my verie youth; and I know there are many other that love them as well as I.

"Thus you may perceive that there is no dauncy but either not of them, or thei like not of me, so that I can dauncy nothing."

(3) SCENE II. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps. Johnson opined that the statute-caps alluded to were those worn by members of the Universities. "Lady Rosaline declares that her expectations were disappointed by these courtly students, and that better wits might be found in the common places of education; for a ballad of 1571, it was ordered by Statute, that citizens should wear woolen caps on Sundays and holidays, to encourage the trade of cappers; the more probable meaning, therefore, as Sleeves suggests, is that better wits might be found among the citizens, an interpretation which is well supported by the following quotations: "—though my husband be a citizen, and his cap's made of wool, yet I have wit."—Marston's "Dutch Courtzeman," 1605. "Tis a law enacted by the common council of statute-caps,"—"The Family of Love," 1608. "—in a bowling alley in a flat cap like a shop-keeper."—"News from Hell," ko. 1606.

(4) SCENE II.—He can carve too and liep.] Mr. Hunter ("New Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. i. p. 216) was the first to point out that the commentators were all wrong in supposing that the word carve here, and the same expression in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act i. Sc. 3:—

"she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation;"

denoted the particular action of carving food at table. "Carving," he remarks, "would seem to mean some form of action which indicated the desire that the person to whom it was addressed should be attentive and particular." It was reserved for an American critic, Mr. R. G. White, to show by a happy illustration from Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," "her write little finger bewraces carving," that the "form of action," acutely surmised by Mr. Hunter, was a sign of recognition made with the little finger, probably when the glass was raised to the mouth. (See "Shakespeare's Scholar," Svo. New York, 1854, p. xxxii.)

The following are instances, adduced by Mr. Hunter and Mr. Dyce, in which the word is used with this meaning:—

"Then did this Queen her wandering coach ascend, and the wheels were more inconsistent than the wind: A mighty troop this empress did attend; There might you Catus Marius carving find And martial Sylla courting Venus kind."

A description of Fortunio from "A Prophete of Cudwaller, last King of the Britaines," by William Herbert, to, 1604.

"her amorous gestures are her acusceres, her very looks write Sonnets in thy commendations; she carves thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde."—Day's He of Quia, 1606, Sig. D.

"And if thy rive be in presence too, Seems not to mark, but do as others do; Salute him friendly, give him gentle words, Return all courtesies that he affords; Drink to him, carve him, give him compliment; This shall thy mistresse more than the torment;

BLOOMINGTON'S RIMEDY OF LOVE.

(5) SCENE II. Write Lord have mercy on us, on those three.] During the plague, every infected or visited house was strictly guarded night and day that no person should leave it, and large red crosses were painted upon the doors and windows, over which was inscribed, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US.

"But by the way he saw and much respected A daore belonging to a house infectes, Which was placed (as the sayd is) The Lord have mercy on us; this sad bill The parson's Epitaph, by R. S., entitled "More Fools yet," 1610,

We have the same allusion in Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," art. "A Prison," Ed. 1616:—"Lord have mercy upon us, may well stand over these doores, for debt is a most dangerous and catching city pestilence."

The expression, the Lord's tokens, four lines lower, is a continuation of the metaphor: the discoultations, or plague-spots on the skin of an infected person, were commonly called "The Lord's tokens."

(6) SCENE II.—You cannot beg us. Allusive to a practice formerly prevalent of begging the wardship of idiots and lunatics from the sovereign, who was the legal guardian, in order to gain possession of their property. This odious custom is a source of constant satire to the old dramatists. In illustration of it, there is an amusing story extracted by Douce from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 6305.

"The Lord North begg'd old Blackwell for a fool (though he could never prove him so), and having him in custodie as a lunaticke, he carried him to a gentleman's house, one day, that was his neighbour. The L. North and the gentleman retir'd awhile to private discourse, and left Blackwell in the dining room, which was hung with a faire hanging; Blackwell walking up and downe, and viewing the imagerie, spied a foole at last in the hanging, and presently, as his delay draveth his knife, flies at the face, cuts him clean out, and leaves him on the floor; my Lord and the gentil coming in againe, and finding the tapestrice thus descat'd, he ask'd Blackwell what he meant by such a rude uncivill act; he answer'd, Sir, be content, I have rather done a courtesie than a politesse, for my L. had seem the fools there, he would have begg'd him, and so you might have lost your whole suite."

(7) SCENE II.—Pageant of the Nine Worthies.] The Nine Worthies, originally comprising Joshua, David,
IX. Worthy.

Ecto de Troye. Thow Achylles in bataly me slow
Of my wurthernes men spoken l-now.

Alisander. And in romance often am I leyt
As conqueror geth thow I seyt.

Julius Cesar. Thow my cenanouryse me slow in Conlory,
Fele londes before by conquest wan I.

Josue. In holy Chyrche ye mowen here and rede
Of my wurtherynes and of my dede.

David. Aftyr that slayn was Golyas
By me the Sawter than made was.

Judas Maccabseus. Of my wurthernesse, zyf ze wyll wete
Seche the Byble, for ther it is wrecete.

Arthur. The Round Tably I sette with knyghtes strong,
Zyi shall I come aget, thow it be long.

Charles. With me dwellyd Rouland Olyvere
In all my conquest fer and nere.

Godefrey de Boleyn. And I was kynge of Iherusalem
The crowne of thorn I wan fro hem.

In the Harl. MSS. 2057, f. 36, there is the draft of a show "Intended to be made uppon the petition to Mr. Recorder, Aug. 1, 1621," of which the Nine Worthy form a part; and from the description it gives of these personages and their esquires, they must have presented a very imposing spectacle.

"The 9 worthyes in compleat armor with Crownes of gould on thare heads, ever on having his espie to bee before him his shield and penon of armes, dressed according as thee lords where nocostumed to be: 3 Issaralts, 3 Inidelts, 3 Christians, &c."

As Shakespeare introduces Hercules and Pompey among his presence of Worthy, we may infer that the characters were sometimes varied to suit the circumstances of the period, or the taste of the auditory. A MS. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, mentions the Six Worthies having been played before the Lord Deputy Sussex in 1557.

(8) Scene II.—

For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!]

Biron's quibble has not even the merit of novelty, but with the unfastidious audience of Shakespeare's age, that was far from indispensable to a joke's prosperity. It occurs as early as 1568, in Heywood's Poems, and if worth the search might probably be traced still further back,—

"On an yll Governor called Jude.

"A ruler there was in a countrey a for,
And of people a great extorcioner:
Who by name (as I understand) was called Jude,
One gave him an ass, which gyft when he had vue, he asked the giver, for what intent,
He brought him that ass. For a present
I breyned master Jude (quoth he) this as hyther,
To joygne master Jude and this assere together,
Whiche two joygned in one; this is brought to pas,
I male byd you good even master Judas,
Maccab or Iscariot thou knave (quoth he!) Whom it please your mastership, him let it be."
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"Of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' as it was performed in the year 1591, we possess no exact transcript; for, in the oldest edition which has hitherto been found of this Play, namely that of 1598, it is said in the title-page to be newly corrected and augmented, with the further information, that it had been presented before Her Highness the last Christmas; facts which show that we are in possession not of the first draft or edition of this comedy, but only of that copy which represents it as it was revived and improved for the entertainment of the Queen, in 1597.

"The original sketch, whether printed or merely performed, we conceive to have been one of the pieces alluded to by Greene, in 1592, when he accuses Shakespeare of being an absolute Johannes fac-totum of the stage, primarily and principally from the mode of its execution, which, as we have already observed, betrays the earliness of its source in the strongest manner; secondarily, that, like Pericles, it occasionally copies the language of Arcadia, then with all the attractive novelty of its reputation in full bloom; and, thirdly, that, in the fifth Act, various allusions to the Muscovites or Russians seem evidently to point to a period when Russia and its inhabitants attracted the public consideration, a period which we find, from Hackluyt, to have occupied the years 1590 and 1591, when, as Warburton and Chalmers have observed, the arrangement of Russian commerce engaged very particularly the attention, and formed the conversation of the court, the city, and the country."

"It may be also remarked, that while no Play among our author's works exhibits more decisive marks of juvenility than Love's Labour's Lost, none, at the same time, is more strongly imbued with the peculiar cast of his youthful genius; for in style and manner it bears a closer resemblance to the Venus and Adonis, the Rape of Lucrece, and the earlier Sonnets, than any other of his genuine dramas. It presents us, in short, with a continued contest of wit and repartee; the persons represented, whether high or low, vying with each other throughout the piece, in the production of the greatest number of jokes, sallies, and verbal equivoces. The profusion with which these are every-where scattered, has, unfortunately, had the effect of throwing an air of uniformity over all the characters, who seem solely intent on keeping up the ball of raillery; yet is Biron now and then discriminated by a few strong touches, and Holofernes is probably the portrait of an individual, some of his quotations having justly induced the commentators to infer, that Florio, the author of First and Second Fruits, dialogues in Italian and English, and of a Dictionary entitled A World of Words, was the object of the poet's satire.

"If in dramatic strength of painting this comedy be deficient, and it appears to us, in this quality, inferior to Pericles, we must, independent of the vivacity of its dialogue already noticed, acknowledge, that it displays several poetical gems, that it contains many just moral apothegms, and that it affords, even in the closet, no small fund of amusement; and here it is worthy of being remarked, and may, indeed, without prejudice or prepossession, be asserted, that, even to the earliest and most unfinished

* Vide Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, pp. 281, 282; and Douce's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 218.
† Vol. i. p. 498-9, edit. 1598
‡ Reed's Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 151, note; and Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, p. 283.
dramas of our poet, a peculiar interest is felt to be attached, not arising from the fascination of a name, but from an intrinsic and almost inexplicable power of pleasing, which we in vain look for in the juvenile plays of other bards, and which serves, perhaps better than any other criterion, to ascertain the genuine property of Shakspeare; it is, in fact, a touchstone, which, when applied to Titus Andronicus, and what has been termed the First Part of Henry the Sixth, must, if every other evidence were wanting, flash conviction on our senses."—DRAKE.

"I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of this play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters, and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded. A whimsical determination certainly;—yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality. This sort of story, too, was admirably suited to Shakspeare's times, when the English court was still the foster-mother of the state and the muses; and when, in consequence, the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present,—but in which a hundred years of controversy, involving every great political, and every dear domestic, interest, had trained all but the lowest classes to participate. Add to this, the very style of the sermons of the time, and the eagerness of the Protestants to distinguish themselves by long and frequent preaching, and it will be found that, from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the abdication of James the Second, no country ever received such a national education as England.

"Hence the comic matter chosen in the first instance is a ridiculous imitation or apery of this constant striving after logical precision, and subtle opposition of thoughts, together with a making the most of every conception or image, by expressing it under the least expected property belonging to it, and this, again, rendered specially absurd by being applied to the most current subjects and occurrences. The phrases and modes of combination in argument were caught by the most ignorant from the custom of the age, and their ridiculous misapplication of them is most amusingly exhibited in Costard; whilst examples suited only to the gravest propositions and impersonations, or apostrophes to abstract thoughts impersonated, which are in fact the natural language only of the most vehement agitations of the mind, are adopted by the coxcombry of Armado as mere artificialities of ornament.

"The same kind of intellectual action is exhibited in a more serious and elevated strain in many other parts of this play. Biron's speech at the end of the fourth act is an excellent specimen of it. It is logic clothed in rhetoric;—but observe how Shakspeare, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character. This speech is quite a study;—sometimes you see this youthful god of poetry connecting disparate thoughts purely by means of resemblances in the words expressing them,—a thing in character in lighter comedy, especially of that kind in which Shakspeare delights, namely, the purposed display of wit, though sometimes, too, disfiguring his graver scenes;—but more often you may see him doubling the natural connection or order of logical consequence in the thoughts, by the introduction of an artificial and sought-for resemblance in the words, as, for instance, in the third line of the play:—

"And then grace us in the disgrace of death;"—

this being a figure often having its force and propriety, as justified by the law of passion, which, inducing in the mind an unusual activity, seeks for means to waste its superfluity,—when in the highest degree—in lyric repetitions and sublime tautology.—(at her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead,)—and, in lower degrees, in making the words themselves the subjects and materials of that surplus action, and for the same cause that agitates our limbs, and forces our very gestures into a tempest in states of high excitement.

"The mere style of narration in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' like that of Egeon in the first scene of the Comedy of Errors, and of the Captain in the second scene of Macbeth, seems imitated with its defects and its beauties from Sir Philip Sidney; whose Arcadia, though not then published, was already well known in manuscript copies, and could hardly have escaped the notice and admiration of Shakspeare as the friend and client of the Earl of Southampton. The chief defect consists in the parentheses and parenthetic thoughts and descriptions, suited neither to the passion of the speaker,
CRITICAL OPINIONS.

nor the purpose of the person to whom the information is to be given, but manifestly betraying the author himself,—not by way of continuous under-song, but—palpably, and so as to show themselves addressed to the general reader. However, it is not unimportant to notice how strong a presumption the diction and allusions of this play afford, that, though Shakspeare’s acquirements in the dead languages might not be such as we suppose in a learned education, his habits had, nevertheless, been scholastic, and those of a student. For a young author’s first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits, and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situations in which those employments had placed him;—or else they are fixed on such objects and occurrences in the world, as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditation. Just as Ben Jonson, who applied himself to the drama after having served in Flanders, fills his earliest plays with true or pretended soldiers, the wrongs and neglects of the former, and the absurd boasts and knavery of their counterfeits. So Lessing’s first comedies are placed in the universities, and consist of events and characters conceivable in an academic life.”—Coleridge.

"Love’s Labour’s Lost is numbered among the pieces of Shakspeare’s youth. It is a humorsome display of frolic; a whole cornucopia of the most vivacious jokes is emptied into it. Youth is certainly perceivable in the lavish superfluity of labour in the execution; the unbroken succession of plays on words, and sallies of every description, hardly leave the spectator time to breathe; the sparkles of wit fly about in such profusion, that they resemble a blaze of fireworks; while the dialogue, for the most part, is in the same hurried style in which the passing masks at a carnival attempt to banter each other. The young king of Navarre, with three of his courtiers, has made a vow to pass three years in rigid retirement, and devote them to the study of wisdom; for that purpose he has banished all female society from his court, and imposed a penalty on the intercourse with women. But scarcely has he, in a pompous harangue, worthy of the most heroic achievements, announced this determination, when the daughter of the king of France appears at his court, in the name of her old and bed-ridden father, to demand the restitution of a province which he held in pledge. Compelled to give her audience, he falls immediately in love with her. Matters fare no better with his companions, who on their parts renew an old acquaintance with the princess’s attendants. Each, in heart, is already false to his vow, without knowing that the wish is shared by his associates; they overhear one another, as they in turn confide their sorrows in a love-ditty to the solitary forest; every one jeers and confounds the one who follows him. Biron, who from the beginning was the most satirical among them, at last steps forth, and rallies the king and the two others, till the discovery of a love-letter forces him also to hang down his head. He extricates himself and his companions from their dilemma by ridiculing the folly of the broken vow, and after a noble eulogy on women, invites them to swear new allegiance to the colours of love. This scene is inimitable, and the crowning beauty of the whole. The manner in which they afterwards prosecute their love-suits in masks and disguise, and in which they are tricked and laughed at by the ladies, who are also masked and disguised, is, perhaps, spun out too long. It may be thought, too, that the poet, when he suddenly announces the death of the king of France, and makes the princess postpone her answer to the young prince’s serious advances till the expiration of the period of her mourning, and impose, besides, a heavy penance on him for his levity, drops the proper comic tone. But the tone of raillery which prevails throughout the piece, made it hardly possible to bring about a more satisfactory conclusion: after such extravagance, the characters could not return to sobriety, except under the presence of some foreign influence. The grotesque figures of Don Armado, a pompous fantastic Spaniard, a couple of pedants, and a clown, who between whiles contribute to the entertainment, are the creation of a whimsical imagination, and well adapted as foils for the wit of so vivacious a society.”—Schlegel.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
"The Comedie of Errors" is one of those plays no copy of which has been discovered prior to that in the folio of 1623. It is noticed by Meres, (Faldadis Tamia, 1598,) and, in all probability, was written, and acted first, in the very dawn of Shakespeare’s genius. The main incident appears to have been taken from the Menachmi of Plautus, but whether directly, or through the medium of some early translation of the Roman comedy, will most likely remain a subject of interesting speculation to editors and commentators for ages yet unborn.

Steevens conceived that our author was indebted to an English version by W. W[arner], printed in 1595, but there are circumstances which militate strongly against this presumption. In the first place, we have almost decisive proof that the present play was publicly performed a year before Warner’s Menachmi appeared, since in the Gesta Grayorum of 1594 (published in 4to, 1688) is the following entry:—"After such sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night was begun and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." (P. 22.) Again, it is reasonable to expect, if Shakespeare had adopted Warner’s version for the groundwork of his play, that some coincidence in the names of the characters, or at least some parallelism in the ideas and turns of expression, would be evident in the two works; but none has been detected. Another circumstance adverse to Steevens’ conjecture, is the fact that the brothers Antipholus in Shakespeare’s comedy are respectively distinguished, in the opening scenes, as Antipholus Erotes, or Errotis, and Antipholus Sereptus (corruptions, perhaps, of erraticus and surreptus), appellatives which are not found in Warner.* Taken singly, these facts are not of much weight, but together, they certainly tend to prove that the youthful dramatist either went at once to Plautus for so much of his fable and characters as are borrowed, or took them from some other source than the Menachmi of Warner. The latter is the more probable and popular hypothesis. Without ascertaining to the opinion of those Commentators who deny to Shakespeare any acquaintance with Greek and Latin (languages, it should be remembered, which were better and more extensively cultivated in his day than in ours), we may safely suppose that,—engrossed as his time and mind must have been as an actor, a shareholder in the theatre, and a dramatic writer, whenever he had more than one source at command for the derivation of his story, he preferred that which gave him the least trouble to apprehend. That it was his practice, where the subject of his plot is taken from the ancients, to resort to existing translations, rather than apply to the originals themselves, we know, indeed, by comparing Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, &c. &c., with the translation of Plutarch extant in his time. The question then arises, did any English version of the Menachmi, besides that by Warner, exist before the "Comedy of Errors" was written. We believe there did. The indefatigable Malone was the first to discover evidence of an old play called "The Historie of Error," which, according to the Accounts of the Revels in Queen Elizabeth’s Court preserved in the Audit Office, was acted at Hampton Court on New Year’s Night, 1576-77, "by the children of Powles."†

The same accounts contain an entry, under the date of 1582-3, which may be assumed to refer to this play, although the title, through the ignorance or carelessness of the scribe, is misprinted, "A Historie of Ferrar shewed before her Majestie at Wyndesor on Twelfdaie at night, enacted by the Lord Chamberlayne’s servaunte." &c.

* In Plautus, these personages are designated,

Menachmus Sereptus.

† See Cunningham’s Extracts from the Accounts of the Revel, p. 102.
Preliminary Notice.

In "The Historie of Error," then, we have possibly the foundation of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," and the source whence he adopted the designations erraticus and surreptus, which the players or printers corrupted into Erotes and Sereptus.

Mr. Halliwell has observed that the title of this comedy was either a common proverb, or furnished the subject of one; and in his magnificent edition of the great dramatist he adduces the following instances where it is mentioned by contemporary writers:—"Anton, in his Philosophical Satires, 1616, p. 51, exclaims—"What Comedies of Errors swell the stage!" So also Decker, in his Knights Conjuring, 1607—His ignorance, arising from his blindness, is the only cause of this Comedie of Errors;" and previously, in his Satiro-mastix, 1602, he seems to allude to the play itself—instead of the trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse, for him that will read, first to behold this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction.' Again also, in the Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, 1604,—"This was a prettie Comedie of Errors, my round host."

How long before the notice of it by Meres in 1598 the Comedy of Errors was acted, we can only conjecture from internal indications. The "long hobbling verses," as Blackstone termed them, that are found in it, and which were a marked peculiarity in the old plays anterior to Shakespeare's day, would alone determine it to have been one of his youthful efforts. Theobald was of opinion, too, that Dromio's reply (Act III. Sc. 2), to the question where he found France in the "globe"—like kitchen wench,—

"In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir;"

was an allusion to the civil wars in France upon the succession of Henry IV. of Navarre; whose claim as heir was resisted by the States of France on account of his being a Protestant. If any such equivoque between hair and heir were really intended, which is fairly presumable, this passage would serve to fix the date of the play somewhere between 1589, when the war began, and 1593, the period of its termination.

Persons Represented.

Solinus, duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse.

Antipholus of Ephesus, and Antipholus of Syracuse, twin brothers, but unknown to each other.

Dromio of Ephesus, twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.

Balthazar, a merchant.

Angelo, a goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
A Merchant, trading with Angelo.*

Pinch, a schoolmaster, and a conjurer.

Æmilia, wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Luce, her servant.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene.—Ephesus.

* This personage, who plays no unimportant part in the drama, appears to have been altogether forgotten, or con- founded with another character, in every list of the Dramatic Personæ of the play that has heretofore been published.
Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officer, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall, And, by the doom of death, end woes and all. Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more; I am not partial to infringe our laws. The enmity and discord which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke, To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,— Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives, Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,— Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks. For, since the mortal and intestine jars Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us, It hath in solemn synods been decreed, Both by the Syracusians and ourselves, To admit no traffic to our adverse towns.

Æge. Nay, more: if any born at Ephesus be seen At any Syracusan marts and fairs,— Again, if any Syracusan born Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose; Unless a thousand marks be levied To quit the penalty, and to ransom him. Thy substance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount unto a hundred marks; Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die. Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done, My woes end likewise with the evening sun. Duke. Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause Why thou departest from thy native home, And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus. Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd, Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable. Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embraces of my spouse.
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)

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a Was wrought by nature,—] Mr. Collier's corrector substitutes fortune for nature, a change which is unnecessary. The sense of the original is clear enough: — My death was not a punishment for criminality, but brought about by the impulses of nature, which led me to Ephesus in search of my son.

b And by me too,—] The word too was added by the editor of the second folio. It was, no doubt, omitted by error in the first.

c And the great care of goods at random left,—] In the original we have, "And he," &c. The emendation, which is easy and happy, we owe to Malone.

d A poor mean woman—] Poor is an addition from the folio 1632. It is questionable, however, whether this is the right word; for, as Malone observes, immediately below we have: —

"— for their parents were exceeding poor."

Perhaps, instead of A mean woman, the line should read

"A moaning woman," i.e. a woman in labour.
Comedy of Errors.

Scene I.

Unwilling I agreed—alas! too soon we came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Save any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
For'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was—for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking—ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And, floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far, making amain to us,—
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which, being violently borne upon,*
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;

(*) First folio, borne up.

"So his case was like,"—The second folio substituted for in place of so, and has been followed by most of the subsequent editors. Those who adopt the original reading, "so his case was like," interpret it to mean, his case was so like. But does it not rather mean, "as his case was like,"? This use of so we meet again shortly after.—"Am I so round with you, as you with me?" &c.

"To seek thy hope by beneficial help."] The folio, 1623, has help.

And, in our sight, they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishes of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full,
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care.
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant (so* his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom, whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hopeless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy hope by beneficial help;*
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exit.}

* First folio, they.

Pope, and many of the modern editors, read, "To seek thy life," &c. Steevens proposed reading—

"To seek thy help by beneficial means."

"To seek thy fine" has also been suggested; and is a plausible conjecture: but as Ægeon is made to repeat the Duke's words in hope-less, help-less, and live-less, I have no doubt hope, or help, was what the poet wrote.
SCENE II.—A Public Place.

Enter Antipholus* and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum, Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusan merchant Is apprehended for arrival here; And, not being able to buy out his life, According to the statute of the town, Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host, And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time; Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return, and sleep within mine inn; For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Duo. S. Many a man would take you at your word, And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[Exit Duo. S.

Ant. S. A trusty villain,* sir; that very oft, When I am dull with care and melancholy, Lightens my humour with his merry jests. What, will you walk with me about the town, And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit; I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,* Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, And afterward consort 4 you till bed-time: My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself, And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content, Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I to the world am like a drop of water, That in the ocean seeks another drop; Who, falling there to find his fellow forth, Unseen inquisitive!* confounds himself: So I, to find a mother and a brother, In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

* Antipholus—] The folio, 1623, has, "Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio."
1 A trusty villain.—] A faithful bondman, or slave. By these appellations each Antipholus, throughout this Comedy, denominates the Dromio attached to him. So in our author's "Rape of Lucrece," where a Roman slave is mentioned:—
"The homely villain curt'sies to her low."—Malone.

116
Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.*—
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dno. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd
too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent b for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this,
I pray,—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dno. E. O! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper,—

---

a The almanack of my true date.] He thus denominates Dromio, because they were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master.—Malone.

b Are penitent;] That is, performing penance.

For she will score your fault upon my pate.] The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dno. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post * indeed,
For she will score* your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,†
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dno. E. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,

(*) First folio, score.

(†) First folio, cooke.

In former times shopkeepers kept a reckoning of their petty dealings by chalk-marks, or notches, on a post of their shop, after the manner of our modern bonnites. We have the same quibbling allusion in "Henry IVth," Part I. Act V. Sc. 3:—

"Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot
here; here's no scoring but upon the pate."

117
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart,
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other, The villain is o'erraught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage; (4)
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other, The villain is o'erraught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage; (4)
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

a Bestow'd my money;] That is, stowed, secreted.
She that doth fast, &c.
And prays that you will, &c.]
The quibble here, on fast and pray, must be understood, or the
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and, when they see time,They'll go or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.°

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd® with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

but, as he remarks, "when the mariner lasheth his guns, the sportsman leaseth his dogs, the female laces her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a lace or cord." No alteration, therefore, is required.

* Adriana and Luciana.] The folio, 1632, has "Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Serpentus, with Luciana her Sister."
° He takes it ill.] The first folio has thus, instead of ill. The latter word, which seems called for by the rhyme, was supplied in the folio of 1632.
® I lash'd with woe.] It was suggested to Steevens by a lady, that we should read lash'd, i.e. coupled like a headstrong hound;
Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand? Doro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not, cuckold-mad; But sure he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold: 'Tis dinner time, quoth I.—My gold, quoth he: Your meat doth burn, quoth I.—My gold, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I.—My gold, quoth he: Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd.—My gold, quoth he My mistress, sir, quoth I.—Hang up thy mistress; I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress! Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master: I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress. So that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders; For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.

Between you, I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, That, like a football, you do spurn me thus? You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

Luc. Fie!—how impatience low'reth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

(*) First folio, a hundred.

allusion was to the custom of begg'ing an idiot to get the charge of his fortune. May not begg'd be a misprint for bagg'd? I reference to the bag which the fool usually carried. Or for bagg'd: "This patience with the fool's bag'd," &c. (See Douce's Dissertation on the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare.)

4 Will you come home? The word home, not in the original was supplied by Capell.

5 Am I so round with you?—Dromio plays on the word round applying it in the ordinary sense of spherical, like a football, to himself, and in the meaning of plain spoken to his mistress' language. Thus in 17 Twelfth Night, Act II, Sc. 3:—

"Sir Toby, I must be round with you." So also, in " Henry V." Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Your reproach is something too round."
SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.

* First folio, Antipholis Errortis.

\[a\] Of my defeatures.] That is, my ill-looks, defacement. We meet with the same expression in Act V. Sc. 1 of this Play:—

"And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face."

\[b\] My decayed fair—] Fair, for fairness, or beauty. Our author has several times used fair as a substantive:

"Demetrius loves you fair.
A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Again, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Oh, herses in fair," etc.

\[c\] Poor I am but his stale.] That is, say the commentators, his walking-horse, a præmínus, the moth, under which he covers his amours. It may, however, imply, I am out of date, insipid.

As in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 4:—

"Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion."

By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir? Is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur?—You receiv'd no gold?—
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?—
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When speak I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here,—not half an
hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me
hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou fot'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry
vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in
the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that! [Beats Dromio.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your
jest is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in earries when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your scone.

4 Would that alone, alone he would detain,—] The original has:—

"Would that alone a love," etc.

The received reading is from the second folio. Both appear to be corrupt. Perhaps the poet wrote:—

"Would that alone, alone she would detain."

She being the other where.

9 Wear gold;] In the old copy this passage runs thus:—

"Yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame."

The amended reading was formed by Pope, Warburton, and Steevens; but I am not at all satisfied that it expresses the meaning of the speaker.

1 And make a common of my serious hours.] Steevens says,

"That is, intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are hence called commons."
Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use those blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?
Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?
Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.
Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,—wherefore,
For urging it the second time to me.
Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.
Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.
Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?
Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.
Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?
Dro. S. Basting.
Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.
Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.
Ant. S. Your reason?
Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.
Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.
Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.
Ant. S. By what rule, sir?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.
Ant. S. Let's hear it.
Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.
Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.
Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?
Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

(*) First folio, them.

a In a kind of jollity.] This has been passed by all the editors without comment; but is not jollity, of old, spelt jollite, a misprint for policy? There is a kind of policy in a man's losing

b In trying.] A correction of Pope's. The old copy reads traying.

c Namely, no time.—] The folio, 1623, has "namely, in no time"
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT II.

Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee.
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

*a And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,—* It would appear from this and other passages in our author that the practice of branding criminals on the forehead was extended, in the case of women, to notorious offenders against chastity. Thus in "Hamlet," Act iv. Sc. 5:—

*brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste, unsmirched brow
Of my true mother."

Again, in the same Play, Act III. Sc. 4:—

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd,* thou undishonoured.
Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scannd,
Want * wit in all, one word to understand.
Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you, by Dromio, home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?

(*) First folio, wants.

"—; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there."

*b My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:*] The folio, 1623, has "crime of lust." As Warburton, to whom we owe the emendation, remarks: — "Both the integrity of the metaphor and the word blot show that we should read 'crime of lust.'" This reading is supported by a line in Hall's "Satires," Book IV. S. 1:—

"Besmeared all with loathsome smoake of lust."

c Dis-stain'd,—] Probably a misprint for unstain'd.
Thou art an elm, my husband! — I, a vine! 
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger* state, 
Makes me with thy strength to communicate. 
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,— 
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; 
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion 
Infest thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks, she moves me 
for her theme! 
What, was I married to her in my dream? 
Or, sleep I now, and think I hear all this? 
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss? 
Until I know this sure uncertainty, 
I'll entertain the offer'd† fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for 
dinner.

Dro. S. Oh, for my beads! I* cross me for a 
sinner.
This is the fairy land! — O, spite of spices! —
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish* sprites!
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—

(*) First folio, stranger. (†) First folio, freed.

— they led the vine 
To wed her elm; she, spous'd, about him twines 
Her marriageable arms.

*t. Oh, for my beads!] See "Two Gentlemen of Verona," p. 8 
note (*). 
*d. And elvish sprites.] The old copy omits elvish; but the folio 
1632, has elves, which Rowe changed to elvish.
hey'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dro. I am transformed, master, am not I?†

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind; and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so:—I am an ass; else it could never be, but I should know her as well as she knows me.

Ant. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

While man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive* you of a thousand idle pranks.—

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—

Come, sister;—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell,—

Sleeping or waking,—mad or well advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Ant. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

(*) First folio, thou Dromio.  (†) First folio, am I not.

* And shrive you—] That is, bring you to confession, and absolve you.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, a Goldsmith, and Balthazar, a Merchant.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all:—
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:—
Say that I linger’d with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet,*
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here’s a villain that would face me down,
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg’d him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house!
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

Whose pearls and diamonds place’d with ruby rocks
Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth.*

---

* Carkanet,—] A carcanet, from carcan, a chain or collar, is a necklace.

Nay, I’ll be matchless for a carkanet,
COMEY
I
thou

A
Dost
Better
spoken';
When
words
whatever
have
Ant.
Duo.
Dbg.

E.

E.

E.

Good
hatch.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar; pray
God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest.
But, though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd: go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin!

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch! ¹
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many, go get thee from the door.

¹ Mome,—] Sir J. Hawkins derives this word from the French "mome," which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed; whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken; from hence also, he says, comes our word "Mum!" for silence. Douce thinks we have "mome" from one of those similar words found in many languages to imply something foolish. In this place it clearly means "blockhead, dolt, fool.

² Patch! This in Shakespeare's time, and long before, appears to have been the generic term for a fool or jester, derived, it is thought by some, from his "pied or patch'd" vestments. Mr. Tyrwhitt supposed patch, however, to be nothing more than a corruption of the Italian pezzo, which signifies, properly, a foot. Shakespeare uses it again in the present Scene, and elsewhere:—

"what soldiers patch?"
Macbeth, Act V. Sc. 3.
"What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!"
Tempest, Act III. Sc. 2.
"The patch is kind enough."
Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 5.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.
Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.
Ant. E. Who talks within there? Ho!—open the door.
Dro. S. Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore?—for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.
Dro. S. Nor, to-day, here you must not; come again when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe? ²
Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:—
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord! I must laugh—
Have at you with a proverb:—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's—
When? Can you tell? ³
Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.
Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope? ⁴

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. And you said, no.
Dro. E. So come help,—We'll struck!—there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

⁴ O I owe! I own.

"Who owes that shield?
I—and who owes that!"
The Four Prentices of London, 1615.

³ When? Can you tell?] This proverbial query, often met with in the old playwrights, occurs again in "Henry IV." Part I. Act II. Sc. 1:—

"Ay, when I canst tell!"
And is perhaps alluded to just before in this Scene, when Dromio S. says:—

"Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore."

⁵ I hope!] Malone thought that a line following this, in which the speaker threatened Luce with the correction of a rope, has been lost. "In a subsequent Scene he puts the threat into execution, by ordering Dromio to go and buy a rope's-end." As all the rest of the dialogue is in rhyme, and hope here has no corresponding word, perhaps Malone was right.

K
ACT III.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

[SCENE I.]

Dro. E. Master; knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Agr. [Within.] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife?—You might have come before.
Agr. Your wife, sir knave!—Go; get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome;—we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master;—bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake, here, is warm within;—you stand here in the cold;—
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.
Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.
Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;
Ay; and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking, out upon thee, hind!
Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee let me in.

a Once this,—] "This expression," observes Malone, "appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt." Stevens thinks it may mean, Once for all, or once, and more recent editors accept this interpretation. The truth is, once or once, was very commonly used by the old writers in place of once, or ones, implying the occasion, the purpose in hand, the time being, &c., as in the following examples:—
"If any ev'ry come there, ye can consider to whom it must be imputed, once the example is very strange and perilous."—Ellis's Original Letters, 1st Series, vol. ii. p. 176.
Here the meaning I take to be, "meantime the example is very strange," &c. In a passage of the Ancient Morality, "Hycke Scoener," (Hawkins' Edition,) p. 85, we meet with a notable instance, where the word once seems to be used both in the sense it bears in the present day and in that of for the nonce:—
"For as soon as they have said, In manus tua, ones By God, theye truthes is stopped at ones."
Again, in "Willy Begulled," (Hawkins' Edition,) p. 344:—
"Thus craft by cunning once shall be begulled."
Again, in Peele's "David and Bathsheba," (Dyce's Edition,) p. 41:—

b The doors are made against you.) To make the door, i.e. bar the door, is an expression still used in parts of England.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go, borrow me a crow.
Dro. E. A crow without feather?—Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, sir, Oh, let it not be so: Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once (l) this,—] your long experience of her * wisdom, Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead, on her* part, some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why, at this time, the doors are made by against you. Be rul'd by me, depart in patience, And let us to the Tiger all to dinner, And, about evening, come yourself, alone, To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now, in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungauged estimation, That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead; For slander lives upon succession; For ever housed, where it gets possession.
Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet, And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse,— Pretty and witty—wild, and, yet too, gentle,— There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wife (but, I protest, without desert) Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
[ACT III.]

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

[SCENE II.]

The same.

Enter Luciana* and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love—thy love—springs
Not?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more
kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of
blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet,—speak fair,—become disloyalty;
Apparel Vice like Virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret—false; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain't?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board.
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubly with an evil word.

[Exeunt.]

Alas, poor woman! make us but believe,*
Being compact of credit,* that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister,—cheer her,—call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine),
Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show
not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth,
divine!

Teach me, dear creature! how to think and speak;

Lay open to my ear thy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors,—feeleth,—shallow,—weak,—
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll
yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bride I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:(2)

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;* how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

(*) First folio, Luciana.  (1) First folio, buildings.

(2) First folio, attiana.

* Or, if you like elsewhere,—] See note, p. 120, on elsewhere

* Become disloyalty; ] That is, render it becoming; set it off.

* Being compact of credit,—] That is to say, made up of
credulity.

"If he, compact of Jars, grows musical."

As You Like It, Act II. Sc. 1.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. 1.

So, in Nash's "Fierce Penniless,""—""The Frenchman (not altered from his own nature) is whollie compact of deceived
courtship."

"And as a bride I'll take thee,—] For bride, I am responsible.
The authentic copy reads bud, which was transformed to bed in
the second folio, and this has been followed in every edition
since.

* Not mad, but mated] Mated, that is, bewilder'd, fascinated.
ACT III.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

[Scene I.]

LUC. Gaze where* you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANT. S. As good to wink, sweet love! as look on night.

LUC. Why call you me love?—call my sister so.

ANT. S. Thy sister’s sister.

LUC. That’s my sister.

ANT. S. No; It is thyself,—mine own self’s better part,—Mine eye’s clear eye, my dear heart’s dearer heart; My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope’s aim, My sole earth’s heaven, and my heaven’s claim!

LUC. All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANT. S. Call thyself sister, sweet! for I aim* thee.

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life!

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:—Give me thy hand.

LUC. Oh, soft, sir!—hold you still!

I’ll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[Exit Luciana.

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,

DROMIO of Syracuse.

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio?—where run’st thou so fast?

DRO. S. Do you know me, sir?—am I Dromio?

—am I your man?—am I myself?

ANT. S. Thou art Dromio;—thou art my man;

—thou art thyself.

DRO. S. I am an ass;—I am a woman’s man;

—and besides myself.

ANT. S. What woman’s man? and how besides thyself?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman;—one that claims me;—one that haunts me;—one that will have me!

ANT. S. What claim lays she to thee?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANT. S. What is she?

DRO. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir—

(*) First folio, when.

a For I aim thee.] The folio, 1623, has, “I am thee.” Steevens suggested, “I aim thee.”

b Without he say, sir reverence.] A very common and a very old corruption of saith reverenter, save reverence, used as an apology before saying anything not very cleanly. “The time hath been, when, if we did speak of this loathsome stuff, tobacco, we used to put a ‘Sir reverence’ before, but we forget our good manners.”—Old tract on the origin of tobacco, quoted by Gifford, in his Edition of “Ben Jonson,” vol. vi. p. 145. This interjection, and another, “saving your presence,” are still adopted among the lower classes.

c For why she sweats,—] For why, Mr. Dyce tells us it is 180 reverence.” I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, she’s the kitchen-wench, and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn in a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she’ll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT. S. What complexion is she of?

DRO. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why she sweats,—a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANT. S. That’s a fault that water will mend.

DRO. S. No, sir, ’tis in grain; Noah’s flood could not do it.

ANT. S. What’s her name?

DRO. S. Nell, sir; but her name and * three quarters, that’s an ell and three quarters, will no more measure her from hip to hip.

ANT. S. Then she bears some breadth?

DRO. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip; she is spherical like a globe,—I could find out countries in her.

ANT. S. In what part of her body stand Ireland?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S. Where Scotland?

DRO. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

ANT. S. Where France?

DRO. S. In her forehead; arm’d and reverted making war against her heir.(3)

ANT. S. Where England?

DRO. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, I stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that raves between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it in her breath.

ANT. S. Where America, the Indies?

DRO. S. O sir, upon her nose,—all o’er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of

(*) First folio, it.

equivalent to because, for this reason that, and sought not, therefore, to have an interrogation point put after it; and he cite among other examples, the following.—

“But let me see; what time a day is’t now?

It cannot be imagined by the sunne,

For why I have not seen it shine to-date.”

A Warning for Fair Women, 1599, Sig. E. 4.

He might have added this, from our author’s “Richard II Act V. Sc. 1.—

“ For why the senseless brands will sympathise.”
Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.\*  

ANT. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?  

DRO. S. O sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured\* to her; told me what privy marks I had about me,—as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm,—that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch;  

And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,  

She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.  

ANT. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;  

And, if the wind blow any way from shore,  

I will not harbour in this town to-night.  

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  

Where I will walk till thou return to me.  

[If every one knows us, and we know none,  

’Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.  

DRO. S. As from a bear-a man would run for life,  

So fly I from her that would be my wife.  

[Exit.  

* To be ballast at her nose.] Ballast, Mr. Malone remarks, was a contraction not of ballasted, but of balasted, or balaced. Spain sent whole fleets of vessels to be freighted with the treasures of her nose.  

\* Assured to her] Affianced to her.
ANG. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

ANT. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANG. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well!

ANT. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

and since, I have not much importun'd you;

nor now I had not, but that I am bound

to Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:

therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus;

And, in the instant that I met with you,

He had of me a chain; at five o'clock

I shall receive the money for the same.

Pleseth you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Sc. 4:—

"And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it."

Again, same Act and Scene:—

"Say, how grows it due?"

133
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, from the Courtezan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith’s house, go thou
And buy a rope’s end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her* confederates, For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft, I see the goldsmith; get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year!—
I buy a rope!*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain,
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain’d together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour; here’s the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat, The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion, Which doth amount to three odd ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharg’d,
For he is bound to-sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish’d with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house, And with you take the chain, and bid my wife Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,

(*) First folio, their.

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Men. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come; you know I gave it you even now:
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where’s the chain?—I pray you let me see it.

Men. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say wher’ ye’ll answer me or no;
If not, I’ll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.

Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Men. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke’s name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar’st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse from the Bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir
redes:—
the time; but which, referring merely to some transitory event, to some popular bye-word of the moment, has passed into oblivion and will never be recovered.

* Or send me by some token. It has been proposed to read—*or send by me, &c.; but the inversion was, doubtless, a peculiarity of the period.
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua vitae.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? — a madman? — Why,
thou peevish sheep, What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave! I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
I' th' Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
The heart's meteors tilting in his face? b
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of* his heart's meteors tilting in his face? b
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

(*) First folio, Oh.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn
he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor will I not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fa'ed, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away; *
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk—the purse; sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?
Dro. S. No; he's in Tartar limb, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf,—nay, worse—a fellow all in Suffolk;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper,—one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands,
A bound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well; (2)

"You may deny that you were not the cause," &c.
4 Stigmatical in making,— That is, branded by nature with deformity.
* For from her nest the lapwing cries away] This allusion to the habits of the lapwing is not frequent in our old poets.
"You resemble the lapwing, who creeth most
Where her nest is not." — Lilly's Campaign, 1584.
So, also, Greene, in his Second Part of "Coney Catching," 1592:—
"But again to our priggers, who, as before I said,—cry with the lapwing farthest from her nest," &c.

And in Ben Jonson's "Underwoods":—
"Where he that knows, will like a lapwing file,
Pare from the nest, and so himself belong."
COMEDY

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell. (3)

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What!—is he arrested?—tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,

[Exeunt Luciana.

That he,* unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band,* but on a stronger thing:

A chain—a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back!—that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes: if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt!—how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief, too: have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If a' be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money—bear it straight;

And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit,—

Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

[Exeunt.

(1) First folio, Thus.

(a) First folio, If I.

* On a band, — Dromio equivocates between band, i.e. a legal bond, and a band, or tie for the neck.

b What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd? Theobald conjectured that a word or two had slipped out in copying, or at press; and proposed to rectify the omission by reading, "What, have you got rid of the picture?" &c. The addition seems uncalled for. Dromio on his return, surprised to find his master unattended by the officer, asks, "Have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?" that is, "Have you put him on a new suit,—changed his suit?" quibbling on suit the action, and suit, the apparel. He terms the sergeant "old Adam," because both went in buff-leather. A very ancient jest of our first parents' costume. The sergeant's dress, however, was not always the "suit of duranie." He at times wore a black cloak or gown:—

"Had we blacke gowns, upon my life I swear,

Many would say that we foure Serjeants were,"

The Krans of Heards, &c., S. Rowland, 1612.

c When gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them: The folio, 1623, has a sol, which is clearly wrong, but what is gained by substituting sol? Would not soph be more to the purpose?
Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I, 
And here we wander in illusions; 
Some blessed power deliver us from hence! 

Enter a Courtezan.

COUR. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. 
See, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: 
Is that the chain you promis’d me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil!

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse—she is the devil’s lamb; 
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench: 
And thereof comes, that the wenches say, 
God damn me; that’s as much as to say, God make me a light wench. 
It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: 
Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. 
Come not near her.

COUR. Your man and you are marvellous merry, 
sir. 
Will you go with me? we’ll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you* do, expect spoon-net, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon bat must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, then, fiend! Why tell’st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress. 
conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis’d; 
And I’ll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one’s nail, 
a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, 
a nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, 
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an if you give it her, 
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

COUR. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; 
hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avant, thou witch! Come, Dromio, 
let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, 
that you know.

[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.

COUR. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, 
else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,(5) 
And for the same he promis’d me a chain;—

Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad, 
(Besides this present instance of his rage,) 
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner, 
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. 
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 
On purpose shut the doors against his way. 
My way is now to hie home to his house, 
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, 
He rush’d into my house, and took perfecor 
My ring away. This course I fittest choose; 
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away: 
I’ll give thee, cre I leave thee, so much money, 
To warrant thee, as I am rested for. 
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day, 
And will not lightly trust the messenger: 
That I should be attach’d in Ephesus, 
I tell you, ’twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope’s end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money. 
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here’s that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where’s the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I’ll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee tie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope’s end, sir, and to that end 
am I return’d.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [Beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, ’tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, 
and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. 
I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have

(*) The first folio omits you.
Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, and a Schoolmaster called Pinch.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, rispace finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope’s end.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him. 

Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less. Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks! Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!" Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hou’d within this man, To yield possession to my holy prayers, And to thy state of darkness tie thee straight: I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul! Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face Revel and feast at my house to-day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut, And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know you dined at home.

Where, would you had remain’d until this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din’d at home! Thou villain, what say’st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock’d up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,4 your doors were lock’d, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E.Sans fable, she herself revil’d you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn’d you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is’t good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein And, yielding to him, humour’s well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn’d the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me!—Heart and good-will you might,

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went’st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver’d it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness, That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess’d,

I know it by their pale and deadly looks; They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee for'till

"Extasie, or trance. G. extasè; Lat. catasies, abstractive mentis Est proprie mentis emotio, et quasi de statione sub deturbato suo furore, seu admiratione, seu timore, aliove casu decident." Mtnshen. Dict. 1617.

"This companion—] Companion was formerly applied contemptuously, as we now use fellow."

"I scorn you, scurvy companion." Henry IV. 2d Part, Act II. Sc. 4

"Perdy,]—Corrupted from the French, Perdue. It occurs frequently in old authors, and three or four times again in the Plays. Thus, in ‘Twelfth Night,’ Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"My lady is unkind, perdy."

and in ‘Hamlet,’ Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Belle he likes it not, perdy."
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.  
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in  
both!  
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in  
all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false  
eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.  
[Enter three or four, and offer to bind him.  
He strives.*  
Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come  
near me.  
Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong  
within him.  
Luc. Ay me, poor man!—how pale and wan  
his looks!  
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou  
gaoler, thou,  

* This is the stage direction in the authentic copy.  

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?  
Off. Masters, let him go;  
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.  
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic  
too.  
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?  
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,  
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.  
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house. O, most unhappy day!  
Ant. E. O, most unhappy strumpet!  
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for  
you.  
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost  
thou mad me?
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT IV.

DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master; Cry, the devil!—
LUC. God help poor souls, how idly do they talk!
ADR. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[Exeunt Pinch and Assistants, with ANT. E. and DRO. E.

Say, now, whose suit is he arrested at?
OFF. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?
ADR. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
OFF. Two hundred ducats.
ADR. Say, how grows it due?
OFF. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
COUR. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,) Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
ADR. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is; I long to know the truth hereof at large.

a Whenas your husband,—] This is commonly printed when as, &c.; in some editions when, as, &c. As we remarked in note(*) p. 21, when as and when, whereas and where, were of old used interchangeably.

b Exeunt, &c.] The old copy has two stage directions here. One, "Runne all out," and immediately after, "Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted."

c To get our stuff aboard.] One of the meanings attached to this commonly-used word, stuff, in early times, was baggage. In the orders issued for the royal progresses, Malone says, the king's baggage was always thus denominated.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

LUC. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again!
ADR. And come with naked swords: let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
OFF. [Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.]

ANT. S. I see those witches are afraid of swords.
DRO. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
ANT. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence; I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
DRO. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm.—You saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
ANT. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[Exeunt.
Enter Merchant and Angelo.

ANG. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
MER. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
ANG. Of very reverent reputation, sir,—
Of credit infinite,—highly belov'd,—
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
MER. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.

ANG. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me,—can you deny it?
ANT. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
MER. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
MER. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
to walk where any honest men resort.
ANT. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus!

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I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar' st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold!—hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad; Some get within him; * take his sword away; Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house. Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house;—
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people! wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not, else, his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last:
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should, for that, have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it:
Alone it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

* Some get within him:) Get within his guard; close with him.

Adr. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamour of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sane'd with thy up-braidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,—
Thereof the raging fire of never bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawl:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kineman to grim and comfortless Despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.

Good people, enter and lay hold on him!

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilige him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,—
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth becase your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[Exit Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Abb. A formal man—) This seems to mean, A reasonable man
A well regulated man.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

MEN. By this, I think, the dial points at five: Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person comes this way to the melancholy vale, The place of death: and sorry execution, behind the ditches of the abbey here.

ANG. Upon what cause?

MEN. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant, Who put un luckily into this bay Against the laws and statutes of this town, sheathed publicly for his offence.

ANG. See where they come; we will behold his death.

LUC. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; AEGEON, bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, if any friend will pay the sum for him, he shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady; it cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband, Whom I made lord of me and all I had, at your important letters, this ill day a most outrageous fit of madness took him; that desperately he hurried through the street, With him his bondman, all as mad as he,) Doing displeasure to the citizens, by rushing in their houses, bearing thence, kings, jewels,—any thing his rage did like. Once did I get him bound, and sent him home, Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went, that here and there his fury had committed. Anon, I wot not by what strong escape, He broke from those that had the guard of him, and, with his mad attendant and himself, each one, with ireful passion,—with drawn swords, let us again, and, madly bent on us, Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid, We came again to bind them: then they fled Into this abbey, whither we pursued them; And here the abbess shuts the gates on us, And will not suffer us to fetch him out. Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence. Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars; And I to thee engag'd a prince's word, When thou didst make him master of thy bed, To do him all the grace and good I could. Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate, And bid the lady abbess come to me; I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself! My master and his man are both broke loose, Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire; And, ever as it blazed, they threw on him Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair: My master preaches patience to him, and the while, His man, with scissors, nicks him like a fool; And, sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here, And that is false thou dost report to us.

SERV. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true! I have not breath'd, almost, since I did see it. He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you, To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[Ory within.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress!—fly!—be gone!

DUKE. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberts.

* The custom of shaving and nicking the head of a fool is very old. Totten says there is a penalty of ten shillings, in one of Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one oppressingly shave a common man like a fool: and Malone cites a passage from the "Choice of Change," &c., by S. R. Gent, 4to. 1598, "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: 1. They are shaved and notched on the head like fools." To scourch your face,—So the old copy. The same spelling occurs in the folio, 1623, Act III. Sc. 2, of "Macbeth":—"We have scourch'd the snake, not killed it;" where, however, the word meant is probably sectch'd.

a The place of death. — The original has depth instead of death; and, as the Rev. Mr. Hunter thinks, rightly. According to his text, "New Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. i. p. 225, "The place of depth," in the Greek story, the Barathrum, means the deep pit, into which offenders were cast.

b And sorry execution. — Meaning dismal, sorrowful execution.

c At your important letters. — That is, in the language of our old writers, your important letters. Thus, in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II. Sc. 1: "— if the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything," &c.

d In "King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"Therefore great France My mourning and important tears hath pitted.

"Resten the maids a-row, — A row is explained by the commentators, one after another, successively.

"A thousand time a-row he gan hire klasse."

CHaucER, Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 6386, Tyrwhitt's Ed.

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Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you, that he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous’d him in the abbey here,
And now he’s there, past thought of human reason!

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke! Oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

*While she with harlots—] Antipholus does not mean cour-

*— For the harlot king

**tioens, but base companions villains. So in the "Winter’s Tale," Act II. Sc. 3.—

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Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince! against this woman there.
She whom thou gav’st to me to be my wife;—
That hath abused and dishonour’d me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots* feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, did thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: so befall my soul
As this is false, he burdens me withal!
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT V.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjury'd woman! they are both forsworn.

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And, in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
I did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them,
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,—
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And, gazin' in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out I was possess'd; then, all together,
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And, in a dark and dankish vault at home,
There left me and my man both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?
Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mxr. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impleach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go, call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit an Attendant.

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.


Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

Dro. O. Is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords.
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient,—are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;
And careful hours,* with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange dejectures in my face. b
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

---

* And careful hours,—] Painful, anxious hours.

b Strange dejectures in my face.] See Note (b), p. 121.
Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound * to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice? Oh, Time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow.
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory—
My wasting lamps some fading gimmer left—
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'est we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse
and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other
And which the spirit? Who decipher's them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio, pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else a ghost!

Dro. S. Oh, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty!
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons!
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak!

---

* You are now bound, &c.] Of course, a quibble on poor Ægeon's bonds.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ScENE I.

Abb. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail, By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No; none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors' rare arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need,—thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That, by this sympathized one day's error,
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;'
After so long grief, such festivity!
Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Contour.
Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
Dromio:

The original copy has "thirtie three yeares." The rectification of time was made by Theobald, who pointed out that as Ægeon had related how at eighteen years his youngest boy "became inquisitive after his brother," and, in the present Scene, says it is but seven years since they parted, the date of their birth is settled indisputably. For the emendation, ne'er for are, we are indebted to Mr. Dyce.

f Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!}

The old copy gives us —

"After so long grief, such nativity," which can hardly be right, "such nativity," that is, equal, or proportionate nativity, being without sense here. Johnson proposed festivity, which is most likely what the poet wrote. The composer seems to have caught nativity from the line just above. I believe, however, this word is not the only corruption in the passage.

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Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[Exeunt Antipholus S. and E., ADR. and Luc.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister,—not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior; then, lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus;
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
[Exeunt]
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene II.—They say this town is full of cozenage, &c.] This was the character attributed to Ephesus in remote ages. Steevens suggests that Shakespeare might have got the hint for this description from Warner’s translation of the “Menæchmi,” 1595. “For this assure yourself, this Towne Ephesus is a place of outrageous excesses, exceeding in all roty and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaunds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catcholes, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold,” &c. But it is observable that Shakespeare, with great propriety, makes Antipholus as attach to the Ephesians higher and more poetical qualities of cozenage than those enumerated by the old translator. It is not merely as “catchholes,” “cony-catchers,” and the like, but as “dark-working scorchers,” and “soul-killers witches,” that he speaks of them. And hence we are prepared to find him attribute the cross-purposes of the scene to supernatural agency, and see no inconsistency in his wooing Luciana as an enchantress:—

"Teach me, dear creature! how to think and speak; Lay open to my earthy gross conceit, Smother’d in errors—feeble—shallow—weak— The folded meaning of your words’ deceit. Against my soul’s pure truth, why labour you To make it wander in an unknown field!"

Or in his imagining that, to win the sibyl, he must lose himself:—

"Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will note: Spread o’er the silver waves thy golden hairs, And as a bride I’ll take thee, and there lie; And, in that glorious supposition, think He gains by death, that hath such means to die!"

—

ACT III.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave, She reach’d the main the bounding prow, Then clapping fast the Chieftain brave, She, plunging, sought the deep below.

The reader desires of particular information concerning the supposed existence and habits of these seductive beings, may consult Mallet’s “Reliàmmé,” Pontoppidan’s “Natural History of Norway,” and Waldron’s “Account of the Isle of Man.”

(3) Scene II.—Ant. S. Where France? DRO. S. In her forehead; arm’d and reverted, making war against her hair.] As Theobald first observed, an equivocal was, no doubt, intended between the words hair and heir; and by the latter, was meant Henry IV. the heir of France, concerning whose succession to the throne there was a civil war in the country from 1589 for several years. Henry, after struggling long against the League, extricated himself from all his difficulties by embracing the Roman Catholic religion at St. Denis, on Sunday, the 25th of July, 1593, and was crowned King of France in February, 1594. In 1591, Lord Essex was dispatched with 4,000 troops to the French king’s assistance, and his brother Walter was killed before Rouen, in Normandy. From that time till Henry was peaceably settled on the throne, many bodies of troops were sent by Queen Elizabeth to his aid: so that his situation must at that period have been a matter of notoriety, and a subject of conversation in England. From the reference to this circumstance, Malone imagines the “Comedy of Errors” to have been written before 1594.

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ACT IV.

(1) Scene II.—A devil in an everlasting garment hath ass'd.] A sergeant's buff leather garment was called durance; partly, it would appear, on account of its everlasting quality, and partly from a quibble on the occupation of the wearer, which was that of arresting and clapping men in durance. In Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," sig. D, 3d edit. 1629, there is a graphic description of a sergeant, or sheriff's officer: "One of them had on a buff-leather jerkin, all grease before with the droppings of beere, that fell from his board, and by his side, a skene like a brewer's bung knife; and muffled he was in a cloke, turn'd over his nose, as though hee had beene ashamed to show his face."

This peculiar garb is again referred to by our author in a passage of "Henry IV. Part I. Act I. Sc. 2,—

"And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?"

the point of which seems not to have been fully understood by the commentators. A robe of durance was a cant term, implying imprisonment; and the Prince, after dilating on purse-stealing, humorously calls attention to its probable consequences, by his query about the buff jerkin. See MIDDLETON'S "Blurt, Master Constable," Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Tell my lady, that I go in a suit of durance."

(2) Scene II.—A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well.] To run counter is to follow on a false scent; to draw dry foot means to track by the mere scent of the foot. A hound that does one is not likely to do the other; but the ambiguity is explained by the double meaning attached to the words counter and dry foot. The former implying both false, and a prison, and the latter, privation of scent, and lack of means. The sheriff's officer, as he tracks for a prison, may be said to run counter, and, as he follows those who have expended their substance, he draws dry foot.

(3) Scene II.—One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.] By before the judgment, in its secondary sense, Dromio is supposed to allude to arrest on means-process. Hell was a cant term for the worst dungeon in the wretched prisons of the time. There were the Master's Ward, the Knight's Ward, the Hole, and last and most deplorable, the department called Hell, which was the receptacle for those who had no means to pay the extortionate fines exacted for better accommodation.

(4) Scene III.—He that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his name than a morris-pike.] Dromio plays on the word rest, arrest, and a metaphor, very common in our old writers, setting up his rest, which is taken from gaming, and means staking his all upon an event. Hence it was frequently applied to express fixed determination or steadfast purpose. Thus, in "All's Well that Ends Well, Act II. Sc. 1:—

"What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy."

The Morris-pike is often mentioned by old writers. It was the Moorish pike, and was constantly used both in land and sea warfare, during the sixteenth century.

(5) Scene III.—A ring he hath of mine worth for ducate.] The number forty was very anciently adopted to express a great many, in the same way that we now use fifty, or a score. In the Scriptures it is recorded that the flood was forty days on the earth; the Israelites were forty years, and our Saviour forty days in the wilderness; and Job mourned forty days. In Hindustani, the word chalis, forty, has the same indefinite acceptation as chais-waun, denoting literally forty columns, being applied to a palace with a number of pillars. So also Persia, chikal signifies forty, and Persepolis, because it was a city of many towers, is called chikal-minar, "the forty towers." In like manner, too, the insect which we name canipede, is there known as chikal-puk, "forty foot." This word in this sense is not at all uncommon among English writers;—

"Quoth Niceness to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke, That thou deviest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe,"

The Cobbler's Prophesy, 15

And it is so used repeatedly by Shakespeare; for example,—

"I have learned these forty years." Richard II. Act I. Sc.

"I will have forty mea." Henry V. Act IV. Sc.

"I myself fight not once in forty years." Henry IV. Part I. Act I. Sc.

"Some forty truncheoneers draw." Henry VIII. Act V. Sc.

"I could beat forty of them." Coriolanus. Act III. Sc.

"I saw her once hop forty paces." Antony and Cleopatra. Act II. Sc.

"I had rather than forty pound." Twelfth Night, Act V. Sc.

ACT V.

(1) Scene I.—At your important letters, &c.] "Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems from this passage to allude to a court of wards in Ephesus. The court of wards was always considered as a grievous oppression. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of Hycko Scornor:—

—these young men ben unkinde:
Wydowes do eurde lorde and gentlewomen,
For they contraye them to marry with their men;
Ye, whether they wyll or no."—Stevens.

In the passage before us, Shakespeare was thinking particularly on the interest which the King had in England in the marriage of his wards, who were the heirs of tenants holding by knight's service, or in capite, and under age; an interest which Queen Elizabeth in Shakespear's time exerted on all occasions, as did her successors, till the abolition of the Court of Wards & Liveries; the post attributes to the duke the same right to choose a wife or a husband for his wards at Ephesus. MALONE.
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"The alternate rhymes that are found in this play, as well as in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' are a further proof that these pieces were among our author's earliest productions. We are told by himself that 'Venus and Adonis' was 'the first heir of his invention.' The 'Rape of Lucrece' probably followed soon afterwards. When he turned his thoughts to the stage, the measure which he had used in those poems naturally presented itself to him in his first dramatick essays: I mean in those plays which were written originally by himself. In those which were grounded, like the Henries, on the preceding oductions of other men, he naturally followed the example before him, and consequently in those scenes no alternate rhymes are found. The doggrel measure, which, if I recollect right, is employed in some of our author's plays except 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and 'Love's Labour's Lost,' also adds support to the dates assigned to these plays; for these long doggrel verses were written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramatic poets before his time to some of their inferior characters. He was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode in these early compositions; but soon learned to 'deviate boldly from the common track' left by preceding writers.'—MALONE.

"This drama of Shakspeare's is much more varied, rich, and interesting in its incidents than the macchi of Plautus; and while, in rigid adherence to the unities of action, time, and place, our et rivals the Roman play, he has contrived to insinuate the necessary previous information for the spectator, in a manner infinitely more pleasing and artful than that adopted by the Latin bard; for dist Plautus has chosen to convey it through the medium of a prologue, Shakspeare has rendered it once natural and pathetic, by placing it in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers.

"In a play, of which the plot is so intricate, occupied, in a great measure, by mere personal mistakes of their whimsical results, no elaborate development of character can be expected; yet is the portrait

LIKE WILL TO LIKE

1568.

Shift. If your name to me you will declare and showe, a mark in this matter my minde the sooner shows.

Comm. Few words are best among freinds, this is true, therefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.

Shift. You will not to be painted, therefore I with Rafe Roister must needs be acquainted' &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS

(= 1570.)

"Shift. By gags bloud, my masters, we were not best longer here to stale;

[Ex. AMB.]

Shift. Are they all gone? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede;

[Ex. AMB.]

his wounds had I not devised this, I had hanged indeed.

[Ex. AMB.]

Thieves, (as you) tinkle me no tinkle; I'll meddle with them no more;

[Ex. AMB.]

tinkle was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.

[Ex. AMB.]

your leave I'll be so holde as to looke about me and spit,

[Ex. AMB.]

stany knives for my coming down in ambush do lie.

[Ex. AMB.]

your license I minde not to preache longer in this tree,

[Ex. AMB.]

tinkery slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see;' &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

The wind is ye blows no man's gaine: for cold I neede not care,

[Ex. AMB.]

here is nine and twentie sutes of apparel for my share:

And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,

[Ex. AMB.]

As neither gentlemens nor other Lord Promos sheweth any grace;

[Ex. AMB.]

But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soune,

[Ex. AMB.]

They were wont to stye a day or two, now scarce an afternoon;' &c.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1594.

"You think I am going to market to buy rost meste, do ye not? I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot: I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefs,

[Ex. AMB.]

But I am going to a bloodsucker, and who is he? faith Usurie, that thefe.'

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

"Quoth Niceness to Newangell, thou art such a Jacke,

[Ex. AMB.]

That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe.

[Ex. AMB.]

And thou, quoth he, art so posset with everie franticke toy,

[Ex. AMB.]

That following of my ladi's humour thou dost make her coy,

[Ex. AMB.]

For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sick,

[Ex. AMB.]

No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chacie,

[Ex. AMB.]

To-day her owne hairt best becomes, which yellow is as gold.

[Ex. AMB.]

A perwig is better for to-morrow, blace to behold:

[Ex. AMB.]

To-day in pumps and cheverel gloves to walk she will be bold,

[Ex. AMB.]

To-morrow cusses and countenance, for fear of catching cold,

[Ex. AMB.]

Now is she barefast to be seen, straight on her nuder goes;

[Ex. AMB.]

Now is she hunft up to the crowne, straight nusled to the nose.
of Egeon touched with a discriminative hand, and the pressure of age and misfortune is so painted, as to throw a solemn, dignified, and impressive tone of colouring over this part of the fable, contrasting well with the lighter scenes which immediately follow,—a mode of relief which is again resorted to in the close of the drama, where the re-union of Egeon and Emilia, and the recognition of their children produce an interest in the denouement of a nature more affecting than the tone of the preceding scene had taught us to expect.

"As to the comic action which constitutes the chief bulk of this piece, if it be true, that, to excite laughter, awaken attention, and fix curiosity, be essential to its dramatic excellence, the Comedy of Errors cannot be pronounced an unsuccessful effort; both reader and spectator are hurried on to the close through a series of thick-coming incidents, and under the pleasurable influence of novelty, expectation and surprise; and the dialogue is uniformly vivacious, pointed, and even effervescent. Shakspeare visible, in fact, throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts,—a combination of which may be found in the punishment of character of Pinch, the pedagogue and conjuror, who is sketched in the strongest and most marked sty of our author.

"If we consider, therefore, the construction of the fable, the narrowness of its basis, and that the powers of entertainment are almost exclusively confined to a continued deception of the external senses, we must confess that Shakspeare has not only improved on the Plautian model, but, making allowance for a somewhat too coarse vein of humour, has given to his production all the interest in variety that the nature and the limits of his subject would permit."—Drake.

"Shakespeare has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainment. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses, because although there have been instances of almost undistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual antecedents, casus ludentis naturæ, and the verum will not excuse the inverisimile. But if farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate which must be granted."—Coleridge.

"'The Comedy of Errors' is the subject of the Menechmi of Plautus, entirely recast and enriched with new developments. Of all works of Shakspeare this is the only example of imitation of, borrowing from, the ancients. To the two twin brothers of the same name are added two slaves, a twins, impossible to be distinguished from each other, and of the same name. The improbabilities become by this means doubled; but when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certain borders on the incredible, we shall not perhaps be disposed to cavil at the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained by mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied. * * * * In short, it is perhaps the best of all written or possible Menechmi; and if the piece be inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakspeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials."—Schlegel.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

The pathetic legend on which Shakespeare founded the plot of this beautiful tragedy has been cherished from time immemorial among the traditions of Italian history, although no such story has ever been discovered in the authentic records of any particular state. The Veronese, Lord Byron tells us, are tenacious to a degree of the truth of it, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing the tomb. But this, is only an instance of pardonable local vanity; no account exists of any actual Romeo and Juliet, but a tale more or less resembling that immortalized by our great dramatist may be found in several ancient writers. Mr. Douce has attempted to trace it to a Middle Greek author, one Xenophon Ephesius. The earliest writer, however, who set forth the romance in a connected narration is believed to be Masuccio di Salerno, in whose "Novellino," a collection of tales first printed at Naples in 1476, a similar event is recorded to have occurred, not at Verona, but in Sienna. He relates that in Sienna there lived a young man of good family, named Mariotto Mignanelli, who was enamoured of a lady, Gianozza, and succeeded in engaging her affections; some impediment standing in the way of a public marriage, they are secretly united by an Augustine monk. Shortly after the ceremony, Mariotto has the misfortune to slay a fellow-citizen of rank in a street brawl, for which he is condemned by the Podesta to perpetual banishment. He obtains a farewell interview with his wife, and departs to Alexandria, where resides a rich uncle of his, Sir Nicolo Mignanelli. After the flight of Mariotto, Gianozza is pressed by her father to accept a husband whom he has found for her. Having no reason why she dare allege to oppose her parent's wishes, she pretends to consent, and then determines to escape the hated nuptials by an act as daring as it was extraordinary. She discloses her miserable situation to the monk who had married her to Mariotto, and bribes him to prepare a soporific powder, which, drunk in water, will throw her into a death-like trance for three days; she drinks the narcotic, is supposed to be dead, and in due time is interred by her friends in the church of St. Augustine. Before this, she had despatched a special messenger to Alexandria, apprising her husband of her determination; but the messenger is unhappily seized by pirates, and her missive never reaches him; instead of it, he receives another letter written by his brother, informing him of her death and that of her father also, who had died of grief for the loss of his daughter. The wretched Mariotto resolves to return forthwith to Sienna, and die upon her tomb, or perish by the hand of justice. He is taken in an attempt to break open the vault, and is condemned to death. Gianozza, in the meanwhile, recovers from her lethargy, disguises herself in man's apparel, and sets out for Alexandria in search of her banished husband; here she learns, to her dismay, that Mariotto, believing her dead, had departed for Sienna. She returns to that place, and, arriving just three days after his execution, dies of anguish and a broken heart. *

A story closely corresponding with this in the preliminary incidents, though varying in the catastrophe, is told by Luigi da Porto in his Novella, "La Giulietta," first published in 1535. "Hystoria Novella mente Ritrovata di due nobili Amanti: Con la loro Pietosa Morte: Intervenuta gia nella Città di Verona Nel tempio del Signor Bartholomeo Scala." Luigi, in his dedication to Madonna Lucina Savorgnana, pretends to have derived the legend from an archer of Verona, one Peregrino, who quotes as his authority for it a relation of his father's. In the

* "La donna no'li trova in Alesandria, ritorna a Siena, e trova l'amanto decollato, e ella sopra il suo corpo per dolore si muore," are the words of the "Argument:" but in the novel itself she is said to retire to a monastery.—"Con in-
narrative of Peregrino, we first meet with the families of Montague and Capulet in connexion with the story, which he relates to have occurred in Verona. The real or supposittitious archer expresses doubts of the historical truth of the event, since he had read in some ancient chronicles that the Capelletti and Montecchi had always been of the same party.*

In 1554, Bandello published at Lucca a novel on the same subject, which, like Da Porto, he says was related to him by one Peregrino. This was followed at a brief interval by another, in French, by Pierre Boisteau, founded on the narratives of Luigi da Porto and Bandello, but differing from them in many particulars. From the translation of Boisteau, the English versions of the tale—namely, the poem called "The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliete," (1562,) by Arthur Brooke, and the novel found in Paynter’s "Palace of Pleasure," under the title of "The goodly historys of the true and constant love betwene Romeo and Julieta"—were both derived;† and to these, more especially the poem, Shakespeare was certainly indebted, not for the story,—which seems to have been popular long before he adapted it for representation,—but for the names of his chief characters, and many of the incidents, and even expressions of his tragedy.

The first edition of "Romeo and Juliet" was printed by John Danter, in the year 1597, with the title of "An excellent conceited tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Servants."

The second edition was printed by Thomas Creede, for Cutibert Burby, in 1599, and is entitled "The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet; Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath been sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants."

The two remaining editions, published before the folio collection of 1623, are a quarto printed in 1609, and another without date, both by the same publisher, John Smethwicke.

The two first of these editions are extremely rare and valuable; and there is every reason to conclude that the numerous corrections and amplifications in that of 1599 are exclusively Shakespeare’s own, since the former evince the judgment and taste of the master, and the latter comprise some of the finest passages in the play. But a correct copy of the text can only be obtained by a collation of both these editions, as the first is free from certain typographical errors which disfigure and obscure the second, and vice versa. The subsequent copies are all founded on the quarto, 1599, and contain but few deviations from its text.

As Shakespeare was only thirty-three years of age when this play was first published, it must obviously rank among his early productions. But the date of publication is no criterion to determine the period when it was written, or when it was first performed. The words on the titlepage of the first edition, "As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Servants," Malone considers proof that the play was first acted in 1596, because Henry, Lord Hunsdon, who held the office of Lord Chamberlain, died in that year, and his son George, Lord Hunsdon, only succeeded to the office in April, 1597. He is of opinion that the actors would only have designated themselves "Lord Hunsdon’s servants" during the interval of these dates, because they would have been called "The Lord Chamberlain’s servants" at a time when the office was really held by their noble patron. This argument, Mr. Knight remarks, is no doubt decisive as to the play being performed before George, Lord Hunsdon; but it is not in any degree decisive as to the play not having been performed without the advantage of this nobleman’s patronage. Chalmers assigns its composition to the spring of 1592; and Drake places it a year later. The belief in its production at an earlier period than that ascribed by Malone, is strengthened by the indications

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* This accords with a passage in Dante (Purgatorio, c. vi.), where the poet, reproaching "Alberto Tedesco," the German emperor Albert, for his treatment of Italy, exclaims:—

"Vieni a veder Montecchi e Capelletti,
Monaldi e Fillippeachi, uom senza cura!
Color già trasti e costor con sospetti."

Which Cary renders:—

"Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Fillippeachi and Monaldi, man
Who car’st for nought! Those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack’d."

† The story must have been eminently popular all over Europe from an early period. It forms the subject of a Spanish play by Lopez de Vega, entitled "Los Castilvies y Monteses," and another by Don Francisco de Roxas, under the name of "Los Vandas de Verona." In Italy, so early as 1578, it had been adapted to the stage by Luigi Grotto, under the title of "Hadriana;" and Arthur Brooke, in the preface to the poem above mentioned, speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth then I have or can doe):" an allusion most probably to some representation of it abroad, for the rude condition of our drama at the time, renders it unlikely that he should refer to any play of the kind performed in this country.
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

of matured reading and reflection which are displayed in the augmented edition of 1599, as compared with that of 1597. There is also a scrap of internal evidence which, as proof of an earlier authorship than 1596, is well entitled to consideration. The Nurse, describing Juliet’s being weaned, says,—“On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she; marry, I remember it well. ‘Tis since the earthquake now eleven years.” Tyrwhitt was the first to suggest the probable reference of this passage to an earthquake which occurred in 1580, and of which Holinshed has given a striking and minute account:—“On the sixth of April (1580), being wednesdaie in Easter weeke about six of the clocke toward euening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generallie throughout all England, caused such an amazenednesse among the people as was wonderfull for the time, and caused them to make their earnest praiers to almightie God. The great clocke bell in the palace at Westminister strake of it selfe against the hammer with the shaking of the earth, as diverse other clocks and bels in the steeple of the citie of London and elswhere did the like. The gentlemen of the Temple being then at supper, ran from the tables, and out of their hall with their kniues in their hands. The people assembled at the plaic houses in the fields, * * * were so amazed that doubting the ruine of the galleries, they made hast to be gone. A peece of the temple church fell down, some stones fell from saint Paules church in London: and at Christes church neere to Newgate market, in the sermon while, a stone fell from the top of the same church.” Such an event would form a memorable epoch to the class which constituted the staple of a playground auditory in the sixteenth century; and if an allusion to it was calculated to awaken interest and fix attention, the anachronism, or the impropriety of its association with an historical incident of some centuries preceding, would hardly have deterred any playwright of that age from turning it to account. On the theory that the Nurse’s observation really applied to the earthquake of 1580, we may ascribe the date of this play’s composition to the year 1591; and, unfortunately, in the absence of everything in the shape of a history of our poet’s writings, we can trust only to inferences and conjectures of this description to make even an approximate guess as to the period of its production.

Persons Represented.

ESCALUS, Prince of VERONA.
PARIS, a Young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, Heads of Two Houses, at Variance with CAPULET.
An Old Man, Uncle to CAPULET.
ROMEO, Son to MONTAGUE.
MERCUITIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to ROMEO.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to MONTAGUE, and Friend to ROMEO.
TYBALT, Nephew to LADY CAPULET.
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHASAR, Servant to ROMEO.
SAMSON, Servant to CAPULET.
GREGORY,

ABRAM, Servant to MONTAGUE.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus. Boy; Page to PARIS; Peter; and an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to MONTAGUE.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to CAPULET.
JULIET, Daughter to CAPULET.
Nurse to JULIET.

Citizens of VERONA; several Men and Women,
Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater part of the Play, in VERONA; once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

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THE

P R O L O G U E.

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,) From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

* This prologue appeared in its present form, in the first complete edition of "Romeo and Juliet," the quarto of 1599: it is omitted in the folio. In the incomplete sketch of the play, published in 1597, it stands as under—

"Two household friends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From civil broyles broke into enmity,
Whose civil warre makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loines of these two foes,
A pair of starre-crost lovers tooke their life:
Whose misaduentures, piteous overthrows,
(Through the continuing of their fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their parents rage)
Is now the two howres trafficke of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend."
Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

SAM. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.  
GRE. No, for then we should be colliers. 
SAM. I mean, an* we be in choler, we'll draw. 
GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar. 
SAM. I strike quickly, being moved. 
GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike. 
SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 
GRE. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant,

(*) First folio, it. 

* We'll not carry coals. [We will not submit to indignities. A favourite expression with the authors of Shakespeare's era, and 159

is—to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away. 
SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. 
GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. 
SAM. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall. 
GRE. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men. 
SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: 

which probably originated, as Gifford suggests, in the fact that the meanest and most forlorn dependents of a great household were those employed in the servile drudgery of carrying coals.
when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel* with the maids; I will† cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GRE. They must take it in r's sense, that feel it.

SAM. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GRE. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hast'd, thou hast'd been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.(1)

Enter Abram and another Servant of Montague.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How? turn thy back, and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry; I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them: which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ARR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ARR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

[Aside to Gregory.

GRE. No.

SAM. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GRE. Do you quarrel, sir?

ARR. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

SAM. But if you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

ARR. No better.

SAM. Well, sir.

(*) First folio, and cut off. (1) First folio omits in.

* I will be cruel with the maids.] The quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, 1623, which was printed from it, concur in reading cruel. The correction appears in a quarto edition without date, published by John Smethwick, "at his shop in Sainte Dunstanes Church, in Fleeet Street, under the Dyall." Smethwick also published the quarto, 1609; and the undated edition, which contains several important corrections of previous typographical errors, was probably issued soon after.

† Poor John.] The fish called basking, an inferior sort of cod, when dried and salted, was probably the staple fare of servants and the indigent during Lent; and this sorry dish is perpetually ridiculed by the old writers as "poor John."

‡ I will bite my thumb at them.] This contumacious action, though obsolete in this country, is still in use both in France and Italy: but Mr. Knight is mistaken in supposing it identical with what is called giving the fico. Biting the thumb is performed by biting the thumb nail; or, as Colgrave describes it, "by putting the thumbe nails into the mouth, and with a Jerke (from the

Enter Benvolio, at a distance.

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen. [Aside to Sampson.

SAM. Yes, better, sir.*

ARR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing† blow.4

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords.

Enter Tybalt.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hind's?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB. What, drawn,‡ and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward! [They fight.

Enter several Followers of both Houses,§ who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet, in his gown; and Lady Capulet.

CAP. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

LA. CAP. A crutch, a crutch!—why call you for a sword?

CAP. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

[Enter several Followers, &c.] A modern direction. The old copies have merely—"Enter three or four citizens with clubs or partizans."

1 Clubs, bills, and partizans!—] Shakespeare, whose wont it is to assimilate the customs of all countries to those of his own, puts the ancient call to arms of the London 'prentices in the mouth of the Veronese citizen.

(1) Old copies, except the undated quarto, washing.

(2) First folio, drew.

upper teeth) make it to knocke." The more offensive gesticulation of giving the fico was by thrusting out the thumb between the fore-fingers, or putting it in the mouth so as to swell out the cheek.

4 Remember thy swashing blow.] To swash perhaps originally meant, as Siret in his "Alvearie," 1580, describes it, "to make a noise with swords against tergats;" but swashing blow here, as in Jonson's "Staple of News," Act V. Sc. 2, "I do confess a swashing blow," means evidently a swashing, cracking blow.

§ Enter several Followers, &c.] Shakespeare, whose wont it is to assimilate the customs of all countries to those of his own, puts the ancient call to arms of the London 'prentices in the mouth of the Veronese citizen.
Enter Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.(2)

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Pain. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,— That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins,— On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mis-temper’d weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.— Three civil brawls,† bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb’d the quiet of our streets; And made Verona’s ancient citizens Cast by their grave becomung ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Canker’d with peace, to part your canker’d hate. If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me, And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?— Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: I drew to part them; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar’d: Which, as he breath’d defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn: While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp’d sun Peer’d forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad; Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore, That westward rooteth from this city’s side,— So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made; but he was ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood: I, measuring his affections by my own,— That most are busied when they are most alone,*— Pursued my humour, not pursuing his, And gladly shunn’d who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning’s dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs. But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the farthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora’s bed, Away from light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out, And makes himself an artificial night: Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him. Ben. Have you importun’d him by any means? Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends: But he, his own affections’ counsellor, Is to himself—I will not say, how true— But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery, As is the bud bit with an envious worm, Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I’ll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let’s away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

(*) First folio, a foot.  (†) First folio, broils.
(1) First folio, father’s.

* That most are busied when they are most alone,—] This is the reading of the quarto, 1597. Subsequent editions, including the folio, 1623, read thus:—
† Which then most sought, where most might not be found; Being one too many by my weary self, Pursued my humour;" So.

a Many a morning hath he there been seen,—] This, and the
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.(3)
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!*
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here’s much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created;
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeing * forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart’s oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love’s transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg’d, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes;
Being vex’d, a sea nourish’d with loving tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
[Going.
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he’s some otherwhere.

(*) First folio, well seeing.

* See pathways to his will!] This is obscure. The earliest quarto, that of 1597, has,—
"Should without eyes see pathways to our will."
And this may help us to the true reading, which very probably was:—
"Should without eyes see pathways to our will!"
in other words, "Make us walk in any direction he chooses to appoint."

(4) Being purg’d,—Johnson suggested, and not without reason, that purg’d might be a misprint for urg’d. "To urp the fire," he observes, "is the technical term." Mr. Collier’s corrector, with equal plausibility, changes purg’d to puff’d.

 ACT I.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

[Scene 1.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; But sadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid* a sick man in sadness make† his will:—
A word ill urg’d to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, coz, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim’d so near, when I supposed you lov’d.
Rom. A right good mark-man!—And she’s fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she’ll not be hit
With Cupid’s arrow, she hath Dian’s wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm’d,
From love’s weak childish bow she lives unharm’d.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bids the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.(4.
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still
live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv’d with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul’d by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.(5)

Rom. ’Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies’ brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass’d that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I’ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio omits bid.
(1) First folio, makes.
(2) First folio, bid.

* She lives unharm’d.] So the quarto of 1597. The subsequent quartos and the folio, 1623, read "uncharm’d."  
† With beauty dies her store.] The reading of all the ancient copies, which Theobald altered to "— with her dies beauty’s store."

Te call hers, exquisite, in question more:] This is generally conceived to refer to the beauty of Rosaline. It may mean, however,
"that is only the way to throw doubt upon any other beauty I may see;" an interpretation countenanced by the after lines:—
"Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass’d that passing fair?"
SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I, In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think, For men so old as we to keep the peace. Paris. Of honourable reckoning are you both, And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long. But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? Cap. But say ing o'er what I have said before: My child is yet a stranger in the world. She hath not seen the change of fourteen years; Let two more summers wither in their pride,

(*) First folio omits But.

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made. Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she, She is the hopeful lady of my earth: But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, My will to her consent is but a part; An she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice. This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, Where I have invited many a guest, Such as I love; and you, among the store, One more, most welcome, makes my number more. At my poor house, look to behold this night

(*) The first quarto, 1597, reads married.

(*) First folio omits The.

says, Fille de terre being the French phrase for an heiress. But Shakespeare may have meant by, "my earth," my corporal part as in his 146th Sonnet,—

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth."
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, [to Serv.] trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [gives a paper.]
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last,
the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose
names are here† writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time—

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Godden, good fellow.
Serv. God ye good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

(*) First folio, femell.
† First folio omits here.

* That make dark heaven light:† Warburton pronounces this nonsense, and Mason thinks it absurd. The former would read,—
“that make dark even light;”
and the latter,—
—-that make dark heaven's light.

Mr. Knight adheres to the old reading, “as passages in the masquerade scene would seem to indicate that the banqueting room o'pened into a garden.” A better reason for abiding by the original text is to consider that the “dark heaven,” in Shakespeare's mind, was most probably the Heaven of the stage, hung, as was the cusom during the performance of tragedy, with black.

† Such, amongst view of many,—† The reading of the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1599, that of 1669, and the folio, 1623, have, “Which one more view,” &c. Neither reading affords a clear sense.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughter;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio,
and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [Gives back the note.] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither to suppress?
Serv. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine: rest you merry.

[Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Supa the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!*

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world began.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poiss'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love* against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well,† that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

(*) Old editions, sire.
† First folio, she show scant shall, well, &c.

Up. Is this a reprint for “to sup?”

Come and crush a cup of wine:] This, like the crack a battle of later times, was a common invitation of old to a carouse. The following instances of its use, which might be easily multiplied, were collected by Stevens:

“Fill the pot, hostess, &c., and we'll crack it.”
The Two Angry Women of Shrewd, 1599.

“we'll crack a cup of thine own country wine.”
Hoffman's Tragedy, 1631.

“Come, George, we'll crack a pot before we part!”
The Tooner of Welsford, 1599.

* Your lady's love.—A corruption, I suspect, for “lady-love.”
It was not Romeo's love for Rosaline, or hers for him, which was to be poised, but the lady herself “against some other maid.”
SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—I bad her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou knowest, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—And yet, to my teen¹ be it spoken, I have but four,—She's not fourteen: how long is it now To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. Susan and she.—God rest all Christian souls!—were of an age:—Well, Susan is with God; she

* What, lady-bird!—God forbid!—] An exquisite touch of nature. The old nurse in her fond garrulity uses "lady-bird" as a term of endearment; but recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself;—"God forbid!" her darling should prove such a one.

¹ And yet to my teen—] That is, to my sorrow.
was too good for me: but, as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she; marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; (7) and she was weaned,—I never shall forget it,—of all the days of the year, upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dog, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall. My lord and you were then at Mantua:—nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretty fool! to see it tetchy, and fall out with the dog. Shake, quite the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trod, to bid me trudge. And since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, she could have run and waddled all about. For even the day before, she broke her brow: and then my husband—God be with his soul! 'a was a merry man;—took up the child: Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay: to see now, how a jest shall come about! I warrant, an I should* live a thousand years, I never should forget it; wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he: and, pretty fool, it sti\=nted, and said—Ay.

LA. CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE. Yea, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay:
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel’s stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fallst thou upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com’st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it sti\=nted, and said—Ay.
Jul. And sti\=nt thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thee want the prettiest babe that e’er I nurs’d:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LA. CAP. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of: tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour* that I dream not of.
NURSE. An honour! were not I thin only nurse,

(*) First folio, shall.

[Scene III.]

I’d say, thou hadst suck’d wisdom from thy teat,
LA. CAP. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years;
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—why, he’s a man of wax.

LA. CAP. Verona’s summer hath not such a
flower.

NURSE. Nay, he’s a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

LA. CAP. What say you? can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o’er the volume of young Paris’ face,
And find delight writ there with beauty’s pen;
Examine every married* lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what observ’d in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.6
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea;* and ‘tis much pride,
For fair without, the fair within to hide:
That book in many’s eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less? nay, bigger; women grow
by men.

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris’
love?

JUL. I’ll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Madam, the guests are come, supper
served up, you call’d, my young lady ask’d for,
the nurse curs’d in the pantry, and everything in
extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you,
follow straight.

LA. CAP. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county
stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
days.

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio, several.

(1) First folio omits it.

6 It is an honour.—In this and in the next line, for honour, the quarto, 1592, and the folio, 1623, have home.

7 Can you love the gentleman? The whole of this speech was added after the publication of the first quarto.

8 In the margent of his eyes.] See note, p. 106, in the Illustrative Comments on “Love’s Labour’s Lost.”

9 The fish lives in the sea.] Mason very properly observes that
"the sea cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish," and
suggests that sea was a misprint for "shell."

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SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, and Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity: We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance. But, let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling; Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mes. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mes. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

* The date is out of such prolixity.] It appears to have been the custom formerly for guests who were desirous, for the purposes of intrigue or from other motives, of being incognito, to go in visors, when they visited an entertainment of the description given by Capulet, and to send a masked messenger before them with an apologetic and proprietary address to the host or hostess.

* After the prompter, &c.] This and the preceding line are found only in the quarto of 1597. The word entrance here requires to be pronounced as a trisyllable, entrance.

In an account of this dance, see the Illustrative Comments to Act V. of "Love's Labour's Lost."

* You are a lover.] The twelve lines which follow are not found in the first quarto.
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so\* bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Merry.†And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Merry. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for prickling, and you beat love down,—
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor! what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes\* with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.\*b

Merry. Tut! dun's the mouse,(11) the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Merry. I mean, sir, in‡ delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.§
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five\* wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Merry. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Merry. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Merry. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Merry. O then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an\| agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart\* men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:†
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths; with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit: a
And sometime comes she with a § tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear;¶ at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks\* in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the bag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she.—(12)

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Merry. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,

(*\*) First folio, bound.
(†) Old copies, HORATI.O.
(1) First folio, I delay.
(6) First folio, in vain, lights lights by day.
(8) First folio omits an.

\* Tickle the senseless rushes—] Before the introduction of carpets it was customary, as everybody knows, to screen rooms with rushes; it is not so generally known, however, that the stage was strewn in the same manner.

"— on the very rushes, when the comedy is to daunce."

Decker's Gilt's Hornbook, 1609.

\*b The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.] An allusion, Ritson says, to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give

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over when the game was at the fairest; but we doubt if this is the true meaning of Romeo's "grandsire phrase."

‡ In our five wits.] Old copies fine; the correction was made by Malone.

¶ Of smelling on a suit.] By suit in this place is not meant, a process or law-suit, but an appointment in the gift of the crown.

"If you be a courtier, discourse of the obtaining of suits." 

Decker's Gilt's Hornbook, 1609.
and more inconstant than the wind, who woe's
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face* to the dew-dropping south.
Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the
Term
Of a despaired life, close'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the stewardage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. — A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
Take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a
trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in
Me or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too,
is a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the
court-cupboard,* look to the plate:—good thou,
ave me a piece of marchpane;* and, as thou
ovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone,
and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are look'd for, and call'd for,
sk'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too—
Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer
Liver take all.* [They retire behind.

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests, and the
Maskers.

1 Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have
their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout* with
you:—
Ah ha,* my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye
now?
Welcome, gentlemen!* I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—’tis gone, ’tis gone, ’tis
gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,
play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[Music plays, and they dance.
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unkock'd—for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is ’t now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man? ’tis not so much; ’tis not
so much:
’Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask’d.

2 Cap. ’Tis more, ’tis more, his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand
Of yonder knight? (13)

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!
It seems she hangs upon the check of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove tropicing with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

(*) Quarto, 1599, &c., and folio, Ah, my mistresses!

Good cousin Capulet.— Unless within the degree of parent
and child, or brother and sister, one kinman usually addressed
another as cousin in Shakespeare's time. Thus the King in
"Hamlet" calls his nephew and step-son
—"my cousin Hamlet,"

and Lady Capulet, in Act III. of the present play, speaks of her
nephew as
—"Tybalt, my cousin!"

It seems she hangs upon the check of night.— This is the
lecction of the early quarto, and of the folio, 1623. The folio,
1632, substituted
—"Her beauty hangs," &c.,
which has been thought so great an improvement that it is
almost invariably adopted.

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Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TVN. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an anticke face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore
storm you so?

TVN. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 CAP. Young Romeo is 't?

TVN. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 CAP. Content thec, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-becoming semblance for a feast.

TVN. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 CAP. He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop!* you'll be the man!

TVN. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 CAP. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to seethe you;—I know
what.

You must contray me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts;—you are a prince;* go:
Be quiet, or—more light, more light:—for shame!
I'll make you quiet; what!—cheerly, my hearts.

TVN. Patience perchance, with wilful choler,
Making my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

(*) First folio, thr.
(1) First folio, the.

* You will set cock-a-hoop! A phrase of very doubtful origin.
Some writers think it an allusion to a custom they say existed of
taking the cock or spigot out of the barrel and laying it on the hoop.
I rather suppose it to refer in some way to the boastful,
provocative crowing of the cock, but can find nothing explanatory
of its meaning in any author.

* To seethe you.] That is, to damage you.

* You are a prince.] A coxcomb.

* Patience perchance.] From the old adage, "Patience upon force
is a medicine for a mad dog."

* My life is my foe's debt.] He means that, as bereft of Juliet

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Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand* To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.


Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word
with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.*

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best. Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a tripping foolish banquet towards.—* Is it c'en so? why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:
More torches here!—come on, then let's to bed.

(*) First folio, did ready stand.

he should die, his existence is at the mercy of his enemy, Capulet
Thus in the old poem:—

"So hath he learned her name and knowth she is no gosset,
Her father was a Capulet, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe in choice to give him life or death.
That scarcely can his wofull brest keep in the lively breath."

* The sport is at the best.] This seems to mean, "We have seen
the best of the sport."

* Towards.1 Approaching, near at hand.
Ah, sirrah, [to 2 Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late; I'll to my rest.

[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: what is yon gentleman? (14)

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

(*) First folio, here.

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd † even now

(*) First folio, wedded.

(†) First folio, borne.
Of one I dance'd withal.

[One calls within, JULIET.

NURSE. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.*

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

* Chorus.] First printed in the edition of 1599.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open place adjoining Capulet’s Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out. [He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo! He is wise; And, on my life, hath stol’n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap’d this orchard wall: Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I’ll conjure too.—* Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!—

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied; Cry but—Ah me! pronounce* but—love and dove, Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,* Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim, When king Cophetua lov’d the beggar-maid.— He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.— I conjure thee by Rosaline’s bright eyes, By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, And the desmesnes that there adjacent lie, That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. Mer. This cannot anger him: ’twould anger him To raise a spirit in his mistress’ circle Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

---

*a Nay, I’ll conjure too.—] The folio, 1623, assigns these words to Benvolio.
*b We print this line according to the text of the earliest edition, for the others being singularly corrupt; for example, the first folio reads:—

Cry me but ay me, Provant, but Love and day.

(*) First folio, her.
(†) First folio omits and.

* Sc. the quarto, 1597; later editions, true.
Till she had laid it, and conjur’d it down; 
That were some spite: my invocation 
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress’ name, 
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Men. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit, 
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Oh Romeo that she were, oh that she were, 
An open et cetera, thou, a poppin pear!
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my trunkle-bed; 
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Capulet’s Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[Juliet appears above, at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks! 
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, 
Who is already sick and pale with grief, 
That thou her maid art far more fair than she: 
Be not her maid, since she is envious; 
Her vestal livery is but sick and green, 
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, 
Having some business, do intreat her eyes 
To twinkle in their spheres till they return. 
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her check would shame those stars, 
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven 
Would through the airy region stream so bright, 
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

(*) First folio, these.

(*) First folio, That's in a name.

(*) First folio, of thy tongues uttering.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand! 
O, that I were a glove upon that hand, 
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art 
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head, 
As is a winged messenger of heaven 
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him, 
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds, 
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name: 
Or, if thou wilt but be my love, 
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak this? 

Jul. Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;— 
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. 

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. 
O, be some other name! 
What's in a name? * that which we call a rose, 
By any other word would smell as sweet; 
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, 
Retain that dear perfection which he owes, 
Without that title:—Romeo, dost thy name; 
And for that name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word: 
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; 
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus beseeching in night, 
So stumb lest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am: 
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, 
Because it is an enemy to thee; 
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance,† yet I know the sound
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How can'st thou hither, tell me? as wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb; 
And the place death, considering who thou art,

(*) First folio, these.

(*) First folio, of thy tongues uttering.

forgotten.

The lazy-pacing clouds.—) So, the earliest edition, 1597; 
the others have lazy-pulling, which Mr. Collier's MS. corrects to lazy-passing.

* Nor any other part—] These words are found only in the quartio of 1597.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II.

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire; he lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea, [would* adventure for such merchandise.
JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Thy thoughts on me, as I on thee shall dwell
In form, in fain, in fond, in false,
What I have spoke; but farewell complement! 
Dost thou love me?† I now, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou say'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.‡ O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
'Twill frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
A truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour§
Light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning† to be strange.‡
Should have been more strange, I must confess,
But thou over-heard'st, cre I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night had so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed || moon I vow,
[That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
JUL. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
JUL. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—it lightens. Sweet, good night!©
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.
JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Enter Nurse calls within.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true,
Stay but a little, I will come again.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering—sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable, (2)
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

"—'till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty."

So, too, in Greene's "Mamillia," 1583:—

"Is it the fashion in Padus to be so strange with your friends?"

© Sweet, good night! [This, and the intermediate lines down to "Stay but a little," &c., were added after the printing of the 1597 quarto.
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:—  
[Nurse. [Within.] Madam!  
Jul. I come, anon:—but, if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee,—  
[Nurse. [Within.] Madam!  
Jul. To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.  
Rom. So thrive my soul,—  
Jul. A thousand times good night!  
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.  
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;  
But love from love, toward school, with heavy looks.  
[Retiring slowly.  
Re-enter Juliet, above.  
Jul. Hiss! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle (3) back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.  
Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!  
Jul. Romeo!  
Rom. My dear!  
Jul. What o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?  
Rom. By the hour of nine.  
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.  
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.  
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.  
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.  
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:  
And yet, no farther than a wanton's bird;  
That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.  
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.  
Jul. Sweet, so would I.  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.  
[Exit.  
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.  
[Exit.  

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence’s Cell.  

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.  

Friar. The grey-ey’d man in the browning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day’s path, and Titan’s fiery wheels:  
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer, and night’s dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth, that’s nature’s mother, is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;  
And from her womb children of divers kind,  
We suckling on her natural bosom find;  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, stain’d from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime’s by action dignified.*
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

* By action dignified.] After these words the ancient copies, except the first quarto, which has no direction, have,—"Enter Romeo;" but it very frequently happens in old plays that the entrance of a character is marked some time before he really takes part in the scene. Such direction probably meaning that the actor is to be at hand, ready to enter when the cue is given.

**Enter Romeo.**

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri.  *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper’d head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man’s eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie:
But where unbruised youth with unstuff’d brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy carliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous’d with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and *homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on me;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies,
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesus Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow checks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring* yet in my ancient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old fear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wash thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou child'st me off for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

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Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love
now,*
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. O, she know well,
Thy love did read by rote, and * could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' * rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.*
Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run
fast.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life,
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!
stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; Shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of
his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;
and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats,(6)
I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain
of complements:* he fights as you sing prick-song,
keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his
minim rest,§ one,—two,—and the third in your
bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist,
a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—
of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal
passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—(6)
Ben. The what?
Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; * these new tuners of accent!—By † Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-nez-moys, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bons, their bons!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—

(*) All but the first copy read phantacies.
(†) First folio omits By.

* Your French slop:; The slop is said to have been a sort of loose knee'd breeches or trousers.
 b The slip, sir, the slip; The equivocation here is well explained in the following passage from Greene's "Thieves falling out, True Men come by their Goods."—And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips." Again, in Ben Jonson's "Magnetick Lady," Act III. Sc. 6:—

"I had like t' have been
Abus'd in the business, had the slip slurr'd on me,
A counterfeit."

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—mary, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, billings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop; * you gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both; what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; * can you not conceive?
ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Merc. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Merc. Thou hast most kindly* hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Merc. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink, for flower?

Merc. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.1

Merc. Sure wit: 6 follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely-singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Merc. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit† faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Merc. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Merc. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.2

Merc. Thy wit is a very bitter-sweeting: it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Merc. O, here's a wit of cheverel,3 that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.4

Merc. Why, is not this better now, than growing for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou

Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Merc. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Merc. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's godly goer!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Merc. A sail, a sail! a sail!5

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Merc. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Merc. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Merc. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for † himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well † said;—for himself to mar, quotha!—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

(*) First folio omits good.

(1) First folio, wit.

a Thou hast most kindly hit it.] That is, most pertinently hit it. So in "Henry VI." Part I. Act III. Sc. 1, when Warwick says,—

"Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindig gird,

he does not mean, as it has been interpreted, "a reproof meant in kindness," but an opposite reproof; a reproof in kind. This sense of the word is very clearly shown in a passage of Mid- dleton's play, "The Mayor of Queenborough," Act III. Sc. 3, where Vertigern, having discovered the trick of Hengist in cutting the hide into thongs, tells him his castle shall be called Thong Castle; to which the latter replies:—

"there your grace quites me kindig."

b Then is my pump well flower'd.] The idea seems to be,—my shoe or pump being pinked or punched with holes is well flower'd; there may also be a latent allusion to the custom of wearing ribbons in the shape of flowers on the shoes.

c Sure wit.] The earliest quarto, 1597, has "'Well said;" the subsequent quarto, and the folio, 1623, read, "Sure wit," which Malone conjectured to be a mistake for "Sheer wit."

d Good goose, bite not.] An old proverbial saying, "Good goose, do not bite."

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Merc. A sail, a sail! a sail!6

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

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Nurse. My fan, Peter.

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Merc. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

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Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

(*) First folio omits for.

(1) First folio omits well.

A wit of cheverel,—Cheverel, or cheverel, is a soft leather used for gloves. Its capacity of extension is frequently referred to by our old poets. Thus, in "Henry VIII." Act II. Sc. 8,—

"—your soft cheverel conscience."

So, too, in "Histriomastix," 1619:—

"The cheverel conscience of corrupted law."

And Drayton, in "The Owl:"—

"A cheverel conscience, and a searching wit."

A broad goose.] The quibble here not being understood, it has been proposed that we should read:—

"proves thee far and wide abroad, goose." But Romeo plays on the words a broad, and a brode.

"Further would not Tyb then,

'Syl echo had hur brode-hen

Set in hur lap."—The Tournament of Tottenham. Harl. MSS. No. 5396.

g A sail, a sail, a sail!7 So the quarto, 1597. The other old copies give these words to Rome. 

180
Mr. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, faith; wisely, wisely.
Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confience with you.
BEN. She will indite him to some supper.
MRR. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!*
ROM. What hast thou found?
MRR. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a ceten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar;* And an old hare hoar, Is very good meat in Lent: But a hare that is hoar, Is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MRR. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady, lady.(8)

[Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery? a

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Seury knave! I am none of his firt-gills; I am none of his skeins-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Seury knave!—pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, 't faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shift

This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROM. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convey in the secret night.

Farewell!—be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell!—commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—hark you, sir.

ROM. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—

'Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing, —O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that

(*) First folio, in.
(+) First folio, thou good.

mentators. Some have derived it from skein, a knife or dagger; others suppose it a mispronunciation of kins-mates; and Mr. Douce ventures a random conjecture that the skeins in question might be skeins of thread, and that the Nurse meant nothing more than sempstresses! The difficulty, after all, proves of easy solution. The word skein, I am told by a Kentish man, was formerly a familiar term in parts of Kent to express what we now call a scope-grace or ne'er-do-well; just the sort of person the worthy old Nurse would entertain a horror of being considered a companion to. Even at this day, my informant says, skein is often heard in the Isle of Thanet, and about the adjacent coast, in the sense of a reckless, dare-devil sort of fellow.

And stay.—* The remainder of this scene is not in the first edition, 1597.

I warrant thee;) I was added by the editor of the second folio.
would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimis, and tell her that Paris is the proper man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clot in the vrasal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a 

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R. Nurse. Ah, moeker! that's the dog's name. R(9) is for the dog.* No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.


SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse: In half an hour she promis'd to return. Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—O, she is lame! love's heralds* should be thoughts,* Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over lowing hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highmost hill Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve Is three long hours,—yet she is not come. Had she affections, and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me: But old folks, many feign as they were dead; Unwieldly, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter. Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look' st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;

(*) First folio omits dog. (†) First folio, herald.

* Should be thoughts,—] This scene was greatly augmented and improved after the first quarto. In that edition, Juliet's speech is continued from the above words, as follows:—

'Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had! Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak:—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile? Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath To say to me—that thou art out of breath? The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay, Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance: Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—what, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no; but all this did I know before: What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I? It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—Beshrew your heart, for sending me about, To catch my death with jauiting up and down! Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:*

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous:—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;

Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st: Your love says like an honest gentleman,— Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear! Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

(*) First folio, so well.

'And runne more swift, than haste to powder herd, Doth hurrie from the hearful cannon mouth; Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle nurse, What says my love?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse,
farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.(10)

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else is* his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both

(*) First folio, in.

a Conceit,—] Conceit here means imagination. So, in "The Rape of Lucrece;"

"— which the conceited painter drew so proud."—MALONE.
b I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.] So the second

Receive in either, by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit,* more rich in matter than in words.
Brag of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.9
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt

quarto, 1599; and so, also, the undated quarto, and the folio, 1624
except that they misspell the second "sum," "some." The
meaning seems plain enough, "I cannot sum up the sum of
total of half my wealth;" but the passage has been modernized
into,— "I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth."
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire; he day is hot, the Capulets abroad, and, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl; or now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me sword upon the table, and says, God send me need of thee! and, by the operation of the cond cup, draws him on the drawer, when, deed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy

a And what too?] So the old copies, meaning, "And what else?" or, "What more?" The modern editions read, "And what for?"

* * *
out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—

Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, or hear nothing but discord; here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. *Zounds,* consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. 

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, L.e. Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man. 

(*) First folio, Come.

* Or else depart; Or else part. See "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1, note [*a*], p. 62 of the present Vol.
* I will not budge for no man's pleasure, L.e. The duplication of the pronoun is a construction of frequent use in the language of Shakespeare's time. So in the "Tempest," Act III. Sc. 3:—

'You are three men of sin, whom destiny (That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in 't) the never surfetted sea Hath caus'd to bech up you.'

* The love I bear thee,—] This is the reading of all the ancient 1584 copies, except the quarto, 1597, which has—"the love I bear thee, &c." * A la stocca;—] Stocca or stocado is an Italian term for thrust, or stab, in fencing. The folio, 1623, spells it stocado. s Out of his pitch—] A pitch was the name for some ornamental metal of leather. Nash, in his "Fierce Penance Supplication to the Devil," 1592, speaks of "a carman in leather pitches," and the word might be applied suitably enough for the leather sheath of a rapier. Perhaps we should read "out of his pitch, sir," &c. The quarto, 1597, has "come for your rapier out of your seabard," &c.

* Exeunt, &c.] The first quarto has here a stage direction running thus:—

"Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio, in and dyse,"
III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

[SCENE I.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—Stand not amaz'd,—the prince will doom thee death.
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!*

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me; I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray? Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child! O prince! O cousin! husband! O the blood is spill'd! Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true, For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.— O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvelio, who began this bloody fray? Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink How nice* the quarrel was,(2) and urg'd withal Your high displeasure: all this—uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,— Could not take truce with the unruly spleen, Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tiles With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast; Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

(*) First folio, What.
(1) First folio, fire and fury.

Hath aspi'd the clouds,—] In the use of aspi're, some particle, or offer, is now considered indispensable. So to the word we always add as, unto, or in; but the old writers frequently adopted the construction in the text. Thus Marlowe, in Tamburlaine," 1599,—

"And both our souls aspi're celestial thrones." our author, "Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 3:—

"... those powers that the Queen Hath raised in Gallia, have arris't the coast." Alive in triumph! So the quarto, 1597; that of 1599 has been, and the folio 1623, reads he gos' in triumph. Moderns have, "Alive in triumph!"

(4) My conduct now! My guide, my conductor. 0! I am fortune's fool!] I am the sport of fortune. The first quarto reads, "Ah, I am fortune's slave!"

The quarto, 1597, reads,

Unhappy sight! ah, the blood is spilt.

How nice!— Nice here signifies, not delicate, squarish, &c., as in some other instances in these Plays, but trivial, unimportant, as in Act V. Sc. 2,—

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge, Of dear import."
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ev'ry I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain:
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slow Tybalt, Romeo must live.

Prin. Romeo slow him, he slow Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but $ murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus' lodging; such a waggoner

(*) First folio, Cap.
(1) First folio, ii.
(2) First folio, our.

As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night.
That run-aways' (9) eyes may wink, and Rome's
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads:
Hood my unmann'd blood bathing in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grows bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou dar'st night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue, speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.(5)

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there in the cords,
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou weep thy hands?

(*) First folio, and by.

8 Whiter than snow—So the undated quartos; the other ed.

Whiter than snow upon a raven's back.

9 And, when he shall die,—This is another valuable emen
t of the undated quartos; all the other early-editions read, 'I
shall die.'

1 Garish sun.—That is, gaudy, blazing sun. Milton
not unmindful of this beautiful speech when he composed
Peregrine; compare—

"Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron,"

and—

"Fay no worship to the garish sun;"

with his—

"Till civil-suited morn appear;"

and—

"Hid me from day's garish eye.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

[SCENE II]

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
Nurse. Romeo can, though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!—Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, — God save the mark!—here on his manly breast: A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, All in gore blood;—I swounded at the sight. Jul. I break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once! To prison, eyes! no'er look on liberty! Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here; And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier! Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! That ever I should live to see thee dead! Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead? By dear-lovy'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! For who is living, if those two are gone? Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd; Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banish'd. Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood? Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did. Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!

(*1) Old copies, shot.  (†1) First folio, dearest.

Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned saint, an honourable villain! O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell, When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter, So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust, No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd, All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae:— These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo! Jul. Blist'er'd be thy tongue, For such a wish! he was not born to shame: Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to elide at * him! Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband: Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; Your tributary drops belong to woe, Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then? Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, That murder'd me: I would forget it fain; But, O! it presseth to my memory, Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd;
That—banish'd, that one word—banish'd,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalt. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

(*1) First folio omits at.

been proverbial, but its meaning has hitherto baffled the research and sagacity of every commentator. It occurs again in "Henry IV.", Part I. Act I. Sc. 5, and in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 2, and in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 1, we have God save the mark. In the quarto, 1597, instead of "God save the mark!" in the present passage, we have, "God save the sample," an expression, equally obscure.

†1 Alas the day! it did.† The speech here are misappropriated in the quarto, 1599, and the folio, 1623, but are correctly given in the undated quarto.

"Dove-feather'd raven!" The quarto, 1599, and folio read—

"Ravenous dove-feather'd raven!" The quarto, 1599, and folio read—

A damned saint,—) So the undated quarto. That of 1599 has dimme, the folio, 1623, dimme.
Act III.

Romeo and Juliet.

Scene III.

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince’s doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince’s
    doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish’d from his lips
Not body’s death, but body’s banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—
    death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment
Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is, banish’d from the world,
And world’s exilo is death: then—banishment—
Is death mis-term’d: calling death, banishment,*
Thou cutt’st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil’st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death: but the kind prince
Taking thy part, hath rush’d aside the law,
And turn’d that black word, death, to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. ’Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives: and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her.
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
But Romeo may not: he is banished.
And say’st thou yet, that exile is not death?—*
Hadst thou no poison mix’d, no sharp-ground knife?
No sudden mean of death, though ne’er so mean.
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess’d,

(*) First folio, which.

Fri. over Tybalt’s corpse, and asks if she will go to them, to while Juliet replies.—* No, let them wash his wounds with tears; mis shall be spent in wailing Romeo’s banishment."

Fri. Here, in the quartos, 1599, occur the following two lines; they are omitted in the folio—:

"Flies may do this, but I from this must fly,
They are free men, but I am banished."

Capell rightly conjectures that the author’s first draft of this passage was left standing in the MS, and so got printed with the after version.

(*) That exile is not death?— This line and the preceding ones transposed in the old copies.
mangle me with that word—banished?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak."

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word; diversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—hang up philosophy!

Fond philosophy can make a Juliet,

implant a town, reverse a prince's doom;

helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men

have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute† with thee of thy estate."

(*) First folio omits, that.  (†) First folio, dispute.

Thou fond mad man,—] So the undated quarto: the other

verses read then for thou: the folio, 1623.

"Then fond mad man, hear me speak."

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost

not feel:

Wert thou as young as I,* Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me—banished,

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear

thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Knocking within.

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good Romeo, hide

thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick

groans,

(*) First folio, as Juliet my love.

b Dispute with thee of thy estate.] Let me reason with you

upon your affairs.

e Knocking within.] The stage direction in the old copy is, "Enter Nurse, and knocks."
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.  

[Fri. Knocking.  
Hark, how they knock!—who's there?—  
Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;  
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!  
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come.  

[Fri. Knocking.  
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?  
Nurse. [within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;  
I come from lady Juliet.  
Fri. Welcome then.  

Enter Nurse.  
Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?  
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears  
Made drunk.  
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistresses case,  
Just in her case!  
Fri. O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!  
Nurse. Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?  
Rom. Nurse!  
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.  
Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceald lady to our cancel'd? love?  
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and  
weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

(*) First folio omits, Wett.  
(†) First folio, spakst.  
(‡) First folio, conceald.

a What wilfulness is this!—] So the first quarto, 1597: all the subsequent editions, quarto and folio, read simpliceness.  
b Piteous predicament.] These words form part of the Nurse's speech in the old copies. Farmer first suggested they must be the Fria's.

c Drawing his sword.] In the first quarto, 1597, is the following stage direction:—He offers to stab himself, and nurse snatches the dagger away.

d That in thy life lives,—] The quarto, 1597, has,—  
"And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee."  
The quarto, 1599, and folio, 1623, read.  
"And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives."  

e Why rais'st thou on thy birth,—] Malone justly remarked, that Romeo does not here rai on his birth, though in the old poem he is made to do so:—

Rom. As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.  

[Drawing his sword.  
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives;  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rais'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth!  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.  
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
Which, like an usurer, abund'st in all,  
And useth none in that true use indeed,  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the value of a man:  
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,  
Is set o' fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too.  
The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend  
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehavior and sullen wench,  
Thou poust'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

(*) First folio, dead.  
(†) First folio, And.  
(‡) First folio, or blessing.  
(§) First folio, mishapen.
take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
lo, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
scend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
at look thou stay not till the watch be set,
or then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
there thou shalt live, till we can find a time
to blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
egg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
thick twenty hundred thousand times more joy
than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
and bid her hasten all the house to bed,
which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
rome is coming.
Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all
the night,
O hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
y lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
sir:
if you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[Exit Nurse.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: good night; and here stands
all your state;—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disquis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good
night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

* And here stands all your state:—"] "The whole of your fortune
depends on this."—Johnson.
I promise you, but for your company, I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:

Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she’s mew’d up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child’s love: I think, she will be rul’d In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her here of my son Paris’ love; And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—But, soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! well, Wednesday is too soon, O’Thursday let it be;—o’Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl:— Will you be ready? do you like this haste? We’ll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:— For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we revel much: Therefore we’ll have some half a dozen friends, And there an end. But what say you to Thurs- day?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone;—o’Thursday be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho! Afore me, it is so very late, that we May call it early by and by:—good night.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Juliet’s chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is but yest near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

[Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse!
Nurse. Your lady mother’s coming to you chamber: The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[Exit Nurse.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I’ll descend.
Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay, husband! friend!
must hear from thee every day in the hour,
or in a minute there are many days:
'by this count I shall be much in years, 
re I again behold my Romebe.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity, 
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 
Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again? 
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve 
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

[SCENE III.]

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul; a
Think I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Romeo.

JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him,
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?
JUL. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
JUL. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend,
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?
Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

* I have an ill-divining soul; "This miserable presence of futurity," Steevens observes, "I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:--

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall begin his fearful date
With this night's revels."

# Fortune, fortune! This and the intervening lines to the entrance of Lady Capulet are not found in the quarto, 1597.
# Indeed, the whole scene was considerably amplified and altered after the publication of that edition.
# God pardon him! "Him was first inserted in the folio, 1632.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of those my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, for thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,--
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,--
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead--
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:--
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt;--
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll fit such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech thy ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father's child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there his joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Pet too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride. (9)

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate.

(*) First folio omits, murderer.
(+) First folio omits, I.
(1) First folio omits, this.
(4) First folio omits, the.

* My cousin Tybalt,—This line terminates at cousin in older copies. Tybalt was added in the folio, 1632, yet we do not know if this were the omitted word, and think, with Malone, it was probably some epithet to cousin.
* The county Paris,—An earl in Shakespeare's time was commonly styled county or counties.
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next, To go with Paris to saint Peter's church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carriour! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
LA. CAP. Fie, fie! what, are you mad? JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
CAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o’Thursday, Or never after look me in the face: Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch: wife, we scarce thought us bless’d, That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
NURSE. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips,* go.
NURSE. I speak no treason.
CAP. O, God ye good den! NURSE. May not one speak?
CAP. Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl,†
For here we need it not.
LA. CAP. You are too hot.
CAP. God’s bread!* it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match’d: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble® parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train’d,¹
Stuff’d (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion’d as one’s heart could wish a man, k—

(*) First folio, gossip.  (†) First folio, bowls.
Nor list he now go whistling to the earre,
But sells his tene and fettledis to the warre,"
HALI.’s Satires, B. IV. Sat. 6.
The word does not occur again in our author, and, curiously enough, it has been overlooked in this passage by every editor, from Rowe downwards; modern editions all reading settle.
1. O, God ye good den!] God give you good even. In all the old copies but the quarto, 1597, this exclamation is given as part of the Nurse’s speech. There can be no question as to whom it belongs.
2. God’s bread!] The quarto of 1597, reads:—
Gods blessed mother, wife, it mad me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, wakking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her match’d.
3. Of noble parentage,—] Quarto, 1597, has princely.
4. Nobly train’d.—] So the quarto, 1597; the next edition reads liuid, which is doubtless a typographical error for train’d; in the succeeding impressions it was altered to allied.
5. As one’s heart could wish a man.—] The reading of the quarto, 1597; the other old editions, folio 1623 included, have as one’s thought would wish a man.}
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, a puppet, a doll; supposed to be a corruption of Mahomet.

To answer—I'll not wed. I cannot love,
I am too young. I pray you, pardon me;
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you!

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed,
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

* A whining mammet.—A puppet, a doll; supposed to be a corruption of Mahomet.
* Ancient damnation! In the quarto, 1597, before this speech is a stage direction "She looks after Nurse," which, like similar prescripts in that early edition, is extremely interesting, as affording us a glimpse of the "stage business" of this play in Shakespeare's time.
Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so; and I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.¹

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind: uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, and therefore have I little talk'd of love, for Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous, that she doth give her sorrow so much sway; and, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage, to stop the inundation of her tears; which, too much minded by herself alone, may be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[Aside.]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be, shall be.
Par. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price, being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that: for it was bad enough, before their spite.

¹ And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.] Shakespeare's marvellous power of condensation sometimes renders his meaning obscure. In this instance, the sense appears to be, "and I am not slow in my own preparations for the wedding, to give him any reason to slacken his hasty proceedings."
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth; And what I spake, I spake it to my* face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass? a

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—

My lord, we† must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you;
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PAR.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, b past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains‡ me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hast't of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed, c
Or my true heart with trencherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experience'd time, d
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Which play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commision of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay* thyself;
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower; e
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut † me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapseless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud; f
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstan'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled† liquor drink thou off; (1)
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease,
No warmth, no breath, shall testifie thou liv'st; g
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To palmy ashes; thy § eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts || the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridgegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,) (2)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

(*) First folio, thy.
(†) First folio, you.
(1) First folio, streames.

a At evening mass! It is strange that Shakespeare, who on other occasions has shown a competent knowledge of the doctrines and usages of the Roman Catholic Church, should have fallen into this error. The celebration of mass, it is well known, can only take place in the forenoon of the day.

b Past cure.— So the edition of 1597, the other copies read care.

(1) The label to another deed.— "The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed."—M ARC E. 

d Thy long-experience'd time.— This scene was expanded considerably after the publication of the quarto, 1597. In that, the nine lines of this speech from the first couplet are all wanting.

* Of yonder tower. This is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The subsequent old copies have "any tower."

A deed man in his shroud. Shroud is supplied from the undated quarto, the word having dropped out in the editions of 1599 and 1609. The folio, 1623, inserts grave.

+ Shall testifie thou liv'st! In the first quarto this passage stands thus:—

A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progresse, but surcease to be:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liest.

h To paly ashes. So the undated quarto. That of 1597 and the folio, 1623, read To many ashes.

i In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.— After this line, the early editions, quarto and folio, introduce the following:

"To be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave."

Which, Stevens remarks, the poet very probably had struck on in his revival, because the sense of it is repeated in the next line.
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking,* and that very night,
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O tell me not of
fear.*

Fmr. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[Exit Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 SERV. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll
try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 SERV. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick
his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[Exit Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on
her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

NURSE. See, where she comes from shift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have
you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

(*) First folio, care.

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, (3)
To beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what became love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—
stand up:
This is as 't should be: let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,—
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
to-morrow. [Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare up him*
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle
nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you
my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
saries,

(*) First folio, him up.

"As the olde cooke crowes so doeth the chick;
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick." 201
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

LA. CAP.

Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I’ll call them back again to comfort me;
Nurse!—what should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, phial,—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

[Exeunt Capulet and Nurse.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister’d to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour’d,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there’s a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stiled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack’d;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest’ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes’ turn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers’ joints?

(*) First folio, fire.  (+) First folio, walk.

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud;
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman’s bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin’s ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spilt his body
Upon a rapier’s point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV.—Capulet’s Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

LA. CAP. 
Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

[Exeunt Capulet and Nurse.]

Enter Capulet.

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow’d,
The curfew bell hath rung, tis three o’clock:—
Look to the bake meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-queue, go,
Get you to bed; ‘faith, you’ll be sick to-morrow,
For this night’s watching.

CAP. No, not a whit; what! I have watch’d ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne’er been sick.

LA. CAP. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—now, fellow,
What’s there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 SERV. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 SERV. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.

CAP. ’Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson ha,

(*) First folio, my.  (+) First folio, less.

CoT-queue was nothing more than another
name for what housewives now term a wolly-cuddie; a man
who bastes himself in affairs which properly belong to the softer sex.

A mouse-hunt—The martien, an animal of the weasel tribe, is
called mouse-hunt; and from Lady Capulet’s use of it, the name
appears to have been familiarly applied to any one of rash
propensities. Heywood has a proverb, “Cat after kinds, good
mouse-hunt.”—JOHN HEYWOOD’S WORKES, 4to. 1598.
Thou shalt be logger-head. —Good faith, * 'tis day:  
The county will be here with music straight,  
[Music within.  

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7. So, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;  
I'11 go and chat with Paris: — hie, make haste,  
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:  
Make haste, I say!  

[Execut.  

SCENE V. —Juliet’s Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.  

Enter Nurse.  

Nurse. Mistress! — what, mistress! — Juliet!  
— fast, I warrant her, she—  
Why, lamb! — why, lady! — fie, you slug-a-bed!—  
Why, love, I say! — madam! sweet-heart! — why,  
bride!—  
What, not a word? — you take your pean-y-worths  
now;  
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
The county Paris hath set up his rest.  
That you shall rest but little.— God forgive me,  
Marry, and amen! how sound is she asleep!  
I needs must wake her: — madam, madam, madam!  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;  
He’ll fright you up, i’ faith: — will it not be?  
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down  
again!  
[ must needs wake you: lady! lady! lady!  
Alas! alas! — help! help! my lady’s dead!—  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—  
Some aqua-vite, ho! — my lord! my lady!  

Enter Lady Capulet.  

LA. CAP. What noise is here?  
NURSE. O lamentable day!  
LA. CAP. What is the matter?  
NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!  

(*) First folio, wife.  

(*) First folio omits, see.  

LA. CAP. O me, O me! — my child, my only  
life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!  
Help, help! — call help.  

Enter Capulet.  

CAP. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord  
is come.  
NURSE. She’s dead, decens’d, she’s dead; alack  
the day!  
LA. CAP. Alack the day! she’s dead, she’s  
dead, she’s dead.  
CAP. Ha! let me see her: — out, alas! she’s  
cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
NURSE. O lamentable day!  
LA. CAP. O woful time!  
CAP. Death, that hath ta’en her hence to make  
me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.  

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with  
Musicians.  

PAR. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?  
CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:  
O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy bride:* — see,† there she  
lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, ‡ all is death’s.  
PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning’s  
face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?  
LA. CAP. Accurs’d, unhappy, wretched, hateful  
day!  
Most miserable hour, that e’er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch’d it from my sight.  

(*) First folio, wife.  

‡ Life, living, all is death’s.] So the old copies. Most of the  
modern editors follow Capell, and read,—  
“ —life leaving, all is death’s.”  
The change is uncalled for: “living” here implies  
possessions, fortunes, not existence. We meet with the same  
distinction between life and living in the “Merchant of Venice.” Act  
V. Sc. 1, where Antonio, whose life had been saved by Fortis,  
says,—  
“Sweet lady, you have given me life and living:  
For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to read.”  

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

[Scene V.]

NURSE. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

PAR. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd
By cruel, cruel thee, quite overthrown—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

CAP. Despis'd, distresst, hated, martyry'd, kill'd—
Uncomfortable time why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure a
lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advance'd:
And weep yo now, seeing she is advance'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your roses
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all b her best array bear her to church:
For though fond c nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAP. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.


1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[Exit Nurse.

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter. 8)

PET. Musicians, O, musicians, Heart's ease, heart's ease; O, an you will have me live, play—
heart's ease.

1 Mus. Why heart's ease?

PET. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—My heart is full of woe; d O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.e

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

PET. You will not then?

Mus. No.

PET. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

PET. No money, on my faith; but the gleck: f
I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mrs. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PET. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

1 Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

(*) First folio, And in, &c.

a Confusion's cure—] The old copies read care; corrected by Theobald.

b For though fond nature—] So the second folio; the previous editions read some nature.

c My heart is full of woe:] The words "of woe" are found only in the dateless quart; all the other old editions reading, "My heart is full." "My heart is full of woe," and "Heart's ease," were popular tunes of the period. In the Pepsy's collection is "A pleasant Ballad of two Lovers," beginning thus:

"Complain, my lute, complain on him,
That stays so long away;
He promis'd to be here ere this,
But still unkind doth stay;
But now the proverbe true I finde,
Once out of sight, then out of mind.
Hee ho! my heart is full of woe.

And this song contains a few lines of song, "all ornamented with notes of music," which are not now extant.

The note is self evident, and the word appears to have been a favourite one to play upon, for Shakespeare has used it with a double meaning at least a score of times.

we hear of "a deploring dump;" and in "The Arraignment of Paris," 1564, when the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris,—

"How cheers my lovely boy after this dump of woe!" and Paris replies,—

"Such dumps, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly dumps to prove.

Dumps appear to have been heavy, mournful tunes, and Master Peter's "merry dump" was a purposed contradiction in terms.

The gleck:] To give the gleck, a phrase borrowed from the old game of cards called gleek, signified to fust or scorn any one; and as a gleekman, or pilgrimage, was a name for minstrel, we get a notion of the quibble meant. A similar equivocation is, no doubt, intended in "the serving-creature," but the allusion is yet to be discovered.

f I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?] This is in the same strain as the rest of the dialogue. Re and Fa are the syllables used in sol-faing the notes b and f in the scale of music.

The note is self evident, and the word appears to have been a favourite one to play upon, for Shakespeare has used it with a double meaning at least a score of times.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will ry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron agger:—answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound, And doleful damps the mind oppress; Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound? what say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty too!—what say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound, With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit, singing.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio, protest.

a Then have at you with my wit:] The first folio has these words annexed to the second minstrel's speech.

b When griping grief the heart doth wound,—] These are the opening lines of a song, "In commendation of Musick," by Richard Edwards, printed in "The Paradise of Dayntie Devises," 1578.

Where griping grief the hart would wound, and dofull dumps the mind oppress, There Musick with her silver saed is wont with spede to give redresse.

c And doleful dumps the mind oppress,—] This line is omitted all the old editions, except the quarto, 1597.

d Hugh Rebeck] The rebeck was a sort of fiddle with three strings, played on with a bow. It is frequently noticed by the old writers.

"He turned his rebeck to a mornful note, And thereto sung this doleful elegy."

[Drayton, Ed. 11.]

When the merry bells ring round, And the jocund rebecks sound." [Milton. L'Allegro v. 91.

e Such fellows as you have seldom gold—] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the other old copies read, "because musicians have no gold," &c.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye\(^4\) of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit

\(^{a}\) Flattering eye of sleep. — This is according to the earliest copy.
The subsequent editions have "truth of sleep," which is still less intelligible. By "eye of sleep," Shakespeare perhaps meant vision, view, prospect. Thus, in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1:—
"These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town."

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

And in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV. Sc. 1:
"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."
Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—how now, Balthasar? Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? How doth my lady? is my father well? How doth my lady Juliet? that I ask again; For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill; Her body sleeps in Capels' monument, And her immortal part with angels lives; *

(*) First folio, litter.

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, And presently took post to tell it you: O pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy* you, stars!— Thou knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience: * Your looks are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

(*) First folio, deny.

"Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus."
ROM. Tush, thou art deceiv'd; 
Leavè me, and do the thing I bid thee do: 
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar? 
BAL. No, my good lord. 
ROM. No matter; get thee gone, 
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight. 
[Exit Balthasar. 

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night. 
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift 
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! 
I do remember an apothecary.—(A)
And hereabout he dwells,—which late I noted 
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows, 
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks, 
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones; 
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, 
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins 
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and, about his shelves, 
A beggarly account of empty boxes, 
Green carthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, 
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses, 
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show. 
Noting this penury, to myself I said— 
An if a man did need a poison now, 
Whose sale is present death in Mantua, 
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him. 
O, this same thought did but foro-run my need; 
And this same needy man must sell it me. 
As I remember, this should be the house: 
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. 
What, ho! apothecary! 

Enter Apothecary. 

APOTHECARY. Who calls so loud? 
ROM. Come hither, man. I see, that thou art poor; 
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have 
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear 
As will dispose itself through all the veins, 
That the life-weary taker may fall dead; 
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath 
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd 
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. 

(*) First folio omits, he. 

a An alligator stuff'd, —— "He made an anatomy of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an apothecary's crocodile or dried alligator." Nashe's "Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596." 

b Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, —— Otway, in his Cæsare Marius, much of which is stolen from this play, exhibits the line thus: ——"Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes;" 

but although this reading has been adopted by several of the modern editors, and is perhaps preferable to the other, I have not felt justified in departing from the old text. The quarto, 1597, has,— "And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks." 2

APOTHECARY. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law 
Is death, to any he that utters them. 
ROM. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness, 
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks, 
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back; 
The world is not thy friend. nor the world's law: 
The world affords no law to make thee rich; 
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this. 
APOTHECARY. My poverty, but not my will, consents. 
ROM. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. 
APOTHECARY. Put this in any liquid thing you will, 
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength 
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight. 
ROM. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls, 
Doing more murder in this loathsome world, 
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell: 
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. 
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh,— 
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me 
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. 
[Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell. 

Enter Friar John. 

JOHN. Holy Francisian friar! brother, ho! 

Enter Friar Laurence. 

LAU. This same should be the voice of friar John.— 
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo? 
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter. 
JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out, 
One of our order, to associate me, 
Here in this city visiting the sick, 
And finding him, the searchers of the town, 
Suspecting that we both were in a house 
Where the infectious pestilence did reign. 

(*) First folio, pray. 

c Hangs upon thy back, —— The quarto, 1597, reads, with at least equal force of expression, —— "Upon thy back hangs ragged misery." 

d To associate me, —— It was the custom for each friar who had leave of absence to have a companion appointed him by the superiors, In the Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne, printed in White's "Natural History, &c. of Selborne," Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriarum." 

* Here in this city visiting the sick, 
And finding him, the searchers of the town, —— It has been suggested, and seems very probable, that these lines have got transposed.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT V.


ROM.  Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

BALTH.  I'll do the best I can, sir.

ROM.  Hold, take this letter; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

BALTH.  I will, if you will give me some charge to do, sir.  A small charge.

ROM.  Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof, And do not interrupt me in my course.

BALTH.  I will, sir.  I am almost afraid to stand alone, Ere in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

ROM.  But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring; a ring, that I must use In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—

ROM.  But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint, And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:—

BALTH.  The time and my intents are savage-wild; More fierce, and more inexorable far,

ROM.  Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

BALTH.  I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROM.  So shalt thou show me friendship: take thou that:

ROM.  Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

ROM.  For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;

BALTH.  His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.  [Retires.

ROM.  Thou dostable, thou wound, thou wond of death,

BALTH.  Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

ROM.  Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

BALTH.  [Breaking open the door of the monument.

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

ROM.  This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

BALTH.  That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,

ROM.  It is supposed, the fair creature died,—

BALTH.  And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him:

ROM.  Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague; Can vengeance be pursued further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

ROM.  I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—

What cursed fool wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?

What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.

SCENE III.—A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

PAR.  Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—

PAR.  Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

PAR.  Under yon yew-tree lay thee all along,

PAR.  Holding thine eye close to the hollow ground;

PAR.  So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

PAR.  Being loose, unform with digging up of graves,

PAR.  But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,

PAR.  As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

PAR.  Give me those flowers: do as I bid thee, go.

PAR.  I am almost afraid to stand alone, here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

PAR.  Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—

PAR.  (O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones!)

PAR.  With which sweet water nightly I will dew,

PAR.  Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;

PAR.  He obsequies that I for thee will keep,

PAR.  Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.  [The boy whistles.

PAR.  He gives warning, something doth approach.

(*) First folio, wages.

(+) First folio, young trees.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these* gone;  
Let them锈right thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
Heap not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm’d against myself:  
Stay not,—be gone:—live, and hereafter say—  
A madman’s mercy bade thee run away.  
PAR. I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.  
ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,  
boy.  
[They fight.  
PAGE. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.  
[Exit Page.  
PAR. O, I am slain! [falls.—If thou be  
merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.  
[Dies.  
ROM. In faith, I will:—let me peruse this face;—  
Mercutio’s kinsman, noble county Paris:—  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand!  
One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book!  
I’ll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
A grave? O no! a lantern,† slaughter’d youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence‡ full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man intern’d.  
[Laying Paris in the monument.  
How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death; O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck’d the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer’d;’ beauty’s ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? (2)  
O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorr’d monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again:‡ here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your  
last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—  
Come, bitter conduct,§ come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desparate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here’s to my love!—[drinks.] O, true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.  
[Dies.  

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a lantern, cowl, and spade.  
FRI. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who’s there?  
BAL. Here’s one, a friend, and one that knows  
you well.  
FRI. Bliss be upon you! tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond’, that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless souls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels’ monument.  
BAL. It doth so, holy sir; and there’s my master  
One that you love.  
FRI. Who is it?  
BAL. Romeo.  
FRI. How long hath he been there?  
BAL. Full half an hour  

(*) First folio, those.  

a Heap not—] This the quarto, 1597. The quarto of 1599  
and 1605, and the folio, 1623, have “Pui not,” for which Mr.  
Rowe substituted pull.  
b Conjurations,—] This is the reading of the quarto, 1597. That  
of 1599 has “commiration,” which led to the “commissuration”  
of the quarto, 1609, and the first folio. The meaning in “I defy  
thy conjurations” may be simply “I condemn your entreaties;  
or, as he suspected Mercutio had come to do some shame to the dead  
body, he might use conjurations in its ordinary sense of super-  
natural arts, and mean that he defied his necromancer charms and  
influence.  
‡ A lantern,—] The lantern signified here was a lowere, or  
as it was styled in ancient records, lanternum; i.e. a spacious  
round or octagonal turret, full of windows, by means of which  
halls, and sometimes cathedrals, as in the noble example at Ely,  
are illuminated.  
§ A feasting presence—] Presence means presence-chamber;  
the state apartment of a palace.
Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 WATCH. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[Exeunt some.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the prince—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

[Exeunt other Watchmen.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these pitious woes,
We cannot without circumstance desery.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 WATCH. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
in the churchyard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince
come lither.

Re-enter another Watchman, with Friar
Laurence.

3 WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
1 WATCH. A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

CAP. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

L A. CAP. The people* in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this, which startles in our ears? c

(*) First folio, young tree.
(†) First folio, 'Tis in.

a As I did sleep under this yew-tree here.—] "This is one of
these touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of
any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens
to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear
will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream."—
Steevens.

b Ah chirul drink all; and leave no friendly drop,—] Thus the
earliest quarto, 1597. The folio, 1623, has:—

"O chirul! drink all and let no friendly drop,"

c In our ears? The old copies have "your ears," which John
son corrected.

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1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O, heaven! - O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, - for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, -
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

LA. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

(*) First folio, now.

"Thou must wear thy sword by thy side, And thy dagger handsomely at thy back."
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage* for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus’d.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo’s faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt’s dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish’d the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin’d.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth’d, and would have married her performe,
To county Paris;—then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor’d by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrower’s grave,
Being the time the potion’s force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return’d my letter back: then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred’s vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience.
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrifice’d, some hour before his* time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where’s Romeo’s man? what can he say to this?

Bail. I brought my master news of Juliet’s death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten’d me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county’s page, that raised the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady’s grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar’s words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor ’pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish’d.

Cap. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand.
This is my daughter’s jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon’d, and some punished; (3)
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. 

[Exeunt.]

(*) First folio, the.

"——— Are you not ashamed,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?"

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ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—Here comes of the house of the Montagues.] Shakespeare was evidently acquainted with the tradition of the Montagues adopting a cognisance in their hats, that they might be distinguished from the Capulets, since in the play he has made them known at a distance. The circumstance, as Malone pointed out, is mentioned in a Devis of a Masque, written for the Right Honourable Viscount Mountague, 1578:—

"And for a further proofe, he shewed in his hat
Thys token which the Mountaunter did bære alwaies, for that
They covet to be known from Capels, where they pass,
For ancient grutch whych longe, 'tweene these two houses was."  

(2) SCENE I.—Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.] The earliest copy of Romeo and Juliet, the quarto of 1597,—which is peculiarly interesting from its presenting us with the poet's first projection of a play he subsequently expanded and elaborated with much care and skill, and is valuable too, in helping us to correct many typographical errors, and to supply some lines omitted, perhaps by negligence, in the later editions,—makes short work of this scene. In place of the dialogue, from the entrance of Benvolio to the arrival of the Prince, it has merely the following stage direction:—"They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Montague, and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other citizens, and part them." 

(3) SCENE I.—Out of her favour, where I am in love.] In the old poem of "Romeus and Juliet," which Shakespeare adopted as the ground-work of his tragedy, the hero is first introduced to us as in the play, the victim to an unrequited passion.

Romeus, we are told,—

"Hath found a mayde so faire (he found so foule his happe),
Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrap;
That from his owne affayres, his thought she did remove;
Onely he sought to honour her, to serve her and to love.
To her he writhed oft, oft messengers are sent,
At length (in hope of better sped) himselfe the lover went;
Present to please for grace, which absent was not found:
And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
With vertues fonde, and taught in schole of wisdoms skilful.

By aunsaw were did cute of thaftections of his love,
That he so no occation had so vayne a sute to move.
So storne she was of shore, (for all the payne he took)
That, in reward of toyle, she would not give a frendly looks."

(4) SCENE I.—That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.] The meaning of this somewhat complex passage seems to be:—she is rich in the possession of unequalled beauty, but poor, because, having devoted herself to chastity, when she dies, her wealth, that is, beauty, dies with her. The same conceit occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare's poems:—

SONNET 1.

"From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beautie's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory!"

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SONNET 4.

"Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy amant a beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be."  

See, also, Sonnets 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14.

(5) SCENE I.—Examine other beauties.] So "the trustiest of his frores" counsels Romeus in the old poem:—

"Choose out some worthy dame, her honor thou and serve,
Who will give ear to thy complaint, and pity thee sterve
But print no bloody paynes in such a bavarie.
As yeldes in harvest time no crop, in recoumence of toyme.
Ere long the townishu dames together will resort:
Some one of beautye, shape, and of so lovy port,
With so fast fixed eye, perhaps thou mayst beholde:
That thou shule yit forget thy love, and passions past of olde."

(6) SCENE II.—This wight I hold an old accustom'd feast.] From the old poem:—

"The very winter nights restore the Christmas games,
And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames,
And first in Capels house, the chief of all the kyn
Sparth for no cost, the wented use of banquets to begin.
No Lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne;
But Capilet himselfe bath ynde unto his feast,
Or by his name in paper sent, appoynted as a geast."

(7) SCENE III.—Tis since the earthquake now eleven years.] We have already, in the Preliminary Observations, alluded to Purfoot's conjecture that the earthquake spoken of by the Nurse was the one chronicled by Holinshed, as being felt in London and other parts of the kingdom in 1590. The Rev. Joseph Hunter ("New Illustrations, &c., &c., of Shakespeare," Vol. II. p. 120) contends, however, that it is much more probable the earthquake spoken of by the Poet in his mind was that which occurred ten years before, in the neighbourhood of Verona, and was so severe that it destroyed Ferrara. When the Church of St. Stephen at Ferrara was rebuilt, Mr. Hunter informs us, "an inscription was placed against it, from which we may collect the terrible nature of the visitation:—

"Cum anno M. D. LXX. die XVII Novembris tertia noctis hora
quam maximus terra motus hanc praelisssimam urbem in
quantum est, ejae fortissima molestia, munissimis arces, albo
palatia, religiosae templo, sacratas tures, omnemque fere edem
omnino everisset et prostrasset, una cum maximo vivio damno
acque acerbâ clade."

There is a small tract, still extant, entitled "A copy of the letter sent from Ferrara the xxii of November, 1570. Imprinted at London in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Lucrecy, by Thomas Purfoot." In which the writer describes "the great and horrible earthquakes, the excessive and unreasonablenesse, with the great mortality and death of people, the ruine and overthroweth of an infinite number of monasteries, palaces and other houses, and the destruction of his graces excellencies castles."

The first earthquake was on Thursday, the 11th, at ten at night, "whiche endured the space of an
In the old poem Juliet's age is set down at sixteen; in 'nyter's novel it is said to be eighteen. As Shakespeare makes his heroine only fourteen, if the words 'your mother,' which is the reading of the old editions, be correct, Lady Capulet would be eight and twenty, while her husband, having done masking some thirty years, must be at least three-score. Mr. Knight veils the disparity, and perhaps improves the passage, by printing, 'I was a mother;' but we believe without authority.

(9) Scene IV.—Mercutio. The Mercutio of the play is Shakespeare's own, the only hint for all the wit, the gaiety, and the chirivaly, with which he has induced this favourite character, being the following brief description of his prototype in the poem—

'A courtier that echo where was highly had in prye, For he was courtous of his spece, and pleasant of devise. Even as a lynn would eggne the lambes be beside. Such was among the bashbless maidays, Mercutio to beholde.'

(10) Scene IV.—Give me a torch. 'The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in 'Westward Hoe,' by Dockier and Webster, 1607: 'He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloathes and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing. A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks.'

Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.'—Stevens.

(11) Scene IV.—Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word: If you are not a maid.] Dun's the mouse was a proverbial saying, the precise meaning of which has not come down to us. In the comedy of 'Patient Grissil,' 1603, Babulo says, 'The sun hath play'd bo-peep in the element any time these two hours, as I do some mornings when you call.' What, Babulo! say you. Here, master, say I; and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouse—lie still. What, Babulo! says Grissil. Anon, say I; and then this eye looks up, yet down I smug again. What, Babulo! say you again; and then I start up, and see the sun," &c. The expression is found also in Dockier and Webster's "Westward Hoe," 1607, and among Ray's proverbial similes. The allusion in the following line is to an ancient country sport, called Dun in the hire, which Gifford thus describes:—"A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room; this is Dun, (the cart-horse,) and a cry is raised, that he is stuck in the hire. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the Merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustic to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on another's loins."—Works of Ben Jonson, Vol. VII. p. 282.

(12) Scene IV.—This is she—] It is instructive to compare the original draft of this famous speech as it appears in the quarto of 1597 with the finished version of the later editions, and observe the ease and mastery of touch by which the alterations are effected.

In the quarto, 1597, after the line—

"Ah, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you,"

Benvolio exclaims:—

"Queen Mab! what she?
The description then proceeds:—

"She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
On the fordiver of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teame of little Atomi,
A thwart mes curious when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The color, of the whinges of Grassstoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watre beans,
The collers crikettes bones, the lath of limnes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated fox
Not halfe so big as a little worme,
Pickit from the iasse finger of a maidie,
And in this sort she gallops vp and dawne
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue.
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on curisses dreame,
O're Ladies lips, who dreeame on kisse strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweet meats taintted are,
Sometimes she gallops are a Lawers lap,
And then dreams he of smelling out a sute,
And sometime comes she with a little pigs tale,
Tickling a Parson's nose that lies asleep,
And then dreams he of another benefits:
Sometime she gallops ore a soldiers nose,
Thus doth she gallopere in her dreams:
In cutting fornaine throats
Of breaches ambushed, courtinines,
Of healesse ffeu fadome deeppe, and then anom
Drums in his eare: at which he starts and wakes,
And awares a Praier or two and sleepeas againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids eyes on their backes,
And proves them women of good carriage.
This is the verie Mab that plats the manos of Horses in the night,
And plats the Efelococks in foule sluttish hyre,
Which once vataught much misfortune breedes.
Rom. Peace, peace,—" &c.

(13) Scene V.—What lady's that, which doth enuich the hand
Of yonder knight?)

Romeo's first sight of Juliet at the feast is thus quaintly described in the old poem:—

"At length he saw a mayd, right faire of perfect shape,
Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their own:
Whom erst he never save, of all she pleased him most;
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thoe hoste
Of perfet beauty; and beauty springing praise,
Whose like t' hath, ne shalbe seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilst he fixd on her his partial perchd eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready to die,
I nowe as quid forsegte, as it had never been."

(14) Scene V.—Come hither, nurse: what is youngest
Of all gentlemans?) Compare the poem:—

"What twayne are those (quoth she) which prese unto the door,
Whose pages in their hand doe beare, two torches lighte before! And then as eche of them had of his household name
So she him named yet once againe the yong and wili dame.
And tell me who is he with yser in his hand.
That yender doth in masking weede beside the window stand.
His name is Romens (said shee) a Montagew, Whose Fathers pryde first ystrate the stufe which both your
houses roldrew.
The word of Montagew her Joyes did overthrow
And straight in stede of happy hope, despare began to grow.
What hap hath it both she, to love my fathers foot?
What am I dasy of my wele? what, do I wishe my woe!
But though her grievous paynes discaraid her tender hart,
Yet will she weare she shilling of the elked inward smart;
And of the courtlyke dames her leave so courte coyto,
That none dyd gese the sodain change by changing of her looke.
(1) Scene II.—*Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*

So the old copies, and rightly. Malone appears to have been the first who adopted the punctuation, since invariably followed, of placing the comma after "though."—

"Thou art thyself, though not a Montague."

"Juliet," he remarks, "is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he is a Montague; and, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house." Nothing can be more foreign to her meaning. Her imagination is powerfully excited by the intelligence she has just received,—

"His name is Romeo, and a Montague!"

In that name she sees an insurmountable impediment to her new-formed wishes, and in the fancied apostrophe to her lover, she eloquently implores him to abandon it,—

"Deny thy father, and refuse thy name."

"Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague."

That is, as she afterwards expresses it, you would still retain all the perfections which adorn you, were you not called Montague.

"What's Montague! it is nor hand, nor foot," &c.

"O be some other name."

One is puzzled to conceive a difficulty in appreciating the meaning, especially as the thought is repeated immediately after,—

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

By any other word would smell as sweet."

The same idea occurs in Sir Thomas Overbury's poem of "A Wife;"—

"Things were first made, then words; she were the same

With, or without, that title or that name."

(2) Scene II.—*If that thy best of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage.*

Thus the old poem:—

"But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,

If wedlock be the ende and markes which your desire hath found,

Obedience set aside, unto my parents deewe,

The quarell eke that long age betwene our households grewe,

Both me and you. I will all whole to you betake.

And following you where so you goe, my fathers house for sake." (3) Scene II.—*O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!*

The tassel, or, more correctly, the tiercel, is the male of the goshawk, and had the epithet gentile annexed to it from its docility and attachment to man. According to some authorities, the tiercel derives its name from being a tierce, or third, less than the female; but Tardif, in his "Treatise of Falconry," says it is called from being one of three birds generally found in the aerie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the third a male: hence called tiercel, or the third. This species of hawk was in high esteem; for the old books on the sport, which show that certain hawks were appropriated to certain ranks of society, tell us the falcon gentile and tiercel gentile "are for a prince."

(4) Scene III.—*With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.* Farmers has remarked, that Shakspeare, on his introduction of Friar Laurence, prepares us for the part he is afterwards to sustain; for, having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece.

(5) Scene IV.—*More than prince of cats, I can tell you.*

Tibert, Tybter, or Tybalt, are forms of the ancient name Thibault. When or why the cat was first so called it is, perhaps, hopeless now to inquire. The earliest instances of the commentators, is in the old story-book of "Reynard the Fox."—"Then the King called for Sir Tibert, the cat, and said to him, Sir Tibert, you shall go to Reynard, and summon him the second time."—Ch. vi.:— and the association was evidently not uncommon; for Ben Jonson speaks of cats as tiberts. Decker, too, in his "Satirematich," 1602, says:—

"— thy you were Tybter, the long-tailed prince of cats."

And Naish, in "Have with You to Saffron Walden," 1593:—

"Not Tibalt, prince of cats."

(6) Scene IV.—*A duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! Mercutio's mockery is not directed against the practice of duelling in the abstract, for he appears to be almost as pugnacious as the fiery Tybalt himself. He is ridiculing the professors and alumni of those academies established in London during the latter part of the 16th century, for the study of "The Noble Science of Defence," as it was called. A class who appear to have prided themselves on the punctilious observance of certain absurd forms and an affected diction, which had been rendered fashionable by the treatises of Savilo* and Caranza. The plainest and most obvious meaning of the words "A gentleman of the very first house" appears to be that Tybalt was a gentleman-scholar of the very first house or school of fencing, of the greatest teacher existing at the period. In George Silver's "Paradoxes of Defence, London, 1599," quarto, it is stated that there were three "Italian Teachers of Offence;" the first of whom was Signior Rocco, who had come into England about thirty years before. "He disbursed a great summe of mony for the lease of a house in Warwick-lane, which he called his college, for he thought it a great disgrace for him to keep a fencing-school, he being thought to be the only famous master of the arts of armes in the whole world." "He taught nonecommonly under twenty, forty, fifty, or an hundred pounds." To be, therefore, a gentleman of such a house, was really "a very riband in the cap of youth." In the same tract occurs a curious illustration of another expression in the same speech of Mercutio:—"the very butcher of a silk button."—*One Austen Bagger, a very tall gentleman of his hands," resolved to encounter Signior Rocco, and went to another house which he had in the Blackfriars, "and called to him in this manner: 'Signior Rocco, thou that art thought to be the only cunning man in the world with thy weapons; thou that takst upon thee to hit any Englishman with a thrust upon any button; thou that takst upon thee to come over the seas to teach the valiant noblemen and gentlemen of England to fight,—thou cowardly fellow, come out of thy house, if thou dare for thy life: I am come to fight with thee.'"

(*) Practise of the Duello, in 2 books, Vinc. Saviole, 1595, 4to.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

The expression, "a gentleman of the very first house," has been, however, usually understood in a genealogical sense; in which form it occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Women Pleased," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"A gentleman's gone then: A gentleman of the first house!—there's the end on't!"

Warburton supposed the allusion was to Tybalt's pretending to be at the head of his family; to which Steevens objects that Capulet and Romeo were both before him; but the truth is, that neither of them all interred with such claim. Romeo was of the house of Capulet only by marriage with Juliet, and in the list of persons represented in the tragedy, Tybalt is called Nepheis to Lady Capulet. The real heraldical reference, if that be the genuine sense of annulet, is, "There dwelt a man in Babylon by reputation great by fame; he took to wife a faire woman, Susanna she was callie by name: A woman fair and vertuous; Lady, lady: Why should we not of her learn thus To live godly?"

(3) SCENE IV.—Ah, mock'ry! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog.] R, from its resemblance in sound to the growl of a dog, has, time out of mind, been known as the dog's letter; and was, therefore, a very unbefitting initial in the ear of the old woman for anything so sweet as rosemary and Romeo. The dog's letter is amusingly illustrated in a quotation Steevens has added from Barclay's "Ship of Fools," 1579:—

"This man malicious which troubled is with wrath, Nought eis souneth but the hoarse letter R. Though all be well, yet he none usawere hath Save the dogges letter glawming with nor, mer."

And Ben Jonson, in his "English Grammar," says "R is the dog's letter, and hurruth in the sound:"—

"—Sonet hie de mare caninà Litera.—Pers. Sat. 1.

Erasmus, as Douce has shown, in explaining the adage, "cunque facundia," says, "R, littera que in rixando prima est, canina vocatur."

(10) SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.] How much the dialogue in this scene was amplified and improved after the publication of the earliest quarto, let the reader judge from a comparison of it with the corresponding scene in that edition:—

Enter Romeo, Friar.

Rom. Now Father Laurence, in thy holy grant Consists the good of me and Juliet.

Friar. Without more words I will doo all I may, To make you happy if in me it yee.

Rom. This morning here she pointed we should meet, And consummate those newer parting bands, Witness of our harts loose by loyning hands, And come she will.

Fri. I gese she will indeed. Youths lone is quicks, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Juliet, somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes. So light of foot new hurts the troden flower: Of loue and joy, see see the soueraigne power

Jul. Romeo.

Rom. My Juliet welcome. As doo waking eyes (Closed in Nightys mysits) attend the frolicke Day, So Romeo hath expected Juliet, And thou art come.

Jul. I am (if I be Day) Come to my Sunne: shine forth, and make me faire.

Rom. All beauteous fares dwelleth in thine eyes. Juliet from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Jul. Come wantons, come, the stealing hours do passe, Defer imbracements till some fitter time, Part for a while, you shall not be alone.

Till holy Church haue loynd ye both in one.

Rom. Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Jul. Make hast, make hast, this lurging doth vs wrong.

Fr. 0, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.

Hast is a common hinder in crosse way.
ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—Act for siee-to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave war.] In Italy the funeral follows close upon death, and it was so formerly in England too; hence poor Mercutio's ghoul, and the fact of the narcotic administered to Juliet being tempered to operate only "two-and-forty hours," are strictly in keeping with the usages of the period. The same play on the word grave Steevens has found in "The Revenger's Tragedy," 1603, where Vindice dresses up his Lady's skull:—

"She has a somewhat grave look with her."

It is met with also in Overbury's "Characters," ed. 1616, where, speaking of a sexton, the author says: "He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the church-yard; at least within five foot on 't; for at every church stile, commonly there's an ale-house; where let him be found never so ill-potled, hee is still a grave drunkard." Mercutio's last words were improved after the 1597 quarto. There they stand thus:—

"I am peper'd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormses meate of me, and ye aske for me to morrow you shall find me a grave-man. A pox of your houses, I shall be fairly mounted upon fourte-men shoulders: For your house of the Mounteques and the Capuletts: and then some peasanetty rogue, some Sexton, some base slave shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Prince's Laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the Surgeon?"

"Boy, here's come, sir."

"Merry. Now heele keep a muffling in my guts on the other side, come Beuovia, lend me thy hand: a pox of your houses."

Exeunt."

(2) Scene I.—

"Bid him look in,
How nice the quarrel was."

In the quarto, 1597, the speech is continued as follows:—

"But Tybalt still persisting in his wrong,
The stout Mercutio drew to calme the storme,
Which Romeo seeing call'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who draw'd to part their strife,
And with his agil arme yong Romeo,
As fast as tugg cryde peace, sought peace to make,
While they were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong Romeo laboring armes to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrust,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier branded Romeo:
Thus beatyd but newly entertain'd revenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapier
To part their furie, downe dide Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled."
"Art thou quoth he a man! thy shape saith, so thou art;
Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a woman’s hart,
For many reason is quite from thy mynd outcasted,
And in her stead affections lowd and fancies highly placed,
So that I stode in doute, this howre (at the least)
If thou a man or woman were, or a brutish beast."  

(7) SCENE V.—Night’s candles are burnt out.] It has been noticed that this runs parallel with a passage in the Ajax of Sophocles,—

"At dead of night,
What time the evening taper’s were expired."

But Shakespeare certainly meant the stars, while Sophocles seems only to have thought of the less poetical lamps of earth.

(8) SCENE V.—"Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day." Any song intoned to arouse in the morning,—even a love-song,—was formerly called a "hunts-up;" and this is defined as "morning music." See W. CHAPPELL'S Popular Music of the Olden Time, &c.

The following song, which is taken from a manuscript in Mr. Collier's possession, is of the character of a love-song:

THE NEW HUNTS-UP.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady free,
The sun hath risen, from out his prison,
Beneath the glistening sea.

(9) SCENE V.—"A joyful bride.] In the later conies this dialogue between Lady Capulet and Juliet varies in some respects from the earliest quarto. The reader desiring of seeing it in its original form is referred to the Variorum Edition, where it is given at length.

ACT IV

(1) SCENE I.—

"Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off."

Compare the corresponding passage in the old poem:

"Receive this vial small, and keep it as thine eye;
And on the marriage day, before the sunne doe clear the skye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drink it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche veyne
And limb.

A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dipped at length
On all thy partes, from every part rece all thy kindly streng:
Withovent moving thus thy ydle parts shall rest,
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beates within thy hollow brest,
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a trauaunce.
Thy kinsmen and thy trustye friends shall waye the sodaine
In the churchyarde, The corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparde,
Both for himselfe and eke for those that should come after,
Both depe as it is, and longe and large, where thou shalt rest my
daughter,
Till I to Mantua sende for Romeyns, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night."

(2) SCENE I.—

"Then (as the manner of our country is),
In thy best robes uncover’d on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne."

The custom of bearing the dead body to burial clad in its ordinary habiliments, and with the face uncovered, appears to have been peculiar to Italy; it is mentioned in the old poem:

"An other use there is, that whosoever dyes
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
In wounded weeds yelde, not wrapt in winding sheete."

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady bright,
The morning lark is high, to mark
The coming of day-light.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady fair,
The kine and sheep, but now asleep.
Browse is the morning air.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady gay.
The stars are fled to the ocean bed,
And it is now broad day.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sheen,
The hills look out, and the woods about
Are drest in lovely green.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady dear,
A morn in spring is the sweetest thing
Cometh in all the year.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sweet,
I come to thy bowre, at this lov’d hour,
My own true love to greet."

and in a passage quoted by Mr. Hunter, ("New Illustrations of Shakespeare," Vol. II. p. 139,) from "Cory's Crudities":—"The burials are so strange, both in Venice, and all other cities, towns, and parishes of Italy, that they differ not only from England, but from all other nations whatever in Christendom. For they carry the corpse to church with the face, hands, and feet all naked, and wearing the same apparel that the person wore lately before it died, or that which it craved to be buried in; which apparel is interred together with their bodies."

Vol. II. p. 27.

(3) SCENE II.—"And am enjoin'd"

"By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here."

From this point the scene is thus exhibited in the first quarto:

"And crave remission of so foule a fact.
She kneels downe."

Moth. Why thatso well said.
Cap. Now before God this holy reverent Frier
All our whole Citi is much bound unto;
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will have this knot knit up to morrow;
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To sort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.
Moth. I prve thee do, good Nurse goe with her,
Help me to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chains,
And I will come vnto you presently.
Nur. Come sweet hart, shall we goe;
Jul. I prve thee let vs."

Exeunt."
**ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.**

(4) **Scene III.—** I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins.] So the old poem:—

"Her dainty tender parts gan shever all for dred,
Her golden heares did stand upright upon her chillish hed.
Then pressed with the frow that she there lived in,
A sweet as colds as mountaine yse pearst through her slender skin."

(5) **Scene III.—**

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.]

The plant called mandrake was fabulously endowed with a
degree of animal life and feeling, and, when drawn from the
earth, was said to utter cries so terrible as to kill
the gatherer, and madden all who heard them: "Therefore,
they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the
roots thereof wytch a corde, and digged the earth in com-
passe round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their
owne cares for feare of the terrible shriek and ery of this
Mandrake. In whych ery it doth not only dye itselfe,
but the fawe thereof kylloth the dogge or beast which
pulleth it out of the earth."—Bulleino’s "Bulwarke of
Defence Against Sickness," &c. 1675.

(6) **Scene III.—** Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.] The reading of the quarto, 1597, which has been deservedly
preferred to the redundant and seemingly corrupt line of
the subsequent old copies—

"Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee."

In other respects the soliloquy is much superior in the
latter editions, as will be seen by comparing their version
with the following of the first quarto:—

"Ah, I doo take a fearefull thing in hand,
What if this Potion should not work at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countesse?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lyfe thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage! Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the Toomb!
Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I fear I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my frantickc bones. Me thinks I see
My Bosom Tybalt weering in his blond,
Seeking for Romeo: stay Tybalt stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee."

[She fies her bed within the Curtains."

(7) **Scene V.—**

But one thing to rejoyce and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
In this part of the scene the quarto, 1597, has the following
stage direction:—"All at once cry out and wring ther-
hand;" and to the next couplet—

"And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled"

is prefixed, Al cry. From which we must infer that all the
characters present here spake together. At the close of
the scene the direction is:—"They all but the Nurse go
forth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtains."}

(8) **Scene V.—** Enter Peter.] The first quarto has

"Enter Serv统筹推进;" and the scene begins:—

"Ser. Alack slack what shall I doe, come Fiders play me some
mercy dumpe.
1. Man. A sir, this is no time to play.
2. Ser. You will not then?
3. Ser. No marry will wee.
4. Ser. Then will I giue you, and soundly to.
5. Ser. What will you giue va?
6. Ser. The fieder, Ie re you, Ie fa you, Ie sol you.
7. If. If you re va and fa vs, we will note you, &c. &c."

In the after quartos, 1599 and 1609, the direction is:

"Enter Will Kemp;" from which it appears that Peter
was one of the characters played by this popular actor.

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**ACT V.**

(1) **Scene I.—** I do remember an apothecary.] This well-
known description was carefully elaborated after it ap-
peared in the first quarto, where it reads:—

"—— As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stuff
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an Algernie hangs,
Old ends of packthred, and cack of Roses,
Are thinly streewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poysen now,
(Whose present sale is death in Manutia)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forcerne my need: and here about he dwels."

(2) **Scene III.—** Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody
sheet?] Compare the old poem:—

"Ah colin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy row I cye,
For that before thy kindly hower I force thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe, not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing just as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amends or cruel wrote desayest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,
The same with his owne hand (thou seest,) doth poysen himself
to death."

(3) **Scene III.—** Some shall be pardon'd, and some
punished.] "This line has reference to the novel from
which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's
female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage
Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted
in obedience to his master's orders: the apothecary taken
tortured, condemned and hanged: while Friar Laurence
was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood
of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tran-
quillity."—Steevens.
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"ROMEO AND JULIET is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too
ough for this tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings created for each other feel mutual love at
first glance; every consideration disappears before the irresistible influence of living in one another;
ly join themselves secretly under circumstances hostile in the highest degree to their union, relying
ly on the protection of an invisible power. By unfriendly events, following blow upon blow, their
roic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till, forcibly separated from each other, by a
untary death they are united in the grave to meet again in another world. All this is to be found
the beautiful story which Shakspeare has not invented, and which, however simply told, will always
ite a tender sympathy: but it was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of
agination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the
anner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling
ich ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses
mselves into soul, and, at the same time, is a melancholy elegy on its frailty from its own nature
external circumstances: at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a
oveny spark that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal
atures are almost in the same moment set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating
the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the
opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest
ions of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love
modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union: then, amidst alternating
rms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love
ives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power.
most beautiful and bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces
fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other: all these contrasts are so blended, in the harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of
ression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind, resembles a single but endless
.
—SCHLEGEL.

Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative
es of rocks, the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens, the leaves of the beech and
ak, the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from
ning autumn to returning spring,—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of
icial plantations?—From this, that the natural landscape is affected, as it were, by a single energy,
ified ab intra in each component part. And as this is the particular excellence of the Shakspearian
ma generally, so is it especially characteristic of the Romeo and Juliet.

The groundwork of the tale is altogether in family life, and the events of the play have their first
in family feuds. Filmy as are the eyes of party-spirit, at once dim and truculent, still there is
ommonly some real or supposed object in view, or principle to be maintained; and though but the
ated wires on the plate of resin in the preparation for electrical pictures, it is still a guide in some
ree, an assimilation to an outline. But in family quarrels, which have proved scarcely less injurious
to states, wilfulness and precipitancy, and passion from mere habit and custom, can alone be expected. With his accustomed judgment, Shakspeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Heraclitus, and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensoreal power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-combats, and of quarrelling with weapons of sharper edge, all in humble imitation of their masters. Yet there is a sort of unhired fidelity, an outrishness, about all this that makes it rest pleasant on one's feelings. All the first scene, down to the conclusion of the Prince's speech, is a motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune, as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes.

"Benvolio's speech—

"'Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east'—

and, far more strikingly, the following speech of old Montague—

"'Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew—

prove that Shakspeare meant the Romeo and Juliet to approach to a poem, which, and indeed its early date, may be also inferred from the multitude of rhyming couplets throughout. And if we are right, from the internal evidence, in pronouncing this one of Shakspeare's early dramas, it affords a strong instance of the fineness of his insight into the nature of the passions, that Romeo is introduced already love-bewildered. The necessity of loving creates an object for itself in man and woman; and yet there is a difference in this respect between the sexes, though only to be known by a perception of it. It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so;—but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy; and we should remark the boastful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making, which is never shown where love is really near the heart.

"'When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!'

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match; since first the world begun.

"The character of the Nurse is the nearest of anything in Shakspeare to a direct borrowing from mere observation; and the reason is, that as in infancy and childhood the individual in nature is a representative of a class,—just as in describing one larch tree, you generalize a grove of them,—so is nearly as much so in old age. The generalization is done to the poet's hand. Here you have the garrulity of age strengthened by the feelings of a long-trusted servant, whose sympathy with the mother's affections gives her privileges and rank in the household; and observe the mode of connection by accidents of time and place, and the child-like fondness of repetition in a second childhood, and also that happy, humble, dawking under, yet constant resurgence against, the check of her superiors!—

"'Yes, madam!—Yet I cannot choose but laugh,' &c.

"In the fourth scene we have Mercutio introduced to us. O! how shall I describe that exquisitely ebullient and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity as a wanton beauty that distorts the face on which she knows her lover is gazing enraptured, and wrinkles her forehead in the triumph of its smoothness! Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreating as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common copula of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellencies and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!"—COLE RIDGE.
THE

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The earliest copy of this diverting comedy in its present form, yet known, is that of the folio 1623; but in the year 1594 was printed an anonymous play entitled "A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembrook his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cutbert Burbye, at his shop at the Royall Exchange, 1594,"* quarto, which from its remarkable resemblance to the drama acknowledged to be Shakespeare’s, may be looked upon almost as a previous edition of the same play. The "Pleasant Conceited Historic," of 1594, has an Induction, the characters of which are, a Noble man, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players and Huntsmen. The incidents of this Prelude, and the story, the characters, and the events of the play that follows—with the exception of an underplot taken from George Gascoigne’s translation of Ariosto’s "Il Supposito,"—all so closely resemble those in Shakespeare’s drama, that one was evidently written upon the other. This remarkable similarity, both in the titles and the contents of these two productions, has been the occasion of much interesting perquisition. The first impression would naturally be that they were by the same hand, and that the latter, wonderfully improved in the spirit of the dialogue and the ease and flow of the verse, was only a revised edition of the other. This was Pope’s conjecture, and he acted upon it by boldly transferring passages from the anonymous play into his edition of Shakespeare. In favour of this supposition are the facts, that the authorship of the early play is still unknown,—the almost identity of the titles,—and that Shakespeare’s comedy, though undoubtedly written and acted before the beginning of the seventeenth century, was not published, so far as we yet know, before 1623. Another theory, which has been maintained with much ingenuity by Mr. Hickson (see "Notes and Queries," Vol. I. pp. 194, 227, 345), is, that the anonymous comedy was produced after and in direct imitation of Shakespeare’s. A third hypothesis gives priority to the "Taming of a Shrew," and supposes that our author adopted it as a popular subject, re-casting and re-writing the whole with as much originality as was compatible with a close adherence to the fundamental incidents of his predecessor. This last assumption is perfectly consonant to the customs of the theatre in those days. Nothing was more common than the reproduction of dramas once in vogue, with alterations and additions; and as a close examination and comparison of the two works prove to us convincingly, that the disputed play was neither written by nor borrowed from Shakespeare, we consider this the most satisfactory explanation of their affinity.

History furnishes us with two or three instances of such a trick as that put upon Christopher Sly in the prelude to this comedy, having been perpetrated for the amusement of some distinguished personage. The story of "The Sleeper Awakened" is one of the kind, and Mr. Lane is of opinion that it is founded on a real historical anecdote. In that story the ruse practised by the Caliph upon his humble victim is only the introduction to an acquaintance, which leads to a series of entertaining adventures, but it is precisely of the same character as that with which the present play is prefaced. Speaking of "The Sleeper Awakened," Mr. Lane says,—"The author by whom I have found the chief portion of this tale related as an historical

* This, the earliest edition known, is now in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. It was reprinted in 1686, and a copy of that edition is in the possession of Lord Eilesmere.

The third impression, that of 1607, is with the first, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.
Preliminary Notice.

An anecdote is El-Is-hakee, who finished his history shortly before the close of the reign of the 'Osmânc Sultan Mustafa, apparently in the year of the Flight 1032 (A.D. 1623). He does not mention his authority; and whether it is related by an older historian I do not know, but perhaps it is founded upon fact." This is not a very decided expression of opinion on Mr. Lane's part, as to the historical character of the incident; but we find its counterpart in chronicles of the Middle Ages much more specifically related. (See Heuterus, De Rebus Burgundicis. Goulart, Trésor d'histoires admirables et merveilleuses de notre temps.)

There is a kindred story, too, recorded by Sir Richard Barkley in "A Discourse on the Felicitie of Man," (1598, p. 24,) which relates it as if he had been an eye-witness, and terms it "a pretie experiment practised by the Emperor Charles the Fifth upon a drunkard." His tale is that the Emperor encountered an unconscious drunkard in the streets of Ghent, had him carried home to his palace, dressed in princely habiliments, served by royal attendants, supplied with the most costly dainties, and surrounded by everything calculated to give him the impression that he was a prince of unlimited wealth and authority. As he thus sat "in his Majestie," eating and drinking, "he tooke to his cups so freelie," that he fell fast asleep again as he sat in his chair. His attendants then stripped him of his fresh apparel, clothed him with his own rags again, and carried him to the place where he was first found. When he awoke and joined his companions, he narrated the particulars of his adventure in the palace as the subject of a pleasant dream.

The more immediate source, however, whence the incident of the Induction was taken, is probably an anecdote in an old collection of many tales compiled by Richard Edwards, printed as early as 1570,* which will be found in the Illustrative Comments at the end of the play.

* No copy of this edition is now known; but what is believed to be a fragment of a subsequent edition has lately been discovered: and, curiously enough, it contains this particular story, and scarcely anything else.

Persons Represented.

A Lord
Christopher Sly, a Tinker. (Characters in the Hostess, Page, Players, Humils—Induction.
men, and other Servants.
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katharina.
Gremio, an old gentleman, suitors to Bianca.
Hortensio,
Tranio,
Biondello,) servants to Lucentio.

Chrumo, servants to Petruchio.
Curtis, the Pedant.

Katharina, daughters to Baptista.
Bianca, Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene,—sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.
INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.*

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue.

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues: look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard

---

Enter Hostess and Sly.] In the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew," we have "Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores hee droonct." This phrase has been much discussed, but never satisfactorily explained. It was equivalent exactly to our figurative saying, I'll tickle you, and had a meaning, amorous or villainous, according to the circumstances under which it was uttered; thus Ricardo, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Conqueror," Act I. Sc. 6.

"Marry, sweet love, e'en here: Ile down; [Seizes her. I'll pheeze you."

And Ajax, in "Troilus and Cressida." Act II. Sc. 3.

"An a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride."

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Pocas palabras—few words, a phrase of Spain, much in vogue here in the time of Shakespeare. Sessa or cessa, be quiet, was probably another scrap from Sly's Spanish vocabulary.

Conqueror: therefore, pocas palabras; let the world slide: Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: go by, S. Jeronimy—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee."

---

d Let the world slide: An old proverbial saying:

"—will you go drink,
And let the world slide, Uncle!"

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S Wit Without Money, Act V. Sc. 2.

Go by, S. Jeronimy—Mason suggested that the troublesome S was only the beginning of says, which the printers omitted to complete. This is not unlikely; or it may have been repeated inadvertently from the initial of Sly's name. The Go by, Jeronimy, is plainly an allusion to the old play called "The Spanish Tragedy," and the line,—

"Not I:—Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by."

Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] Edgar, in "King Lear," uses the same expression.—

"Humph: go to thy cold bed and warm thee."
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE 1.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third borough. [*]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd; a
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? see,
doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
—Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulceet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is,— b say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.
[Some beat out Sly. A trumpet sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:

[Exit Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?
Serv. An 't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.(1)

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'T was where you wo'd the gentlewoman so well:

b And, when he says he is,—] The dash here is a modern interpolation, but Shakespeare evidently intended a break, leaving Sly's name to be understood; the Lord not being supposed to know what that was. Hamner proposed to insert poor, and Johnson, Sly.

And do it kindly,—] Appropriately, naturally.

d If it be husbanded with modesty.] That is, if it be kept within due bounds. If it be managed discreetly.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.  

1 Play. I think, 'twas Sarto that your honour means.  

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—  
Well, you are come to me in happy time;  
The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:  
But I am doubtful of your modesties;  
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,  
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
You break into some merry passion,  
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile, he grows impatient.  

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain  
ourselves,  
Were he the veriest antic in the world.  
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome every one:  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—  
Exeunt Servant and Players.  

Syr. go you to Bartholomew, my page,  
[To a Servant.  
and see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,  
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished;  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;  
And say,—What is't your honour will command,  
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
May show her duty, and make known her love?  
And then,—with kind embracements, tempting  
kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,—  
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,  
To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift;  
Which in a napkin being close conveyed,  
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.  

[Exit Servant.  
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:  
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;  
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,  
When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence  
May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—A bedchamber in the Lord's house.  
SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with  
Attendants; some with apparel, some with  
Bason, ever, and other appurtenances. Enter  
Lord, dressed like a servant.  

SLY. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.  
1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a  
cup of sack?  
2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of  
these conserves?  
3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear  
to-day?  

SLY. I am Christopher Sly; call not me  
honour, nor lordship: I no'er drank sack in my  
life; and if you give me any conserves, give me  
conserves of bason of beef; ne'er ask me what raiment I'll  
wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no  
more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than  
feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such  
shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.  

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your  
honour!  
O, that a mighty man of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!  

SLY. What! would you make me mad? Am  
not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-  
heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-  
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by  
present profession a tinkers? Ask Marian Hacket,  
the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not; if  
she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for  
sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave  
present day; the play within a play, as in Hamlet, being always  
exhibited on a temporary stage, behind the permanent one, on  
which the performers enact the main drama.  

O of Wincot.—By Wincot the poet no doubt meant Wilmecote,  
commonly called Wincot, a village near Stratford; and the fat  
hostess was probably a real personage equally well-known to  
him. It is supposed, too, that the Burton-heath Sly speaks of  
just before, was Burton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire.  

Sheer ale.—That is, pure, unmixed ale; as our brewers say,  
"Entire beer." In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Double  
Marriage," Act V. Sc. I, Castruccio is permitted to drink but  
water and wine; and he asks indulgently,—  

"Shall I have no sheer wine then?"  

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in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:* here's—

3 SERV. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 SERV. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [Music.
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 SERV. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 SERV. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight,
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 SERV. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

LORD. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 SERV. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

SLY. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 SERV. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

SLY. These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 SERV. O yes, my lord; but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
because she brought stone juggs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
3 SERV. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reck'n'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece, a
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL. Amen.

SLY. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.(3)

PAGE. How fares my noble lord?

SLY. Marry, I fare well: for here is chaw enough.

Where is my wife?

PAGE. Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

SLY. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.
PAGE. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY. I know it well. What must I call her?

LORD. Madam.

SLY. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

where parties in the practice of using false weights and measures were presentable and punishable. The seal'd quarts were the licensed quart measures, certified by stamp to be capable of holding that quantity of liquid.

a Old John Naps of Greece,—] Probably o' th' Green, as Blackstone suggested.
Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me; being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much: servants, leave me and her alone.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me; being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you to pardon me yet for a night or two; or, if not so, until the sun be set:
for your physicians have expressly charg'd, a peril to incur your former malady, that I should yet absent me from your bed: hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry long, but I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the sh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment, Are come to play a pleasant comedy, For so your doctors hold it very meet. Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood, And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy; Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play, And frame your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play. Is it not a community, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see 't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[They sit down.}
Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio,—since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.

Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii;]
Thus the old copy; most modern editions read,—
"Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
But Tranio, it should be remembered, is the servant of Vincentio,
has been brought up by him from childhood; and although for
dramatic exigencies it might be allowable to inform him that his
master was descended from the Bentivolii, nothing could excuse
the absurdity of telling him this master's name.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii;*
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

* Will I apply,—] Apply is here used, as it is frequently found
in old writers, in the sense of ply. So in Gascoigne's "Supposes,
1566, from which Shakespeare borrowed the underplot of the
comedy,—"I fear he applyes his study so, that he will not leave
the minute of an hour from his booke."
ell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left, and am to Padua come, as he that leaves a shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep, and with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.  

**TRA.** _Mi perdonate,*_ gentle master mine, am in all affected as yourself; 

had that you thus continue your resolve, to suck the sweets of sweet philosophy. Only, good master, while we do admire his virtue, and this moral discipline, let’s be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray; or so devote to Aristotle’s checks,* as Ovid be an outcast quite abjur’d: talk logic* with acquaintance that you have, and practise rhetoric in your common talk: fusil and poesy use to quicken you; the mathematics, and the metaphysics, ’ll all to them, as you find your stomach serves you: to profit grows where is no pleasure ta’en:—a brief, sir, study what you most affect.  

**LUC.** Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise, f. Biondello, thou wert come ashore, We could at once put us in readiness; and take a lodging, fit to entertain such friends as time in Padua shall beget, but stay awhile; what company is this? **TRA.** Master, some show, to welcome us to town.  

**Ind.** [BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, (1) and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.  

**BAP.** Gentlemen, importune me no farther, or how I firmly am resolv’d you know: that is, not to bestow my youngest daughter, before I have a husband for the elder: either of you both love Katharina, because I know you well, and love you well, leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.  

**GRE.** To cart her rather: she’s too strong for me: 

there, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?  

**KATR.** I pray you, sir, [to BAP.] is it your will to make a state of me amongst these mates?*  

**HOR.** Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you, unless you were of gentler, milder mould.  

**KATR.** I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear; I wis,(2) it is not half way to her heart: But, if it were, doubt not her care should be 

To comb your noodle with a three-legg’d stool, And paint your face, and use you like a fool.  

**HOR.** From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!  

**GRE.** And me too, good Lord!  

**TRA.** Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;  

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful Froward.  

**LUC.** But in the other’s silence do I see Maids’ mild behaviour and sobriety.  

**Peace, Tranio.**  

**TRA.** Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.  

**BAP.** Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said, Bianca, get you in: And let it not displease thee, good Bianca; For I will love thee ne’er the less, my girl.  

**KATR.** A pretty peat;* ’tis best Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.  

**BLAN.** Sister, content you in my discontent. Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: My books and instruments shall be my company, On them to look, and practise by myself.  

**LUC.** Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.  

[Aside.  

**GRE.** Why, will you mew her, Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue?  

**BAP.** Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv’d: Go in, Bianca.  

[Exit Bianca.  

And, for I know she taketh most delight In music, instruments, and poetry, Schoolmasters will I keep within my house, Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio, Or signior Gremino, you,—know any such, Prefer them* hither; for to cunning men* I will be very kind, and liberal To mine own children in good bringing-up; And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; For I have more to commune with Bianca.  

[Exit.  

**KATR.** Why, and I trust I may go, too, may I not?  

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha!  

[Exit.  

**GRE.** You may go to the devil’s dam; your gifts are so good here’s none will hold you.  

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*To make a state of me amongst these mates?] The primary meaning is, “Will you make a common harlot of me with these fellows?” but Douce is probably right in suspecting a quibbling allusion to the term _state-mate_ in chess.  

* A pretty peat: A pet, from the French _petite_, or Italian _petto_.  

* Prefer them—] Prefer is defined to mean recommend; it seems to have implied something more, as to _advance_, or _promote_.  

* Cunning men—] Knowing, skilful men.
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell.—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parole, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Grem. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Grem. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Grem. I say, a devil: think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush! Gremio; though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Grem. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high—cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples; but, come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't aires. —Sweet Bianca! happy man be his dote! He that runs fastest gets the ring: how say you, signior Gremio?

Grem. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Execut Gremio and Hortensio.

Tra. [Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst,
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tranio. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—

Redime te captum quam ques minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tranio. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tranio. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tranio. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus stand:
Her elder sister is so curt and shrew'd,
That, till the father rides his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore he has closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care,
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her,

Luc. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now, 'tis plotted.

used in the sense of encouragement, as wishing good success to any one about to undertake a contest, or business of doubtfull issue:—

"Now, my masters, happy man be his dote, say I; Every man to his business."—Henry IV. Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

o He that runs fastest gets the ring:) An allusion, Douce remarks "to the sport of running at the ring." Rather to the sport of running for the ring. A ring was one of the prizes formerly given in wrestling and running matches.

f The effect of love in idleness:) Love in idleness was a favourite flower, often mentioned by old authors.

g The daughter of Agenor—] Europa.

Because she will not—] So the old copy. Several of the modern editors needlessly substitute shall for will.
Taming of the Shrew

Act I. Scene II.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster, and undertake the teaching of the maid: that's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part, and be in Padua here Vincentio's son? Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends: visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full. We have not yet been seen in any house; nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces, for man or master: then it follows thus:—thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead; keep house, and port, and servants, as I should; will some other be; some Florentine, some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. I's hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once decase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak: When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; but I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [They exchange habits.]

A brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, and I am tied to be obedient, for so your father charg'd me at our parting; is serviceable to my son, quoth he, although, I think, 'twas in another sense,) am content to be Lucentio, because so well I love Lucentio. Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves: and let me be a slave, 'tis achieve that maid whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? Laster, has my fellow Tranio stole your clothes? Or you stole his? or both? Pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest, and therefore frame your manners to the time. Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life, puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his; For in a quarrel, since I came ashore, I kill'd a man, and fear I was deserv'd. Wait on him, I charge you, as becomes, While I make way from hence to save my life; You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth; Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were so too! Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after.—That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—One thing more rests, that thyself execute; To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,—Suffeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.

(The Presenters above speak.)

1 Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I, a good matter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. 'Would 't were done!

[They sit and mark.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua; but, of all, My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house: Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebusied your worship?

(*) First fofo, could.

—The Presenters above speak] This is the original stage direction; the presenters meaning Sly, &c., who are seated in the balcony behind.
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here* soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,

* Knock me here—] An idiom, not unfrequent in old English writers, and which is familiar, Mr. Singer observes, in the French language:

"Ah ! mon Dieu ! je vous prie.
Avant que de parler, prenez-moi ce mouchoir."
Molière's Tartuffe, Act III. Sc. 2.

And then I know after who comes by the worst
Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[He wrings Grumio by the ear
Gru. Help, masters, b help! my master is me
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirr villain!


Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—my old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—how do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto, Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Grum. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out? 2

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first. Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, and could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?

And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you. 

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio! And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world, To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience diverts. But, in a few, 4 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceas'd; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wife, and thrive, as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife? Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel, And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we Few words suffice; and, therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,) Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, 5 As old as Sibyl, and as curt and shrew'd As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse, She moves me not; or not removes, at least, Affection's edge in me, were she as rough? 6 As are the swelling Adriatic seas.

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grum. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; 7 or an old troth with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal. 

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous; Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault (and that is faults enough) Is,—that she is intolerable curst; And shrew'd, and froward, so beyond all measure, That, were my state far worse than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold. 

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect: Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough; For I will board her, though she chide as loud.

"You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out, you know.

"But, in a few,—In a few means, in short, to be brief, in a few words.  

Florentius' love,—This refers to a story in Gower's "Confesso Amantis," b. 1., where the hero, a knight named Florent, bound himself to marry a deformed hag on the condition that she taught him the solution of an enigma on which his life depended. The legend is very ancient and has been often repeated.

Were she as rough,—The first folio reads, "Were she as rough," which was corrected in the second folio.

An aglet-baby! Aglets (aiguilettes) were the tags to the strings used to fasten dresses, and these aiglets sometimes represented small images. Mr. Singer has shown that aiglet also signified a brooch or jewel in one's cap; aglet-baby might therefore mean a diminutive figure on the tags just mentioned, or one carved on a jewel.
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hon. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Grumio. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O’ my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that’s nothing; an he begin once, he’ll rail in his rope-tricks. I’ll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, sir.

Hon. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista’s keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withdraws from me, and other more* Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehearsed,) That ever Katherina will be wo’ed;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta’en,*
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Grumio. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hon. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis’d in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter Gremio; with him Lucentio disguis’d,
with books under his arm.

Grumio. Here’s no knavery! tce; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: where goes there? ha!

Hon. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love:

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[They retire.

Gremio. O, very well: I have perus’d the note.

Hark you, sir; I’ll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her;

You understand me:—over and beside
Signior Baptista’s liberality,
I’ll mend it with a largess:—take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum’d;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to; what will you read to her?

Lucentio. Whate’er I read to her, I’ll plead for you.
As for my patron, (stand you so assur’d,) As firmly as yourself were still in place.

Gremio. O this learning! what a thing it is!
Grumio. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!


Hon. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Grumio. And you’re well met, signior Hortensio,
I promis’d to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hon. This well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis’d me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov’d of me.

Gremio. Belov’d of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Grumio. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside.

Hon. Gremio, ’tis now no time to vent our love
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I’ll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met;
Upon agreement from us to his liking,——

(*) First folio, paper. (+) First folio, one.

"Honest lago hath ta’en order for ’t.
Again in "Henry IV.," Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.—
"I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee."
And in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 2.—
"I will take order for her keeping close."

Well seen.— Well versed, well skilled. Thus Spenser.
"Well serve in every science that mote bee."
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

[Scene II.

Till undertake to woo curst Katharine; ea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gru. So said, so done, is well:—

Ferrantio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold; that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gru. No, say'st me, friend? what countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son; y father dead, my fortune lives for me; nd I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gru. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:

at if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name; on shall have me assisting you in all.

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[ Aside.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent? hink you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Gru. Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Pet. Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds, rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Gru. Have I not heard great ordnance in the field, and heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Pet. Have I not in a pitched battle heard loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang, and do you tell me of a woman's tongue that gives not half so great a blow to hear, a will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

ush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. [ Aside.

Gru. Hortensio, hark! his gentleman is happily arriv'd, mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors, bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gru. And so we will, provided he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

[ Aside.

Enter Tranio, bravely apparelled; and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,

e me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way o the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Hon. He that has the two fair daughters; is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gru. Harke, sir; you mean not her to—

(*) First folio, Butanios.

A blow to hear,—Thus the folio, 1623. The ordinary and rhaps preferable reading is, to the ear.

A fear boys with bugs.] Fright children with bugbears. A y meant an object of terror, a goblin.

"This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell, Where none but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell."—The Spanish Tragedy, Act V

* And do this feat,—The old copies read "aid do this seek" feat was substituted by Rowe.
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,  
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholden.*

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon, b

* Beholden.] Here and elsewhere, the old editions have be-
holding; the active and past participle, in Shakespeare and his  
contemporaries, being used indiscriminately.

b We may contrive this afternoon,—] We may pass away, or wear

And quaff carousest to our mistress' health;  
And do as adversaries do in law,—  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bron. O excellent motion! fellows, let  
begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be  
so;—

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exec.

out, this afternoon; from contrivi, the preterite of contem.

"Ambulando totum hunc contrivi diem."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself, make a bondmaid and a slave of me; that I disdain: but for these other gawds,* behind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, na, all my raiment, to my petticoat; what you will command me, will I do, well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,* tell

(*) First folio omits, thee.

Gawds.—] The folio, 1623, has goods, for which Theobald substituted gawds. Mr. Collier's MS annotator reads guards, in the old sense of ornaments.

Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive, I never yet beheld that special face Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear, I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more; You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Kath. Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive, You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, unte my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go pfly thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding, of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

Exit Bianca.

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding—day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell. a
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

Exit Katharina.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio meanly habited;
Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; b
and Tranio, with Bronzello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio; God save you, gentlemen.
Pet. And you, good sir; pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the wise
Of that report which I so oft have heard:
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting Hortensio.

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or: ease you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for a good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her.
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son.
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome to his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! c you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I will
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will be your wooing.

Neighbour,* this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself that have been more kindly behelden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Lucentio] that hath long study'd at Rheims: as cunning in Greek, Latin, and all languages, as the other in music and mathematics his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: I come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [to Tranio] methinks, you walk like a stranger: may I be bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own.
That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome amongst the rest that come; And free access and favour as the rest.

(*) First folio, neighbours.

Baccare] An old proverbial saying of doubtful derivation, but meaning stand back.

[b] As a musician] In the old copies Hortensio's entrance is not mentioned.

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d toward the education of your daughters,
ere bestow a simple instrument,
d this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
now him well: you are very welcome, sir.
be you [to Hor.] the lute, and you [to Luc.]
the set of books,
shall see your pupils presently.
Hr. within!

Enter a Servant.
rah, lead
e gentle men to my daughters; and tell them
both,
e their tutors; bid them use them well.
[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio,
and Biondello.
will go walk a little in the orchard,
then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
do I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
d every day I cannot come to woo.
A knew my father well; and in him, me,
solely heir to all his lands and goods,
ich I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
en tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
that dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
all my lands and leases whatsoever:
s specialties be therefore drawn between us,
at covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
at is,—her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you,
father,
as peremptory as she proud-minded;
and where two raging fires meet together,
y do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
ough little fire grows great with little wind,
at extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
I to her, and so she yields to me;
or I am rough, and woo not like a bab.
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

—-I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—]

wifhhood, that is, her dow.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for
winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician?
Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the
lute?
Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to
me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,§
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: I'll fume with
them:
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillow, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascel fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had* studied to misuse me so.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so
discomfited:
Proced in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us:
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here.—
[Exit Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and
Hortensio.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

(*) First folio, had she.
§ Mistook her frets.—A fret is the point at which a string on
the lute or guitar is to be stopped.

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When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:— I
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
**Kath.** Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

**Petr.** You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,) Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

**Kath.** Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

**Petr.** Why, what's a moveable?

**Kath.** A joint-stool.«

**Petr.** Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

**Kath.** Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

**Petr.** Women are made to bear, and so are you.

**Kath.** No such jade as you, if me you mean.Ô

**Petr.** Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

**Petr.** Should be, should buzz!Ô

**Kath.** Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

**Petr.** O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

**Kath.** Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.Ô

**Petr.** Come, come, you wasp, i' faith, you are too angry.

**Kath.** If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

**Petr.** My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

**Kath.** Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

**Petr.** Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

**Kath.** In his tongue.

**Petr.** Whose tongue?

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« A joint-stool.] "Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd-stool," is an old proverbial saying. It occurs as a proverb in Lyly's "Mother Bombie," 1594, and also in "King Lear," Act III. Sc. 6.
Ô No such jade as you, if me you mean.] Petruchio's reply shows clearly there is some omission or misprint in this line.
Ô Should be, should buzz! A quibble is intended on the buzz of the bee, and buzz, applied to a din of words:—
Ô But you wyl chopplogick And be Bum-to-busse,"

The Contention between Churchward and Cornwall, Sc. 15.
Ô A buzzard.] A beetle: so called on account of its human buzzing noise.

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Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales; and farewell.

**Petr.** What, with my tongue in your tail? na come again.

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

**Kath.** That I'll try. [She strikes him.

**Petr.** I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

**Kath.** So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

**Petr.** A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy book.

**Kath.** What is your crest? a coxcomb?

**Petr.** A combless cock, so Kate will be my he.

**Kath.** No cock of mine, you crow too lli a craven.

**Petr.** Nay, come, Kate, come, you must in look so sour.

**Kath.** It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

**Petr.** Why, here's no crab, and therefore let not sour.

**Kath.** There is, there is.

**Petr.** Then show it me.

**Kath.** Had I a glass, I would.

**Petr.** What, you mean my face?

**Kath.** Well aim'd of such a young on

**Petr.** Now, by Saint George, I am too your for you.

**Kath.** Yet you are withered.

**Petr.** 'Tis with cares.

**Kath.** I care not.

**Petr.** Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'sca not so.

**Kath.** I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

**Petr.** No, not a whit; I find you passing gent.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and suli
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gameosome, passing courte
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flower
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askane
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenchers will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigs,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

**Kath.** Go, fool, and, whom thou keep'st command.

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[Scene II.]
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove, 
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait? 
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate; 
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful. 
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech? 
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit. 
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son. 
Pet. Am I not wise? 
Kath. Yes; keep you warm. 
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed: 
And, therefore, setting all this chat aside, 
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented 
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on; 
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you. 
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; 

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, 
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,) 
Thou must be married to no man but me; 
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate; 
And bring you from a wild Kateb to a Kate Conformable, as other household Kates. 
Here comes your father; never make denial, 
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter? 
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well? 
It were impossible I should speed amiss. 
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

---

a Yes: keep you warm.] An allusion to a proverbial phrase, of which the sense is not apparent. It is found again in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act 1. Sc. 1.—
"... that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm—" 

b From a wild Kate—] Modern editors usually read "a wild cat," but the intended play on the words Kate cat, and Kate cats, is sufficiently obvious without altering the text.
ACT II.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

[SCENE I.]

KATH. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second Grisell;
And Roman Laurece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hanged first.

TRA. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacoock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

GRE. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.
[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine severally.]

GRE. Was ever match clam'd up so suddenly?

BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRA. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAP. The gain I seek is,—quiet in the match.

GRE. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRA. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GRE. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRA. Greybeard! I thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

TRA. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAP. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this stride:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GRE. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands.
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arres counterpoints,*
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milech-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

TRA. That only came well in. Sir, list to me
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

GRE. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all!*

(*) First folio, me.
(f) First folio, my Bianco's.

*[a] A word to the wise,— An expression frequently found in the old writers, meaning, it is wonderful to see.
*b A meacoock.— A well-looked, chicken-hearted fellow. The word, Nares thinks, was originally applied to denote a hen-pecked husband.
*c Counterpoints.— Coverings for beds, now called counterpanes. "Counterpoints were, in ancient times, extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks."—MASTR.

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That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road. What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

**TRA.** Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no
less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses, And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her; And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

**GRE.** Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more; And she can have no more than all I have. If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

**TRA.** Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is outvied.

**BAP.** I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father make her the assurance, She is your own; else, you must pardon me: If you should die before him, where's her dower?

**TRA.** That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

**GRE.** And may not young men die, as well as old?

**BAP.** Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd:

On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance; If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.

**GRE.** Adieu, good neighbour:—now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool To give thee all, and, in his waning age, Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy! An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.

**TRA.** A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide! Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.(2) 'Tis in my head to do my master good:— I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio; And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly, Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing, A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.(8) [Exit. | should be pronounced as a trisyllable.

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*An argosy—] An *argosy*, or *argosie*, was a large vessel employed for war, or in the conveyance of merchandise, more frequently the latter.

*Marseilles' road.*] The folio, 1623, reads, "Marcellus road." It

*Besides two galliasses,—] Galeazza, Ital. A huge *galley*, having three masts and accommodation for thirty-two rowers.** that it could be propelled either by sails or oars, or by both.
Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hob. But, wrangling pedant, this is

Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,

The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,

lous, and the like; with him it meant misplaced, out of the natural or reasonable course.
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hon. You may go walk, [to Lucentio] and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician growth amorous.  [Aside.
Hon. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hon. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [Reads.] Gamut I am, the ground of all
accord;
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one cleft, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity, or I die.  
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.  

Enter a Servant.
Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave
your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must
go,  
[Exeunt Bianca and Serv.
Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
stay.
[Exit.
Hon. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list; if oncel I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.  [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Baptist's House.
Enter Baptista, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca,
Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [to Tranio] this is the
'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

(*) First folio, master.


b [Hoc dat, as I told you before,—] The humour of translating Latin into English of a different sense, as Malone remarks, was not at all uncommon among our old writers.
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridgroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
KATH. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,
be fore'd
To give my hand, oppos’d against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, a full of spleen;
Who wou’d in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He’ll wou a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath wou’d.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—Lo, there is mad Petruchio’s wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

TRA. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he’s honest.
KATH. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.]
Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

PET. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

BAP. You are welcome, sir.

PET. And yet I come not well.

BAP. And yet you halt not.

TRA. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

PET. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown: And wherefore gaze this godly company; As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

BAP. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eyesore to our solemn festival.\(^a\)

TRA. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her; The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRA. See not your bride in these unrequited robes; Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PET. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

BAP. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PET. Good sooth, even thus; therefore he's done with words; To me she's married, not unto my clothes: Could I repair what she will wear in me, As I can change these poor accoutrements, 'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you, When I should bid good-morrow to my bride, And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[Execute Petruchio, Grumio and Biondello; Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire; We will persuade him, be it possible, To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

TRA. But, sir, to love\(^b\) concerneth us to add Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, As I\(^*\) before imparted to your worship, I am to get a man,—whate'er he be, It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,— And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa; And make assurance, here in Padua, Of greater sums than I have promised. So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage; Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no, I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

TRA. That by degrees we mean to look into, And watch our vantage in this business: We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio; The narrow-prying father, Minola, The quaint musician, amorous Licio; All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

GRE. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRA. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GRE. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRA. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

GRE. Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRA. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GRE. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him. I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; when the priest Should ask—if Katharina should be his wife, Ay, by goos-wounds, quoth he; and swore so loud That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book; And, as he stoop'd again to take it up, This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

\(^a\) An eyesore to our solemn festival.\(^*\) It may be mentioned once for all, that solemn, beside its ordinary sense of grave, serious, ceremonial, bore, in our author's time, the meaning of public, accustomed, and the like. Thus, in the present instance, Baptista does not mean a grave religious festival, but the customary public entertainment provided at weddings.

\(^b\) But, sir, to love... The old copy omits the preposition, we presume by accident, since both sense and prosody require it.
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.
Tru. What said the wench, when he rose up again?*

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him,
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—A health, quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel, (2)
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack; (3)
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night? (2)

Pet. I must away to-night, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tru. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

 unreasonable. See Note (c), p. 130, of the present volume.
* And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack.—[The salutation of the bride was part of the ancient marriage-ceremony:—"Sungant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsae, osculam eam, et nunnimum alium, nec ipsa, nec ipsa," Manuale Rerum. Paris, 1553. Quarto. So In Marston's Instarite Countess:—

Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.


Gre. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, myfield, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

"The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take."

Grumio, my horse. From Grumio's reply, we must take horse to be used as a plural here. The after observation, that "the oats have eaten the horses," is, perhaps, allied to a saying common in the stable now:—"the horses have eaten their heads off," implying, that the money due for their provender is more than they are worth. In the corresponding passage of the old play, the meaning is expressed more openly:—

"Saw. The ostler will not let me have him: you owe tenpence for his meat and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistissad.
ACT III.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

[scene I]

For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom’s place;
And let Bianca take her sister’s room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let’s go.

[Exeunt.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
Luc. Mistress, what’s your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she’s madly mated.
Grk. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants,
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio’s Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru. A piece of ice; if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no

Rayed, say the commentators is befouled, “rayed” perhaps here it rather means “chafed,” “excoriated,” from the French rayé.

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greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.
Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?
Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.
Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she’s reported?
Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know’st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress, a fellow Curtis.
Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.
Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least: but wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?
Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.
Curt. There’s fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?
Gru. Why, Jack! boy! ho, boy! and as much news as thou wilt.※
Curt. Come, you are so full of coneycatching.
Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where’s the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?
Curt. All ready: and, therefore, I pray thee, news?
Gru. First, know, my horse is tired: my master and mistress fallen out.
Curt. How?
Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt: and thereby hangs a tale.
Curt. Let’s have, good Grumio.

(※) Folio, 1623, will thou.

※ And myself, fellow Curtis.] For myself, Warburton substituted thyself, and, notwithstanding the ingenious defence of myself by other critics, was perhaps right.

① Jack, boy! ho, boy! This is the commencement of an old round in three parts, of which Hawkins has given the notes in the Variorum Shakespeare.

② Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without.—A quibble. Certain drinking vessels were called Jacks and Jills, which terms, too, were commonly applied to the male and female servants. The same pun is found in the "Puritan," 1607. "I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such jills will quickly be upon a man’s Jack."

③ The carpets laid.—The carpets here meant were coverings for the tables. The floors were strewed with rushes.

④ Burst! That is, broken. So in the opening scene of the In-

Gru. Lead thine ear.
Curt. Here.
Gru. There.
[Striking him.
Curt. This ‘tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.
Gru. And therefore ‘tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin; Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—
Curt. Both of one horse?
Gru. What’s that to thee?
Curt. Why, a horse.
Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her: how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me: how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.
Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.
Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent Knit: let them courtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master’s horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?
Curt. They are.
Gru. Call them forth.
Curt. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.
Gru. Why, she hath a face, of her own.
Curt. Who knows not that?
Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

duction; the Hostess asks, "You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?"
① Of an indifferent Knit.] Shakespeare sometimes uses indifferent in the sense of impartial, free from bias,—

"——I beseech your grace, Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye."
Richard II. Act II. Sc. 3
But by "an indifferent Knit" is simply meant a passable, or tolerable Knit. So in "Twelfth Night," Act I. Sc. 1.—
"——as, item, two lips indifferent red."
② To countenance my mistress.] That is, to receive or entertain her. The Old Law was, that when a Man was Firm, he was to be Find’d Salvo Contenemento, so as his Countenance might be safe, taking Countenance in the same sense as your Country man does, when he says, if you will come unto my House, I will show you the best Countenance I can, that is not the best Face, but the best Entertainers."—Selden’s Table-Talk, Art. Fines.
CURT. I call them forth to credit her.  
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter four or five Serving-men.*

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.  
Phil. How now, Grumio?  
Jos. What, Grumio!  
Nich. Fellow Grumio!  
Nath. How now, old lad?  
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting.  
Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?  
Nath. All things is ready: how near is our master?  
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

*Enter Petruchio and Katharina.*

Pet. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door,  
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?  
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.  
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!  
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?  
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.  
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt horse drudge!  
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gnu. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat;*
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and
Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.——

[Exeunt some of the Servants.

Where is the life that late I led——
[Sings.
Where are those——sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter Servants, with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; when?
It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:

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* No link to colour Peter's hat.——* This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills instead of new, blacket over with the smeoke of an olde lakte.”—Greene's Mbuil Munchance. In this ludicrous enumeration of his fellows' deficiencies, Grumio is evidently playing into his master's hands.

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—
[Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate:—some water here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?—shall I have some water?
[A basin is presented to him.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:——
[Servant lets the basin fall.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?

I Serv. Ay.

---

It is all, as Lucio says, "according to the trick."

* Soud, soud, soud, soud! * Malone thought this sound a word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.
Act IV.]

TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

PET. Who brought it?
1 SERV. I.
PET. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these!—where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[Throw the meat, &c., about the stage.
You heedless jollheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
PET. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow shall it be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.
NATH. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see the like?
PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

GRU. Where is he?
CURT. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Petruchio.

PET. Thus have I politely begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully;
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That hate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

* Amid this mury, I intend,— Intend for pretend. So in "Richard III." Act III. Sc. 7,—
"The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear."

b To kill a wife with kindness: This has been thought an allusion to Thomas Heywood's play, "A Woman Killed with Kindness," which is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, under the

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverence of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [Exit.]


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

TRA. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[They stand aside.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
BIAN. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
LUC. I read that I profess, the art to love.
BIAN. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
LUC. While you, sweet deare, prove mistress of my heart.
[They retire
HOR. Quick proceed, marry! now, tell me I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none* in the world so well as Lucentio.
TRA. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
HOR. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:

(*) First folio, me.

date of February, 1602-3. We believe the saying was much older than the play.

B She bears me fair in hand.] To bear in hand was to encourage to annoy. Thus in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act IV. Sc. 1.
"What I bear in hand until they come to take hands; and then."

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Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

Hon. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her* withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat:
Fio on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hon. Would all the world, but he, had quite
forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,

(*) First folio, them.
Bian. The taming—school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That tacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch’d so long
That I’m dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercantante, or a pedant, I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I’ll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Execute Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?


Tra. ’Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay’d at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel ’twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish’d and proclaim’d it openly:
’Tis marvellous; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim’d about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,

This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[Aside.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg’d.
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be court’sy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look’d for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
’Twixt me and one Baptist’s daughter here:
In all these circumstances I’ll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[Execute.

SCENE III.—A Room in Petruchio’s House.

Enter Katharine and Grumio.

Grum. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars that come unto my father’s door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms.

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv’d for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;

—Like to sir Vincentio.] We should probably read:

"That you are like, sir, to Vincentio."

—Go with me, sir;—] The sir was added in the second folio.
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.  
I prithee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.  
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?  
Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.  
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:  
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?  
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.  
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.  
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?  
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.  
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.  
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.  
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.  
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.  
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:  
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,  
That triumph thus upon my misery!  
Go, get thee gone, I say.
Enter Petruochio, with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? what, sweeting, all amort? a
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[Sets the dish on a table.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruochio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

Aside. Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace;—and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things:
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

VI.” Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2.—
"What, all amort! Rouen hangs her head for grief.”
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery. What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure, to deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown:—what news with you, sir? 

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer; A velvet dish,—fie, fie! 'tis lowd and filthy; Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnut-shell, A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap; Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time, And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too, And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [Aside.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe: Your betters have endur'd me say my mind; And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears. My tongue will tell the anger of my heart; Or else my heart, concealing it, will break; And rather than it shall, I will be free Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bubble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And if I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What up and down, curv'd like an apple tart?
Here's nip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop; Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this!
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.
Tal. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tal. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou fleas, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread! Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so bo-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar'd her gown.
Tal. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made

(*) First folio omits, a.

a Custard-coffin.—A coffin, Steevens tells us, was the old
vulgar term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

b Like to a censer in a barber's shop: A censer was a fire-pan
with a pierced cover, in which perfumes were burnt to sweeten the place.

c More quaint.—Quaint here means dainty, neat; but it
sometimes implies, minuteness, or cleverness, as in the "Tempest,"
Act 1. Sc. 2.

"—My quaint Ariel.

Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gr. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tal. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gr. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tal. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gr. Thou hast faced many things.

Gr. I have.
Gr. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
And rather not me. I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tal. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Pet. Read it.
Gr. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tal. Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:
Gr. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown
Sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Tal. With a small compassed cape;
Gr. I confess the cape.
Tal. With a trunk sleeve;
Gr. I confess two sleeves.
Tal. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gr. Error? the bill, sir; error? the bill.
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and
sewed up again: and that I'll prove upon thee,
though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tal. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in
place where thou shouldst know it!

Gr. I am for thee straight; take thou the bill;
give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God a-mercy, Grumio! then shal
have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
Gr. You are 't the right, sir; 't is for my
mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gr. Villain, not for thy life; take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gr. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than ye think for:

4 Thou hast faced many things.] Turned over many garment
with facings. Thus in "Henry IV." Pt. I., Act V. Sc. 1,—
"To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour,"

"With scars, and fans, and double change of bravery." And in Act 1. Sc. 2, the old stage direction is,—
"Enter Tranio, brave."
Take up my mistress’ gown to his master’s use!  
O, fie, fie, fie!  
Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—  
[Aside.  
Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more.  
Hor. Tailor, I’ll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:  
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.  
[Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father’s,  
Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:  
For ’tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account’st it shame, lay it on me:  
And therefore frolie; we will henceforth,  
To feast and sport us at thy father’s house.  
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let’s see; I think ’tis now some seven o’clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.  
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, ’tis almost two;  
And ’t will be supper-time ere you come there.  
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let ’t alone:  
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,  
It shall be what o’clock I say it is.  
Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before Baptista’s House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir,* this is the house: please it you that  
I call?  
Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv’d,  
Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.*

(*) Old copy, Sirs.

a At the Pegasus.] In the old copy, 1623, this line is given to Tranio.

Tra. ’Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as ’longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, sir, here comes your boy;  
’T were good he were school’d.  
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;  
Imagine ’t were the right Vincentio.  
Bion. Tut! fear not me.  
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?  
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice,  
And that you look’d for him this day in Padua.  
Tra. Thou’rt a tall fellow; hold thee; that to  
drink.  
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Signior Baptista and Lucentio.†

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—  
Sir, [To the Pedant] this is the gentleman I told  
you of:  
I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.  
Ped. Soft, son!  
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua,  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:  
And,—for the good report I hear of you;  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father’s care,  
To have him match’d; and,—if you please to like  
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow’d;  
For curious* I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.  
Baf. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.  
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:  
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him,  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done:  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

† Enter Baptista and Lucentio.] The folio, 1643, adds,  
“Pedant booted and bare headed.”

* Curious—] That is, scrupulous.
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[Going.

Luc. Hearst thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[Exit.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Happ what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.[Exit.

SCENE V.—A Public Road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and kindly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please: An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow I shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun:
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is* the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not; And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

(*) First folio, in.

— Expect, — So the first folio. The second reads except. If expect is the poet's word, the meaning seems to be, anticipate. They are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Go you, anticipate their movements by obtaining a real one.
Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?

[To VINCENTIO.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Alloits thee for his lovely bedfellow! (5)

PETRUCHIO. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATHARINA. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seems the green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO. What is his name?

VINCENTIO. Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverent age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may be seem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

PETRUCHIO. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PETRUCHIO. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.

HORATIO. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward, (8)
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit.
ACT V.


Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.
Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.
Bion. Nay, faith, I’ll see the church o’ your back; and then come back to my master* as soon as I can.
[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.

Gremio walking on the other side.] The original stage

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think I shall command your welcome here, And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.]

Grem. They’re busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What’s he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?
Ped. He’s within, sir, but not to be spoker withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?
Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, as long as I live.

(*) Old copies, Mistres.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT V.

PET. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances. I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PED. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

VIN. Art thou his father?

PED. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. Why, how now, gentleman! [To VINCENT.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man’s name.

PED. Lay hands on the villain, I believe ’a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

BION. I have seen them in the church together; God send ’em good shipping!—but who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

VIN. Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing Biondello.]

BION. I hope I may choose, sir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgotten me?

BION. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master’s father, Vincentio?

BION. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is’t so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.]

BION. Help, help, help! here’s a madman will murder me. [Exit.]

PED. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit from the window.]

PETRITHEE, Kate, let’s stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

TRA. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VIN. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O, immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatian hat!—O, I am undone, I am undone!

PET. While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now? what’s the matter?

BAP. What, is the man lunatic?

TRA. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

BAP. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

VIN. His name is as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PED. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine own son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

VIN. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke’s name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

TRA. Call forth an officer: (I) carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VIN. Carry me to the gaol!

[Enter one with an Officer.

GRE. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

BAP. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

GRE. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch’d in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PED. Swear, if thou darest.

GRE. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRA. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GRE. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

BAP. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

VIN. Thus strangers may be haled and abus’d. O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

BION. O, we are spoiled, and—yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

VIN. Lives my sweet son? [Kneeling.

BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out. [Kneeling.

BIAN. Pardon, dear father.

(*) Old copies, Padua.

# Thy master’s father.—] The first folio reads mistress, which was corrected in the second folio.

# A copatian hat!—] This was a high-crowned hat shaped like a sugar-loaf. “Upon their heads they wore felt-hats copele-tanked, a quarter of an ell high or more.”—Comines, trans. by Daniel.

# Concerns—] In the first folio, “cerns.” We read after the second edition.

4 Coney-catch’d—] That is, cheated, imposed upon. We gather from Decker’s “English Villanies,” that formerly the sharpers termed their gang a warren, and their simpleton-victims rabbitsuckers (young rabbits), or conies. At other times their confederates were called bird-catchers, and their prey guils (raw, unfledged greenhorns): and hence it was common to say of any person who had been swindled, or hoaxed, he was coney-catch’d, or gulleted.

* Run out.] The old copy adds, “as fast as may be.”
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT V.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREGIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BLANCA PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

BAP. Why, then, let's home again:—come, sirrah, let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PET. Is not this well?—come, my sweet Kate, Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

KATH. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

PET. Why, then, let's home again:—come, sirrah, let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PET. Is not this well?—come, my sweet Kate, Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt.

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BAP. Why, then, let's home again:—come, sirrah, let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PET. Is not this well?—come, my sweet Kate, Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt.

PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

BAP. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio. PET. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORT. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

WID. Then never trust me if I be afoard.

PET. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afoard of you.

WID. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

* When raging war is done.—] The old copies have, "When raging war is come," which is obviously a misprint. Rowe substituted done.

† My banquet.—] A banquet, with our old writers, sometimes meant what we call a desert—a slight refectory, consisting of fruit, sweetmeats, &c.; and was occasionally set out in a room separated from the dining apartment. Thus, in Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"We'll dine in the great room, but let the music
And banquet be prepared here."

See also The City Madam, Act II. Sc. 2. GIFFORD'S Massinger.

More often, in Shakespeare, however, a banquet signifies a feast, as at the present day.

‡ Hortensio fears his widow.] To understand the equivalence, it must be remembered that to fear ancienly had an active as well as a passive sense, and meant not only to feel alarm, but to frighten. So in Act I. Sc. 2,—

"fear boys with bags,
For he fears none."

(*) Old copies, so.

a While counterfeit supposes—] Supposes is here used in the same sense as in Gascoigné's Comedy of that name, for impostors, changelings, &c.

b Here's packing—] Iniquitous collusion, chicanery, plotting. The word is used metaphorically from packing cards with the view to defraud.

c My cake is dough:—] See Note (b), p. 234.

d Exeunt.—] In the original, the following stage direction and dialogue occur, after the parallel scene to this,—

"Sit sleepeus.

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sir my Lords
Asleep again: go take him easily vp,
And put him in his one apparel again,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Last vnderneath the alabose side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him hence.

Exit."
Petr. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Petr. Conceives by me!—how likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Petr. Very well mended: kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, a
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Petr. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Petr. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Petr. Spoke like an officer:—ha' to thee, lad.
[Drinks to Hortensio.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll
sleep again.
Petr. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.
Petr. She hath prevented me: here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird,' good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

"Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour."

a Shrew.—woc.] Shrew was frequently pronounced, as well as
spell, shrew. Here it is evidently intended to rhyme with woe;
and at the end of the play it couples with so.
b A bitter jest or two.] The old copies read, "a bitter jest."
Capell suggested bitter, which was, no doubt, the poet's word. So
in Act III. Sc. 2,—

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ACT V.] TAMING OF THE SHREW. [SCENE II.

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; And, as the jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it main'd you two* outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I think thou hast the verstest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and, therefore, for assurance,*

Let s each one send unto his wife; And he, whose wife is most obedient To come at first when he doth send for her, Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content: what is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound, But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you word, a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife, To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand; She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile, Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; Say, I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio.

Hor. I know her answer.

(*) First folio, too.

* For assurance,—] For is the correction of the second folio; the first has sir.

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Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my holidam, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder. Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes. Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet; And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives,

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under foot. [Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this? Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too: The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty. Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women,

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands!

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unkind that threatening unkind brow;

b An hundred crowns—] The old reading is, "Hath cost me an hundred crowns." Pope made the correction.
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeing, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands' foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

Petr. Why, there's a wenches!—come on, and kiss me, Kate.
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.
Petr. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And being a winner, God give you good night!
[Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.]
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curt shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be

tam'd so.

[Exeunt.]
(1) Scene I.—The following is the story mentioned in the Preliminary Notice at the most probable source whence the author of the "Taming of a Shrew" derived the notion of his Prologue:—

THE WAKING MAN'S DREAM.

In the time that Philips, Duke of Burgundy (who by the gentleness and courteousness of his carriage purchased the name of Good,) guided the reins of the country of Flanders, this prince, who was of an humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodness, rather than silly simplicity, used pastimes which for their singularity are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintness of his wit then his prudence.

Being in Bruxelles with all his Court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatness of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, whereon was alledged grave sentence and rare examples: walking towards the evening in the town, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a Tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. * * * He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom, as with a blocke, they mighte doe what they would, without awaking him; for he caused them to carry him into one of the sumptuous parts of his Palace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him on a rich bed. They presently stir him of his bad clothes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt, instead of his own, which was foule and filthy. They let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilst hee setteth his drinke the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

In the morning, this drunkard being awake draws the curtains of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a Paradise, he considers the rich furniture with a wonderment such as you may imagine: he beleives not his eyes, but layes his finger on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all he sees is but a pure dream.

As soon as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Duke's meates, which were instructed by the Duke what they should do. There were pages bravely arrayed, Gentlemen of the chamber, Gentleman waiters, and the High Chamberlain, who in faire order and without laughing, bring clothing for this new guest: they honour him with the same great reverence as if hee were a Sovereaigne Prince; they serve him bare-headed, and as he drinks he will please to wear that day.

This fellow, affrighted at the first, believing these things to be inchantment or dreams, exclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparel that they presented unto him that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him; he is accommodated like a King, and served with such ceremonies, as he had never seen before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done, the greatest Nobleman in the Dukes Court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had been their Sovereign Prince. * * *

Being risen late, and dinner time approaching, they asked if he were pleased to have his table covered. He liked that very well: * * * he eats with the same ceremony which was observed at the Dukes meales, he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation than he could have wisleth, but the Majesty which he represented made him reftaine. All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things: * * * they make him passe the afternoone in all kinds of sportes: musique, dancing, and a Comedy, spent some part of the time. * * *

Super time approaching, * * * he was led with sound of Trumpets and Hupboyes Into a faire hall, where long Tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sortes of dainty meates, the Torchtes lighted in every corner, and made a day in he midst of a night. * * * Never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast: carouses begin after the manner of the Country.

* * * They serve him with very strong wine, good Hipocrates, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled; so that, charged with so many extraordinaryes, he yeelded to death's cousin german, sleep. * * *

Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his idle-fall again, there no longer to be seen, and let his men do what they might: this sleeping man should be stript out of his brave clothes, and cloathed againe in his old raggcs, and so sleeping carried as dead, see the same place where he was taken up the night before. This was presently done, and there did he shunt all the night long, not taking any hurt either from the hardness of the stones, or the floor he layd on, so well was his stomachke filled with good preservatives. Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may bee by some that the good Duke Philip had thereto appointed, he said he, my friends, what have you done? you have robb'd mee of a Kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest, and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallene into. * * * Being returned home to his house, hee entertains his wife, neighbours, and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought. * * *

In his adaptation of the foregoing incident to the purposes of the stage, the writer of the old play has displayed a knowledge of character and an appreciation of humour and effect which entitle him, perhaps, to higher commendation than he has yet received. His Induction opens thus:

"Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Sitre Droomen." 

Tapster. You whorsoun droonen salue, you had best be gone, And empty your droonen panch some where else For this house is nowd yealt to you. 

Enter Sitre. Tilly, vally, by etere Tapster Ille fese you anon, 

Fils the tother pot and allis paid for, looke you I doo drinkit of mine owne instestation, Some bene Heree I lie aile whyle, while Tapster I say, 

Fils a fresh cushen heere. 

Heigh ho, heer good warmes lying. 

Hee falt asleep.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shadow of the night, 

Longing to view Orlins drizzling lookes, 

Leapes from th antartieke world vnto the skie, 

And dimm the Welkin with her pitchie breath, 

And bid the huntman see them waitde wel, 

For they have all deseru'd it well to daie, 

But soft, what sleephe fellow is this liehe here? 

Or is he dead, see one what he doth see? 

Servingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe, 

His head is too heauine for his bottile, 

And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder. 

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke. 

Ho, siris arise. What so sounde sleepe? 

Go take him vppe and bearre him to my house, 

And bearre him easie for feare he wake," ec. &c.

(2) Scene II.—Enter Lord, dressed like a servaunt. I compare Shakespeare's admirable picture of the tanker's transmutation with the corresponding scene in the original:

* Our extracts are quoted Literatur from the edition of 1994.
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"Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with Siles sleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musique plaieng.

One. So: sirius now goe call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he wili it.

Another. Set thou some wine upon the board
And then Ille go fetch my Lord presentlie."

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all things readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. How now, he musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My Lord, my Lord, he sleepe soundlie: My Lord.

Sire, Tapestr, gis a little small aic. Heigh ho.

Lord. Heeres wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

Sire. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Lord. More richere farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Will. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ille fetch you stede somwhat more swift of pace
Then winged Doves in all his pride.

That ran so swiftly ouer the Persian plains.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds shall stand readie cuppeld at the doore.

Who in running will oterake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken wined.

Sire. By the masse I think I am a Lord indeed,

Whats thy name?

Lord. Simon and it please your honour

Sire. Simon, thats as much as to say Simon or Simon
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

Give me thy hand, Siram am I a lord indeed?" &c. &c.

(3) SCENE II.—Enter the Page, etc. In the old play the scene proceeds as follows:—

"Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Sire. Sim, is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.
Sire. Make tis a prettie wench, what's her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once voucsafe
To looke on me and leve these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent.

To paint in words what Ile performe in deeds,

I know your honour then would pittie me.

Sire. Harke you mistr esse, will you et a pece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, Sim drinke to hir Sim,

For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honor plaizers be come;

To offer your honour a plafe.

Sire. A plafe Sim, Or brate, be they my plaizers?

Lord. I my Lord.
Sire. Is there not a soole in the plafe?

Lord. Yes my lord.
Sire. When wil they plafe Sim?

Lord. Even when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ille go bid them begin their plafe.

Sire. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leave you thus.

Exit boy.

Sire. Come Sim, where be the plaizers? Sim stand by me and weeke flout the plaizers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ille call them my lord. Hoe where are you there!"

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—Gremio.] In the first folio, Gremio is called "a Pantalone." II Pantalone was the old baffled amorous of the early Italian Comedy, and, like the Pedant and the Doggaret, formed a never-failing source of ridicule upon the Italian stage.

(2) SCENE I.—I wis, it is not half way to her heart.] The word I wis, in its origin, is the Anglo-Saxon adjective wis, certain, sure, which is still preserved in the modern German was, and Dutch was. It is always used adverbiaUy in the English writers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and it invariably means certainly, truly. The change of the Anglo-Saxon ge to y, or t, appears to have been made in the thirteenth century, and the letters y or t are used indifferently, one being as right as the other. But although the word is really an adverb, Sir Frederic Madden thinks it questionable whether, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, it was not regarded as a pronoun and a verb, equivalent to the German ich weiss.* That it was so considered in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seems pretty generally admitted. In Shakespeare it is always printed with a capital letter, I wis, and we have no doubt he used it as a pronoun and a verb, not knowing its original sense as an adverb.

* See the Glossary to Sir Frederic Madden's "Syr Gawayne. Printed for the Bannatyne Club, 1599."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—Renato PETRUCCIO and Katharine severally.] Compare the interview of the hero and heroine in the old comedy:—

"Enter Kate.

Alphon. Ha Kate, Come hither wench & list to me, you this gentiemes friendlie as thou canst.

Peran. Twenty good morrowes to my loyly Kate

Kate. You lest I am sure, is she yours already?

Peran. I tel thee Kate I know thou lou'rt me well

Kate. The deall you doo, who told you so?

Peran. My mind sweett Kate doth say I am the man,

Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie Kate.

Kate. Was euer seeme so gross an ease as this?

Peran. I, to stand so long and never get a kiss.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place,

Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.

Peran. I prithee Kate; they say thou art a shrew,

And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your care,

Peran. No Kate, this hand is mine and I thy love.

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Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his tallow.
Feran. But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile.
Kate. What if it did? ask, Pero, what is my daughter?
Feran. Shoes willing sir and loves me as his life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alfon. And let me shew you, Kate, to give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy lute,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why dost thou make me soo doo with me,
To give me unto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
She turns aside and speakes.

But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes have luted too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alfon. Give me thy hand Ferando loves thee wel
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
Here Feranc takes her for thy wife.
And Sunday next shall be your wedding day.
Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
Father, I leave my loule Kate with you,
Provide thy selues against our mariage date;
For I must hie me to my coutrie house
In hast to see provision may be made,
To entertaine my Kate when she dooth come.
Alfon. Doo so, come Kate why doost thou looke
So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Some fare you well, and see you keepes thy promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

(2) Scene I.—Yet I have fa'd it with a card of ten."
A common phrase," says Nares, "which we may suppose to
have been derived from some game (possibly primero),
wherein the standing boldly upon a ten was often successful.
A card of ten meant a tenth card, a ten. I conceive
the force of the phrase to have expressed, originally, the
confidence or impudence of one who, with a ten, as at
brag, faced, or out-faced one who had really a faced card
against him. To face, meant, as it still does, to bully,
by attack by impudence of face.

(3) Scene I.—If I fail not of my cunning.] At the ter-
mination of this scene in the original, the following bit
of by-play is introduced:—

"Sile, Sim, when will the foole come againe?
Lord. Heelee come againe my Lord anon.
Sile. Gis some more drinke here, soues wheres
The Tapster, here Sim eat some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Sile. Here Sim, I drinke to thee.
Lord. My Lord heere comes the platers againe,
Sile. O brave, heers two fine gentlewomen.

ACT III.

(1) Scene II.—Enter Petruchio and Grumio.] The
answer to this scene in the old piece, though not
without humour, is much inferior:—

"Enter Ferando baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.
Feran. Godmorew father, Polidor well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long,
Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shoes such a shrew, if we should once fall out
Sheele put my costlie sutes out wth mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awiblie,
For manie things I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but Kate and I,
For we shall use like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Liones never was so tame,
If once they lie within the Liones pawes
As Kate to me if we were married once,
And therefore come se vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie Ferando not thus attired for shame
Come to my Chambre and there sute thy selfe,
Of twente sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush Polidor I haue as many sutes
Fantastickie made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd,
The stately legacie of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made chosse to weare.
Alfon. I prethee Ferando let me intreat
Before thou goe vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all."

(2) Scene II.—He calls for wode—
A quaff'd off the muscadel." 4 ec.
The custom of taking wine and hops in the church upon
the conclusion of the marriage ceremonies is very ancient,
and in this country, in our author's time, it was almost
universal. The beverage usually chosen was Muscadel, or
Muscadine, or a medicated drink called Hippocras. Thus,

in Robert Armin's Comedy of "The History of the Two
Maids of Moreclacke," 1608, the play begins with:—

"Enter a Meld strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming
the door.
Maid. Strewe, strewe.
Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church:
The priest and Hymen's ceremonies tend
To make them man and wife.'"

So at the marriage of Mary and Philip in Winchester
Cathedral, 1554, we read:—"The trumpeters sounded, and
they returned to their traverses in the quire, and there
remained until masse was done; at which tymse, wyne
and souns were hallowed and delvered to them both."

Appendix to Leland's Collectanea.

(3) Scene II.—Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and
Grumio.] Perhaps in no part of the play is the imme-
surables superiority of Shakespeare to his predecessor
more evident than in the boisterous vigour and excitation
of this scene. Compared with it, the corresponding situ-
ation in the original is torpidity itself:—

"Enter Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor and Amelia
and Aurelius and Philema.
Feran. Father wellfare, my Kate and I must home,
Sirra shall make ready my horse presentlie.
Alfon. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but lest
I am sure you will not go so suddenly.
Kate. Let him goe or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to travell on my wedding day.
Feran. Tut Kate I tell thee we must needs go home,
Willaine hast thou saddled my horse?
Sun. Which horse, your curtil? I
Feran. Sounes you slaye stand you prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.
Kate. Not for me: for Ie not go.
Sun. The ostler will not let haue him you owe tenpence
For his masse and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.
Feran. Here villaines go pay him straightly.
Sun. Shall I give them another pecke of lavender.
Feran. Out slaye and bring them presently to the door.
Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.
Sun. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.
Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? 4
Ex. Sander
C om Kate our dinner is provided at house.
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Kate. But not for me, for here I mean to dine
I'le have my will in this as well as you,
Though you to making mood would urge your friends
Despite of you I tarry with them still.

Feran. I Kate so thou shalt but at some other time,
When thy sisters here shall be espous'd
Then thou and I will keep our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,

For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them agane,
Content Kate stand not on terms we will awake,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule.
And I will doo what euer thou commandes,
Gentlemens farewell, wele take our leaves,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exe Ferando and Kate.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—
"He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [Exit."

Subjoined is the parallel scene of the older play:—

"Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome Kate; where's these villains Here, what! not supper yet vpon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing done at all,
Wheres that villain that I sent before.
San. Now, ad sum, sir.
Feran. Come hether you villain Ile cut your nose,
You Rogart would have of me with my hope: will please
You to lay the cloth? souences the villain
Hurt's my foote! pull easly I say; yet againe.

He beseeches them all,

They cover the bord and fight in the meate.

Sounes! burnt and scorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth John cookes

He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and besates them.

Feran. Go you villains bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come Kate wele have other meate provided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. Exit Feran and Kate.

Men's courting men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes! I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was married.
Will. I left what a boxe he gave Sander
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter Ferando againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.
Feran. Did you so you damned villain.

He beseeches them all out again.

This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease; and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she intole to night.
He mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentle come vnto the lere,
Were she as stubborne or as full of strength
As were the Thracian horse A'clea tandem,
That King Ephes fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do die vnto there lere.

Exe."

(2) SCENE II.—

A[n] ancient angel coming down the hill.

For upwards of a century, the expression, "An ancient angel," has been a puzzle to commentators. Theobald, Hamner, and Warburton concurred in substituting engle, or engele (the most innocent meaning of which is gull, or dupe) for "angel;" and this word has been supported strenuously by Gifford. In a note to Jonson's Postcestor, Act II. Sc. 1, he quotes a passage from Guicogine's Supposes, the play Shakespeare is thought to have been under obligations to for this part of the plot, which he considers decisive:—"There Erastrolo, the Biondello of Shake-

speare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges from appearances that he has found him, and is not deceived:—'At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and as methought by his habits and his looks he should be none of the worst.' Again, 'this gentleman being, as I

guessed at the first, a man of small sapienctia.' And Dulippo (the Lucentio of Shakespeare) as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims, 'Is this he? go meet him: by my truth, he looks like a good soul, that fisheh for him might be sure to catch a codhead.' But, after all, as Mr. Singer observes, it is not necessary to depart from the reading of the old copy. Cotgrave explains Angelot à la grosse escalle, "An old angell; and by metaphor a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthy stamp." So an ancient angel may here have meant only a good old simple soul, and is singular that, while so much consideration has been bestowed on this expression, one very similar in "The Tempest," Act II. Sc. 1, 'This ancient morsed,' should scarcely have been noticed.

(3) SCENE III.—Go, get the gone, thou false deluding slave. We subjoin the analogous scene from the original play:—

"Enter Sander and his Mistresse.
San. Come Mistris.
Kate. Sander I prethee help me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has givne me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.
Kate. Why maister thy Maister needes never know it.
San. You say true Indeed: why lookes you Mistris,
What say you to a pease of beeafe and mu-tard now?
Kate. Why say I tis excellent meate, canst thou help me to some?
San. I. I could help you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is some colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheep's head and garlicke?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stakke,
And then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet Sander help
Me to some of it.
San. Nay her lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villain dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sausiness.
She beats him.

(4) SCENE III.—Enter. The incidents in the foregoing scene closely resemble those in the following one from the old piece; it is in their treatment that the pre-eminence of Shakespeare is recognised:—

"Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander.
San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home his cappe here.
Feran. Comming here what have you there?
San. A velvet cappe sir and it plese you.
Feran. Who speake for it didst thou Kate?
Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, give me
The cap, I see if it will fit me. She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it Kate; here sirra take it hence,
This cappe is out of fashion quire.
Kate. The passion is good enough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of mee.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begun with it.
Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

San. Here is the Taylor too with my Mistris gowne.
Peran. Let me see it Taylor: what with cuts and laggis.
San. Some you villain, thou hast spoiled the gowne.
Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man geue me direction.

You may reade the note here.

Peran. Come hither sirra Taylor reade the note.
Taylor. Item, a faire round compact cape.
San. I thats true.
Taylor. And a large truenecke sleeve.
San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truenecke sleeves.
Peran. Well sir goe forward.
Taylor. Item a loose boded gowne.
San. Maister if ever I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With bottome of browne thred.
Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou says it.

San. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou hast brained
Many men: braue not me.
Thou art faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Here more a do then needs Ie haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your selfes,
I think I shall hane nothing by your will.
Peran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Sounds villainise not for thy life touch it not,
Sounds take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Peran. Well sir what is your conceit of it.
San. I have a deeper conceit in it then you thinke for, take vp
my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Peran. Taylor come hether; for this time take it

Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Exeit Taylor.

San. Round Kate we now will go see yt fathres house

Even in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And that's enoug, what should we care for more
Thy sisters Kate to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp let hast away,
It will bee nine a clockes at we come thare.
Kate. Nine a clock, why this alleace is past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.
Peran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.
Peran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come baccye againe we will not goe to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
Ile haue you as I doe ere you go.

Exeunt Omnes.

(5) SCENE V.—Allote thee for his lovely bed-fellow] Compare the opening of the original scene:—

"Peran. Come Kate the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes,
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceued
It is the sun.
Peran. Yet againe come baccye against it shall be
The moone cre we come at your fathres.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Peran. Jesus save the glorious moone.
Kate. Jesus save the glorious moone.
Peran. I am glad Kate your stomach is come dowe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trye to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast done before,
And trust me Kate hasted thou not named the moone,
We had gosse againe as sure as death
But soft whose this thats comming here."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—Call forth an officer.] In the original the performance is interrupted at this point by the Tinkor:—

"Sit! I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in jest.
Sit! I tell thee Sit! wele haue no sending.
To prison thats flat: why Sit am not I Don Christo Vey?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord
They be run away.
Sit! Are they run away Sit! thats well,
Then gie some more drinks, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.

Sit! drinks and then falls asleep."

(2) SCENE II.—Excurs.] Shakespeare's piece terminates here, and no more is heard of the inimitable Christopher. Whether this is owing to the latter portion of the Induction having been lost, or whether the poet purposely dismissed the Tinker and the characters of the apologue, before whom we were to suppose the comedy was played, in the first act, we shall probably never know. In the old drama, at the end, the scene is supposed to change from the noblemen's palace to the outside of the alchoose-door,

* Christo Vey?] A humorous variation of Christopher; whence, probably, Shakespeare's Christopher Sly.

and Sly is properly re-introduced in the same state in which he first appeared:—

"Then enter two hearing of Sit! in his own apparel againe and leaves him
Where they found, him, and then goes out.
Then enter the Tapster.

Tapster. Now that the dakersome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appears in chrystaff sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What Sit! oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ie wake him, I thynke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuff with ale,
What how Sit! Awake for shame.
Sit! Sit! gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord!

Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou drunken still!
Sit! Whose this! Tapster, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that ever thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster. I marry but 720 had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.
Sit! Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ie to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry Sit! for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreame to night.

Exeunt Omnes."
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"From whatever source the Apologue to this drama may have been directly taken, we cannot feel highly indebted to Shakespeare for its conversion into a lesson of exquisite moral irony, while, at the same time, it unfolds his wonted richness of humour, and minute delineation of character. The whole, indeed, is conducted with such lightness and frolic spirit, with so many happy touches of risible simplicity, yet chastised by so constant an adherence to nature and verisimilitude, as to form one of the most delightful and instructive sketches.

"So admirably drawn is the character of Sly, that we regret to find the interlocution of the group before whom the piece is supposed to be performed, has been dropped by our author after the close of the first scene of the play. Here we behold the jolly tinker nodding, and, at length, honestly exclaiming, 'Would 'twere done!' and though the integrity of the representation requires that he should finally return to his former state, the transformation, as before, being effected during his sleep, yet we hear no more of this truly comic personage; whereas in the spurious play, he is frequently introduced commenting on the scene, is carried off the stage fast asleep, and on the termination of the drama, undergoes the necessary metamorphosis. It would appear, therefore, either that our bard's continuation of the Induction has been unaccountably lost, or that he trusted the remainder of Sly's part to the improvisatory ingenuity of the performers; or, what is more likely, that they were instructed to copy a certain portion of what had been written, for this subordinate division of the tinker's character, by the author of the elder play. Some of the observations, indeed, of Sly, as given by the writer of this previous comedy, are incompatible with the fable and Dramatis Personae of Shakespeare's production; and have, consequently, been very injudiciously introduced by Mr. Pope; but there are two passages which, with the exception of but two names, are not only accordant with our poet's prelude, but absolutely necessary to its completion. Shakespeare, as we have seen, represents Sly as nodding at the end of the first scene, and the parts of the anonymous play to which we allude are those where the nobleman orders the sleeping tinker to be put into his own apparel again, and where he awakens in this garb, and believes the whole to have been a dream; the only alterations required in this final account being the omission of the Christian appellative Sia, and the conversion of Tapster into Hostess. These few lines were, most probably, those which Shakespeare selected as a necessary accompaniment to his piece, from the old drama supposed to have been written in 1590;* and these lines should be withdrawn from the notes in all the modern editions, and though distinguished as borrowed property, should be immediately connected with the text.

"As to the play itself, the rapidity and variety of its action, the skilful connexion of its double plot, and the strength and vivacity of its principal characters, must for ever ensure its popularity. There is, indeed, a depth and breadth of colouring in its execution, a boldness and prominence of relief, which may be thought to border upon coarseness; but the result has been an effect equally powerful and interesting, though occasionally, as the subject demanded, somewhat glaring and grotesque. Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio, the most important personages of the play, are consistently supported throughout, and their peculiar features touched, and brought forward with singular sharpness and

* "I suspect," says Mr. Malone, "that the anonymous Taming of a Shrew was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene."
CRITICAL OPINIONS.

spirit; the wild fantastic humour of the first, the wayward and insolent demeanour of the second, contrasted with the meek, modest, and retired disposition of her sister, together with the inextinguishable wit and drollery of the third, form a picture, at once rich, varied, and pre-eminently diverting."

—Drake.

"'The Taming of the Shrew' has the air of an Italian comedy: and indeed, the love of intrigue, which constitutes the main part of it, is derived, mediately or immediately, from a piece of Ariosto. The characters and passions are lightly sketched; the intrigue is introduced without much preparation, and in its rapid progress impeded by no sort of difficulties; however, in the manner in which Petrucho, though previously cautioned respecting Katharine, still runs the risk of marrying her, and contrives to tame her, the character and peculiar humour of the English are visible. The colours are laid somewhat coarsely on, but the ground is good. That the obstinacy of a young and untamed girl, possessed of none of the attractions of her sex, and neither supported by bodily nor mental strength, must soon yield to the still rougher and more capricious but assumed self-will of a man: such a lesson can only be taught on the stage, with all the perspicuity of a proverb.

"The prelude is still more remarkable than the play itself: the drunken tinker removed in his sleep to a palace, where he is deceived into the belief of being a nobleman. The invention, however, is not Shakspeare's; Holberg has handled the same subject in a masterly manner, and with inimitable truth; but he has spun it out to five acts, for which the matter is hardly sufficient. He probably did not borrow from the English dramatist, but like him took the hint from a popular story. There are several comic motives of this description, which go back to a very remote age, without ever becoming antiquated.—Shakspeare proves himself here, as well as everywhere else, a great poet: the whole is merely a light sketch, but in elegance and nice propriety it will hardly ever be excelled. Neither has he overlooked the irony which the subject naturally suggested to him, that the great lord who is driven by idleness and ennui to deceive a poor drunkard, can make no better use of his situation than the latter who every moment relapses into his vulgar habits. The last half of this prelude, that in which the tinker in his new state again drinks himself out of his senses, and is transformed in his sleep into his former condition, from some accident or other is lost. It ought to have followed at the end of the larger piece. The occasional observations of the tinker, during the course of the representation of the comedy, might have been improvisatory; but it is hardly credible that Shakspeare should have trusted to the momentary suggestions of the players, which he did not hold in high estimation, the conclusion of a work, however short, which he had so carefully commenced. Moreover, the only circumstance which connects the prelude with the play, is that it belongs to the new life of the supposed nobleman, to have plays acted in his castle by strolling actors. This invention of introducing spectators on the stage, who contribute to the entertainment, has been very wittily used by later English poets."

—Schlegel.
"KING JOHN",

"KING JOHN," which is the only uncontested play of Shakespeare's not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. Though enumerated in the list of our author's works by More, 1598, commentators have not succeeded in determining the time when it was written. Malone seems to have been of opinion that the maternal lamentations of Lady Constance, for the loss of Arthur, are an expression of the poet's own grief at the death of his son Hamlet in 1596; and if this theory were admissible, we should, of course, be bound to conclude that "King John" was not written until after that date. But conjectures of this nature are very fanciful. There are undoubtedly high authorities in literature to justify a poet in availing himself of such an occasion to celebrate an event not strictly connected with his theme; but in those cases the writers worked on great historical subjects. It can scarcely be believed that a man of Shakespeare's incomparable sagacity would have interwoven a merely personal sentiment into a drama intended to interest the public at large. It savours of a reproach to the poet's memory to represent him giving utterance to his own sorrow for the loss of an obscure lad, twelve years old, when depicting the anguish of such a character as Constance for the loss of her princely Arthur. The language and ideas which would be appropriate in the one case would be out of keeping in the other; and those who are best acquainted with Shakespeare's habitual self-negation, will not suspect him of perpetrating this act of bathos.

Johnson has observed, that the description of the English army which Chatillon, the French Ambassador, gives to King Philip, in the first scene of the second act, beginning,—

"And all the unsettled humours of the land,"—

may have been suggested by the dramatist's acquaintance with the details of the grand fleet despatched against Spain in 1596. But here again we must be cautious in attaching particular meaning to descriptions which would apply with equal truth to almost any expedition. The fleet which the Earls of Nottingham and Essex led against Cadiz was not the only one which had been partly manned by gentlemen. History furnishes too many instances where men

"Have sold their fortunes at their native homes, 
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,"

that they might participate in adventures of a similar kind; and Shakespeare may have derived the materials of Chatillon's description from the chronicles of different periods and various countries. As if to show, indeed, how fallacious such guess-work often is, Johnson has attempted to make a similar deduction from another passage in this play. He conceived that Pandulph's denunciation of King John,—

"And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, 
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint, 
That takes away by any secret course 
Thy hateful life,"—

might either refer to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth, or to the canonization of Garnet, Fawkes, and their accomplices, who, in a Spanish book which he had seen, are registered as saints. The latter theory would fix the writing of the play after 1605, and is at once demolished by a reference to the corresponding scene of the old piece of "King John," printed in 1591, upon which this is based, where the Legate denounces John:—
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

"Then I Pandulp of Padua, legate from the apostolike seuo doe in the name of Saint Peter and his successor our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealty that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatsoever, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person."

Such hypotheses as these, however, if they do little towards establishing the chronology of Shakespeare’s writings, are forcible confirmations of the fact that he wrote “not for an age, but for all time.” His representations are so truthful and life-like that it is the easiest of all undertakings to find a model whence he may be presumed to have drawn them. He describes the ruinous extravagance into which noblemen and gentlemen are seduced in equipping themselves for a foreign enterprise, and the arrogant pretensions of the Catholic Church in dealing with a rebellious monarch, with such fidelity, that we seem to be reading a particular relation of whichever individual occurrence of the kind our memory first brings to notice.

The play of “King John” stands precisely in the same relation to the old drama called “The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England,” &c., that “The Taming of the Shrew” does to its predecessor, “The Taming of a Shrew.” In both cases the elder productions were probably current favourites on the stage when Shakespeare first joined it; and in obedience to the customs of the time, and perhaps to the dictates of his employers, he took them up as good dramatic subjects, and availing himself of the general plot and leading incidents of each, transfused a new vitality into the crude materials furnished by some other workman.

At the present day it can hardly be necessary to vindicate Shakespeare from the charge of having falsified history in those of his performances which are founded on historical subjects. The marvel, indeed, is, how he has contrived to combine the highest dramatic effect with so close an adherence to historic truth. It must be remembered that he wrote without any of the advantages we derive from the researches which modern investigation has brought to bear upon the characters of particular personages and the secrets of peculiar transactions. He has left us, notwithstanding, so many masterly and instructive pictures of historic characters and events, that it may be safely said, the youth of England would be far less acquainted with and interested in the veritable annals of their country, if Shakespeare had never written his series of Historical Plays.

Persons Represented.

JOHN, King of England.
PRINCE HENRY, his son; afterwards HENRY III.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, son of GEFFREY, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of KING JOHN.
WILLIAM MARSHALL, Earl of Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-GERALD, Earl of Essex.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son of Sir ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his half-brother, bastard son of King Richard the First.
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of POMFRET, a supposed prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin; afterwards LEWIS VIII.
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
PANDULPH, the Pope’s Legate.
MELCHIO, a French nobleman.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.
ELINOR, the widow of Henry II., and mother of King John.
CONSTANCE, mother of Arthur.
BLANCH, daughter to ALPHONSO, King of Castile, and niece to King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to Philip and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, and divers other attendants, Sheriff, Heralds, Citizens, Officers, Soldiers, and Messengers.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, Elinor, the Queen-Mother, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.*

K. John. Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf 285
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim 
To this fair island, and the territories; 
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine: 
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword 
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand, 
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this? 
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, 
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld. 
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, 
Controlment for controlment: so answer France. 
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, 
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace. 
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; 
For ere thou canst report I will be there, 
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. 
So hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath, 
And sullen pressage of your own decay.— 
An honourable conduct let him have: 
Pembroke, look to't. — Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

Ell. What now, my son? have I not ever said, 
How that ambitious Constance would not cease, 
Till she had kindled France, and all the world, 
Upon the right and party of her son? 
This might have been prevented, and made whole, 
With very easy arguments of love; 
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must 
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate. 
K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, 
for us.

Ell. Your strong possession, much more than your right; 
Or else it must go wrong with you and me: 
So much my conscience whispers in your ear, 
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy, 
Come from the country to be judged by you,

*And sullen pressage— That is, doteful, melancholy pressage. 
Thus, in "Henry IV," Part Il. Act i. Sc. 1,— 
"Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, 
Remember'd knol ling a departing friend." 

The manage—] Manage of old meant government, control, administration:

That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men? 
K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff. 
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay 
This expedition's charge.

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, 
and Philip, his bastard Brother.

What men are you? 
Bast. Your faithful subject, I; a gentleman, 
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son, 
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, 
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand 
Of Cœur-de-lion, knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou? 
Ron. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir? 
You came not of one mother, then, it seems. 
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king, 
That is well known; and, as I think, one father: 
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, 
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother; 
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Ell. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother, 
And wound her honour, with this difference. 
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it; 
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine; 
The which if he can prove, 'tis pops me out 
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year: 
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land! 
K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born, 
Dost he lay claim to thine inheritance? 
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land. 
But once he slander'd me with bastardy: 
But where* I be as true begot, or no, 
That still I lay upon my mother's head; 
But, that I am as well begot, my liege, 
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!) 
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself. 
If old sir Robert did beget us both, 
And were our father, and this son like him, 
O, old sir Robert father, on my knee 
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee! 
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here! 
Ell. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face; 
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

"—— and to him put 
The manage of my state."  

The Tempest, Act I. Sc. 1.

* But who't I be as true begot—] This contraction of whether is frequent both in Shakespeare and his contemporaries; but the seem usually to have written it where.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face * would he have all my land:
A half-face'd great, five hundred pound a-year! (1)
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much,—
Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.
Ron. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death, b
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

a With that half-face— J This is a correction of Theobald's; the folio, 1623, reading, "with half that face."
b And took it, on his death,— J Steevens is the only one of the commentators who notices this expression; and he interprets it to mean, "entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying." We believe it was a common form of speech, and signified that he swore, or took oath, upon his death, of the truth of his belief. Thus Falstaff, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2, says, "...and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,
Act I, Scene 1

KING JOHN.

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROB. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

BAST. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELI. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

BAST. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him,
And if my legs were two such riding-roses,
My arms such cel-skins'd, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
[goes; (2) Least men should say, Look, where three farthings:
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

ELI. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy
Bequest thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

BAST. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELI. Nay, I would have you go before me this time.

BAST. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. JOHN. What is thy name?

BAST. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. JOHN. From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

BAST. Brother—by the mother's side, give me
your hand;

(1) First folio, Roberts. (1) First folio, I would.

(*) First folio, Roberts. (1) First folio, I would.

(1) First folio, rise.

a This concludes,— "This is a decisive argument. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him; so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him."—JOHNSON.

b Whether— According to strict prosody this word should have been contracted, as in an instance just noted, to wher; but the old writers, or their printers, exhibited great laxity in such cases.

* Lord of thy presence.— Queen Elinor, propossessed by Philip's gallant bearing and likeness to her son, frames her question so as to discover whether he prefers to rest his claim to future distinction as the heir of Plantagenet, or as the supposed son of Cœur-de-lion:— "Would you rather be a Faulconbridge, resembling your brother, but possessed of five hundred pounds a-year, or the reputed son of King Richard, with similar personal endowments to his, and no land at all?"

My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

ELI. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

BAST. Madam, by chance, but not by truth.

What though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:—
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, how'er I was begot.

K. JOHN. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam—and come, Richard: we must speed,
For France, for France! for it is more than need.

BAST. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[Exeunt all except the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, sir Richard.—God-a-mercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now, your traveller,—
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess; (3)
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries: My dear sir,
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
I shall beseech you—that is Question now;
And then comes Answer like an A B C book:
O, sir, says Answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says Question, I, sweet sir, at yours:
And so, etc Answer knows what Question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po.)

b I would not be sir Nob.— So the second folio, 1632; the first has, "It would."

c In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:— Proverbial sayings applied to illegitimate children:— "Wo'er worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came in at the window!"—The Family of Love, 1608. So, also, in, "The Witches of Lancashire," by Heywood and Brome, 1664— "It appears you came in at the window:"—I would not have you think I scorn my grammam's cat to leap over the hatch."—Too respective,— Too mindful, considerate, retrospective, and not, I believe, as Steevens interprets it, "respectful," "formal."

My picked man.— See Note (4), p. 62, of the present volume.

The above lines are printed as they were pronounced, Abbey, in the old copies. An Abbey, or A B O book, was a book to teach the young their letters, catechism, &c.—

Y n & in o B C of bokes the last,
X is written, Deus charteus est."
KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

It draws toward supper in conclusion so. But this is worshipful society, And fits the mounting spirit like myself: For he is but a bastard to the time, That doth not smack* of observation; (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;) And not alone in habit and device, Exterior form, outward accoutrement, But from the inward motion, to deliver Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth: Which, though I will not practise to deceive, Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn; For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.— But who comes in such haste, in riding robes? What woman-post is this? hath she no husband, That will take pains to blow a horn before her? O me! it is my mother.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

How now, good lady? What brings you here to court so hastily?

LA. FAULC. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant,* that some mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LA. FAULC. Sir Robert's son! ay, thou unresented boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert? He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

GUR. Good leave, b good Philip.

BAST. Philip!—sparrow! b—James, There's toys abroad; c anon I'll tell thee more. [Exit Gurn.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son; Sir Robert might have eat his part in me Upon Good-Friday, and me'ere broke his fast: Sir Robert could do well; Marry— to confess— Could he+ get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handiwork.—Therefore, good mother, To whom am I beholden for these limbs? Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

LA. FAULC. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, [honour?] That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave? Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisoclite; (4)

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder. But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son; I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all, is gone: Then, good my mother, let me know my father; Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother? LA. FAULC. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BAST. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

LA. FAULC. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduce'd To make room for him in my husband's bed:— Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!— Thou* art the issue of my dear offence, Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

BAST. Now, by this light, were I to get again Madam, I would not wish a better father. Some sins do bear their privilege on earth, And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly; Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,— Subjected tribute to commanding love,— Against whose fury and unmatched force The awless lion could not wage the fight, Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand. He, that perforse robs lions of their hearts, May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother, With all my heart I thank thee for my father! Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell. Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin; And they shall say, when Richard me begot, If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin: Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [Exeunt.]

a Old copies, smooke. (1) Old copies omit, he.

* Colbrand the giant.— This was the Danish giant whom the renowned Guy of Warwick overcame in the presence of Athelstan. A description of the combat will be found in Drayton's "Polydion," Twelfth Song.

b Good leave.— "Good leave," Stevens says, "means a ready ascent.

c Philip!—sparrow!— The sparrow was very early known by the name Sir Richard disdains, perhaps from its note, to which Catullus alludes:—

"Sed circumsilens modo hue, modo illuc Ad solam dominam usque pipisabat."

Thus, in Lyly's "Mother Brome":—

"cry Philip piphi sparrowes as they fly."
Enter on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, Philip, King of France, and Forces; Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood, Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,(1) And fought the holy wars in Palestine, By this brave duke came early to his grave: And, for amends to his posterity, At our importance* hither is he come

*At our importance—] At our importunity. See Note (r), p. 143, of the present volume.

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf; And to rebuke the usurpation Of thy unnatural uncle, English John: Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.  
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death, The rather, that you give his offspring life, Shadowing their right under your wings of war. I give you welcome with a powerless hand, But with a heart full of unstained love: Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.  
Lew. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?  
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss, As seal to this indenture of my love;
KING JOHN.*

ACT II.

That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Saute thee for her king; till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Constr. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. PHI. Well, then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To fell the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Constr. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot-rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. PHI. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expeditious to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Até,* stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[Drums beat.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. PHI. How much uncover'd is this expedition?

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, blest France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. PHI. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine,
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-fac'd infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,

(*) First folio, Ace.

"— he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger."

A are expeditious—J Exeunt, immediate.

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And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest? —
K. JOHN. From whom last thou this great
commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. PHIL. From that supernal Judge that stirs
good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrongs,
And by whose help, I mean to chastise it.
K. JOHN. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. PHIL. Excuse—it is to beat usurping down.
ELL. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
CONST. Let me make answer;—thy usurping
son.
ELL. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world! —
CONST. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his damn.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou Wert his mother.
ELL. There's a good mother, boy, that blots
thy father.
CONST. There's a good grandame, boy, that
would blot thee.
AUST. Peace!
BAST. Hear the orer.
AUST. What the devil art thou?
BAST. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone. —
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,"
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; I' faith, I will, I' faith.
BLANCH. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
BAST. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:—(2)

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
AUST. What cracker is this same, that deafts
our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do
straight.*
K. PHIL. Women and fools, break off your con-
ference.
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou,' Toraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. JOHN. My life as soon!—I do defy thee,
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than o'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
ELL. Come to thy grandame, child.
CONST. Do, child, go to it(9) grandame, child;
Give grandame kingdom, and it grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's t. good grandame.
ARTH. Good my mother, peace! I
would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
ELL. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps.
CONST. Now shame upon you, who's she does,
or no!
His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be
brib'd,
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
ELL. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth!
CONST. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

CONST. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,*
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue;—plagued for her,
And with her plagued; her sin, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!

ELI. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

CONST. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will,
A woman's will, a canker'd grandame's will!

K Phr. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:

a That he's not only plagued for her sin, &c.] The only departure from the old text in this obscure passage is in the punctuation, and in the addition of a d in the sentence of the second clause—

"And with her plagued —"

which was first suggested by Mr. Roderick.
In the original, where it runs as follows, the whole passage is pointed with a ruthless disregard of meaning:—

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim /
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

CIT. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phr. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—
K. Phr. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—
K. John. For our advantage,—therefore, hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.

"— I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plagued her sin; his injury
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her."

b To cry aim ] See note (*), page 39, of the present volume.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance, a
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a counterecheck before your gates,
To save unscratc'h'd your city's threaten'd checks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouche safe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in. Your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwarried in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes(4) it,—namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unrex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?
Crr. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
Crr. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we waim'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—
Bast. Some bastards, too. [Aside.
K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.
Crr. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door, a
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah [to Austria], with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace; no more.
Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

a Confronts your city's eyes.—] The original has confront, which was altered by Rowe to confront. Mr. Collier's MS. annotator reads, Come 'fore your city's eyes.

b Ordinance.—] The old spelling of this word should be retained here for the measure's sake.

c The roundure—] Roundure, or, as the old copies spell it, rounder, means circle, from the French, rondeur.

d St. George, &c. ] In the old text this passage runs thus,—

"St. George that swing'd the dragon,
And ere since sits on 's horseback at mine hostess door," &c
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so; [to Lewis] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.
Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter
a French Herald, with Trumpets, to the gates.

Fr. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter’d on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow’s husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discould’r earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display’d,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England’s king, and yours!

Enter an English Herald, with Trumpets.

Eng. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England’s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march’d hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all girt with Frenchmen’s blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march’d forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
Hubert. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire

a And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,—] It appears to have been a practice of the chase formerly for the huntsmen to steep their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. Thus in "Julius Cæsar," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"... here thy hunters stand.
Sigh’d in thy spoil and crimson’d in thy teeth."

b Hubert. In the early copies several speeches of the present scene have this prefix, and Shakespeare may have intended to represent Hubert as a Citizen of Angiers; but the more probable explanation is, that the name was prefixed merely because it was

Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer’d blows;
Strength match’d with strength, and power confron’ted power:
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Re-enter, at one side, King John, with his Power,
Elinor, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other, King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on,
Whose passage, vex’d with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o’er-swell
With course disturb’d even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean?

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav’d one drop of blood
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-born arms,
We’ll put thee down, ’gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war’s loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel.
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin’d differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other’s peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

the custom of the actor who personated the character of Hubert to "double" with it that of the Angiers’ spokesman.

c Say, shall the current of our right run on,—] So the second folio; the first has run, a likely misprint of ranne.

d Mousing the flesh of men,—] For mousing Pope substituted a less expressive term, moulting, which Malone very properly rejected, and restored the old word. Mousing meant gorging, devouring. Thus, in Decker’s "Wonderful Year," 1603,—

"Whilst Troy was swelling sack and sugar, and mousing fat renison," &c.

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K. PHI. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?
HUBERT. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. PHI. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. JOHN. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
HUBERT. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do look
Our former scruple in our strong-bar'd gates,
Kings, of our fear;* until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
BAST. By heaven, these scroylesb of Angiers
flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your indigorous scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem, (5)
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charg'd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing enlumours have braw'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:—
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.—
That done, dissever your united streng'ths,
And part your mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. JOHN. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?
BAST. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd, as we arc, by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.
K. PHI. Let it be so.—Say, where will you
assault?
K. JOHN. We from the west will send destruc-
tion
Into this city's bosom.
AUST. I, from the north.
K. PHI. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
BAST. O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
[Aside.
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!
HUBERT. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a
while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persu'er not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. JOHN. Speak on, with favour; we are bent
to hear.
HUBERT. That daughter there of Spain, the
lady Blanch,*
Is near to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete, O say, he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he;
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a* she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one

(*) Old copies, au.

* Kings, of our fear; This passage has been a good deal
 discussed. Warburton and Johnson read,—
 "Kings are our fears."—
 Tyrwhitt,—
 "King'd of our fears;"—
 which latter is the reading usually adopted. Mr. Knight adheres
to the original text; but his interpretation of it is to us unfathom-
able. The meaning of the speaker, however quaintly expressed,
we imagine to be simply this,—Each of you lays claim to our
aiances, but neither has produced satisfactory proof of his right
to it; and until all doubts upon that point are resolved, we shall

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ACT II.

KING JOHN.

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling, wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here’s a stay,*
That shakes the rotten carcasse of old death
Out of his rags! Here’s a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and
bounte;
He gives the bastardino with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel’d; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump’d with words,
Since I first called my brother’s father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur’d assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their
souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Hubert. Why answer not the double majesties,
This friendly treaty of our threaten’d town?

K. Phy. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first
To speak unto this city. What say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy
princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read—I love,

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou,* and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg’d)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phy. What sayst thou, boy? look in the
lady’s face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form’d in her eye;
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov’d myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[Whispers with Blanch.]

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her
eye!—
Hang’d in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter’d in her heart!—he doth enjoy
Himself love’s traitor: this is pity now,
That hang’d, and drawn, and quarter’d, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lot we be. [Aside.

Blanch. My uncle’s will, in this respect, is
mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What
say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still
to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can
you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

(*) Old copies, Angiers.

and “Hamlet,” Act III. Sc. 4,—
"His form and cause conjoin’d, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable."

o The flattering table,— Table the expositors define to
mean picture, or the board or canvas on which any object is
painted.

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KING JOHN.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, a Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. Philip of France, if thou be pleas’d withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.

ASTR. And your lips too; for I am well assur’d That I did so, when I was first assur’d. b

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates; Let in that amity which you have made, For at saint Mary’s chapel, presently, The rites of marriage shall be solemniz’d.

Is not the lady Constance in this troop? I know she is not; for this match, made up, Her presence would have interrupted much: Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

LEW. She is sad and passionate e at your highness’ tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made, Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of England, how may we content This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn’d another way, To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all, For we’ll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne, And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance; Some speedy messenger bid her repair To our solemnity:—I trust we shall, If not fill up the measure of her will, Yet in some measure satisfy her so, That we shall stop her exclamation. Go we, as well as haste will suffer us, To this unlook’d-for, unprepared pomp.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.

a Volquessen,—] The ancient name of that part of France now called Le Fevin; in Latin, Pagus Volocassinus. Thus, in the old play.

"And here in marriage I do give with her, From me and my successors, English kings, Volquessen, Poitiers, Anjou, Tourain, Maine, And thirty thousand marks of stipped coine." b

When I was first assur’d.] In the previous line assured is used in its ordinary sense; here it means annulled or contracted. The kiss was a part of the ceremony of betrothing. So, in "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"A contract of eternal bond of love Attested by the holy close of lips." c

d Volquessen.—] Passionate in this place signifies perturbed, agitated, not resolute.

d Willingly departed with.—] That is, parted with. Depart and part were used of old synonymously. See note (d), page 62, of the present volume.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur’s title in the whole, Hath willingly departed a with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on, Whom zeal and charity brought to the field As God’s own soldier, rounded b in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil, That broker, f that still breaks the pate of faith; That daily break-vow; he that wins of all, Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—

Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity, g Commodity, the bias of the world; The world, who of itself is peis’d h well, Made to run even, upon even ground; Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias, This sway of motion, this commodity, Makes it take head from all indifferency, From all direction, purpose, course, intent: And this same bias, this commodity, This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word, Clapp’d on the outward eye, i ofickle France, Hath drawn him from his own determin’d aid, k From a resolv’d and honourable war, To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity? But for because he hath not wool’d me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand, When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raleith on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail, And say,—there is no sin but to be rich; And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity, Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee! [Exit.

a Rounded in the ear.—] Insinuated, whispered in the ear.
Thus, in the "Spanish Tragedy," Act I.—

"Forthwith Revenge she rounded thee in th’ ear." b

t That broker.—] Broker in old language usually meant a pandar, or processor; but sometimes also, as in this passage, a dissembler, or cheat.

g Tickling commodity.—] Commodity is advantage, self-interest. So, in "Barbary Riche’s Farewell to Militarie Profession!":—

"In the whiche Fino, to his great contentment, had the commodite dalely to see his Fiamma," &c.

h Peised.—] That is, balanced, poised.

i On the outward eye.—] A continuation of the well-sustained metaphor derived from the game of bowls. The aperture on one side which contains the bias or weight that inclines the bowl, in running, from a direct course, was sometimes called the eye.

k His own determin’d aid.—] Mason suggested, and perhaps rightly, that we should read aim, instead of aid.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. The French King’s Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace! False blood to false blood join’d! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces? It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard; Be well advis’d,\(^b\) tell o’er thy tale again:

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\(^a\) Act III.\(^a\) In the old copy the Second Act extended to the conclusion of the speech of Lady Constance, when she throws herself upon the ground. The division now always adopted was made by Theobald.

\(^b\) Be well advis’d.—I be thoroughly assured. Advised, in this sense, is common both in Shakespeare and the books of his time.
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable* of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce, b
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word,—whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true as I, believe you, think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless* stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Path'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great;
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd thee on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and king John;
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.
Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee;
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout,(l)
To me, and to the state of my great grief;
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[She throws herself on the ground.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis,
Blanch, Elinor, Bastard, Austria, and
Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day!—
[Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:*
But on this day let soamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made

a Capable of fears,—[3 See note (b), page 287.
b I cannot take a truce,—[3 To take truce, in the language of our author, meant to make peace. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 1,—
"Romeo—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt dead to peace ——." 200
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. PHIL. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

CONST. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace.*
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow crimes; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day* in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

AUST. Lady Constance, peace.

CONST. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! (2) thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. JOHN. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

(*) Old copies, days.

* The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
is cold in amity, and painted peace.—
The ingenious annotator of Mr. Collier's folio would read "feast in peace;" but if any alteration be required, of which I am by no

[ACT III.]

KING JOHN.

Enter Pandulf.

K. PHIL. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
PAND. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulf, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou, against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. JOHN. What earthly* name to interrogatoriesb
Can task† the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. PHIL. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish:
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
PAND. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.(3)

CONST. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!

(*) Old copies, earthie.

(1) Old copies, fast.

means certain, it should be simply to read coil'd for cold. The
meaning seems to be.—The vigorous arms are couched in amity,
and grim-visaged war become a smooth-faced peace.

b To interrogatories.—That is, subjoined to interrogatories.

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ACT III.]

KING JOHN. [SCENE I.

Good father cardinal, cry thou. Amen,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too. When law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong;
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Ell. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.
Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new uptrimmed① bride.
Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up,
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip, hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Pfr. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Pfr. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves:
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Unwear faith sworn? and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to snatch a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
' A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue.
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Pfr. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,

① In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride.] As untrimmed, the reading of the old copies, is usually conceived to mean unadorned, and the sense appears to require a word implying the reverse, we have adopted the happy and unforced emendation of Mr. Dyce. Theobald reads, "and trimmed bride."

② A chafed lion—] The old text has "A cased lion." Chafed was first suggested by Mr. Dyce, and receives support from a well-known passage in "Henry VIII." Act III. Sc. 2,—

"—So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him."
ACT III.

KING JOHN.

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself;
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirectness thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

CONST. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

BLANCH. Now shall I see thy love. What
motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

CONST. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

LEW. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

PAND. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. PHIL. Thou shalt not need,—England, I
will fall from thee.

CONST. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

ELI. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. JOHN. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

BAST. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton, Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

BLANCH. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair
day adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle I need must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

LEW. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCH. There where my fortune lives, there
my life dies.

K. JOHN. Cousin, go draw our puissance
together.—

[Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. PHIL. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shall turn

Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!” &c.

There are critics who profess to understand this and similar
textual imbrasures of the 1623 edition, which is more than the
author himself would do. I venture to suggest the following as
a probable reading of the passage in its original form:

"It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth."
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms! let’s hie.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.
Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard with Austria’s Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria’s head, lie there;
While Philip breathes,(6)

Enter King John, Arthur and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta’en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.
SCENE III.—The same.
Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, so strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad, [To Arthur.
Thy grandame loves thee, and thy uncle will as dear to thee as thy father was. [grief.
ARTH. O, this will make my mother die with K. John. Cousin, [to the Bastard] away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels Set at liberty; the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now* be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force. [back.
BAST. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandame, I will pray (If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.
ELI. Farewell, gentle cousin. [Exit Bastard.
ELI. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word. [She takes Arthur aside.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh There is a soul counts thee her creditor, And with advantage means to pay thy love: And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—But I will fit it with some better tune. By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed To say what good respect I have of thee.
HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have: and, creep time ne'er so slow, Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

* Must by the hungry now be fed upon! For now, Warburton proposed to read war; a substitution supported by the corresponding passage in the old play:—
"Phillip, I make thee chief in this affair, Ransacke the abbes, cloysters, priories, Convert their coynice unto my soullards use."  

* Some better tune.] So the old copies. Pope altered tune to time; perhaps without necessity, for these words were often used, of old, as synonyms.

* Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,—] From a passage in the "Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 1:—
"Some that will evermore peep through their eyes, And laugh."  

I, at one time, thought keep a misprint of peep, that is, half close, which agrees, too, with the context:—
"And strain their cheeks to idle merriment.

I had a thing to say,—but let it go: The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day, Attended with the pleasures of the world, Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds, To give me audience.—If the midnight bell Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth, Sound one into the drowsy ear of night; [On this same were a churchyard where we stand, And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs; Or if that surly spirit, melancholy, Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick, (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins, Making that idiot, laughter, keep e men's eyes, And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, A passion hateful to my purposes;) Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes, Hear me without thine ears, and make reply Without a tongue, using conceit alone, Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words; Then, in despite of brooded* watchful day, I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts: But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well; And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well. HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake Though that my death were adjacent to my act, By heaven, I would do it!  

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst? Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend, He is a very serpent in my way; And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread He lies before me: dost thou understand me? Thou art his keeper.
HUB. And I'll keep him so, That he shall not offend your majesty.
HUB. My lord!
HUB. He shall not live.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee. Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee: Remember,—Madam, fare you well: I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
ELI. My blessing go with thee!

Keep, however, in the sense of occupie, may be right; for Biron, "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 3, says:—
"Other slow arts entirely keep the brain."
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,—] Pope reads broad-eyed, an unobjectionable emendation, if any change were required, for broad-eyed and narrow-eyed are expressions repeatedly to be found in the old writers; but brooded for brooding, in allusion to the vigilance of birds on brood, conveys the very sense intended. So, in Massinger's play of "The City Madam," Act III. Sc. 3:—
"I did not slumber, And could wake ever with a brooding eye To gaze upon?"—
So Milton also, in "L'Allegro":—""  
"Find out some uncouth cell, Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings."

x 2
K. John. For England, cousin, go: 
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you 
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! 

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood, 
A whole armado of convicted* sail 
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship. [well. 
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go 
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill? 
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost? 
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain? 
And bloody England into England gone, 
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France? 

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified: 
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd, 
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,* 
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard, 
Of any kindred action like to this? [this praise, 
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had 
So we could find some pattern of our shame. 
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul; 
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will, 

Enter Constance.

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:— 
I prithee, lady, go away with me. [peace! 
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your 
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle 

Const. 

K. Phi. No, I defy all counsel, all redress, 
But that which ends all counsel, true redress. 
Death, death, O amiable lovely death! 
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness! 
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night, 
Thou hate and terror to prosperity, 
And I will kiss thy detestable bones, 
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows, 
And ring these fingers with thy household worms, 
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust, 
And be a carrion monster like thyself. 

(*) The old text has holsy. 
(1) Old text, sends.

a charge, in a passage of arms. 
b In so fierce a course,—] The old text has causes. Warburton 
proposed the change, but oddly enough interpreted course as a 
marsh! By course is no doubt meant the carriere of a horse, or

ACT III.

KING JOHN.

[SCENE IV.

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st, 
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love, 
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace! [cry:— 
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to 
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth! 
Then with a passion would I shake the world, 
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy, 
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice, 
Which soars a modern* invocation. 
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow. 

Const. Thou art unhol* to belie me so. 
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine; 
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife; 
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost. 
I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were! 
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself: 
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!— 
Preach some philosophy to make me mad, 
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal. 
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief, 
My reasonable part produces reason 
How I may be deliver'd of these woes, 
And teaches me to kill or hang myself. 
If I were mad, I should forget my son, 
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he. 
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel 
The different plague of each calamity. [note 
K. Phi. Bind up those treasures: O, what love I 
In the fair multitude of those her hairs! 
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n, 
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends 
Do glue themselves in sociable grief; 
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves, 
Sticking together in calamity. 

Const. To England, if you will!4 

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs 

Const. Yes, that I will. And wherefore will I do it? 
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud, 
O that these hands could so redeem my son, 
As they have given these hairs their liberty! 
But now I envy at their liberty, 
And will again commit them to their bonds, 
Because my poor child is a prisoner. 
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say, 
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven; 
If that be true, I shall see my boy again: 
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
And so he'll die: and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never

* A gracious creature born] Malone was correct in surmising that gracious, in Shakespeare's time, included the idea of beauty.

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.  
PAND. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.  
Const. He talks to me that never had a son.  
K. PHI. You are as fond of grief as of your child.  
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Florio explains Gratioso, gracious, favourable, loving, mild, gentle, comely, well-favoured.
KING JOHN.

ACT III.

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [Exit.

K. PHI. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.

LEW. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

PAND. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day? —
LEW. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PAND. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEW. As heartily, as he is glad be hath him.

PAND. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne. And, therefore, mark:—
John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand then, Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LEW. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

PAND. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

LEW. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PAND. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you—
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody-safety, and untrue.—
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LEW. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAND. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.
For England go; I will whet on the king.

LEW. Strong reasons make strange actions.
Let us go;
If you say ay, the king will not say no.

[Exeunt.]

* I could give better comfort—] "This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness."—Johnson.

b The sweet world's taste.]—For world's the old copies have words. The correction is Pope's.

c They would be as a call—] An allusion to the reed, or pipe, termed a bird-call; or to the practice of bird-catchers, who, in laying their nets, place a caged bird over them, which they term the call-bird or bird-call, to lure the wild birds to the snare. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Bloody Brother," Act IV. Sc. 2, Pippeau, the scout or decoy of the Astrologers, tells them:—

"... but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis Pippeau
That is your bird-call."
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in a Castle.

Enter Hubert and Two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
I Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.

[Exeunt Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more* prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me! Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:

[a To be more prince—] That is, greater prince. See note (a), page 291.
He is afraid of me, and I of him
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [Aside.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.

Turning dispitous torture out of door?
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so soul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me.)
And I did never ask it you again.
And with my hand, at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lainstill,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue but Hubert's—


Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

I Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[Execut Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend; He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote
in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort to be us'd.
ACT IV.

KING JOHN.

In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And straw'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arrt. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compelld to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre* him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live. I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arrt. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arrt. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me; but
Much danger do I undergo for thee.[1] [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again* crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before.
And that high royalty was ne'er plac'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt,
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

[1] Old copies, against.

*Sarre him on.] Tarre, Horne Toke derives from Tyrian, A. S. exsercare, irritare. It was more probably coined from the sound, arre, usually made to incite a dog to attack anything.
We meet with it again in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2:— "And the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy;" and in "Trollius and Cressida," Act I. Sc. 3:

"— Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on."
Pembroke intercedes for Arthur’s liberty.

If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears, which (as they say) attend

If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears, which (as they say) attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, &c.

Steevens proposed to read, "If what in rest you have, not right you hold,
Why, then, your fears," &c.—
and the sense of the "dangerous argument" is at once clear and consistent. This reading is forcibly corroborated, too, by the parallel passage in the older play:

"We crave my lord Essex, to please the commons with
The libertie of lady Constance scone:
Whose durance darkeneth your highnesse right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you have."
KING JOHN.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood, That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks? So foul a sky clears not without a storm: Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.¹—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learnt by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv’d.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother’s care,² That such an army could be drawn in France, And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear Is stopp’d with dust; the first of April, died Your noble mother. And, as I hear, my lord, The Lady Constance in a frenzy died Three days before: but this from rumour’s tongue I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion! O, make a league with me, till I have pleas’d My discontented peers!—What! mother dead! How wildly then walks my estate in France.— Under whose conduct came those powers of France, That thou for truth giv’st out are landed here? Mess. Under the dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy With these ill tidings,—Now, what says the world To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst, Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz’d Under the tide; but now I breathe again Aloft the flood, and can give audience To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen, The sums I have collected shall express.

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent, There is no sure foundation set on blood; No certain life achiev’d by others’ death.—

¹ It is apparent foul play.] It is obvious, evident foul play.
b From France to England.—] All in France goes now to England.
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,) And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies;
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste, the better foot before.

O, let me have no subject-enemies, 
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels, And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.


Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need Some messenger betwixt me and the peers, And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night: Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old man, and beldams, in the streets Do prophesy upon it dangerously: Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths, And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,

O, lust invasion: That is, bold, proud, invasion.
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.  

K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  

* No had, my lord! From ignorance of this archaism most editors alter it to "None had," or "Had none." No had, no did, no will, &c., were ordinary forms of expression with the old English writers: — "Nay, veryl sir, quoth 1, 'my Lord hath yit no word," &c. " 'No had;' quoth he, 'I mych merveil thereof,' &c. Letter of Sir Thomas More to Wolsey. (Ellis's "Original Letters," &c., vol. i. p. 253.)

"Chedsey. Christ said, 'Take, eat, this is my body;' and not,  
'Take ye, eat ye.'

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.  
HUN. No had,* my lord! why, did you not provoke me?  
K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings to be attended,  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.  

HUN. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.  
K. JOHN. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds


"Philpot. And as I remember it is even the saying of St. Bernard, * * * * as my Lord of Durham and my Lord of Chichester by their learning can discern, and will not reckon it evil said. London. No will!"—Ibid. p. 658.

For further examples of this idiom see "Notes and Queries," vol. viii. p. 520.

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MERT. — I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus—

Makes ill deeds done. Hadst thou not been by, A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame, This murder had not come into my mind: But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect, Finding thee fit for bloody villainy, Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger, I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death; And thou, to be endear'd to a king, Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause, When I spake darkly what I purposed, Or turn'd an eye of doubt on my face, As bid me tell my tale in express words, [off, Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me: But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And didst in signs again parley with sin; Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent, And, consequently, thy rude hand to act [name. The deed, which both our tongues held vile to Out of my sight, and never see me more! My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd, Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers; Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath, Hostility and civil tumult reigns Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies, I'll make a peace between your soul and you; Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand. Not painted with the crimson spots of blood. Within this bosom never enter'd yet The dreadful motion of a murderous thought; And you have slander'd nature in my form, Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,

a Makes ill deeds done /] The original has, Make deeds ill done. 
b And didst in signs again parley with sin;] Mr. Collier's MS.

annotator very plausibly suggests the reading of sign for sin in this line.
yet the cover of a fairer mind
than to be butcher of an innocent child. [peers, K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the
throw this report on their incensed rage,
and make them tame to their obedience!
[Give the comment that my passion made
upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
and foul imaginary eyes of blood
resented thee more hideous than thou art.
answer not; but to my closet bring
the angry lords, with all expedient haste;
conjure thee but slowly, run more fast.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter Arthur on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap
down.—

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[Leaps down.
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
bones!
[Dies.]

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-
Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whose private* with me, of the dauphin’s love, 
Is much more general than these lines import. 
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then. 
Sal. Or rather, then set forward: for ’t will be 
Two long days’ journey, lords, or e’er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper’d 
lords! 
The king, by me, requests your presence straight. 
Sal. The king hath dispossess’d himself of us. 
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak 
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot 
That leaves the print of blood where’er it walks: 
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst. 
Bast. Whate’er you think, good words, I think, 
were best. 
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason 
now. 
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; 
Therefore, ’t were reason you had manners now. 
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege. 
Bast. ’Tis true; to hurt his master, no man* 
ecl.
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies 
here? [Seeing Arthur. 
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and 
princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. 
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath 
done, 
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge. 
Big. Or, when he doom’d this beauty to a grave, 
Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you 
beheld,˚ 
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think? 
Or do you almost think, although you see, 
That you do see? could thought, without this object, 
Forn such another? This is the very top, 
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, 
Of murder’s arms: this is the bloodiest shame, 
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, 
That ever wall-ey’d wrath, or staring rage, 
Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 
Pem. All murders past do stand excus’d in 
this:

(*) First folio, mens.

* Whose private with me.—] Whose secret dispatch. Mr. Collier’s 
MS. annotator reads, “Whose private missive,” &c.; and a little 
lower, for— “—— thin, bestained cloak——” 
has— “—— sin bestained cloak.”

˚ Have you beheld.—] This is the corrected lection in the third

And this so sole, and so unmatchable, 
Shall give a holiness, a purity, 
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times; 
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, 
Exampl’d by this heinous spectacle. 
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; 
The graceless action of a heavy hand, 
If that it be the work of any hand. 
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?— 
We had a kind of light what would ensue. 
It is the shameful work of Hubert’s hand; 
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:— 
From whose obedience I forbid my soul, 
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, 
And breathing to his breathless excellence 
The incense of a vow, a holy vow, 
Never to taste the pleasures of the world, 
Never to be infected with delight, 
Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 
Till I have set a glory to this hand,* 
By giving it the worship of revenge. 
Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy 
words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking 
you: 
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you. 
Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:— 
Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone! 
Hub. I am no villain. 
Sal. Must I rob the law? 
[Drawing his sword 
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up 
again. 
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer’s skin 
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I 
say; 
By heaven, I think, my sword’s as sharp as yours 
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself, 
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; 
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget 
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility. 
Big. Out, dunghill! dar’st thou brave a noble- 
man? 
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend 
My innocent life against an emperor.

folio, 1664. In the two previous editions the passage stands— 
"You have beheld." 
* A glory to this hand.—] Pope reads head for hand, which 
perhaps, gives a more elegant sense; but Malone quotes a passage 
from "Troilus and Cressida," Act IV. Sc. 1. confirmatory of the 
old reading:— 
"—— Jove, let Aneas live, 
If to my sword his fate be not the glory, 
A thousand complete courses of the sun!"
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scumble, and to part by the teeth
The won'der interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontentts at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The iminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
[Giving John the crown.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;

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And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
to meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silk'en wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace,
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thout the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Enter in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again,
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

* Our discontented counties do revolt.—] Counties here mean nobility, the peers, &c.

* Hurries up and down.—] Perhaps a misprint for harries. To harry is to hunt, to harass.

* Forage, and run.—] The original sense of to forage, Johnson.
KING JOHN.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my griev'd friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot a of this enforced cause,)—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!
lew. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou b fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of so many drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm;
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor meet with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping,
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep

(*) Old text, cripple.

a Upon the spot.—The strain or disgrace.

b O, what a noble combat hast thou fought.—In the early folios
thou is omitted, but was restored in the edition of 1685.

c With interest to this land.—A familiar construction at the
time. Thus, in "Henry IV." Part II. Act III. Sc. 2:—

"He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou—"
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

PAND. You look but on the outside of this work.
LEW. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war.

And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PAND. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd * sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these* pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.

And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PAND. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd * sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these* pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.

Enter the Bastard, attended.

BAST. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.
My holy lord of Milan, from the king,
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;

* This unhair'd sauciness.—] Unhair'd, meaning unbearded, is
the suggestion of Theobald, the old text having "unheird."

And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PAND. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd * sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these* pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.

[door,
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;*
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;

(*) Old copies, this.

b And make you take the hatch.] To take, i. e. to leap

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To lie, like pawns, lock’d up in chests and trunks;  
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation’s crow,*
 Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,  
And, like an eagle o’er his aiyiers, towers  
To sose annoyance that comes near his nest. (1)  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Nero's, ripping up the wound  
Of your dear mother England, blushed for shame:  
For your own ladies, and pale-visag’d maids,  
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination. [*In peace;  
Law. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
We grant thou canst outsell us, fare thee well;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabber.  
Pand. Give me leave to speak.  
Bast. No, I will speak.  
Law. We will attend to neither:—  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here. [Out;  
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry  
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac’d  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin’s ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth’d thunder: for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us’d rather for sport than need),  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb’d death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.  
Law. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.  
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Field of Battle.  
Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.  
K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

*a of your nation’s crow.—["That is, at the crowing of a cock;  
so too meaning both a cock and a Frenchman."]—Douce.
*b Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,—[Retrace the difficult  
path upon which you have entered. Theobald proposed to read,  
unthread the rude way, &c., but to thread one’s way through any  
intricacy is still an habitual figure, and to pass through the eye  
of a needle is an oriental metaphor for any troublesome un-  
dertaking, familiar to us all by the passage in St. Matthew,  
chap. xiv., which Shakespeare has himself paraphrased in Richard  
II. Act V. Sc. 5:—

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
To thread the pattern of a needle's eye."  
So in Coriolanus, Act III. Sc. 1, we have:—  
"Even when the navel of the state was touch’d,  
They would not thread the gates."  
Moreover, the original spelling is unthread, and it is remarkable  
that in the folio, 1623, thread, which occurs many times, is  
invariably spelt thread, whilst thread is always exhibited in its present  
form.
SCENE V.—The same. The French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd \*\*\* backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O bravely came we off
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colours clearly up, i
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. —Who was he that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinestead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,

* And wound our tottering colours clearly up.— Mr. Collier's old corrector suggests—
"And wound our tattered colours closely up."

Tatter, or tattered, is explained to mean tattered; but to tatter signified also to hang or drop; and the tattering, or dropping colours, after a hard fight, contrast becomingly with the spreading warring colours of an army advancing to battle. The main difficulty is the word closely; for which we are more disposed to substitute Capell's "clearly" than the "closely" of the ancient annotator.
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought; I will, upon all hazards, well believe [well. Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please, Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think I come one way of the Plantagenets. [night,*

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me, 
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue, Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad? [night.

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night, Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news; I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk: I left him almost speechless, and broke out To acquaint you with this evil, that you might The better arm you to the sudden time, Than if you had at leisure known of this. [him?

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain, Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company? At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his majesty. [heaven,

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty And tempt us not to bear above our power! I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, Passing these flats, are taken by the tide, These Lincoln washes have devoured them; Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd. Away, before! conduct me to the king.

I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood Is touch'd corruptibly; an'd his pure brain

(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,

That being brought into the open air It would allay the burning quality

Of that fell poison which assailed him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—

Doth he still rage?

[Exit Bigot.

Pem. He is more patient

Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremities, In their continuance, will not feel themselves. Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them insensible; \(^{1}\) and his siege is now Against the mind, \(^{2}\) the which he pricks and wounds With many legions of strange fantasies; Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing!

I am the cygnet \(^{3}\) to this pale faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death; And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince, \(^{4}\) for you are born

To set a form upon that indigest, Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter Bigot and Attendants, who bring in King John in a Chair.\(^{5}\)

K. John. Ay, martyr, now my soul hath elbow room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors. There is so hot a summer in my bosom, That all my bowels crumble up to dust: I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen Upon a parchment; and against this fire Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fire;—dead, forsook, cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come, To thrust his icy fingers in my maw; Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

\(^{a}\) Thou, and eyeless night,—] The old text has "endless night:" Eyeless, which is peculiarly applicable, we owe to Theobald.

\(^{b}\) Leaves them insensible.] The original lection is insensible: a word, notwithstanding Malone's defence of it, that appears to be without sense in this passage. Hamlet first suggested the reading in the text, and his emendation is in some degree verified by the corresponding passage in the earlier play.

\(^{1}\) (*) Old text, wisde. \(^{1}\) Old text, Symol.

"Power after power forsake their proper power, Only the heart impugns with faint resist.""

\(^{2}\) The stage direction in the old copies is simply, "John brought in."
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you
much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my
ears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer
him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[The King dies. (3)]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus!
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop.
What suruity of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

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ACT V.]

KING JOHN.

[Scene Seven.]

**Bast.** Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended
faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

**Sal.** It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulphe is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

**Bast.** He will the rather do it, when he sees
ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

**Sal.** Nay, 'tis in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

**Bast.** Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

**P. Hen.** At Worcester must his body be
interr'd; (4)
For so he will'd it.

**Bast.** Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

**Sal.** And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

**P. Hen.** I have a kind soul, that would give
you* thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

**Bast.** O, let us pay the time but needful wo,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
true,
If England to itself do rest but true. (6) [Exeunt]

* That would give you thanks.—] The word you, which is wanting in the original, was supplied by Rowe.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-face'd groat, five hundred pound a-year!
The old text, which has "with half that face," was corrected by Theobald. Half-face'd groat appears to have been a popular epithet for a mean and vile; and was derived from the issue of groats by Henry VII., which, in opposition to the general coinage, bore a half-face, or profile, instead of a full-face. Steevens quotes a passage from "The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington," 1601, where we meet the same allusion:—

"You half-face'd groat, you thick-check'd chitty face."

(2) Scene I.—
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three farthings goe.
In his "On the Colonies of England," Holinshed tells us that, after the death of Mary, "the lady Elizabeth her sister, and now our most gratious queen, sovereign and princess, did finish the matter whole, utterely abolishing the use of copper and brass coin, and converting the same into guns and great ordinance, she restored sundrie coines of fine silver, as pieces of half-pence farling, of a penie, of three halves pecees, of two pence, of three pence, of fourne pecees (called the groat), of six pence, usually named the testone, and shilling of twelve pence, whereon she hath imprinted her owne image, and emphatical superscription."
The silver three-farthings was, of course, very thin; and with the profile of the sovereign it bore the emblem of a rose, its similitude to a weazen-faced bean with that flower stuck in his ear, according to a courtly fashion of Shakespeare's day, is sufficiently intelligible and humorous.

(3) Scene I.—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess.
We may readily believe that in an "age of newly-excited curiosity," as Dr. Johnson describes it, when intelligence was transmitted with incredible slowness and uncertainty, the company of a travelled man, conversant with the manners and languages of foreign countries, must have been eagerly sought after. The craving, indeed, for such information appears to have been carried at one time to so extravagant a pitch that there are good grounds for believing a professed traveller, engaged to relate his adventures, formed a not unfrequent source of entertainment at the dinner-table of the opulent. The writers of the period abound in allusions, invariably sarcastic, to this Tom Odcomb tribe. According to them, your professed traveller was the synonyme for a formal, mendacious coxcomb. Thus, in Marlowe's "Edward II." Act I. Sc. 1, Gaveston asks one of the "three poor men":—

"What art thou?"
Man-chapper. Gaw. Let me see—thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trenched, and tell me lies at dinner-time.

So, too, in Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," Act I. Sc. 1, (Gifford's Edition):—

"He that is with him is Amorphus, a traveller, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his month. * * He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks."

Overbury, in his "Characters," has hit off the ridiculous peculiarities of "an Affectate Traveller" with his accustomed penetration: not omitting, any more than Shakespeare or Jonson, who, in such portraiture, omit nothing, the indispensable tooth-pick:—

"His attire speaks French or Italian, and his gate cries, Behold me. He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs and speaks like any language with shame and lying: he will chace, rather than confess beer, good drink; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour."

(4) Scene I.—Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like.
A satirical reference to the old play of "Soliman and Perseda," in one scene of which the clownish servant, Piston, springs on the back of a certain swaggering, cowardly knight, called Basilisco, and compels him to swear as he dictates:—

"Bas. O, I swear, I swear.
Pist. By the contents of this blade,—
Bas. By the contents of this blade,—
Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight,
Knave. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."

For the episode of the brothers Faulconbridge, appealing to the king to decide upon their respective right to old Sir Robert's estate, as, indeed, for nearly every other incident in the play, Shakespeare is indebted to "The Troublesome Reign of King John." Malone had the temerity to assert, and his dictum has been taken for granted by the critics since, that, "In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakespeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play:—

'Near them, a bastard of the king's deceased, A hardy wild-head, rough and ventures.'"

How far this statement is justifiable, let the reader determine after perusing only a few extracts from the earlier work. In the parallel scene, King John decrees that the paternity of Philip shall be determined by his mother and himself; the mother, on being questioned, declares his father was Sir Robert Faulconbridge; whereupon the King says:—

"Aske Philip whose sonne he is."
"Philip. Was my lord and that's a question: and you had not taken some pains with her before, I should have desired you to ask my mother."
"John. Say, who was thy father?"
"Philip. Faith (my lord) to answere you, sure hee is my father that was nearest my mother when I was begotten, and him I think to be Sir Robert Faulconbridge."
"John. Essex, for fash'ons sake demand again, and so an end to this contention."
"Robert. Was ever man thus wrongd as Robert is."
"Essex. Philip speake I say, who was thy father?"
"John. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?"
"Villain. Philip awake, the man is in a dreame."

Philip. Philipps, pleaseth eddle Regibus.
What saist thou Philip, sprung of ancients kings?"
ILJUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Quo me rapti tempestas?
What winde of honour blows this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of majestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow echo sound,
That Philip is the sonne unto a king:
The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am Richard's sonne:
The bubbling murmur of the waters fall,
Records Philippus Regnas Bias: 
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glory of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaves and mountaines, echo, all
Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's sonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts wrapt in honors heaven?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camest.
Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts;
These thoughts are fare unfitting Fauconbridge:
And well they may; for why to mounte a minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge.
Why now how! knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?
Wilt thou upon a frantike madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thyselfe base borne!

No, keepe thy land, though Richard were thy sire,
What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge.
John. Speak me man, be sodaine, who thy father was.
Philip. Please it your majestie, Sir Robert—
Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaves to thy jawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am some unto a Fauconbridge.
Let land and living goe, tis honors fire
That makes me swear King Richard was my sire.
Base to a king adies title of more state.
Than knights begetten though legitimate.
Please it your grace, I am King Richar's sonne.

We miss in the original the keen but sportive wit, the
exuberant vitality, the shredrow worldliness and the mili-
tary genius of Shakespeare's Bastard; but his archetyp
in the old piece was the work of no mean hand.

(5) SCENE I.—Compare the corresponding passage in
the old play, beginning,—

"Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee joy,
My sire a king, and I a lamblesse boy," &c.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart.
The exploit by which this pattern of chivalry was supposed
to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, Ceur-de-
 Lyon, is related in the ancient metrical romance which bears
his name: * and from thence was probably transfigured into
our old chronicles:—"It is said that a lyon was put to
Kynge Richards byenge in prison to have devoured him,
and when the lyon was gapyng he put his arme in his
mouth and called the lyon by the harte so harde, that he
swol the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rycharde
Cure de Lyon: but some say he is called Cure de Lyon,
because of his boldeness and hardy stomake."—Rastall's
Chronicle.

(2) SCENE I.—
It lies as nightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.] 
The old text has shoes, instead of shooes; and the com-
mentators have produced a formidable array of instances
in our old comedies where the shoes of Hercules are men-
tioned. Notwithstanding these, I feel persuaded that the
allusion, as Theobald pointed out, is to the fable of the
ass in the lion's skin. Shoe and shooe were often spelt
alike:—

"Yet, what is Love? I pray thee, shoe.
A thing that creeps, it cannot goe."
The Phoenix next, set forth by R. S. Lond. 1593.

(3) SCENE I.—
Do, child, go to it grandame, child;
Give grandame kingdom, and it grandame will
Give it a plum.

"Mr. Guest (' Phil. Pro.' 1. 290) has observed that, in the
dialects of the North-Western countries, formerly it was
sometimes used for vis; and that, accordingly, we have not
only in Shakespeare's 'King John,' 'Goe to yt grandame,
childe * * * and it grandame will gie yt a plum,' but, in
Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' II. 6, 'It knighthood and
it friend,' So in ' Lear,' I. 4, we have, in a speech of the
Fool, 'For you know, Nuncle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the

* See WEBB'S Metrical Romances, II. 44.

Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young,
(that is, that it has had its head,—not that it had its head,
as the modern editors give the passage, after the Second
Folio, in which it stands, 'that it had its head bit off by it
young.' So likewise, long before vis was generally received,
we have it self commonly printed in two words, evidently
under the impression that it was a possessive, of the same
syntactical force with the pronouns in my self, your self, her
self.—'The English of Shakespeare, &c.,' by GEORGE L.
CRAIK, &c. &c.

(4) SCENE I.—Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it.]
In this passage the verb to owe is used both in its current
acceptation, to be indebted, and in the sense which it re-
peatedly bears in Shakespeare and his contemporaries of
own—

"To him that owes it"—

"To him that it belongs to."
Owe, when used for own, generally implies absolute pos-
session. Thus, in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3:—

"—Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrops of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owest yesterday."

That is, which thou possessed, or which was thy property
yesterday. So, also, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona,
Act V. Sc. 2:—

"Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O ay; and pityes them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them."

(5) SCENE II.—Do like the mutines of Jerusalem.] Mutines
for mutineers.
An allusion to the combination of the civil
factions in Jerusalem when the city was threatened by
Titus. Malone thinks it probable that Shakespeare derived
the reference from Joseph Ben Gorion's "History of the
Latter Times of the Jews Common-Weale," translated
from Hebrew into English by Peter Morwyn, 1575.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—I will instruct my sorrow to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.] This passage has long been, and will long continue to be, a torment to critics. The old text reads, "—And makes his owner stoop." Hamner first proposed the substitution of stout for stoop; and he has been generally, but not invariably, followed by the other editors. I must confess, despite the conrtradiction of the ancient reading by Malone, and its adoption by Messrs. Collier and Knight, that stoop appears to me entirely inconsistent both with the context and with the subsequent language and demeanour of Lady Constance before the Kings of France and England. Shakespeare, I conceive, intended to express the very natural sentiment, that grief is proud, and renders its possessor proud also; but wishing to avoid the repetition of proud, which had been introduced twice immediately before, he adopted a word, stout, which was commonly used in the same sense.

The argument that in other passages of these plays the effect of grief is to depress and dishearten has been so admirably answered by Dr. Johnson, that it would be presumptuous to add anything to a criticism so discriminately and profoundly advanced. In "Much Ado About Nothing," the author of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a thread may lead him. How so that grief, in Leonato and Lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature I sorrow softens the mind while yet it is warmed by hope; but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and incorruptible: and the elaborate defence of the ancient reading by Malone, and its adoption by Messrs. Collier and Knight, -- that stoop appears to me entirely inconsistent both with the context and with the subsequent language and demeanour of Lady Constance before the Kings of France and England. Shakespeare, I conceive, intended to express the very natural sentiment, that grief is proud, and renders its possessor proud also; but wishing to avoid the repetition of proud, which had been introduced twice immediately before, he adopted a word, stout, which was commonly used in the same sense.

(2) Scene I.—O Lymoges! O Austria! Historically, these titles indicate two distinct personages. The one, Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard Coeur-de-Lion was imprisoned in the year 1196; and the other, Vidomar, Viscount of Lymoges, whose Castle of Chaluz, in 1199, the King was wounded by an archer, one Bertrand de Fourton, of which wound he died. The author of the old play ascribes the death of Richard to the Duke of Austria, uniting in his person both the well-known enemies of the lion-hearted Monarch, and Shakespeare has followed him.

(3) Scene I.—And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, C anonized, and worship'd as a saint, That takes away by any secret course Thy hateful life.] The similar denunciation from "The Troublesome Raigne," etc., which was the model of this play, is given in the Preliminary Notice; but there is a still older dramatic piece entitled "Kynge Johan," written by Bishop Bale, wherein the sentence of excommunication pronounced by the Pope upon the contumacious monarch is far more curious and circumstantial;—

"For as much as Kynge Johan doth Holy Church so handle, Heere do I curse hym with cursed, boke, bell and candle. Lyke as this same roode tuneth now from my face, So God I require sequester hym of his grace. As this boke doth speake by my works manuell, I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefaytes all. As this burnnyng flame sith from this candile in syght, I wyll God put teare in his eynes. I take hym from Crist, and after the sound of this bell, Both body and soule I give hym to the devill of this.* * * * * drawn through the sky."

Browne's Britannia's Pastoral, B. II. Song 1. I am now, however, firmly assured that it is a corruption of care, a word which occurred to me many years ago, as it did to Mr. Dyce, Mr. Collier, and no doubt to a hundred people besides. It has been suggested that the "midnight bell" might mean the bell which summoned the monks to prayer at that time, and that the "Sound on" referred to repeated strokes rather than to the hour of one proclaimed
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by the clock; but is there not something infinitely more awful and impressive in the idea of the solemn, single, boom of a church clock, knellimg the death of time, and startling the hushed and drowsy ear of Night, than in the clangour of a whole peal of bells? Steevens thought so:—

"The repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the King. Though the hour of one be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakespeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in Hamlet,—

'The bell then beating one.'"

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

Silence! no more. Go closely in with me:

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[Exeunt.]

Let the reader who would appreciate in some degree the intense, enriching faculty which Shakespeare possessed—marvellous almost as his wisdom, and creative power—compare the foregoing scene with its original in the old drama:—

"Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur.

Gramereste Hubert for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The joy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the e. But tell me curteous keeper if thou can,
How long the king will have me tarrie heere.

Hubert.

I know not prince, but as I gose, not long,
God send you freedom, and God save the king.

[They issue forth."

Arthur.

Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meanes?
O help me Hubert, gentle keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reave a wretched guilties life.

Hubert.

So sirs, depart, and leave the rest for me.

Arthur.

Then Arthur yieldeth death frowndeth in thy face,
What meanesth this? good Hubert pleade the case.

Hubert.

Patience yong lord, and listen words of weoe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heare:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepse sorrow is the sound.

Arthur.

What, must I die?

Hubert.

No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
We desfe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arthur.

Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of scare,
Tis hell, its horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it must needs be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hubert.

I will not chaunt such rellour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand,
My heart, my head, and all my powers besides,
To side the office have at once demise.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebbie weoe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

'Hubert, these are to commannde thee, as thou tendrest our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that presently upon the receipt of our commannde, thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantagenet.'

Arthur.

Ah monstrous damned mall his very breath infects the elements.

Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meane to payson all the world.
Unreverent may I be to blame the heavens
Of great injustice, that the misereant
Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
Ah Hubert! makes he thee his instrument.
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
Heaven weepes, the saints do shed celestiall tears,
They fear thy fall, and cite thee with remorse.
They knocke thy conscience, moving pitie there.

Hubert.

Will thing to fence thee from the rage of hell;
Hell, Hubert, trust me all the plaiges of hell.
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This scale, the warrant of the bodies bliss,
Ensureth satan chietainty of thy souls:

Subscrib not Hubert, give not Gods part away.
I speake not only for eies priviledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy:
But for thy perill, far beyond my paine,
Thy sweete souleis loose, more than my eies value lacking.

Advice thee Hubert, for the case is hard,
To loose salvation for a kings reward.

Hubert.

My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
Is tayled to execute the kings commannde.

Arthur.

Yet Gods commannds whose power reacheth further
That no commannde should stand in force to murther.

Hubert.

But that same essence hath ordainde a law,
A death for guilt, to keeps the world in awe.

Arthur.

I pleade, not guilty, treasonesesse and free.

Hubert.

But that appeale, my lord, concerns me not.

Arthur.

Why thou art he that maist omit the peril.

Hubert.

I, if my soveraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur.

His quarrell is unallowed false and wrong.

Hubert.

Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur.

Why thats to thee If thou as they proceede,
Conclude their judgement with so vile a deed.

Hubert.

Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur.

Yes where in forme of lawe in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert.

My lord, my lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes up more griefe, then promise of redresse; For this I know, and so resolveth I end.

That subjectes lives on kings commannds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commannds it so.
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ARTHUR.

Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soul
With wrongful persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose supercificies yet
Do behold with eyes that nature lent;
Send forth the terror of your mouroes frownse,
To wreake my wrong upon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflection new.
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull gerdon for their guilt,
And let the black torromers of deeps Tartary
Upriseth with this damnd enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their souls.
Delay not Hubert; my orisons are ended,
Segin I pray thee, leave me of my sight;
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Censure farewelle, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the tyrants feastong day.

HUBERT.

I faint, I fear, my conscience bids desist;
Faint did I say? fare was it that I named:
My king commandes, that warrant sets me free:
But God forbids, and he commandeth kings,
That great commandeur countercheckes my charge.
He stapes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt;
Ceree thare yong lord, thou must not lose an eie.
Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
Ile to the king, and say his will is done,
And of the laurray tell him thou art dead,
Free in with me for Hubert was not borne
To blinde those lampes that naturall pollish so.

ARTHUR.

Hubert, if ever Arthur be in state,
Looke for amends of this received gift,
I took my eisbyght by thy curtisie,
Thou lentest me, I will not be ingrate.
But now proceeding to the maine
The issue that thy kindnesse undertakes:
Depart we, Hubert, to prevent the worst.

(Exeunt.)

(3) SCENE III.—Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! Shakespeare, in his incidents, adheres closely to the old play—

"Enter young Arthur on the stage."

Now help good hap to farther mine entent,
Crase not my youth with any more extremes:
I warrant I will not do what I beare,
And if I die, wordes troubles have an end.
Fears gins dissawe the strength of my resolve.
My holds will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and live in prison still.
Prisoner said, Nay, rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come again to me,
Ile venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

How the ill-fated Arthur really lost his life we have no authentic evidence. Holinshed only says,—"Touching the maner in verio deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundrie reports. Nevertheless certayne it is, that in the yeare next insuing, he was removed from Falais unto the castell or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written that as he assayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to elime over the walls of the castell, he fell into the river of Saine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through verie greefe and langour he pined awaie and died of natural sickness. But some affirme, that King John secretely caused him to be murthered and made awaie, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his dales; but verifie King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthwhile or not, the Lord knoweth."—Chronicles, under the year 1202.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE II.—

—the gallant monarch is in arms,

And, like an eagle o’er his airy towers
To some annoyance that comes near his nest.] The only explanation of this passage usually given is that "airy signifies a nest;" but, regarded as the purely technical phraseology of Falconry, the lines will be found susceptible of much more meaning than this interpretation attributes to them. By the ordinary punctuation of the second line,—

"And like an eagle o’er his airy towers."—

it would seem, too, as if the words were supposed to refer to the elevation of the nest, and were equivalent only to "airy towers;" while it is clear that Shakespeare uses tower here as he does in another part of the present play,—

"Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers."

Act II. Sc. 2,—

in the sense of a hawking-technical, descriptive of the soaring of a falcon or an eagle, towering spirally in the manner natural to birds of prey. In this ascent, when his flight has brought him directly over the object of his aim, the falcon makes a rapid and destructive plunge, or, technically speaking, souce, upon it. There is in Drayton’s Polyolbion, Song XX., a description of a falcon flight at a brook for water fowl, which illustrates this passage vividly, both as to the circular flight, and the sanguinary pouncing of the hawk.—

"When making for the brook the Falconer doth spy
One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl doth lie,—
Whence for long a fluttering of graceful Falconers trade,
A fair convenient flight may easily be made;
He whistles oft his hawks, whose nimble pinions straight
Do work themselves by turnes into a presently hard."

Still as the fearful fowl attempt to ‘scape away,
With many a sleeping bravr, them in again they lay:

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...But when the Falconers take their hawking-poles in hand, And cross of the brook, do put at the cross.
The Hawke gives it a Sowce, that it makes to redound Well near the heighth of man; sometimes, above the ground Off takes a leg, or wing; oft takes aways the head. And oft from neck to tail the back in two doth shred.

With respect to the verb *towers*, as expressive of the flight of an eagle, a falcon, &c., it would appear then to have formerly denoted, not merely a soaring to a great height, but a soaring stately. With the latter only is implied, it should be spelt *tour*, which Cotgrave, 1629, explains as "a turn, round, circle, compass, wheeling, revolution."

After the preceding extract from Drayton, a short note only will be required to illustrate the original sense of the word *Sowce*. Beaumont and Fletcher employ it as a hawking-phrase in "The Chances," Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"Her conscience and her fears creeping upon her, Dead as a fowle at soure she'll fall."—Spenser

Spenser uses it to describe the heavy and irresistible blows of the hammer in the House of Care:—

"In which his worke he had six servants prest, About the and vile standing evermore With huge great hammers, that did never rest From heaping stones that thereon sore sound."—Fairly Queen, B. IV. Ch. V. St. XXX.

To *sowce* is also still well known in the domestic meaning of plunging, and throwing provisions into salt and water, from the *sowce* of a sea-fowl; which some suppose to be the precipitate plunge of a bird of prey on a water-fowl. The German *Suenssen*, however, may rather be considered as the real etymology of the word. It signifies to rush with whistling sound like the blustering of the wind: which is remarkably expressive of the manner made by the wings of a falcon when swooping on his quarry.

(2) SCENE IV.—With contemplation and devout desire. This circumstance is historical:—"About the same time, or rather in the year last past as some hold, it was reported that the vicount of Melun, a French man, fell sick at London, and receiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English Barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: I lament (saith he) your destruction and desolation at hand, because ye are ignominy of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understandeth, that Lewes, and from him 10 earls and barons of France, have secretilo sworn if (he shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England and to be crowned king) that he will kill, banish and confine all those of the English nobility (which now doe serve under him) and persecute their wives and children, and furthermore will dispossess all their lineage of such inheritances as they now hold in England. And because (saith he) you shall not have doubt hereof, which I lie here at the point of death, doo now affirme unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to performe this thing: wherefore I advise you to provide for your own safeties, and your realms which you now destroie, and keeppe this thing secret which I have uttered unto you. After this speech was uttered he straightway died."—Holinshed, under the year 1216.

In the old play, the dying nobleman declares his motives for this confession to be,—

"The greatest for the freedom of my soule, And longes to leave this mansion free from guilt: The other on a naturall instinct, For that my grandsire was an Englishman."—

In Shakespeare he is imploied by another circumstance:—

"Command me to one Hubert, with your king: The love of him,—and this respect besides, For that my grandsire was an Englishman,— Awakes my conscience to confess all this."—

(3) SCENE VII.—The King dies.] The chroniclers, who wrote within sixty years after his death, make no mention of John having died by poison. Shakespeare found the incident in "The Histories" of Rashdall and Coke, and it is interesting to contrast his treatment of the king's dying scene with that of the older workman.—

John.

Philip, some drinkes, oh for the frozen Alpes, To tumble on and coolle this inves heat. That rageth as the fornas seven-fold hote. To burne the holy tree in Babylon. Power after power forsake their upper power, Onely the heart impignes with fainest resist The fierce invade of him that conquers kings, Helped God, O paine! the Cognisance of his. Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sins. Philip, a chaire, and by and by a grave, My legges dislaide the carrying of a king.

Bastard.

A good my liege, with patience conuerse grie, And bear this paine with kingly fortitude.

John.

Methinks I see a catalogue of sinne, Wrote by a speed in marlitt characters. The least enough to loose my part in heaven Methinks the divell whispers in mine eares, And tells me, tis in vain to hope for grace, I must be damned for Arthur's sodaine death, I see I see a thousand thousand men Come to accuse me for my wing on earth, And there is none so mercifull a god That will forgive the number of my sinnes. How can I live, but by other's loss! What have I loved, but wrackes of others weale Where have I done a deede deserving well? If w. when, and where, have I bestow'd a day That tended not to pitty and to avenge. My life replante with rage and tyrannie, Craes little pittie for so strange a death. Or, who will say that John a decease too sone? Who will not say, he rather liv'd too long? Diamonour did attaint me in my life, And shame attendeth John unto his death. Why did I scape the fury of the French, And dide not by the temper of their swords? Shameone my life, and shamefully it ends, Scemed by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bastard.

Forgive the world and all your earthly foes, And call on Christ, who is your latest friend. John.

My tongue doth falter; Philip, I tell thee man, Since John did yeeld unto the priest of Rome, Nor he nor his have prospered on the earth: Curest are his blessings, and his curse is blisse. But in the spirit I crie unto my God, As did the kingly prophet Davi and cry, (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint) I am not he shall build the Lord a house, Or roote these locusts from the face of earth: But if my dying heart deceive me not, Pevne then the joyes and pleasures that a kingly branch Whose armes shall reach unto the gates of Rome, And with his footes treades downe the strumpets pride, That sits upon the charie of the French, Philip, my heart strings breake, the poyses flame Hath overcome in me weake natures power, And in the faith of Jer John doth die!"

(4) SCENE VII.—

At Worcester must his body be interred; For so he will'd it.] According to Holinshed, King John was buried at Croxton Abbey, in Staffordshire; but a stone coffin, containing his body, was discovered in the Cathedral Church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

(5) SCENE VII.—

Nought shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but true.] This conclusion is borrowed from the old play:—

"Let England live but true within it selfe, And all the world can never wrong her state. Lewes, thou shalt be his pilgrim ship to France, For never Frenchman got of English ground The twentieth part that thou hast conquerd. Do thou then the hand: to the day we will march! Lords all, lay hands to bear your sovereign With obsques of honour to his grave: If England pleaseth and people joyne in one, Nor pope, nor France, nor Spaine can do them wrong."
CRITICAL OPINIONS ON KING JOHN.

"If 'King John,' as a whole, be not entitled to class among the very first-rate compositions of our author, it can yet exhibit some scenes of superlative beauty and effect, and two characters supported with unfailing energy and consistency.

"The bastard Faulconbridge, though not, perhaps, a very amiable personage, being somewhat too interested and worldly-minded in his conduct to excite much of our esteem, has, notwithstanding, so large a portion of the very spirit of Plantagenet in him; so much heroism, guity, and fire, in his constitution; and, in spite of his avowed accommodation to the times,—

"For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation,' &c.

such an open and undaunted turn of mind, that we cannot refuse him our admiration; nor, on account of his fidelity to John, however ill-deserved, our occasional sympathy and attachment. The alacrity and intrepidity of his daring spirit are nobly supported to the very last; where we find him exerting every nerve to rouse and animate the conscience-stricken soul of the tyrant.

"In the person of Lady Constance Maternal Grief, the most interesting passion of the play, is developed in all its strength; the picture penetrates to the inmost heart; and seared must those feelings be, which can withstand so powerful an appeal; for all the emotions of the fondest affection and the wildest despair, all the rapid transitions of anguish, and approximating frenzy, are wrought up into the scene with a truth of conception which rivals that of nature herself.

"The innocent and beauteous Arthur, rendered doubly attractive by the sweetness of his disposition and the severity of his fate, is thus described by his doting mother:—

"But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great;
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose."

When he is captured, therefore, and imprisoned by John, and consequently sealed for destruction, who but Shakspeare could have done justice to the agonizing sorrows of the parent? Her invocation to Death, and her address to Pandulph, paint maternal despair with a force which no imagination can augment, and of which the tenderness and pathos have never been exceeded.

"Independent of the scenes which unfold the striking characters of Constance and Faulconbridge, there are two others in the play which may vie with anything that Shakspeare has produced; namely, the scene between John and Hubert, and that between Hubert and Arthur. The former, where the usurper obscurely intimates to Hubert his bloody wishes, is conducted in a manner so masterly that we behold the dark and turbulent soul of John lying naked before us in all its deformity, and shrinking with fear even from the enunciation of its own vile purposes. It is one of the scenes,' as Mr. Steevens has well observed, 'to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; and time itself can take nothing from its beauties.'

"The scene with Hubert and the executioners, where the hapless Arthur supplicates for mercy, almost lacerates the heart itself; and is only rendered supportable by the tender and alleviating impression which the sweet innocence and artless eloquence of the poor child fix with indelible influence on the mind. Well may it be said, in the language of our poet, that he who can behold this scene without the gushing tribute of a tear—

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;—
Let no such man be trusted.'

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CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"As for the character of John, which, from its meanness and imbecility, seems not well calculated for dramatic representation, Shakspeare has contrived, towards the close of the drama, to excite in his behalf some degree of interest and commiseration; especially in the dying scene, where the fallen monarch, in answer to the inquiry of his son as to the state of his feelings, mournfully exclaims,—

'Potson'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off.'

Drake.

"The dramas derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakspeare's works, and partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly one of his works, for the poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies. The principal features of the events are exhibited with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs, are placed in such a clear light, that we may attain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced.

"In King John the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they possess but little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. The bastard Faulconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language; he ridicules the secret springs of politics without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived, for in his view of the world there is no other choice. His litigation with his brother respecting the succession of his pretended father, by which he effects his acknowledgment at court as natural son of the most chivalrous king of England, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, forms a very entertaining and original prelude in the play itself. When, amidst so many disguises of real sentiments, and so much insincerity of expression, the poet shows us human nature without a veil, and allows us to take deep views of the inmost recesses of the mind, the impression produced is only the more deep and powerful. The short scene in which John urges Hubert to put out of the way Arthur, his young rival for the possession of the throne, is superlatively masterly; the cautious criminal hardly ventures to say to himself what he wishes the other to do. The young and amiable prince becomes a sacrifice of unprincipled ambition; his fate excites the warmest sympathy. When Hubert, about to put out his eyes with the hot iron, is softened by his prayers, our compassion would be almost overwhelming, were it not sweetened by the winning innocence of Arthur's childish speeches. Constance's maternal despair on her son's imprisonment is also of the highest beauty; and even the last moments of John,—an unjust and feeble prince, whom we can neither respect nor admire,—are yet so portrayed as to extinguish our displeasure with him, and fill us with serious considerations on the arbitrary deeds and the inevitable fate of mortals."—Schlegel.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The earliest editions of this drama are two quartos, both published in 1600, one by Thomas Fisher, the other by James Roberts, entitled, "A Midsommer Nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespear." Fisher's impression was duly registered at Stationers' Hall; but no memorandum of Roberts's has ever been found; and from this circumstance, and the greater accuracy of its text, the former has usually been considered the authorized version. Yet, strange to say, the player editors of the first folio, when they reprint the work twenty-three years afterwards, adopted the text of Roberts, and appear to have been unacquainted altogether with the more correct quarto of Fisher.

Malone, in his attempt to determine the chronological order in which these plays were written, assigns the composition of "A Midsommer Night's Dream" to 1594; and Titania's fine description of the unnatural succession of the seasons and the "progeny of evils," which fairy discords had brought upon the "human mortals," is singularly applicable to a state of things prevalent in England during the years 1593 and 1594. Strype (Annals, b. IV. p. 211) has printed an extract from one of Dr. J. King's "Lectures upon Jonas," preached at York in 1594, in which that divine reminds his hearers of the various signs of God's wrath with which England was visited in 1593 and 1594; as storms, pestilence, dearth, and unseasonable weather. Of the last he says, "Remember that the spring" (that year that the plague broke out) "was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell; our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April; so that the air must needs be corrupted." Then, having spoken of the three successive years of scarcity, he adds—"and see whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather and storms of rain among us; which, if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say, that the course of nature is very much inverted; our years are turned upside down; our summers are no summers; our harvests are no harvests: our seeds-times are no seeds-times." The passage is quoted by Blakeway; and it certainly bears a striking resemblance to the picture drawn by the Fairy Queen, beginning,—

"Therefore the winds piping to us in vain," &c.

But we are not disposed to attach much importance to these coincidences as settling the date of the play, and still less to the interpretation of the well-known lines,—

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary,"—

which Warton and Malone conceive to be an allusion either to Spenser's poem, "The Tears of the Muses on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning," or to the death of Spenser. The poem in question was first published in 1591, three years before the period fixed for the production of this piece, and the death of Spenser did not take place till 1599, five years after it. Mr. Knight conjectures, with more plausibility, that the allusion was to the erring but unfortunate Robert Greene, who died in 1592. Whatever uncertainty may attend these speculations, the internal evidence of the play proves at least that it was written in the full vigour of Shakespeare's youthful genius, and subsequent, there is every probability, to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Romeo and Juliet."

The commentators have been even less successful in their attempts to discover the origin of "A Midsommer Night's Dream," than in fixing the period of its production. Their persistence in assigning the ground-work of the fable to Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," is a remarkable instance of the docility with which succeeding writers will adopt, one after the other, an assertion that has really little or no foundation in fact. There is scarcely any resemblance whatever between Chaucer's tale and Shakespeare's play, beyond that of the scene in both being laid at the Court of Theseus. The Palamon, Arcite, and Emirle of the former are very different persons indeed from the Demetrius, Lysander, Helena, and Hermia, of the latter. Chaucer has made Duke
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Theseus a leading character in his story, and has ascribed the unearthly incidents to mythological personages, conformable to a legend which professes to narrate events that actually happened in Greece. Shakespeare, on the other hand, has merely adopted Theseus, whose exploits he was acquainted with through the pages of North’s Plutarch, as a well-known character of romance, in subordination to whom the rest of the *dramatis personae* might fret their hour; and has employed for supernatural machinery those “airy nothings” familiar to the literature and traditions of various people and nearly all ages. There is little at all in common between the two stories except the name Theseus, the representative of which appears in Shakespeare simply as a prince who lived in times when the introduction of ethereal beings, such as Oberon, Titania, and Puck, was in accordance with tradition and romance.

Beyond one or two passing allusions, there is no attempt to individualize either the man or the country, and, but for these, Theseus might have been called by any other name, and have been lord of any other territory. There is another enunciation of the critics, which requires to be taken with considerable modification: we are told that the characters of the play are classical, while the accessories are Gothic; but the distinction implied is not perhaps so great as we have been led to believe. Godwin has called Theseus the “knight-errant” of antiquity, from which it might be inferred that the knight-errant of the middle ages was a very different person to the romantic hero of ancient times: but, in truth, the two characters were almost identical, as the history of Theseus proves. What material difference, for example, is there between his victory over the Minotaur, and that of Guy, the renowned Earl of Warwick, over the Dun cow? The combats with dragons and other ferocious monsters, the protection of the virtuous and the weak against the wicked and the strong, fluctuation of good and evil fortune, adventures with the fair sex, and engagements with supernatural enemies, these were the incidents of every story in which a warrior was made to figure as the hero of romance. Nor is there anything peculiarly Gothic in the imaginary population of the fairy-world. It is not improbable that many of our legends connected with this fabulous race were derived indirectly from Greece itself. It is impossible to read the Golden Ass of Apuleius, one of the few prose works of imagination which have been transmitted to us from ancient times, without being struck by the similarity of classic and Gothic literature in this department of romance. The Fawns, Satyrs, and Dryads of the Greeks were undoubtedly of a kindred origin with the woodland fairies of more recent times, and the intervention of an agency known as witchcraft is alike traceable in both ages.

There can be little doubt that Golding’s translation of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe suggested the interlude by the hard-handed men of Athens, as North’s Plutarch certainly furnished the characters of Theseus and his “bouncing Amazon;” but that which constitutes the charm and essence of the play, the union of those gross materials with the delicate, benign, and sportive beings of fairy-land, “lighter than the gossamer, and smaller than a cowslip’s bell,” was the pure creation of Shakespeare’s own illimitable and delightful fancy.

### Persons Represented.

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Hippolysa, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.  

SCENE.—Athens, and an adjacent Wood.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man’s revenue.

Hipp. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New* bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert(1) and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Hippolyta, Egeus, Lysander, Hermia, and Demetrius.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
THE. Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news
with thee?

Egeus. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia:
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, coneeits,
Knacks, trilles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filleth'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so, she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

THE. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lysander.

THE. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HER. I would my father look'd but with my eyes!

THE. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that maybefal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death, or to aljure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mow'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier* is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship,* whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.*

THE. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

(*) Old editions, earthlier happy.

"— even as bad as those,
That vulgar's give bold'at titles" [to.]

Again, in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 5—

"What conjuration and what mighty magic—
I won his daughter" [ved.]

Again, in "Henry VII." Act II. Sc. 1—

"— whose he king removes,
The cardinal instantly will find employment" [for.]
ACT I.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

DEm. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
EGE. Soe'nly Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not from vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia;
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THS. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof,
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGE. With duty and desire, we follow you.
[Exeunt Theseus, Hip., Ege., Dem., and Train.
LYS. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
so pale?

— which I could well
Beteem them—]

Allow them. In this sense the word occurs in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2:
"—so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

And in Spenser's "Faerie Queen," II. viii. 19:
"So would I, said the enchanter, glad and faire
Beteeme to your sword this yond ourelfe to defend."

b The course of true love never did run smooth:} This sentiment is not uncommon, but it has never been so beautifully expressed. It occurs in Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book x. 186, et seq., and we meet with it in Middleton's "Blurt, Master Constable," Act III. Sc. 1:
"—I never heard
Of any true affection, but was nipt
With care."

e Making it momentary—] So the two quatorz: the folio, 1623,
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
HER. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.
LYS. Ay me!* for aught that I could ever† read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:}
But, either it was different in blood:—
HER. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!‡
LYS. Or else misgrafted, in respect of years;
HER. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;§
HER. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
LYS. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen,(2) unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYS. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remote; seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to § a morn of May,(3)
There will I stay for thee.

(*) First folio omits, Ay me.  (†) First folio, ever I could.
(2) Old copies, love.  (§) First folio, merit.
(3) First folio, remov'd.  (3) First folio, for.

reads momentary. We have improvidently permitted too many of our old expressions to become obsolete.

* In the collied night. — In the black or dark night. Collied, literally, is smitten with cold. So, in "The Marriage of Witt and W coursework."

— Thou hast not collied thy face enough.

e Fancy's followers.] Fancy is used here in the same sense as in Act II. Sc. 2:
"In maiden meditation, fancy free; —"
And in Act IV. Ec. 1:
"Pair Helena in fancy following me."

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Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a* hollow!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal.)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
Helen. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And then, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow, pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit Hermia.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helen, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dot*+ on you!

[Exit Lysander.]

Helen. How happy some o'er other-some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd,
As wagghish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:

(*) First folio, unto.  (+) First folio, dot.*
(1) First folio, is often.

that by Roberts, and the folio, have, "none of mine."
(And stranger companies.) In the old text the passage runs as follows:—

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

The restoration of "counsel sweet'd," and "stranger companies," is due to Theobald, and as the rest of the scene from the entrance of Helen is in rhyme, there can be no reasonable doubt that these four lines were originally in rhyme also.

a And prospers loves.] This is the reading of the quarto published by Fisher; that by Roberts, and the folio, have love.
c O, were fav'rou so.—] Favour, in Shakespeare sometimes means countenance, features, and occasionally, as here, good graces generally.
d Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go,—] The old copies read, "Your words I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go." The very slight alteration, which gives intelligibility to the line, was first made in the folio, 1632. Helen would catch not only the beauty of her rival's aspect, and the melody of her tones, but her language also. If the lection here proposed is inadmissible, we must adopt that of Hamner,—"Yours would I catch," for the old text will never be accepted as the author's.
e His folly, Helen, is no fault of mine.] Thus, Fisher's quarto;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night, 
Pursue her; and for this* intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:* 
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

(*) First folio, his.

a It is a dear expense:] Steevens supposes this to mean "it will cost him much (be a severe constraint on his feelings), to
make even so slight a return for my communication." Is not the
meaning rather, that, as to gratify her lover with this intelligence
she makes the most painful sacrifice of her feelings, his thanks,
even if obtained, are dearly bought? Mr. Collier's MS. annotator
reads,—

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in Quince's house.

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

Quin. Is all our company here?

"If I have thanks, it is dear recompense;"
which cannot be right, since Helena expressly tells us her recompense will be,—

b Enter Quince, &c.] In the old stage direction, "Enter
Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Bottom the Weaver,
Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the
Taylor."
Bot. You were best to call them generally, 
man by man, according to the serip. 

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man’s name, 
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play 
in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, 
on his wedding-day at night. 

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the 
play treats on; then read the names of the actors; 
and so grow* to a point.*

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable 
comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and 
Thisbe.(6) 

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, 
and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth 
your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread your- 
selves, 

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

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

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

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant? 
Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallant† 
for love. 

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true per- 
foming of it. If I do it, let the audience look 
to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole 
in some measure. To the rest yet,b my chief 
humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, 
or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split c the 
raging rocks; and shivering shocks shall break 
the locks of prison-gates, and Phibbus’ car shall 
shine from far, and make and mar the foolish 
fates.d This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the 
players.—This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a 
lover is more condoling. 

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. 
Flut. Here, Peter Quince. 

Quin. Flute,‡ you must take Thisbe on you. 
Flut. What is Thisbe? a wandering knight? 
Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love. 

(* First folio, grow on. (†) First folio, gallantly. 
(‡) First folio omits Flute. 

a And so grow to a point.] And so to business. A common 
 colloquial phrase formerly:— 
“ Our reasons will be infinite I vow, 
Unless unto some other point we grow.” 

The Arrangement of Paris, 1584. 

b To the rest yet.—So the old copies. The modern editors 
place a colon after rest, “To the rest; yet my chief humour,” &c.; 
a deviation which originated perhaps in unconsciousness of one 
of the senses Shakespeare attributes to the work yet. “To the 
rest yet,” is simply “To the rest now,” or, as he shortly after 
repeats it, “Now, name the rest of the players.” 

c I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in.—Her- 
eules and his labours formed a popular subject of entertainment 
on the early English stage. The player in Greene’s “ Groats- 
worth of Wit,” 1592, recounts to Roberto how he had “terribly 
thundered” the Twelve Labours of Hercules. He could pro- 
bably, too, have enumerated among his performances a part to tear 
a cat in, for this allusion was evidently to an incident familiar to 

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

Quin. That’s all one; you shall play it in a 
mask, and you may speak as small as you will. 

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play 
Thisbe too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice; 
—Thisbe, Thisbe, —Ah, Pyramus, my lover 
dear; —thy Thisbe dear! and—lady dear! 

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, 
Flute, you Thisbe. 

Bot. Well, proceed. 

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 
Star. Here, Peter Quince. 

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe’s 
mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker. 

Snout. Here, Peter Quince. 

Quin. You, Pyramus’ father; myself, Thisbe’s 
father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion’s part:— 
and, I hope, here® is a play fitted. 

Snug. Have you the lion’s part written? pray 
you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study. 
Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is 
nothing but roaring. 

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, 
that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; 
I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let 
him roar again, let him roar again. 

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

All. That would hang us, every mother’s 
son. 

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should 
fright the ladies out of their wits, they would 
have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will 
aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as 
gently as any suckling dove; I will roar you‡ an’t 
were any nightingale. 

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for 
Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as 
one shall see in a summer’s day; a most lovely, 

(*) First folio, tære. (†) First folio, If. 
(‡) First folio omits, you. 

the auditory. In “Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt,” an 
anonymous production published in 1616, some soldiers drag in 
a company of players; and the captain addresses one of them 
with, “Sirrah, this is you that would rend and tear a cat upon 
the stage,” &c. And in “The Roaring Girl,” 1611, one of 
the characters is called Tear-cat. 

The expression, to make all split, is thought to be of nautical 
extraction; it is met with in many of the old dramas:—“Two 
roaring boys of Rome, that made all split.”—Beaumont and 
Fletcher’s “Scornful Lady,” Act II. Sc. 3. Again in Chapman’s 
play of “The Widow’s Tears”:—“Her wit I must employ upon 
this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a 
fashion as shall make all split.” 

d The foolish fates.] The chief humour of Bottom’s “lofty” 
rant consists in the speaker’s barbarous disregard of sense and 
rhythm; yet, notwithstanding this, and that the whole is printed 
as prose, carefully punctuated to be unintelligible in all the old 
copies, modern editors will persist in presenting it in good set 
doggrel rhyme.
gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

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

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour* beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con

(*) First folio, coloured.

them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we* rehearse: for if we meet in the city we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most † obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.(7)

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio, we will.  (†) First folio, more.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
    Thorough* bush, thorough brier,
    Over park, over pale,
    Thorough* flood, thorough fire,

(*) First folio, through.

* Enter, &c.] The original stage direction is "Enter a Fairy at one door, and Robin Good-fellow at another;" and in the prefixes to his speeches, until the entrance of Oberon and Titania, Puck is thus designated.

b To dew her orbs—] The orbs are those circles in fields known as fairy rings, and popularly supposed to be produced by these "demi-puppets" in their moonlight revelry:—

I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs* upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

"And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found.
Of them so called the fairy ground."

Drayton's Nymphidia

There is a peculiar propriety in the office assigned to the fairy of refreshing these ringlets, since we learn from Olaus Magnus, that the night-tripping spirits always parched up the grass on which they danced.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's car.
Farewell, thou lob* of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here tonight;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square;* that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

* Thou lob of spirits,—] Lob here, I believe, is no more than
another name for clown, or fool; and does not necessarily denote
inactivity either of mind or body.
* But they do square:] To square in this place means to quarrel,
and was commonly used in that sense by the old writers. Some
have thought it derived from the French quarreler, which Cotgrave
interprets, "Tu strid, or square it, looke big out," &c.

FAI. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow;[1] are not you he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,6
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly† foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;*4
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

[* First folio, you not. † First folio, silly.
* The quern,—] The handmill.
† A roasted crab:] That is, the crab, or wild apple:—
"Yet we will have in store a crab in the fire,
With Nut-browne ale."
Anonymous pleg, called The Famous Victories of Henry V.

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And on her wither’d dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,

* And tailor cries.—["The custom of crying tailor, at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips best is his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board."—J ohnson.

b And waxen—] Waxen, as Farmer surmised, is most probably a corruption of the old Saxon word yexen, to hiccup.

A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.
Fair. And here my mistress:—Would that he were gone!
Enter Oberon, on one side, with his Train, and Titania, on the other, with hers.*

OBE. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.(2)
TIT. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies,* skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
OBE. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?
TIT. Then I must be thy lady. But I know
When thou hast† stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bounding Amazon,
Your buskin’d mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
OBE. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiope? (3)
TIT. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer’s spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb’d our sport.
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck’d up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch’d his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain’d a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murraun flock;

(*) Old copies, Fairy. (1) First folio, want. (2) Old copies, Eagles.

(2) Enter, &c.] According to the old stage direction, "Enter the King of Fairies at one door with his traine, and the Queen at another with her." All the modern editors, except Mr. Collier, mark this entrance as a new scene; upon what principle it is not easy to divine.

(3) Have every pelting river— The folio reads petty. Petty is polity, peddling, despicable:—

"Jove would ne’er be quiet,
For every petty petty officer," &c.

Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2.

(1) The human mortals want their winter here.— Want, in this passage, does not appear to mean need, lack, wish for, &c., but to be used in the sense of be without. The human mortals are without their winter here. Thus, in Harrison’s "Description of

The nine men’s morris is filled up with mud; (4)
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here, (5)
No night is now with hymn or carol bless’d:—
Therefore, the moon, the government of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough* this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed† frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hymens thin* and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The chiding* autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liversets; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original,
One. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my bancheman.f

TIT. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order;
And, in the spied Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip’d by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune’s yellow sands,
Marking the embank’d traders on the flood;
When we have laugh’d to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,) Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me tidies, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, do I + rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you
stay?

(*) First folio, through. (1) First folio, hoarded-headed. (2) First folio, I do.

Britaine," p. 42:— "In like sort they want venomous beasts,
chieftess such as doo delight in hotter solts." It occurs, with the same meaning, in a well-known passage of "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 6:—

"— Men must not walk too late
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was," &c.—

and is repeatedly found in the old writers with this signification.

(1) And on old Hymen’s thin and icy crown.— The ancient copies concur in reading, "Hymen chiss and icy crown." The change was proposed by Tyrwhitt.

(2) The chiding autumn.— That is, the leeming autumn, frugifer autumnus.

f Henchman.] Page. The derivation is uncertain.
Titania. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Titania. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[Exeunt Titania and her Train.
Oberon. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury:
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.

Oberon. That very time I saw,* (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throne by the west;
And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid.

* That very time I saw,—] The quarto, published by Roberts, and the folio, read, "I say."
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit Puck.

One. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape.)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible; (5)
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. (6)
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n unto this wood.
And here am I, and wood/ within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adaman;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot, love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spur me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use my dog? [spirit
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

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

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

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

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

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

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

[Exit Dem.]

I'll* follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

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

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.

One. I pray thee, give it me.

(*) First folio, I.

And in Shirley's "Humorous Courier," Act I. Sc. 1:

"Ilian has been a traveller, and convers'd.
With the Antipodes, almost put a girdle
About the world."

b The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.] The old copies read
"The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me." Dr. Thiriby first
suggested the probability of a misprint.

c And wood—[That is, joving, mad.

d The wildest hath not such a heart as you.] So Ovid:—

"Mitius inveni quam te genus amne fererum."

A A 2
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove,
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

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

[**Exit.**]

**SCENE II.**—Another part of the wood.

**Enter Titania, with her Train.**

**Titania.** Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

**Song.**

1. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

**Chorus.**

*Philomel, with melody*

Sing in our *sweet lullaby;*
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

(*) First folio, your.

2 **Fairy.** Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

**Chorus.**

*Philomel, with melody, &c.*

2 **Fairy.** Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[**Exit Fairies.** *Titania sleeps.*

**Enter Oberon.**

**Oberon.** What thou seest, when thou dost awake,
[Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.]
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Fard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[**Exit.**]

**Enter Lysander and Hermia.**

**Lysander.** Fair love, you faint with wandering in the woods,
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
**Hermia.** Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
**Lysander.** One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
**Hermia.** Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
**Lysander.** O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can we* make of it:
Two bosoms interchanged† with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
**Hermia.** Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

(*) First folio, you.  
† First folio, interchanged.

sometimes called a round, and a roundelay also, according to Mirrshew, who explains, "Roundelay, Shepheards dauce."
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!
Lvs. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.  [Exit.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found* I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said

(*) First folio, and.

a Doth owe: That is, doth own, possess.
* O, will thou darkling leave me?] Darkling is, in the dark.
Shakespeare uses this word again in "King Lear," Act I. Sc. 4:—

Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:* When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.  [Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet De-

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

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

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

[Exit Demetrius.

"So out went the candle, and we were left darkling."
And in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 13. It occurs, too,
In the old play called "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon:"—
"We'll run away with the torch and leave them to fight darkling."
H. L. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase! The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace. Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies, For she hath blessed and attractive eyes: How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears; If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers. No, no, I am as ugly as a bear, For beasts that meet me run away for fear; Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus. What wicked and dissembling glass of mine Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eye? But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground! Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!—Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Waking.] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake:
Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
H. L. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

(*) First folio, now I.

a Nature shows her art.—] The quartos have,—Nature shows art;" the folio, "Nature shows her art."
b Speak, of all loves;] This pretty imploration, with the sense of, for love's sake, is found again in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2:—"But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves." And in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 1:—"But, Master, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it."
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

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

Bot. Are we all met?

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

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

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

Snout. By 'rakin, a parlous fear."

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

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue: and it shall be written in eight and six.

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

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

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

Snout. There're, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

"Richard III," Act II. Sc. 4; in "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 3; and in "As You Like It," Act III. Sc. 2.

"And it shall be written in eight and six.] In fourteen-syllable measure, which was frequently divided into two lines of eight and six syllables.
Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion’s neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or, fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them* plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for, you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNUG. Both the moon shine that night we play our play?

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

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

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

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disguise, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chinck of a wall.

SNUG. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother’s son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here.

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I’ll be an auditor;

* First folio, him.

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisbe, stand forth.

PYR. Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet.

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. —odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe, deuir.

But, hark, a voice! I stay thou but here a while, And by and by I will to thee appear.

Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e’er play’d here!

[Aside.—Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jove,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s tomb.

QUIN. Ninus’ tomb, man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your parts at once, cues* and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass’s head.

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

PYR. If I were fair, Thisbe* I were only thine:

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt Clowns.

Puck. I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.

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

catchwords, from the other parts, he would be utterly at a loss to know either when to make his entrance on the scene, or to join in the dialogue.

b If I were fair, Thisbe—] “Perhaps,” Malone remarks, “we ought to point thus: If I were, [i.e. as true, &c.] fair Thisbe, I were only thine.” There cannot be a doubt of it. If we absolutely insist upon making bully Bottom speak sensibly, which Shakespeare has taken some pains to show he was never designed to do.
Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?
Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own; do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [Exeunt Snout and Quince.
Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,*
With orange-tawny bill,
The thrrostle with his note so true,
The wren with* little quill;

(*) First folio, and.

* The oosel-cock.—That is, the blackbird. Florio explains merlo to be "the bird called an oosel, a moorie, or a blacke-birde;" and Minshew has, "blackbird, or blacke-oosell."* Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.] The ordinary sense of gleek is, to jest, or joke, and it is with this meaning the word is used here. The all-accomplished Bottom is boasting of his versatility. He has shown, by his last profound observation on the disunion of love and reason, that he possesses a pretty turn for the didactic and sententious; but he wishes Titania to understand that, upon fitting occasion, he can be as waggish as he has just been grave.

Tita. [Waking.] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo never so?
Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.
Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days.
The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.
TiTA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough
to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve
mine own turn.

TiTA. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and
MUSTARD-SEED, Fairies.

1 Fat. Ready.
2 Fat. And I.

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

1 Fat. Hail, mortal!
2 Fat. Hail!
3 Fat. Hail!
4 Fat. Hail!

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

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

Peas. Peas-blossom.

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

Mus. Mustard-seed.

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

Tie. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

(*) First folio, of you. (t) Old text, loves.

* I shall desire you of more acquaintance.—] This construction is by no means unusual with our old writers. Thus, in "The Marriage of Witt and Wistome," 1579:—

"Gentlewoman, this shalbe to desier you of more acquaintance," Again, in the "Morality of Lusty Juventus":—"I shall desire you of better acquaintance."

SCENE II.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit? What night-rule now about this haunted grove? Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play, Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented in their sport, Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake: When I did him at this advantage take, So, also, in Greene's "Groat's-worth of Wit":—

"craving you of more acquaintance."

b Squash,—] A squash, Steevens tells us, is an immature peascod.

c What night-rule now—] Rule, in this word, has the same meaning as in the "Christmas lord of Mis-rule," and is a corruption of revel, formerly written revel.
Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

OBE. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd* look; and so
should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

(*) First folio, murderer.

An ass's howl I fixed on his head; (1)
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth his mimic comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated crows, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls,
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Orf. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd* the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

* Latch'd—] According to Hanmer, latch'd, tick'd over; but I have found no example of the word so used.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT III.]

DEM. I'd rather give his carcasse to my hounds.

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

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

Oh, once tell true, tell true,* even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O, brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it: for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for anght that I can tell.

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

DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HER. A privilege, never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so: b

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

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

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer e

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear. a

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

OBE. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth esp'y,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's foe;

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make,

Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one—

That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me,

That befal preposterously. *

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo

in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

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

DEM. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph,

perfect, divine!

(formerly supposed that the indulgence of every sigh cost a drop of blood, and the notion that sighing tends to impair the animal powers is still prevalent. Shakespeare has many allusions to this popular belief:—

"And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing."—Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 7.

Again:

"I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs."—

Henry VI. Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Again:

"Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sight."—

Henry VI. Pt. I. Sc. 4.

* Preposterously, i.e. Inversely. See note a, p. 248.

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To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal it is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure concealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This impress of pure white, this seal of bliss!—

Hel. O, spit! O, hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

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

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

Lys. Helen,§ it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy* sound,
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay whom love doth press
to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes & eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think, it cannot be

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and + is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needs created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,2
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

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

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

(*) First folio, are all. (1) First folio, are.
(1) First folio, it is. (§) First folio omits Helen.

* This impress of pure white, this seal of bliss!] The old copies have, "This princess of pure white," &c. Mr. Collier suggested the reading in the text; it has been subsequently found in the marginal notes of his old corrector, and is supported by a passage I have met with in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Double Marriage," Act IV. Sc. 3, where Virolet, apostrophizing Juliana's hand, calls it—

"White seal of virtue."

b Last, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—] Aby it dear is, pay dearly for it. This form of abide is not at all unfrequent, it is

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To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Hel. I understand not what you mean by this!

Hel. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entertain, I can compel.

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

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

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

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

Dem. Quick, come.—

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no, he'll—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

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

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! O, hated potion, hence!

Hermia. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Hermia. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Lys. Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news of my
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you
left me:

Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid! —

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,*

Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Hermia. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hermia. Fine, i' faith

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Hermia. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare

Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem

Because I am dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hermia. I pray you, though you mock me, gentle-

Let her not hurt me; I was never curst; e

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice;

Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,

Because she's something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Hermia. Lower! hark, again.

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

(*) Old copies, praise.

(1) First folio, poison.

a No, no, he'll—] This is the reading of Fisher's quarto; the folio has—

"No, no, sir: seem to break loose;
Take on as you would follow."

* Old copies, of doubt.

b O me! what news my love?] The old copies have news. Mr Collier's annotator substitutes the word means.

c I was never curst;) That is, forward, irascible, shrewish.

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i told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go;
You see how simple and how fond* I am.

HER. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinder's you?

HEL. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.
HER. What, with Lysander?

HEL. With Demetrius.
LYS. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

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

HEL. O when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen, when she went to school,
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

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

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

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

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

DEM. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, check by jole.

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curt company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.  [Exeunt Lys. and Dem.]

HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.*

[Exit, pursuing Helena.]

OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistake'st,
Or else commit'st thy knavery willfully;  
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

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

OBE. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rait thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wond'ring sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whilest I in this affair do thee employ,*
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift,  dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have buried,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort:
I wit' the morning's love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

(*) Old copies, Of.
(1) First folio, willingly.
* And how fond I am.) How foolish I am. This sense of fond is so trite in old books, that it scarcely requires explanation.
* You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made; knot-grass was formerly believed to possess the property of stunting animal growth. Thus, Beaumont and Fletcher, in "The Coxcomb," Act II. Sc. 2. —
"We want a boy extremely for this function,
Kept under for a year, with milk and knot-grass."

HER. I am amaz'd, &c.] This line is omitted in the folio.

(*) First folio, hath.
(1) First folio, imply.
(2) First folio, night-swift.
(4) I with the morning's love have oft made sport.] Johnson would read, "the morning's light," which is plausible; but I prefer to believe, with Holt White, that by the morning's love the poet intended Cepheus, the mighty hunter, and paramour of Aurora.  

"Aurora now began to rise again
From wat'ry couch and from old Titon's side,
In hope to kiss upon Actæan plaine
Young Cepheus," &c.—The Flora's Nest 4to. 1593, p. 95.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit Oberon.]

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then,
To plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled—
Speak—in some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Lysander.

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

[Lies down.  

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

[Sleeps.  

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.  

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! (3) Coward, why com'st thou not?  
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou now?  
Puck. Come hither; I am here.  
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this dear, if ever I thy face by daylight see:  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
By day's approach look to be visited.  

[Lies down and sleeps.  

Enter Helena.  

Hel. O, weary night, O, long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,  
That I may back to Athens by daylight,  
From these that my poor company detest:—  
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [Sleeps.  

(*) First folio omits, now.

a Thou shalt 'by this dear,—] The old text has "buy this dear," but there can be little doubt the true word was 'by. See note b, p. 264.

b Jack shall have Jill, &c.] A popular proverb of olden times, signifying, as Puck expresses it, "that every man should take his own," or, as we should say, "all ended happily." It occurs in Skelton's poem, "Magnificences," Dyce's Ed. Vol. I. p. 234:—

"Jack shall have Gyl!"

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

Enter Hermia.  

Herm. Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;  
I can no further crawl, no further go,  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!  

[Lies down.  

Puck. On the ground  
Sleep sound:  
I'll apply  
To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy  

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.  

When thou wak'st,  
Thou tak'st,  
True delight  
In the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye;  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:  
Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill;  
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.  

[Exit Puck.—Dem., Hel., &c., sleep.  

(*) Old copies omit, To.

And in Heywood, "Dialogue," Sig. F. 3, 1678:—

"Come chat at home, all is well, Jack shall have Gill."

So, too, Biron, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill ——."

Dem., Hel., &c., sleep.] In the folio, the old stage direction is, "They sleep all the Acte."
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Wood.

Enter Titania and Bottom,* Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,

* And Bottom.—] Bottom's was the Clown's part, and in the old copies he is sometimes designated Clown, and sometimes Bottom.

you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-lipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overhaul with a honey-bag, signior. Where’s monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What’s your will?

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

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

Bot. I have a reasonable good sound in music; let us have the tongs(1) and the bones.6

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

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

Tita. I have a venturesous fairy that shall seek The squirrel’s hoard, and fetch thee new nuts. Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle — Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the baryk fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep.]

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See’st thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

(*) First folio omits, you.

a No.1.—A north country word, meaning fat. Shakespeare uses it again in “Henry IV” Pt. I Act II. Sc. 4:—

“Well, knight, I kiss thy self.”

b Let us have the tongs and the bones. It appears to have been the custom of the old theatres to gratify Bottom’s “reasonable good ear,” for the folio has a stage direction in this part of the scene, “Musicke Tonges, Buriall Musick.”

And be all ways away. Disperse yourselves in every direction.

Mr. Collier’s annotator reads a while for all ways.

Seekin; sweet favour—] This is the reading of Fisher’s quart; that published by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, have beeens.

[Still music.] In the folio, the stage direction here, not as all modern editions place it in Oberon’s speech, is, “Music still;”

For meeting her of late, behind the wood, Seeking sweet favours 4 for this hateful fool, I did upbraid her and fall out with her: For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers: And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty flowrets’ eyes, Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, And she, in mild terms, begg’d my patience, I then did ask of her her changeling child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To bear him to my bower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo This hateful imperfection of her eyes. And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain; That he awaking when the other do, May all to Athens buck again repair, And think no more of this night’s accidents, But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the fairy queen. Be, as thou wast wont to be,

[Touching her eyes with an herb.]

See, as thou wast wont to see; Dian’s bud o’er* Cupid’s flower Hath such force and blessed power. Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen. Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen! Methought I was enamour’d of an ass. Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass? O, how mine eyes do loath his 6 visage now! Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this 7 head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead Than common sleep, of all these five § the sense.

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

[Still music.]

Puck. Now, || when thou wak’st, with thine own fool’s eyes peep. Obe. Sound, music. Come, my queen, take hands with me, And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

(*) Old copies, or.

(1) First folio, this.

(2) First folio, his.

(3) Old copies, bac.

(4) First folio omits, Now.

“which means, probably,” Mr. Collier observes, “that the music was to cease before Puck spoke, as Oberon afterwards explains ‘Sound music,’ when it is to be renewed.” We apprehend, rather, of “Music still,” or “still music,” was meant soft, subdued music, such music as Titania could command,—“ as charmeth sleep;” the object of it being to—

|| Strike more dead Than common sleep —

This being effected, Oberon himself calls for more stirring strains while he and the Queen take hands—

“And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.”
Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.

The. Go one of you, find out the forester, For now our observation* is performed; And since we have the vaward of the day, My love shall hear the music of my hounds. Uncouple in the western valley; let them go: Despatch, I say, and find the forester. We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top, And mark the musical confusion Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hrp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear; Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, The skies, the fountains, every region near Seem'd * all one mutual cry: I never heard So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. [kind.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew; Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls; Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, Each under each. (2) A cry more tunable Was never holland'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

(*) Our observation—] The rites or observation due to the morn of May.
* Without the peril of the Athenian law. That is, beyond the peril, &c. Without, in this sense, occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare and the books of his age. There is a memorable instance of it in a passage of "The Tempest," Act V. Sc. 1, where, from not being understood, it has been the occasion of perpetual dissension:

+ His mother was a witch, and one so strong

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep And this Lysander; this Demetrius is; This Helena, old Nedar's Helena: I wonder of their* being here together. Thes. No doubt they rose up early, to observe The rite of May; and, hearing our intent, Came here in grace of our solemnity. But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day That Hermia should give answer of her choice? Ege. It is, my lord. The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine's past; Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[He and the rest kneel to Theseus.

The. I pray you, all stand up. I know, you two are rival enemies; How comes this gentle concord in the world, That hatred is so far from jealousy, To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazingly, Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear I cannot truly say how I came here: But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,— And now I do bethink me, so it is;) I came with Hermia hither: our intent Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be Without b the peril of the Athenian law. Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough: I beg the law, the law, upon his head. They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius, Thereby to have defeated you and me: You of your wife, and me of my consent,— Of my consent that she should be your wife. Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth, Of this their purpose hither, to this wood; And I in fury hither follow'd them, Fair Helena in fancy c following* me. But, my good lord, I wit not by what power, (But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,

(*) First folio, this. (†) First folio, followed.

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command without her power."

Here, "without her power" means, beyond her power, or sphere, as I am strongly inclined to think the poet wrote. Thus, too, in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," Act I. Sc. IV. Gifford's Ed.:—

"Oh, now I apprehend you: your phrase was Without me before."

c In fancy—] That is, love, or affection.
Melted as the snow, seems to me now. As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw* Hermia: But, like a sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
The Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [eye
Her. Methinks I see these things with parted
When everything seems double.
Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, b
Mine own, and not mine own.
Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Hel. Yea, and my father.
Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him,
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[Exeunt.

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:
—my next is, Most fair Pyramus.

(*) Old copies, see. (b) First folio, shall hear more.
(1) First folio omits, did.

Melted as the snow, seems to me now—] To remedy the prosodical imperfection in this line, the modern editors adopt Capell's ungrammatical correction.

"Melted as doth the snow," &c.
I should prefer.

"All melted as the snow," &c.

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.)
For jewel, Warburton proposed to read gemell, from gemellus, a twin; a substitution preferable to any explanation yet given of the text as it stands.

Are you sure

That we are awake?

The folio omits these words

Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellowsmender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleap! I have had a most rare vision. I have* had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was.—Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was—and methought I had. But man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his hear to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death.*

[Exit.


Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from
the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies

(*) First folio omits, have.

4 But man is but a patched fool—] See Note (b), p. 137. Since writing that note I have met with remarkable proof of the supposed connexion between the term patch, applied to a fool, and the garr such a character sometimes wore, in a Flemish picture of the sixteenth century. In this picture, which represents a grand al fresco entertainment of the description given to Queen Elizabeth during her "Progresses," there is a procession of masquers and mummers, led by a fool a jester, whose dress is covered with many-coloured coarse patches from head to heel.

I shall sing it after death. This is the extremely plausible emendation of Theobald. The old copy has, "I shall sing it after her death;" from which no ingenuity has ever succeeded in extracting a shred of humour or even meaning.

Out of doubt, he is transported.) Or, as Snout expressed it when he first saw Bottom adorned with an ass's head, translated, that is, transformed.
more, married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have escaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right* as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace: every man look o'er his part: for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen: and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [Exeunt.

(*) First folio omits, right
ACT V.


Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

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

The. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen’s beauty in a brow of Egypt.

The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos’d a bear.

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur’d so together,
More witnesseth than fancy’s images,
And grows to something of great constancy:*
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us,
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed! THE. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper(1) and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.※

PHILOST. Here, mighty Theseus.
THE. Say, what abridgment 1 have you for this evening?
What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
PHILOST. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe; *
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.
LYS. [Reads.] The battle with the Centaurs,
to be sung,
By an Athenian enamoured to the harp.
THE. We’ll none of that: that have I told my

(*) First folio, rife.

Constancy, 1 Consistency, congruity.
※ Call Philostrate. The folio has, “Call Eorus;” and, in that edition, nearly every speech spoken by Philostrate in this scene is assigned to Eorus. We follow the two quartos.

※ What abridgment—] That is, what pastime.

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

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

THE. That is an old device, and it was play’d
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

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

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

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

THE. Merry and tragical? Tedium and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. 4
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess.
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE. What are they that do play it?

PHILOST. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour’d in their minds till now;
And now have told their unbreath’d memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THE. And we will hear it.

PHILOST. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents.)
Extremely stretch’d, and conn’d with cruel pain,
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o’ercharg’d,
And duty in his service perishing.

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

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

4 That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. Strange is undoubtedly a corruption. It forms no antithesis where one certainly was intended. Upton’s black snow comes nearest to the sense demanded; but strange could hardly have been a misprint for black. Perhaps we should read, worthy snow. Swarte, as formerly spelt, is not so far removed from the word in the text as Upton’s black, or Hamner’s searching, or the old annotator’s seeking.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their præcis’d accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick’d a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

PHILOST. So please your grace, the prologue is
address’d. The Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.

ENTER PROLOGUE.  

PROL. If we offend, it is with our good will,
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as mudding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know. (2)

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord:
it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
Hrr. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like
a child on a recorder: a sound, but not in government.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain;
nothing imperiéd, but all disordered. Who is next?

ENTER PYRAMUS AND THISEBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, AND LION, AS IN DUMB SHOW.  

PROL. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisebe is, certain.
This man, with lime and rouge-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:

(*) First folio omits, trusty.
(1) First folio, thou sweet saint.
(2) First folio omits, now.

a Takes it in might, not merit. This is very oddly expressed, but the sense appears to be, 'Takes it in wild, intention,' &c., as in Act II. Sc. 3—:

"Love takes the meaning in love's conference."

b Address’d.] That is, prepared.

* Enter Prologue.] The prologue was evidently spoken by Peter Quince, as in the folio, after the direction, "Enter the Prologue," is "Quince."
Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.

Thisbe! My love! thou art my love, I think.
And like Limander* am I trusty still.
This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.
Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
This. Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.

The. Now is the mural* down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
willful to hear without warning.
Hipp. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hipp. It must be your imagination, then, and
not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.¹

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

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

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
science.
Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
c'er I saw.
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The. True; and a goose for his discretion.
Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot
carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry
his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It

¹ Old copies, moral.
² First folio, of.

* And like Limander— Bottom's Limander and Helen are inten-
tended for Leander and Hero; as his Shafalus and Procrus for
Cephelus and Procris.
³ Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.] The conceit
is not apparent; and Theobald plausibly suggested that we should
read,—

"— in a moon and a lion."

4 A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:] So the old copies. Mr. Bar-
ron Field proposed for A lion fell, to read, A lion's fell, which
is extremely ingenious; but in the rehearsal of this scene Snug
is expressly enjoined to show his face through the lion's neck, tell

is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us
hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
The. He is no creesent, and his horns are in-
visible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' th' moon doth seem to be.(4)
The. This is the greatest error of all the rest:
the man should be put into the lan-
ten: how is it else the man i' the moon?
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle;
for, you see, it is already in snuff. d
Hipp. I am aware of this moon; would he
would change.
The. It appears, by his small light of discre-
tion,* that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy,
in all reason, we must stay the time.
Lys. Proceed, Moon.

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

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

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. Oh—[The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.
Hipp. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines
with a good grace.

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

Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,'
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.
But stay;—O sprite! But mark;—poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here? Eyes, do ye see?
How can it be? O dainty duck! O dear!

his name and trade, and say, "If you think I come hither as a
lun, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing," &c. I am
disposed, therefore, if nor is not to be taken as relating to both
members of the sentence, to read,—

"No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;"—

i. e. neither lion nor lions.

* Already in snuff:] That is, in anger. See Note (g), p. 81.

* By his small light of discretion,—:] So, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V, Sc. 2:—"I have seen the day of wrong through the
little hole of discretion." The expression was evidently familiar,
though we have never met with any explanation of it.

† The gracious, golden, glittering streams,—:] This is the rendering
of the second toto. Mr. Knight suggests the emendation of pleums.

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ACT V

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quall, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad. (5)

Hipp. Beshrow my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The rap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left rap,
Where heart cloth hop—:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled,
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now, die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies.—Exit Moonshine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.
Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.
The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hipp. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

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

Enter Thisbe.

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

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better. He for a man, God warn'd us; she for a woman, God bless us. 3

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

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet.

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Death, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in grove,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue;
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.

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

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

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

Thee. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns. 4

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers to bed: 'tis almost fairy time. I fear we shall oversleep the coming morn, As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

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

(*) Old copies, beholds.

a He for a man, God warn'd us: she for a woman, God bless us.] We should probably read, "God wea' us." The meaning appears to be, "From such a man God defend us; from such a woman God save us." The passage is altogether omitted in the folio, on account of the statute, 3 Jac. ch. 21, against the profane using of the sacred name.

b And thus she moans,—The old copies have means. The change was made by Theobald; but, perhaps, without necessity, as means formerly appears to have borne the same signification. Thus, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act V. Sc. 4:—

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4 A Bergomask dance.—This is supposed to have been a dance in the manner of the rustics of Bergomasco, a province of Italy.

5 Here a dance of Clowns.] This stage direction was introduced by Malone.
Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.

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

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

Song, and Dance.

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.

(*) First folio, this.
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.

In the old editions these lines run thus:

"Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest."

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature’s hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, bare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace,
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.

Trip away;
Make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.

[Execut Oberon, Titania, and Train.

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

[Exit.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—A wake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.  
The very peculiar use of the adjective pert in this line,  
shows that in the sixteenth century it was not always un-  
derstood with the ordinary meaning of saucy or talkative,  
but that it was also employed to express, quick, lively,  
subtle. Hence Skinner, in 1671, derived it through the  
French appert, from the Latin ad peritus, skilful, expert,  
prompt, &c. He also cites Dr. Davies as stating that in the  
Cumbro-British the word signified elegant, or beautiful, as  
it occurs in the English poetical version of the Romance of  
Sir Launfal, in the description of Dame Trynione:—

"She was as whyt as lyle in May,  
Or snow that seuerth ym wynterys day;  
He seigh norre none so pert."  
KIGHTLEY'S Fairy Mythology, Ed. 1850, p. 36.

(2) Scene I.—  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

"The word spleen is laid under suspicion by Warburton,  
and is not justified by the later commentators. Nares says,  
'We do not find it so used by other writers.' This is a  
mistake: and it will be seen that a happier choice could  
not have been made than the poet has made of this word."

'Like winter fires that with disdainful heat  
The opposition of the cold defeat;  
And in an angry spleen do burn more fair  
The more encountered by the frosty air.'

Verses by POOLE, before his England's Parnassus, 1657.

So, in Lithgow's 'Nineteen Years' Travels,' quarto, 1692,  
p. 61:—'All things below and above being cunningly per-  
fect, and every one ranked in order with his harquebus and  
pike, to stand at the centinel of his own defence, we  
recommend ourselves in the hands of the Almighty, and,  
in the meanwhile, attend their fiery salutations. In a  
ferious spleen, the first holla of their courtesies was the  
progress of a martial conflict, thundering forth a terrible  
oise of gally-roaring pieces,' &c.

HUNTER'S New Illustrations of Shakespeare, 1. 289.

(3) Scene I.—  
In the wood a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May.]  
The principal ceremonies with which young persons of  
both sexes were formerly accustomed to honour the morn-  
ings of May, were the Maying, which belonged especially  
to the first day; and the collecting of May-dew, which  
appears to have been practised at any part of the month.  
"On the Calends, or the first day of May," says Bourne,  
"commonly called May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes  
were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some  
neighbouring wood, accompany'd with music, and the  
blowing of horns, where they break down branches from  
the trees, and adorn them with noseys and crowns of  
flowers. When this is done they return with their booty  
homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their  
doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The  
after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a  
tall pole, which is called a May Pole; which being placed  
in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were,  
consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least  
violence offered it, in the whole circle of the year."

The general popularity of this custom of early rising  
"to go a Maying," may be inferred from a passage in  
"Henry VIII." Act V. Sc. 3, where the Porter's man ex-  
claims of the crowd:—

"T is as much impossible  
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep  
On May-day morning, which will never be."  

Herrick—for in his time, though half a century later than  
Shakespeare, bigotry had not succeeded in frowning down  
all the simple, healthful pleasures of the people—has a  
poem, Corinna's going a Maying, in which the May wor-  
ship is delightfully pictured:—

"Get up——and see  
The dew-bespangling herbe and tree:  
Each flow'r has wept, and bow'd toward the east,  
Above an houre since;—it is sin,  
Nay, profanation to keep in;  
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,  
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!  
Come, my Corinna, come; and coming marke  
How each field turns a street, each street a parke,  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees, see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,  
An arke, a tabernacle is  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove.—  
There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May:  
A deale of youth ere this is come  
Hack, and with white-thorn laden home.  
Some have dispatch't their cakes and creames,  
Before that we have left to dreame:  
And some have wept, and wo'd and pitied troth.  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth."

The most direct and charming illustration of the homage  
paid to the month of love and flowers is, however, con-  
tained in two exquisite pictures from the Knightes Tale of  
Chancer:—

'This passet's yere by yere, and day by day,  
Tilte it felle ones in a morwe of May,  
That Emelie, that fayrer was to see:  
Than is the ilis on hire stalkes grene,  
And fresher than the May with flowers new,  
(For with the rose colour strow hire hewe;  
I not which was the finer of hem two;)  
Ere it was day, as sche was wont to do,  
Sche was arisen and al ready sight;  
For May wol have no snaugardie a-night.  
The sason priketh every gentil herte,  
And makeith him out of his sleepe sterte.  
And setteth, 'Argus, and do thin observance.  
This maketh Emelie han remembrance  
To do honoure to May, and for to ryse.—"
"The busy larke, messenger of day
Saw him whisper in his mother's ear,
And Fiery Phoebus rseyth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the light:
And with his strength in the great
The silver drepes howling on the leaves;
And Arete, that is in the court royal
With Theseus, his squier principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day;
And for to doon his abasement to May,
Remembering of the point of his desire.
He on his courser, sterling as the fire,
Is ridden into fieldes he to picye,
Out on the court, were it a mile or way;
And to the grove, of that which I you told,
By aventure his way he 'gan to hold.
To make him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodewynde or Hawthorne leaves,
And loud he song against the sonny scheen;
'May, with all thy flowers and thy greenne.
Welcome be thou, well faire freisecle May.'

All the ceremonial observed by Emelie is to walk in her garden at the sunrising; and this primitively was perhaps the simple method of collecting the May-dew—receiving it on the face and hands before it had evaporated. In the seventeenth century, however, the dew, held sovereign as a cosmetic by the damoells of old, was evidently gathered in this manner. In 1670, Mrs. Pepys collected the May-dew on the following method:

(4) SCENE I.—Your eyes are lode-stars. The lode-star is the leading or guiding star, the pole-star, by which navigators directed their course. Davies, in his "Dedication to Queen Elizabeth," calls her,—

"Lode-stone to heav'n, and lode-star to all eyes."

And in another place speaks of her as,—

"Eagle-eyed Wisdom, life's lode-star."

"If we this star once cease to see
No doubt our state will shipwreck'd be."

Milton adopts the same metaphor in his "L'Allegro":—

"Towers and battlements it sees
Rob'd in' high tuffed trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cymasure of neighboring eyes."

(5) SCENE II.—Enter Quince, Bottom, Flute, Snug, Snout, and Starveling.] The old editions add the several occupations of these individuals after their names, but I have not thought it necessary to make this repetition. It is possible that in the rude dramatic performance of these handi-craftsmen of Athens, Shakespeare was referring to the plays and pageants exhibited by the trading companies of Coventry, which were celebrated down to his own time, and which he might very probably have witnessed. The last of these performances recorded in the list which the late Mr. Thomas Sharpe published from the City Leet-books, took place in 1591; when it was agreed by the whole con- sent of the council, "that the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Conquest of the Danes, or the History of King Edward (the Confessor), should be plated on the pagens on Mid- somer daye and St. Peter's daye next, in this cittie, and none other playes." In 1656, Dogdale states that he had been told "by some old men of the Common Council; and that the younger years were eye-witnesses of these pageants, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew, was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city." For the supposition of these profitable entertainments, the several municipal trading companies of Coventry were charged either to contribute in association to the exhibition of a joint performance; or else to furnish a pageant of their own. These theatrical unions were ordered by the Common Council, and the combination of trades which played together was often remarkably like that of the operatives of Athens in this drama:—

"A crew of punchers, rude mechanics,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls."

(Who) met together to rehearse a play."—Act III. Sc. 2.

In 1548 it was ordered "that the Sadelers and the Pageours, be brought maynto the lient of the Cardmakers." In 1545 the council "will that the Carpenters be associate unto the Tilors and Pinners, to maynten their payent." In 1492 "it is ordained that the Chaumberlens and Cookes of this Cith shall be contrib- utory to the Showes of this Cith," and in subsequent years Bakers were added to the Smiths, the Barbers to the Girdlers, and the Shoemakers to the Tanners. So late as 1588 it was "enacted that such persons as are not associate or assistant to any craft which is charged with a pageant, such as Fishmongers, Bowyers, Fletchers, and others, shall now be associate or assistant to such crafts as the Mayor shall assign." As most of the performances of these companies were Religious Mysteries taken from the Scriptures, there appears to have been a priest attached to each society, who directed the exhibition probably and played the most important part, as well as taught the other actors.

(6) SCENE II.—Quin. Marry, our play is—The most la- tentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe. In the title of this interlude Shakespeare doubtless intended a burlesque on the old play by Thomas Preston, entitled "Pyramus and Thisbe, or the Sixteenth century edition of the story must have been very popular with our forerunners. The book of "Pyramus and Thisbe" was entered on the Stationers' registers in 1562-3. Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid was first published in 1567; and went through several editions. Another translation of the tale of the lovers appeared in the "Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 1578; and a "new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbio" in "The Handefull of Pleasant Delites," 1584. Of course, the incidents are the same in all; but Shakespeare appears to have had recourse to Golding's version, some extracts from which are here given:—

"Within the towne (of whose huge walls so monstrous high and thicklie The fame is gien Semaridis for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two yong folke in houses loynide so nere That vnder all one roofe well nie both twaine conuenyed were.
The name of hir was Pyramus and Thisbe cald was shee."

And if that right had taken place, they had bin man and wife. But still their parents went about to let which for their life They could not let.
The wall that parted house from house had riven therein a cranie Whose shrouke at making of the wall, this fault not marke of anie
Of many hundred yeeres before (what doe not lose espie !)
These lovers first did enetred out, and all together secretly To talke together secretlie, and through the same did go Their lound vsings very light and safely to and fro.
Now as at one side Pyramus, and Thisbe on the other Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other, O thou enious wall (they sayd) why lest thou lores thus What matter were it if that thou permitt both of vs In armes ech other to embrace? Or if thou think that this Were ouer-much, yet mightest thou at least make roome to kisse.
Thus hauing where they stoode in raine complayned of their wo, When night drew neece, they bade adew and eche gave kisses to the other wo.
Vnto the parget on their side, the whiche did neuer meece.

And to thentent that in the feeldes they strayde not up and dowe,
They did agree at Ninus Tumb to meet without the towne, And tarie vnderneath a tree that by the same did grow Which was a faire high Mulberie with fruite as white as snow.

As soone as darkness once was come, straight Thisbe diu syse
A shift to wind her out of doores, that none that were within Did perceiue her; for shee shewd an other chin.
That no man might discern her face, to Ninus Tumb she came Vnto the tree; and set her dowe there vnderneath the same.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Louse made her bold, but see the chance, there comes besmerde with blood.

About the chappes a Lyonsesse all coming from the wood From slaughter lately made of kine, to stanch her bloody thirst With water of the foresaid spring. Whom Thibse spying first Afferre by meeting with the fierce and sanguine paw And in a dark and yrkesome cane did hide her selfe thereby And as she fled away for haste she let her mantle fall The which for she let behind not looking backe at all.

The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there Who seeing in the sandle and the print of lions paw. Waxt pale for feare. But when also the bloody cloke he saw All rent and torn: one night (he sayd) shall lourers two confound My soul deserveth of this bloudie perill the more for bear.

And when he had bewept and kist the garment which he knew, Receive thou my blood too, (quoth he) and therewithall he drew His sword the which among his guts he thrust, and by and by Did draw it from the bleeding wound beginning for to die. And cast himself upon his backe, the blood did spinne inchie.

For doubt of disappoynting him comes Thibse forth in haste, And for her looser looks about, resolying for to tell How hardly she had seapt that night the danger that befell. She cast her eye aside And there bewept in his blood his lover she espide.

She beate hir brest, she shrieked out, she tare hir golden heares, And taking him betweene hir armes did wash his wounds with tears.

She meynt hir weeping with his blood, and kissing all his face (Which now became as cold as yse) she crie in woeful case Alas what chance you my Pyramus hath parted thee and me? Make awnsers O my Pyramus: It is thy Thibse even shew Whome thou doste love most heartealy that speakesh unto thee. Glue care and raise thy haule head. He hearing Thibse's name Lift vp his dying eyes and hearing seene hir cloade the same. But when she knew hir mantle there, and saw his seabard lie. Without the swords: Unhappy man thy love hathe made thee die: Thy love (she said) hath made thee sela thy selfe. This hand of mine is strong enouh to doe the like. My love no lessse than thine Shall give me force to work my wound. I will pursue the dead.

This said she tooke the sword yet warme with slaughter of hir love And setting it beneath hir brest, diid to her heart it shoue.

(7) SCENE II.—Hold, or cut bow-string.] Capell's explication of this disputed saying is no doubt the true one. "Whch was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase: the sense of the person using them being, that he would 'hold,' or keep promise, or they might 'cut bow-string,' demolish him for an archer."

There is another proverbial expression of the same character, which none of the commentators, that I am aware of, has mentioned:—"Hold, or cut cod-piece point."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite, Called Robin Goodfellow.] The frolics Shakespeare attributes to Puck, or, as he was usually called, Robin Goodfellow, correspond in every particular with the popular characteristics of this "shrewd and meddling elf." According to the rare tract entitled "The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow," reprinted by Mr. Collier from the original in Lord Francis Egerton's library, Robin Goodfellow was the son of Oberon, or Obroon, his mother being "a proper young wenche" whom the faery king was in the habit of visiting. Robin's knavish propensities as he grew up became so troublesome, that to avoid the punishment they entailed, he ran away from his mother and was engaged to a tailor. After a short time he leaves his master, and the tract relates —

"WHAT HAPPENED TO ROBIN GOODFELLOW AFTER HE WENT FROM THE TAYLOR."

After Robin had travelled a good days journey from his masters house hee safe downe, and being weary he fell a sleepe. No sooner had slumber taken full possession of him, and closed his long opened eye-lids, but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anttique measures tripping about him, and while hee heard such musick, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greece fiddler (had hee bene alive), compared to one of these had beene as famous as a Welch-harpner that plays for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did those end sooner than hee would willingly they should have done; and for very griefe hee awaked, and found by him lying a scrolle, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters.

Robin, my only sonne and heir, How to live take thou no care: By nature thou hast cunning shifts, Which Ilee increase with other gifts. Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt have it; And for to vex both foole and knave, Thou hast the power to change thy shape, To horse, to dog, to ape. Transformed thus, by any meanes See none thou harst it but knives and quenues; But love those that honest be, And help them in necessitie. Do thus, and all the world shall know The pranks of Robin Good-fellow; For by that name thou calld shall be To ages last noterity, If thou observe my just command, One day thou shalt see Fayre Land.

This more I give: who teles thy pranks From those that hear thee shall have thanks.

Robin having read this was very joyful, yet longed he to know whether he had this power or not, and to try it he wished for some means presently it was before him. Then wished hee for beere and wine: he straightway had it. This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse: no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had beene in stable at rakes and manger a full moneth. Then wished he himselfe a dog, and was so: then tree, and was so: so from one thing to another, till he was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever.

Though the edition from which Mr. Collier made his reprint is dated 1628, there is little doubt that the tract, as he remarks, was published at least forty years earlier, and was evidently known to Shakespeare. The following account, "How Robin Good-Fellow led a company of fellows out of their way," is a good illustration of the passage,—

"Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm."

"A company of young men having beene making merry with their sweet hearts, were at their comming home to come over a heath. Robin Good-fellow, knowing of it, met them, and to make some pastime, hee led them up and downe the heath all night, so that they could not get out of it: for hee went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw and followed till the day did appeare: then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words:—

Get you home, you merry lads: Tell your mammies and your dats, And all those that news desire. How you saw a walking fire. Wenchses, that doe smile and lispe, Use to call me Witty Wisp. If that you but weary be, It is sport alone for me. Away, unto your houses goe And I'ill goe laughing ho, ho, ho!"

The fellows were glad that he was gone, for they were all in a great feare that hee would have done them some mischief.

The line which we have italicized will recall the same expression used by Puck in the play:—

"Then will two at once woes one;
That must needs be sport alone."—Act I. I. Sc. 2.
Illustrative Comments.

(2) Scene I.—Oberon. *Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.*] The names of Oberon and Titania were, no doubt, familiar in connexion with the race of Faery before the time of Shakespeare. Oberon, the "dwarf king of fayres," is introduced into the popular romance of Huon de Bordeaux, translated by Lord Berners, probably earlier than 1585. The older part of Huon de Bordeaux, Mr. Kightley has shown to have been taken from the story of Otnit in the Heldenbuch, where the dwarf king Elberich performs nearly the same services to Otnit that Oberon does to Huon. The name of Oberon, in fact, according to Grimm, is only Elberich slightly altered. From the usual change of $t$ into $d$ (as at, au, col, cow, &c.), in the French language, Elberich or Alberich (derived from Afp, Aft) becomes Auberich; and is not being a French termination, the diminutive es was substituted, and thus the name became Auberon, or Oberon. The elf queen's name, Titania, was an appellation of Diana. "It was the belief, in those days, that the fairies were the same as the classic nymphs, the attendants of Diana. "That fourth kind of sprites," says King James, "gulhik be the gentiles was called Diana, and her wandering court, and amongst us called the Fairie." The Fairy-queen was therefore the same as Diana, whom Ovid styles Titania."—*Kightley.

(3) Scene I.—

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Aglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiope?*]

Shakespeare's authority for all this was his diligently-read Plutarch. —

Perigenia.] "This Sinnis had a goodly faire daughter called Perigouna, which fled away when she saw her father slain. * * * but Theseus finding her, called her, and swears by his faith he would use her gently, and do her no hurt, nor displeasure her at all."

Ariadne. *Aglé.*] "They report many other things also touching this matter, and specially of Ariadne: but there is no troth nor certaintie in it. For some say that Ariadne hung herselfe for sorrow, when she saw that Theseus had cast her off. Other write, that she was transported by mariners into the Ile of Naxos, where she was married unto Garaus, the priest of Bacchus; and they think that Theseus left her, because he was in love with another, as by these verses should appeare:—

"Égels the nymph was loved of Theseus,
Who was the daughter of Panopes."*

From this passage Shakespeare evidently got his "*faire Eagles," as the lady's name is spelt in all the old editions. Antiope.] "Touching the voyage he made by the sea, Maior, Philocherus, and some other hold opinion, that he went thither with Hercules against the Amazons: and that to honour his vauntantness, Hercules gave him Antiope the Amazone. But the more part of the other Historiographers do write that Theseus went thither alone, after Hercules' voyage, and that he took this Amazone prisoner, which is likeliest to be true " * * * Bion also the Historiographer saith that he brought her away by deceit and stealth " * * and that Theseus enticed her to come into his shippe, who brought him a present; and so come as she was abord, he hysed his saile, and so carried her away."—*North's Plutarch (Life of Theseus).

(4) Scene I.—The nine men's morris is filled up with mud. [Nine men's morris, or nine men's merelles, as it was sometimes called, from merelles, an old French word for the counters with which it was originally conducted, is a rustic sport, played on a diagram cut out of the turf of which the figure consists of three squares, one within another. Sometimes the largest square is not more than a foot in diameter, at others it is four or five yards. These squares are united by cross lines, which extend from the middle of each line of the innermost square to the middle of the lines of the outermost squares. To each station or house of the men (usually represented by stones or pieces of tile) are at the corners of the squares, and at the junctures of the intersecting lines, and number in all twenty-four. The game is played by two persons, each of whom has nine men, or counters, which they begin by playing alternately, one at a time, to any of the stations they may select. When the men are all deposited in the places chosen, each party, moving alternately, as in chess or draughts, aims to place three of them on a line; and every time he achieves this object he is entitled to remove one of the adversary's men from the field. Of course his opponent, if he foresee the scheme, endeavours to frustrate it by playing a man of his own on to the line. When one player succeeds in removing all his antagonist's men from the board, he wins the game. The original game, called *Jeu de Merelles,* was probably played on a board or table like chess, with men made for the purpose. It is supposed to have come from France, and is undoubtedly very ancient. Douce speaks of a representation of two monkeys engaged at it in a German edition of Petrarch "de remedio utriusque fortunæ," b. 1, ch. 26, of the cuts of which were executed in 1520; but in the Bibliothèque of Paris there is a beautiful manuscript on parchement (7681) by Nicholas de St. Nicolai, of the 12th century, containing some hundreds of illuminated diagrams of remarkable positions in Chess and in Merelles. Whether the game is now obsolete in France, I am unable to say; but it is still practised, though rarely, in this country, both on the turf and on the table, its old title having undergone another mutation, and become "Mull."

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, 1611, under the article Merelles, the following explanation is given: "*Lo Ieu des merelles.* The boyish game called Merillis, or five-pennie Morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns, or men made of purpose, and termed Merelles."*

(5) Scene I.—I am invisible.] Theobald remarks that as Oberon and Puck may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play, and so mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors, and embroil the plot without being seen or heard but when they choose. Among the stage properties mentioned in Henslowe's Diary is "a robe for to go invisible." It is not improbable that a similar robe was worn by supernatural beings, such as Oberon, Ariel, &c.; who, when so habited, were understood by the audience to be invisible to the other characters.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT III.

(1) Scene II.—A man's novel fixed on his head.

Bottom's transformation might have been suggested, as Steevens observes, by a passage in the "History of the Dammable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus," chap. xiii. — The guests having sat, and well sat and drank, Dr. Faustus made that every one had an ass's head on, with great and long ears, so they fell to dancing, and to drive away the time until it was midnight, and then every one departed home, and as soon as they were out of the hall, all this was in his natural shape, and so they ended and went to sleep.

A receipt for this metamorphosis is given in Albertus Magnus de Secretis:— "Si vis quod caput hominis assimielatur capitis assini, sume de segmine aselli, et ungu hominem in capite, et sic apparebit." And another, in Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft," b. 13, chap. xix.:—

"Cutt off the head of a horso or an ass (before they be dead), otherwise the vertue or strength thereof will be lose effectual, and make an earther vessell of fit capacite to containe the same, and let it be filled with the ole and fat thereof: cover it close, and daube it over with lome: let it boile over a soft fyer three daies continualle, that the flesh boile may run into oile, so as the bare bones may be seene: beate the haire into powder, and mingle the same with the ole; and annoint the heads of the standers by, and they shall seem to have horses or asses heads."

In all likelihood, however, the trick was familiar to players long before Shakespeare's time; and Mr. Halliwell quotes a stage direction in the "Chester Mysteries," as proof of this:— "Tune percutiet Balaham assinam suam, et nota quod hic operet aliquis transformari in speciem aine, et quando Balaham percuteat dicat aine—" which we take the liberty of rendering into befiting English:—Then Balaham shall smyte his ass, and note that here it is fittinge that one should bee dasygynzied into the kynesene of an ass, and when Balaham Smythe the ass shall saye.— But it is not easy to see in what way this direction illustrates the passage of the text.

(2) Scene II.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like costs in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

An important step towards the comprehension of this difficult passage was made by Martin Folkes, when he pointed out to Theobald that "life costs," the reading of the old copies, was a misprint for "like costs." After the aid of this emendation, however, the commentators appear to have shown more ingenuity than sagacity in their endeavours to elucidate the sense. The plain heraldical allusion is to the simple implements of two armorial ensigns, as they are marshalled side by side to represent a marriage; and the expression "Two of the First," is to that particular form of dividing the shield, being the first in order of the nine ordinary partitions of the Escutcheon. These principles were familiarly understood in the time of Shakespeare by all the readers of the many very popular heraldical works of the period, and an extract from one of these will probably render the meaning of the passage clear. In "The Accidence of Armorie," published by Gerard Leigh, in 1597, he says, "Now will I declare to you of IX sundrie Partitions:—the First whereof is a partition from the highest part of the Escutcheon to the lowest. And though it must be blazed so, yet is it a joining together. It is also as a marriage, that is to say, two costes; the man's on the right side, and the woman's on the left: as it might be said that Argent had married with Gules." In different words, this is nothing else than an amplification of Helen's own expression:

"—seeming parted;

But yet a union in partition."

The shield bearing the arms of two married persons would of course be surmounted by one crest only, as the text properly remarks, that of the husband. In Shakespeare's day, the only pleas for bearing two crests were ancient usage, or a special grant. The modern practice of introducing a second crest by an heiress has been most improperly adopted from the German heraldical system; for it should be remembered, that as a female cannot wear a helmet, so neither can she bear a crest.

(3) Scene II.—Ho, ho, ho! There is an ancient Norfolk proverb, "To laugh like Robin Goodfellow," which means we presume, to laugh in mockery or scorn. This derisive was always expressed by the exclamation in the text, which is as old as the Devil of the early mysteries, whose "ho, ho!" was habitual upon the stage long before the introduction of Robin Goodfellow. In "Histrionixst" (quoted by Steevens) a roaring devil enters, with the Vice on his back, "Iniquity in one hand, and Juvertus in the other," crying:

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are ait."

In "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the same form of cachet nation is attributed to the Evil One:—

"But Dicon, Dicon, did not the devil cry, ho, ho, ho?"

It seems with our ancestors always to have conveyed the idea of something fiendish or supernatural, and is the established burden to the songs which describe the frolic of Robin Goodfellow. See the curious tract before mentioned, called "The Mad Franks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I. —I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones.] If the employment of unusual instruments to produce a barbarous kind of music were ingeniously traced backward to extreme antiquity, the origin of it might perhaps be found when "Pythagoras passed some time by a syrtes' houe, and herde a sweate owne, according to the mystenge of foure hamers upon a anuelt;" as Higden relates the story. The practice of performing rustic or burlesque music is, however, really ancient; and the instruments here mentioned are quite antecedents and joculators, who appear to have converted every species of amusement into a vehicle for mirth. He has engraved some parts of two illuminations of the fourteenth century, in one of which a youth is playing to a tumbler, by beating on a metal basin held on a staff; and in the other, an individual is depicted "holding a pair of bellows by way of fiddle, and using the tongs as the substitute for the bow." Mr. Halliwell has illustrated the passage which forms the subject of this note, by a reference to two figures in the original sketches of actors in the court masques, executed by Inigo Jones: one of which represents a performer with tongs and key; and the other a player on knackers of bone or wood, clapped together between the fingers. These instruments must be regarded as the immediate precursors of the more musical narrow-bones and cleavers, the introduction of which may, with great probability, be referred to the establishment of Pearly Market, in the middle of the seventeenth century; since the butchers of that place were particularly celebrated for their performances. In Addison's description of John Dentry's remarkable "kitchen music" (Spectator, No. 570, 1714), the narrow-bones and cleavers form no part of the Captain's harmonious apparatus, but the tongs and key are represented to have become a little unfashionable about three years before. By the year 1749, however, the former had obtained a considerable degree of vulgar popularity, and were introduced in Bonnell Thornton's burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, adapted to the Ancient British Music." Ten years afterwards, this poem was recomposed by Dr. Burney, and performed at Ranelagh, on which occasion clivers were cast in bell-metal to accompany the verses wherein they are mentioned.

(2) SCENE I. — My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind, So we'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew; Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd like Thesalian bulls; Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, Each under each.)

The hounds of Sparta and Crete are classically celebrated: —
"Tenet oris levis clamossi Molossi, Spartanos, Cretasque, ligat."—Lucani Phars, IV. 440 : and the peculiarities of form and colour indicated, are those which were considered to mark the highest quality of the hOfWork. The flews are the large hanging chaps, which, with long thin pendant ears, were a peculiar recommendation in these animals. Thus, Golding, 1567: —
"— with other twaine that had a syre of Crete,
And dam of Sparta: one of them called Jolybgy a greater,
And large-fesse'd hound." And Heywood:
"— the fierce Thesalian hounds,
With their flag ears, ready to sweep the dew
From their moist breasts."
Browne Age, 1613.

For "so sanded" some commentator proposed to read, "so sounded;" but Steevens correctly explains sanded to mean of a sandy colour, "one of the true denotements of a blood-bond."—See The Gentleman's Recreation.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I. —What masks, what dances shall we have, To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper and bed-time?)

The accepted explanation of an after-supper conveyes but an imperfect idea of what this refication really was. "A rere-supper," Nares says, "seems to have been a late or second supper." Not exactly. The rere-supper was to the supper itself what the rere-bouquet was to the dinner—a dessert. On ordinary occasions, the gentlemen of Shakespeare's age appear to have dined about eleven o'clock, and then to have retired either to a garden-house, or other suitable apartment, and enjoyed their rere-bouquet or dessert. Supper was usually served between five and six; and this, like the dinner, was frequently followed by a collation consisting of fruits and sweetmeats, called, in this country, the rere-supper; in Italy, Poconio, from the Latin Pocenium.

(2) SCENE I. —You shall know all, &c.] The humour of distorting the meaning of a passage by mispunctionation was a favorite jest in this play. The following example in Roister Doister's letter to Dame Cusance, beginning—
"Sweete mistresse, where as I love you nothing at all.
Regarding your substance and richesse chief of all," &c.
See Ralph Roister Doister, Act III. Sc. 4.

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I find another specimen in a MS. collection of short poems, epigrams, &c., written evidently in the early part of the seventeenth century, which belonged to Dr. Percy.

JANUS BIFRONS.

"The Feminine kinde is counted ill,
And is I sweare: the Contrary.
No man can find: that hurt they will,
But every where: doe shewe pitty,
To no kinde heart: they will be curt,
To all true Friends: they will be trust,
In no parte: they will worke the worst,
With tongue and minde: but Honesty,
They do hate: Inconstancy.
They do embrace: honest intent,
They like best: Iowd Fantasy
In evry case: are Patient,
At no season: doing amisse,
To it: truly Contrary.
To all Reason: subject and meeks,
To no Bedye: malthouse,
To Frende and Foe: of gentle sort
They be never: doing amisse,
In Waste and Woe: of Like report,
They be ever: be sure of this,
The feminine kinde shall have no hart
Nothing at all: false they will be,
In Werde and Minde: to suffer smart,
And ever shall: Believe thou me!"

C 2
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Read thus, the lines are anything but complimentary; but, by transposing the common and common, they become highly eulogistic. Taylor, the water poet, in his "Address to Nobody," prefixed to Sir Gregory Nonsence, alludes to the Prologue in the text:—"So ending at the beginning, I say as it is applausively written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer Night's Dream, if we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend and show our simple skill."

3) SCENE I.—

\textit{Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade, He bravely brood'd his boiling bloody breast.}

The classical reader will remember the examples of alliterative tripping in Ennius, and his well-known—

"O Tite, tute, Tati, titi tanta, Tyrannne, tulisti, At, Tuba terribili tonitu tarantatae trist."  

Perhaps the most famous of these puerilities, in later times, is the "Pugna Porcorum" of Leo Placentianus, wherein every word begins with P. There is also the poem written by Hugald, in honour of Charles the Bold, in which the initial of each word is C; and a long poem, written in 1578, called "Christus Crucifixus," every word beginning with C also. Langland, the author of "The Vision of Piers Ploughman," and Norton, who wrote "Gorbusuce," both "affected the letter;" and Tusser's "Husbandry" contains a poem in which all the words begin with T. In this country, the folly appears to have reached its culminating point in the reign of Henry VIII., if we may judge from the following exquisite specimen in a production by Willrude Holme, on "The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion":—

"Loe, leporis lurdeins, lurbere in loquacitie,  
Vah, vaporous villains, with venin vulnerate,  
Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to penositie,  
Pie, franteke fabulators, furband and fatuate,  
Out, oblastant, oblit, obstacle, and obsecate,  
Ah addict aloes, in acribite aclamant,  
Magull in mischief, malicious to mugitate,  
Repriming your Roy so renowned and radiant."

(4) SCENE I.—\textit{Myself the man \& th' moon doth seem to be.}

"Although the legend of the man in the moon is perhaps one of the most singular and popular superstitions known, yet it is almost impossible to discover early materials for a connected account of its progress; nor have the researches of former writers been extended to this curious subject. It is very probable that the natural appearance of the moon, and those delineations on its disc, which modern philosophers have considered to belong to the geographical divisions of that body, may originally have suggested the similarity vulgarly supposed to exist between these outlines and a man 'psychynde stake.' In fact, it is hardly possible to account for the universality of the legend by any other conjecture. ** **

"A manuscript of about the fourteenth century, preserved in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 2253), contains an exceedingly curious early English poem on the Man in the Moon, beginning,—

'Man in the mone stond and strit,  
On his be forte is burreth he bereth'  
Hit is muche wonders that he do doun slyt.  
For doute lesthe he valle he shoddeth aut shereh:'

"Grinn, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 412, asserts that there are three legends connected with the Man in the Moon. The first, that this personage was Isaac, carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice; the second, that he was Cain; and the other, which is taken from the history of the Sabbath-breaker, as related in the Book of Numbers. Chaucer, in 'Troilus and Cressida,' I. 147, refers to 'the chorne' in the moon; and in the poem entitled 'The Testament of Cresseid,' printed in Chaucer's works, there is an allusion to the same legend:—

'Next after him came lady Cynthia,  
The last of al, and softest in her sphere,  
Of colour blacke busskt with horns twa,  
And in the night she listith best t'appare,  
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,  
For al the light she boweded at her brother  
Tulan, for of herseln she hath non other.  
Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake,  
And on her brest a chorne painted full even,  
Bering a busch of thorns on his bake.  
Whiche for his theft might elme no ner the leven.'

'From Manningham's diary (Harl. MS. 5353) we learn that, among the devises at Whitehall, in 1601, was 'the man in the moone with thornes on his backe looking downward.' Ben Jonson, in one of his Masques, fol. ed. p. 41, expressly alludes to the man in the moon havin been introduced upon the English stage:—'Fac. Where which is he! I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bushe of thornes at his backes, ere I believe it. 1 Her. Does not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thornes should prove a goodly grove of okes, in what case were you and your expectation? 2 Her. Those are stale ensignes of the stages, man I th moone, delivered doun to you by musty antiquity, and are of as doubfull credit as the makers.'—Halliwell."

(5) SCENE I.—\textit{This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.} Mr. Collier's annotator reads, 'This passion on the death of a dear friend,' &c.;—one proof among many of his inability to appreciate anything like subtle humour. Had he never heard the old proverbial saying, 'He that loseth his wife and sixpence, hath lost a sister!'

(6) SCENE II.—\textit{To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be.}

The ceremony of blessing the bridal-bed was observed, Douce says, at all marriages, and we are indebted to him for the formula, copied from the "Manual," of the use of Salisbury:—"Nocte vero sequente cum sponsus et sponsa ad lectum pereremavit, accipiat sacerdos et beneficat thalamum dioen: Benedict, Domine, thalamum istum et omnes habitantes in eo; ut in tua pace consistant, et in tua voluntate permaneant: et in amore tuo vivant et sefincant et multiplicentur in longitudine dieorum. Per Dominum. Amen benedictio super lactem. Benedict, Domine, lactem, rapine, qui non dormies nocte dormitas. Qui custodis Israel, custodi fac stil sue tus in hoc lecto quiscentem ob omnibus fantomatiscos demonum illutionibus: custodi eos vigilantes ut in precepta tua mentitur dormientes, et te por soporem sanctificat: ut hi ubique defensionis tuae muniantur auxilio. Per Dominum.

Deinde fiat benedictio super lacte in lecto tantum cum Orenus. Benedict Deus corpora vestra et animas vestras; et det super vos benedictionem siue benedictionem Abraham, Isaac, et Jacob, et aperite aqua eos benedicta, et sic inoscat et dimittat eos in pace."
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM

"In 'The Midsummer Night’s Dream,' there flows a luxuriant vein of the boldest and most fantastic invention; the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have been brought about without effort, by some ingenious and lucky accident, and the colours are of such clear transparency, that we think the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath. The fairy world here described, resembles those elegant pieces of arabesque, where little genii with butterfly wings rise, half-embodied, above the flower-cups. Twilight, moonshine, dew, and spring perfumes, are the elements of these tender spirits; they assist Nature in embroidering her carpet with green leaves, many-coloured flowers, and glittering insects; in the human world they do but make sport childishly and waywardly with their beneficent or noxious influences. Their most violent rage dissolves in good-natured raillery; their passions, stripped of all earthly matter, are merely an ideal dream. To correspond with this, the loves of mortals are painted as a poetical enchantment, which, by a contrary enchantment, may be immediately suspended, and then renewed again. The different parts of the plot; the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, Oberon and Titania’s quarrel, the flight of the two pair of lovers, and the theatrical manoeuvres of the mechanics, are so lightly and happily interwoven, that they seem necessary to each other for the formation of a whole. Oberon is desirous of relieving the lovers from their perplexities, but greatly adds to them through the mistakes of his minister, till he at last comes really to the aid of their fruitless amorous pain, their inconstancy and jealousy, and restores fidelity to its old rights. The extremes of fanciful and vulgar are united, when the enchanted Titania awakes and falls in love with a coarse mechanic with an ass’s head, who represents, or rather disfigures, the part of a tragical lover. The droll wonder of Bottom’s transformation is merely the translation of a metaphor in its literal sense; but in his behaviour during the tender homage of the Fairy Queen, we have an amusing proof how much the consciousness of such a head-dress heightens the effect of his usual folly. Theseus and Hippolyta are, as it were, a splendid frame for the picture; they take no part in the action, but surround it with a stately pomp. The discourse of the hero and his Amazon, as they course through the forest with their noisy hunting-train, works upon the imagination like the fresh breath of morning, before which the shades of night disappear. Pyramus and Thisbe is not unmeaningly chosen as the grotesque play within the play: it is exactly like the pathetic part of the piece, a secret meeting of two lovers in the forest, and their separation by an unfortunate accident, and closes the whole with the most amusing parody.”—SCHLEGEL.

"The 'Midsummer Night's Dream' is the first play which exhibits the imagination of Shakspeare in all its fervid and creative power; for though, as mentioned in Meres's Catalogue, as having numerous scenes of continued rhyme, as being barren in fable, and defective in strength of character—it may be pronounced the offspring of youth and inexperience—it will ever, in point of fancy, be considered as equal to any subsequent drama of the poet.

"In a piece where the imagery of the most wild and fantastic dream is actually embodied before our eyes—where the principal agency is carried on by beings lighter than the gossamer, and smaller than the cowslip's bell, whose elements are the moonbeams and the odoriferous atmosphere of flowers, and whose sport it is

‘To dance in nuglets to the whistling winds,’

it was necessary, in order to give a filmy and assistant lgerity to every part of the play, that the human agents should partake of the same evanescent and visionary character; accordingly both the

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

higher and lower personages of this drama are the subjects of illusion and enchantment, and love and amusement their sole occupation; the transient perplexities of thwarted passion, and the grotesque adventures of humorous folly, touched as they are with the tenderest or most frolic pencil, blending admirably with the wild, sportive, and romantic tone of the scene, where

'Trip the light fairies and the dapper elves,'

and forming together a whole so variously yet so happily interwoven, so racy and effervescent in its composition, of such exquisite levity and transparency, and glowing with such luxurious and phosphorescent splendour, as to be perfectly without a rival in dramatic literature."—Drake.

"‘A Midsummer Night's Dream!’ At the sight of such a title we naturally ask—Who is the dreamer? The poet, any of the characters of the drama, or the spectators? The answer seems to be that there is much in this beautiful sport of imagination which was fit only to be regarded as a dream by the persons whom the fairies illuded: and that, as a whole, it comes before the spectators under the notion of a dream.

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,) That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.—"

"Shakespeare was then but a young poet, rising into notice,—and it was a bold and hazardous undertaking to bring together classical story and the fairy mythology, made still more hazardous by the introduction of the rude attempts in the dramatic art of the hard-handed men of Athens. By calling it a dream he obviated the objection to its incongruities, since it is of the nature of a dream that things heterogeneous are brought together in fantastical confusion. Yet, to a person who by repeated perusals has become familiar with this play, it will not appear so incongruous a composition that it requires such an apology as we find in the Epilogue and title. It cannot, however, have been popular, any more than Comus is popular when brought upon the stage. Its great and surpassing beauties would be in themselves a hindrance to its obtaining a vulgar popularity.

"There is no apparent reason why it should be called a dream of Midsummer Night in particular. Midsummer night was of old in England a time of bonfires and rejoicings, and, in London, of processions and pageantries. But there is no allusion to anything of this kind in the play. Midsummer night cannot be the time of the action, which is very distinctly fixed to May morning and a few days before. May morning, even more than Midsummer night, was a time of delight in those times which, when looked back upon from these days of incessant toil, seem to have been gay, innocent, and paradisaical. See in what sweet language and in what a religious spirit the old topographer of London, Stowe, speaks of the universal custom of the people of the city on May-day morning, ‘to walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kinds.’ We have abundant materials for a distinct and complete account of the May-day sports in the happy times of old England; but they would be misplaced in illustration of this play: for, though Shakespeare has made the time of his story the time when people went forth—

'To do observance to the morn of May,'

and has laid the scene of the principal event in one of those half-sylvan, half-pastoral spots which we may conceive to have been the most favourite haunts of the Mayers, he does not introduce any of the May-day sports, or show us anything of the May-day customs of the time. Yet he might have done so. His subject seemed even to invite him to it, since a party of Mayers with their garlands of sweet flowers would have harmonized well with the lovers and the fairies, and might have made sport for Robin Goodfellow. Shakespeare loved to think of flowers and to write of them, and it may seem that it was a part of his original conception to have made more use than he has done of May-day and Flora's followers."—Hunter.
The Merchant of Venice

Act. IV. Sc. I.
**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

Of this popular drama two editions were published prior to its appearance in the 1623 folio. One, entitled, "The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chestes. As it hath bene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servaunts. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600," 4to. The other, "The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three chestes. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts. 1600," 4to.

"The Merchant of Venice" is the last play of Shakespeare's mentioned in the list of Francis Meres, 1598; and we find, in the same year, it was entered on the register of the Stationers' Company:—"22 July, 1598, James Robertes] A booke of the Marchant of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse," &c. &c. But that it was written and acted some years before there appears to be now very little doubt. Henslowe's "Diary" contains an entry, 25th of August, 1594, recording the performance of "The Venesyon Commoedy." This Malone conjectured to refer to "The Merchant of Venice," which is the more probable as it has since been found that, in 1594, the fellowship of players to which Shakespeare belonged was performing at the theatre in Newington Butts, conjointly, it is believed, with the company managed by Henslowe.

The plot is composed of two distinct stories;—the incidents connected with the bond, and those of the caskets, which are interwoven with wonderful felicity. Both these fables are found separately related in the Latin "Gesta Romanorum." The bond, in Chap. xlvii. of MS. Hart. 2270; and the caskets, in Chap. xIx. of the same collection. Some of the circumstances, however, connected with the bond in "The Merchant of Venice," resemble more closely the tale of the fourth day in the "Pecorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, in which it is noticeable too, that the scene of a portion of the hero's adventures is laid at Belmont. The "Pecorone," though first printed in 1550, was written nearly two hundred years before. A translation of it in English was extant in our author's time, of which an abridgment will be found in the "Illustrative Comments" at the end of the play. Upon this translation the old ballad of "Gernutus," which is found in Percy's "Reliques," entitled,—"A New Song, Shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jew, who lending to a Merchant a hundred Crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the day apointed.—To the Tune of Black and Yellow,"—was most likely founded. Whether the fusion of the two legends was the work of Shakespeare or of an earlier writer, we have not sufficient evidence to determine. Tyrwhitt was of opinion that he followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of combining the two stories, and Steevens cites a passage from Gosson's "School of Abuse," 1579, which certainly tends to prove that a play comprising the double plot of "The Merchant of Venice" had been exhibited before Shakespeare began to write for the stage. The passage is as follows—Gosson is excepting some particular players and plays from the sweeping condemnation of his "pleasant inuitive against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Iesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth:"—"And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their plays are without rebuke, which are easily remembered, as quickly rekonized. The two prose booke played at the Belsavage, where you shall finde never a worde without witte, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vaine. The Jew, and Ptolome, shouone at the Bull; the one representing the grevenesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers;" &c.

The expression worldly chusers is so appropriate to the choosers of the caskets, and the bloody mindes of usurers, so applicable to the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, that it is very probable Shakespeare in this play, as in other plays, worked upon some rough model already prepared for him. The question is not of great importance. Be the merit of the fable whose it may, the characters, the language, the poetry, and the sentiment, are his and his alone. To no other writer of the period could we be indebted for the charming combination of womanly grace, and
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

dignity, and playfulness, which is found in Portia; for the exquisite picture of friendship between Bassanio and Antonio; for the profusion of poetic beauties scattered over the play; and for the masterly delineation of that perfect type of Judaism in olden times, the character of Shylock himself.

In his treatment of the Jew, without doing such violence to the antipathies of his age as would have been fatal to the popularity of the play, Shakespeare has generously vindicated the claims of this despised race to the rights and privileges of the community in which they lived. If, in obedience to the story he followed, and to hereditary prejudice too deep-rooted and long cherished for his control, he has portrayed the Jew father as malignant and revengeful, he has represented the daughter as affectionate and lovable; and if the former is rendered an object of odium and contumely, the latter becomes the wife of a Venetian gentleman, and the companion of the nobles and merchant princess of the land. This was much. At the time when "The Merchant of Venice" was produced, as for ages before, the Jews were an abomination to the people. With the exception of such truly great men as Pope Gregory, Saint Bernard, Charlemagne, and a few others, no one had hardihood enough to venture a word in their defence. They were accounted Pariahs, born only to be reviled, and persecuted, and plundered. As a proof of the abhorrence with which they were regarded in Shakespeare's day, we need but refer to Marlowe's "Rich Jew of Malta." "Shylock," says Charles Lamb, "in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport—poisons whole nunneries—invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners, by the Royal Command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet."

Few plays have been more successful on the stage than "The Merchant of Venice;" few are better adapted for popular reading. Dramas of a loftier kind, moving deeper feeling and dealing with nobler passions, have proceeded from the same exhaustless source; but we question if any one more diversified and picturesque than this exists. It is full of incident, character, poetry, and humour. The friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, "strong even unto death"—the love episode of Lorenzo and the fair Jewess—the quaint drolleries of Launcelot—the buoyant spirits and brusque wit of Gratiano—the beauty of the Casket scenes—the grandeur of the trial—and the tragic interest attached to the circumstances of the contract between the Merchant and his unrelenting creditor—combine to form a whole unapproached and unapproachable by any other dramatist.


Persons Represented.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF ARAOON, { suitors to PORTIA.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, { ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
ANTONIO, friend to ANTONIO.
SOLANIO,
SALARINO, { friends to ANTONIO and BASSANIO.
GRATIANO,
LORENZO, in love with JESSICA.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, friend to SHYLOCK.
LAUNCeLOT GOBBO, a Clown, servant to SHYLOCK.

Old GOBBO, father to LAUNCeLOT.
LEONaRDO, servant to BASSANIO.
BALTHAZAR, { servants to PORTIA.
STEPHANO,
PORTIA, a rich heiress.
NERissa, waiting-maid to PORTIA.
JESSica, daughter to SHYLOCK.

MAGNIFICoES of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Guoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Partly at VENICE; and partly at BELMONT, the Seat of PORTIA, on the Continent.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Solanio.*

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad; It wearies me; you say it wearies you;

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn; And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

* Salarino and Solanio.] The uncertain orthography of these names in the first folio, where we have at one time Salerio, at another Salarino, Solonio, Solanio, Salino and Salerio, has led to such perplexity in their abbreviations prefixed to the speeches, that we are glad to avoid confusion by adopting the distinction proposed by Capell, of Saler. and Solan. as prefixes.

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ACT I.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[Scene I.]

That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There where your argosies,* with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOLAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object that might make me fear
Misdignorce to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd* in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrove the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechance'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANT. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year;
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAR. Why, then you are in love.

ANT. Fie, fie!

SALAR. Not in love neither? Then let us say,
you are sad
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:

(*) Old text, docks.

* These where your argosies,—] Argosies were ships of huge bulk and burden, adapted either for commerce or war, and supposed to have been named from the classic ship Argo.

* Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,—] A blade of grass held up to indicate, by the way it bends, the direction of

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

SOLAN. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?

SALAR. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours. [Exeut SALARINO and SOLANO.

LOR. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care;
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he waketh? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

the wind, is a very primitive kind of weather vane. Sailors, with whom grass is usually harder to come by than even to Venetians, adopt one equally simple and always at hand: they moisten a finger in the mouth, and holding it up, judge by a sensible coldness on one side the digit, whence the wind blows.

* My wealthy Andrew,—] This name for a ship, it is not unlikely, was derived from the famous naval hero, Andrew Doria.
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,*
And, when I open my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who,† I am sure very,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.*
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lun. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell:‡ I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.]

Ant. Is§ that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as|| two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe. [it;]

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do, within
The eye of honour, be assure'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth;* and by adventuring both
I oft found both:§ I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self-way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;*
And, out of doubt, you do me now* more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

(*) First folio omits, me now.
Where we have again the identical expression, "and forth."
"Go on before; I shall inquire you forth."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 4.

"—for at this time the jealous rashly kneave, her husband, will be forth."—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 2.
And already in this very play,—

"Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth."
* To wind about my love with circumstance; Circumstance, for circumlocution, or "going about the bush," as the old lexicographers define it, though in common use formerly, has now become quite obsolete:—

Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken—

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III. Sc. 2.

And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain.—The Comedy of Errors, Act V. Sc. 1.

"And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part."

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 5.

† And I am prest unto it! Pres't, signifying ready, is, as Steevens remarks, of common occurrence in the old writers; but it may be doubted whether in this instance the word is not used in the current sense of bound or urged.

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Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes* from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her tempests like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! I had it but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate. [sea;

Ant. Thou know'st all my fortunes are at
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
a- weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as
sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing. It is no mean* happiness, therefore,
to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner
by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches, and
poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a
good thing that follows his own instructions: I
can easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine
own teaching. The brain may devise laws for
the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree;
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the

(*) First folio, small.

* Sometimes.] Sometimes here means, formerly, in other times.

b If he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian:] This satirical allu-
sion to our ignorance in "the tongues" has not yet lost all its point.
pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony’s nephew?

Por. Very vilily in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilily in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fell that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father’s will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father’s imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father’s will. I am glad this parcel of wouers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father’s time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

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Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?* 

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieve me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before;

While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[Exeunt.

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SCENE III.—Venice. A Public Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.(3)

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

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

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stand me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at

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(*) First folio omits, How now! &c.
(†) First folio omits, for.

"Madam, I have a touch of your condition, That cannot brook the accent of reproof,"

And in "Othello," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"—she is full of most bless’d condition."

* Antonio is a good man.] That is, a man of substance and responsibility:—

"A good man, I have enquired him, eighteen hundred a year."
Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient,—three thousand ducats:—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bothink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft: how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior:

[To Antonio]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,*

How much you would? [To Bassanio.

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot;—three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you:

Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the canlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall, as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was,
Between these woolly breeders, in the act
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood bath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

(*) First folio, well-worn.

* Squander'd abroad.] Squander'd, of old, meant only dispersed or scattered, not as now, wasted, dissipated.
* Land-thieves and water-thieves: the ancient copies read "water-thieves and land-thieves," which, there can be little doubt, was a printer's or transcriber's error.

(*) First folio, he.

* Is he yet possess'd,—] Is he yet informed. Thus in Act IV Sc. 1:—

"I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose."
SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,*
In the Rialto (5) you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog;
And spot upon my Jewish gaberdine; (6)
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can* lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—

Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn’d me such a day; another time
You call’d me—dog; and for these courtesies,
I’ll lend you thus much monies!

ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for† barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.‡

SHY. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain’d me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you’ll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

ANT. This were kindness.

SHY. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,§
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express’d in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANT. Content, in faith; I’ll seal to such a
bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me
I’ll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANT. Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months,—that’s a month before
This bond expires,—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, (7) what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeit?
A pound of man’s flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary’s;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful* guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.

ANT. His thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain’s mind.

ANT. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio, should.
(†) First folio, of.
(‡) First folio, penalties.

a Many a time and oft.—This old saying, equivalent to our
"Many and many a time," occurs again in "Julius Caesar," Act I.
Sc. 1:—

"... Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements."

b A breed for barren metal of his friend?] By breed is apparently
meant fruit or interest. Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by
told and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath
made them sterile and barren, usurie makes them procreative."

§ I’ll rather dwell, &c.] That is, abide, continue, &c.

* Left in the fearful guard—This may denote either in the
guard of one who makes you fearful to trust him; or a timorous,
faint-hearted guard: the former is the usual interpretation.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince or Morocco, and his Train; Portia, Nerissa, and other of her Attendants.

Mon. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun, To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred. Bring me the fairest creature northward born, Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make incision for your love, To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine. I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear, The best-regarded virgins of our clime Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen. For in terms of choice I am not solely led By nice direction of a maiden's eyes: Besides, the lottery of my destiny Bars me the right of voluntary choosing: But, if my father had not scanted me, And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself His wife, who wins me by that means I told you Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair As any comer I have look'd on yet, For my affection.

Mon. Even for that I thank you; Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,(1) To try my fortune. By this scimitar,— That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—
I would o’erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear, 
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!*
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page; *
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Pon. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis’d.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Pon. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made. [Cornets. 

Mor. Good fortune, then! 
To make me bless’d, or cursed’st among men. 

[Exeunt. 

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  

[SCENE II.  

VENICE. A Street. 

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.  

LAUN. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and teimps me,—saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.—My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels:** well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens d rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run.

Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man’s son: or rather an honest woman’s son:—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is but:* a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo,* with a basket.

Gon. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew’s?

LAUN. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gon. Master, young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew’s?

LAUN. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew’s house.

Gon. By God’s sentences,* it will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—

(*) Old text, rage.  

a But, alas the while! The vernacular phrase, alas, or woe the while, appears to have been a parenthetical ejaculation of sorrow, with no more determinate meaning than Pisto’s “lament therefore,” or our “it’s sad to think.” It occurs again in “Henry V.” Act IV. Sc. 7:—

For many of our princes (woe the while!) Lie drown’d and soak’d in mercenary blood.

And in “Julius Caesar,” Act I. Sc. 3:—

— for Romans now Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors, But, woe the while! our fathers’ minds are dead.

b Enter Launcelot Gobbo.] In the old copies, Enter the Clowne alone; throughout the play, too, this character is generally designated as “Clowne” on his entrance and exit.  

c Scorn running with thy heels.] This figurative manner of expressing a scornful rejection of anything, is not so uncommon that it need have puzzled the critics as it has done. It occurs in “Much Ado about Nothing,” Act III. Sc. 4:—O illegitimate 401

(*) First folio omits, but.

construction! I scorn that with my heels.” So also in Rowland’s Collection of Epigrams and Satires, called “The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vains,” 1609,—

“Bidde me goo sleep, I scorne it with my heels.” And again, in “A Crew of Kind Gossips,” 1609:—

“ And with my heels, I scorn it, by the Lord.”

* For the heavens—Gifford, by a note on “Every Man Out of His Humor,” Act II. Sc. 1, has saved this “pretty oath” from the prohibition with which it was threatened by the Shakespeare commentators. The meaning, as he has shown by a string of instances, is simply, by heaven.

* Gobbo,—Steevens surmised that, as Gobbo is Italian for crook-back, Shakespeare designed the old man to be represented with that deformity.

* By God’s sentiences,—Sentences is a corruption of sentencies.
Mark me now—[aside]—now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gon. No master, sir, but a poor man’s son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gon. Your worship’s friend, and Launcelot, sir.*

Laun. But I pray you ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.

Gon. Of Launcelot, an’t please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gon. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? [aside]—Do you know me, father?

Gon. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you tell me, is my boy God rest his soul! alive or dead?

(*) First folio omits, sir.

* Ergo, master Launcelot;] The humour here, which consists in Launcelot’s determination to be dignified by the title of master, and the old man’s unwillingness so to honour him, is less apparent in writing than in acting, where the master Launcelot

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

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

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man’s son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let’s have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew’s man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I’ll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.\(^\text{b}\)

\(^{a}\) can be rendered sufficiently emphatic.

\(^{b}\) Than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.] Stage tradition, not improbably from the time of Shakespeare himself, makes Launcelot, at this point, kneel with his back to the sand-blind old father, who, of course, mistakes his long back hair for a beard, of which his face is perfectly innocent.
Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gon. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so will I not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so,—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gon. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Wouldst thou agree with me?

Gon. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gon. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gon. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gon. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Bass. One speak for both:—what would you?
Laun. Serve you, sir.
Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.
Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.
Laun. The old proverb is very well parted
between my master Shylock and you, sir; you
have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.*
Bass. Thou speakest it well. Go, father, with
thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a lively

[To his Followers.]

More guarded than his fellows: see it done.
Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no!
—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well
[looking on his palm]; if any man in Italy has
a fairer table,* which doth offer to swear upon a
book, I shall have good fortune! Go to, here's a
simple line of life! (2) here's a small trifle of wives:
 alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven* widows and
nice maids, is a simple coming in for one man:
and then, to scape drowning thrice; and to be in
peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed;
here are simple keeps! Well, if fortune be a
woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father,
come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the
 twinkling of an eye.*

[Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gorno.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on
this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[Exit Leon.

[Scene III]

Bass. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with
you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee,
Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; [show
But where thou art * not known, why, there they
Something too liberal:—pray thee, take pain
To alloy with some cold drops of modesty, [viour,
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild beha-
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen; (3)
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent; To
Please his grandam,—never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pitty:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.


Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

(*) First folio, omits, of an eye.

a You have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.] The proverb referred to is, "The grace of God is better than riches;" or, in the Scot's form of it, "God's grace is great enough.

b More guarded—That is, more ornamented. A guard was, properly, the weat or border of a garment; and so called, from its guarding the stuff from being torn.

c A fairer table.—Table, in palmyth, is the palm of the hand.—" Beav. Fairer one, I have skill in palmyth. Wife, Good my Lord, what do you find there? Beav. In good earnest, I do find written here all my good fortune lies in your hand. Wife. You'll keep a very bad house then; you may see by the smallness of the table.—MIDDLETON'S Any Thing for a Quiet Life, Act II. Sc. 1.

* Eleven.] So the old text, and rightly; eleven being a common vulgarism, which was, probably, pronounced "elven." something too illus. — liberal is used here in its ancient

"Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain," &c.

And in "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 7: —
" — — and long purples.
That liberal shepherds give a groaser name."

*f Sad ostent.—] Ostent is meant perhaps for more than mere appearance, and implies parade or display. The word occurs again in the eighth scene of this act, with the same purport:—
"Be merry and employ your cheeriest thoughts,
To courthships and such fair ostents of love."

And in "Henry V." (Chorus) Act V.: —
"Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
Quite from himself, to God."
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in * talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most
beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Chris-
tian did* not play the knave and get thee, I am
much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops
do something t drown my manly spirit: adieu!

[Exit.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-
bea...
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[Scene and Meet (t)]

I peruse they hand. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is t' the fair hand that writ the.

Enter Launcelot with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news? Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,* it shall * seem to signify. [hand; Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is t' the fair hand that writ the.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marty, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her:—speak it privately: Go. Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque to-night? [Exit Launcelot.

I am provided of a torchbearer. [straight. Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it. Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano, At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [Exeunt Salar. and Solan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed How I shall take her from her father's house; What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with; What page's suit she hath in readiness. If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughter's sake: And never dare misfortune cross her foot, Unless she do * under this excuse,— That she is issue to a faithless Jew. Come, go with me; perseue this as thou goest: Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [Exeunt.


Enter Shylock and Launcelot.²

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

(*) First folio, shall it.

(†) First folio, I.

* To break up this.—] See Note (6), p. 69.

² Enter Shylock and Launcelot.] The original stage direction in Heyes' quarto and the folio is too curious to be omitted, Enter Jem, and his man that was the Clowne."

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—What, Jessica!—thou shalt not garmendise, As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out;—Why, Jessica, I say!


Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will? Shy. I am bid forth⁴ to supper, Jessica; There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go? I am not bid for love; they flatter me: But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl, Look to my house.—I am right loth to go; There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I, his. Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What? are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica: Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum, And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,⁴ Clamber not you * up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces: But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements; Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night: But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah; Shy, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir,—Mistress, look out at window for all this; There will come a Christian by, Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit Laun.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

(*) First folio, you not.

¹ I am bid forth,—] I am invited out. Bid in old language was frequently used for invitation.

² The wry-neck'd fife.—] The performer, not the instrument, is meant. "A fife is a wry-neck'd musician, for he always looks away from his instrument."—Barfoty Riche's Aphorismes, 1614

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Shy. The patch* is kind enough; but a huge feeder, nail-slow in profit, and* he sleeps by day more than the wild cat: drones hive not with me, therefore I part with him; and part with him to one, that I would have him help to waste his borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in; perhaps, I will return immediately; so as I bid you, shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find; I proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit. Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd, have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salario, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo

(*) First folio, but.

(1) First folio, stand.

a The patch—] See note (4), p. 372.

b How like a younger, or a prodigal.—] The old copies read, younger; the emendation, which was made by Rowe, is fully justified by the following passage in "Henry VI." Part III. Act II. Sc. 1:—

"See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes farewell of the glorious sun!"

Desir'd us to make stand.*

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth untread again, His tedious measures with the unbated fire, That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. How like a younger,* or a prodigal, The scarfed bark* puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind! How like a prodigal she return; With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails, Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

(*) First folio, a stand. † First folio, steale. (1) First folio, wither'd.

How well resembles it the prime of youth, Trim'd like a younger prancing to his love!"

A younger meant a young gallant, from Juncker or Jung Herr, as Minshew defines him, "Nobilis vel equestris ordinis vir." The scarfed bark—] The vessel decorated with flags and streamers.

— Well, Jessica, go in; perhaps, I will return immediately; so as I bid you, shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find; I proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit. Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd, have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.
Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

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

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now, who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witne
that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth t
pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush,
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torchbear
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love:
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So are you, * sweet, 
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself 
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.] 

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile + and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew * me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit, with Jessica and Salarino.]

(*) First folio, you are. (†) First folio, gentle.

* Beshrew me.—See note (d), p. 33; to which may be added
the following explanation by Florio: "Musaragno, a kind of

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:

mouse called a shrew, deadly to other beasts if he bite them, and
laming any bodie if he but touch them, of which that curse came,
I beshrew you."—A Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

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Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Pon. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.

I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket:

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
'Tis thou'rt rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady
'Ye do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying gravid gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal, breathing, saint.
The Hypercian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

(*) First folio omits, many.

\* Gilded tombs do worms infold.] The old copies have,—

"Gilded timber do worms infold."

Johnson proposed the reading, tombs, which is now universally accepted. If "timber" is right, then the redundant do is an interloper, and we should read,—

"Gilded timber worms infold."
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola (4) were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOLAN. I never heard a passion so confus’d,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol’n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol’n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
SOLAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Marry, well remember’d:

Shakespeare’s manner, and is countenanced by a passage in
"Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1:

'A contract of eternal bond of love.'

And by another in "The Winter’s Tale," Act IV. Sc. 3:

"—besides you know
Prosperity’s the very bond of love."
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, 
And, with affection wondrous sensible, 
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted. 

SOLAN. I think he only loves the world for him. 
I pray thee, let us go and find him out, 
And quicken his embraced heaviness, 
With some delight or other. 

SALAR. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House. 

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight; 
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath, 
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their Trains. 

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince; 
If you choose that wherein I contain'd, 
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnis'd; 
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord, 
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things: 
First, never to unfold to any one, 
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail 
Of the right casket, never in my life 
To woo a maid in way of marriage; 
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice, 
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear, 
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARR. And so have I address'd me:* Fortune now 
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead. 
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath. 
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard. 
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see: 
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire. 
What many men desire.—That many may be meant

(*) First folio, thou.

* And so have I address'd me! Prepared me, directed me. 
Thus, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V. Sc. 1:— 
"the prologue is address'd." 
And in "Macbeth," Act II. Sc. 2:— 
"But they did say their prayers, 
And address'd them again to sleep." 
To dress, t. derived immediately from the French word dresser, 
and remotely from the Latin rectus, directus; and implies, to 
direct, instruct, prepare.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord? c

Mess. Madam, here; what would my lord? A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord;

To wit, besides commend and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurren comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend' st such high-day wit in praising him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt.]

"Hail! royal prince!"

to which Richard replies,—

"— Thanks, noble peer."

Again, in "Henry IV." Part I. Act II. Sc. 4:—

"Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince.  Prince Hen. How now, my lady the hostess?"

"Thou spend'st such high-day wit—) The expression recalls Hotspur's—"

"— many holidays and lady terms."

— The Merchant of Venice —
Enter Solanio and Salario.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip* report, be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger,* or made her neigh-

(*) First folio, gossip.

a As ever knapped ginger,—] To knap, is the same as to snap, i.e. to break, or crack.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[SCENE I.]

ours believe she wept for the death of a third
husband. But it is true,—without any slips of
dulity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—
at the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O
what I had a title good enough to keep his name
company!

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why the end
, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his
losses!

Sol. Let me say, Amen, betimes, lest the
evil cross my prayer: for here he comes in the
keness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the
merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
I, of my daughter’s flight.

Salar. That’s certain. I, for my part, knew
the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sol. And Shylock, for his own part, knew
the bird was fledged; and then it is the com-
exion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn’d for it.

Salar. That’s certain, if the devil may be her
judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sol. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at
these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy
flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more
between thy bloods, than there is between red
wine and rhenish;—but tell us, do you hear
whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bank-
rupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on
the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so
mug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond:
he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to
his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chris-
lian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou
wilt not take his flesh? What’s that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing
else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced
me, and hindered me half a million; laugh’d at
my losses, mock’d at my gains, scorn’d my nation,
thwarted my bargains, cool’d my friends, heated
mine enemies; and what’s his* reason? I am a
Jew: hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

fed with the same food, hurt with the same
weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by
the same means, warmed and cooled by the same
winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you
prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do
we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?
and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If
we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you
in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his
humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew,
what should his sufferance be by Christian example?
why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will
execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the
instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his
house, and desires to speak with you both.

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

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe; a
third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself
turn Jew.

[Exeunt Solanio, Salarino, and Servant.

Enter Tubal.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa?
hast thou found my daughter?

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

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond
gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort!
The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I
never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that;
and other precious, precious jewels. I would my
daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in
her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and
the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—
Why, so:—and I know not what’s* spent in the
search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone
with so much, and so much to find the thief; and
no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring
but what lights o’ my shoulders; no sighs but o’
my breathing: no tears but o’ my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio,
as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —had an argosy cast away, coming from
Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true?
is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that
escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news,
good news: ha! ha!—Where?† in Genoa?

(*) First folio, how much is. (†) Old copies, Hare.
Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

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

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise:(1) I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exit.]

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SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if* mine, then you And so, all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights;

(*) First folio, of.

Sc. 5:—

"Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."

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* They have o'erlook'd me.—] An allusion to witchery. To o'erlook, or forlook, or eye-bite, was to bewitch with the eyes. In this sense, o'erlooked is used by Giansini. Sadduismus Trium- phatus, p. 95: and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act V. 416
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.
Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Pon. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Pon. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Pon. Well, then, confess, and live.
Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my tormentor
DOTH teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Pon. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
to a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcest sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With beared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much—much more dismay
I view the flight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[Here Music.]

A song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
   Or in the heart, or in the head?
   How begot, how nourished?
   Reply, reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
   With gazling fed; and fancy dies
   In the cradle where it lies;
   Let us all ring fancy's knell;
   I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,*
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature.
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.(2)
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

(*) Old copies, voice.
(+) First folio, then thou.

-- the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth, &c.

I have always suspected an error of the press in this passage.
The printer appears to have caught the word beauty, of all the
most inapropriate here, from the beauteous of the preceding line
and permitted it to usurp the place of the original expression
but what that was must be left to the reader's sagacity to determine.
Mr. Collier's MS. corrector reads,—

"-- the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word," &c.

which the said —rector borrowed from Theobald.

*417
"T'ween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence, a
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Portia. What all the other passions fleece to air,
As, doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
Oh Love, be moderate, allay thy cesty, In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bassanio. What find I here? [Opening the leaden casket.]
Fair Portia's counterfeit? b What demi-god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips, Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men, Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,— How could he see to do them? having made one, Methinks it should have power to steal both his, And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far, The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow In underprizing it, so far this shadow Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll, The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view, Chance as fair, and choose as true! Since this fortune falls to you, Be content, and seek no more. If you be well pleas'd with this, And hold your fortune for your bliss, Turn you where your lady is, And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave; [Kissing her.]

I come by note, to give and to receive. Like one of two contending in a prize, That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes, Hearing applause and universal shout, Giddily in spirit, still gazing in a doubt Whether those peals of praise be his or no; So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true, Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

---

a Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence.—— The old copies read, paleness, for which Warburton substituted the word in the text. We admit his emendation, but demur to the reasoning by which he sought to establish it. The plainness which moves Bassanio more than eloquence is clearly not alone the unpretending appearance of the leaden casket, as Warburton seems to have thought, but the plain speaking of the inscription on it.—b Fair Portia's counterfeit! Counterfeit formerly signified portrait, a picture, or an image. Thus, in "The Wit of a Woman," 1664:—"I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's counterfeit."
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III.

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio? I know he will be glad of our success; We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SOLAN. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost! For. There are some shrewd contents in your same paper, That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek; Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world Could turn so much the constitution Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?— With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself, And I must freely have the half of anything That this same paper brings you.

BASS. O sweet Portia, Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady, When I did first impart my love to you, I freely told you, all the wealth I had Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman; And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady, Rating myself at nothing, you shall see, How much I was a braggart. When I told you My state was nothing, I should then have told you, That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed, I have engag'd myself to a dear friend, Engag'd my friend to his more enemy, To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady; The paper as the body of my friend, And every word in it a gaping wound, Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio? Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit? From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India? And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch Of merchant-marrying rocks?

SOLAN. Not one, my lord. Besides, it should appear, that if he had The present money to discharge the Jew, He would not take it. Never did I know A creature that did bear the shape of man, So keen and greedy to confound a man: He plies the duke at morning, and at night, And doth impeach the freedom of the state If they deny him justice: twenty merchants, The duke himself, and the magnificoes Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him; But none can drive him from the envious plea Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him swear To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen, That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,

—Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Solanio.

BASS. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither; If that the youth of my new interest here Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave, I bid my very friends and countrymen, Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord; They are entirely welcome.

LO. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord, My purpose was not to have seen you here; But meeting with Solanio by the way, He did entreat me, past all saying nay, To come with him along.

SOLAN. I did, my lord, And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio Commends him to you. [Gives BASSANIO a letter.

BASS. Ere I ope his letter, I pray you tell me how my good friend doth. SOLAN. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind; Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there Will show you his estate.

GRA. Nerissa, cheer you stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?

(*) First folio, rough.  (f) First folio, it is so, so &c

You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission; So all the old copies, Modern editors read, "You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission No more pertains," &c.
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in	trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats. (3)

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio’s fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia’s side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.]

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried,
My creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low,
My bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it,
It is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared
between you and I, if I might but* see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e’er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer ‘twixt us twain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy:
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

(*) First folio omits, but.
(1) First folio, lends.
Gaoler, look to him.

AA.  Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SS.  I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond;
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hast'd a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

AA.  I pray thee, hear me speak.

SS.  I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull—ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.  Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[Exit SHYLOCK.

SALAR.  It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept a man.

AA.  Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures,
Many that have at times made mean to me;
Therefore he hates me.

SALAR.  I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

AA.  The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice; if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.  Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow, to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Belmont.  A Room in Portia's House.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

LOR.  Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

PON.  I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord.  If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide.  I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

LOR.  Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

PON.  My people do already know my mind,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III.

And will acknowledge you and Jessica,
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased.

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exit Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavours of a man
In speed to Padua:* see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the transect,* to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; b then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?
Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!

[Scene V.—The same. A Garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is, but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?
Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed so, the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Seylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, (4) you mother: well, you are gone both ways.

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

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we wer Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: this making of Christian will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher of the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

[Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

* Unto the transect,—[Transect is probably a misprint for transect, from the Italian trascritte, a ferry, or ford, from shore to shore.
* I could not do withal.] That is, I could not help it. See Gifford's edition of "Ben Jonson," vol. III. p. 470, where the meaning of the phrase is fully illustrated.
* Therefore, I promise you I fear you.] That is, "I fear for you." So in Richard III. Act I. Sc. 1.:
Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning, which, go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming into dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit Launcelot.

[Scene V.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksey word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion:—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life; For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And, if on earth he do not mean it, then In reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife. Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that. Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner. Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

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

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

--- he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven?"

Mean what! The commentators afford us no assistance here, although the sense is more ambiguous than in many passages on which they have expended whole pages of comment. The allusion applies to the benefit that suffering in this life is a necessary preparation for happiness hereafter. Haply we should read:—

"And if on earth, he do not mean, it is
In reason he should never come to heaven."

The meaning of Jessica appears to be this:—It is meet Bassanio live virtuously; for, possessing, with such a wife, the joys of paradise, he could not plead suffering here as an atonement for his errors, and, in reason, therefore, would be excluded from heaven.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salario, Solanio, and others.

Duke. What is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer a stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard, Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose My patience to his fury; and am arm'd To suffer, with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court. Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty: And where\(^b\) thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back, Enough to press a royal merchant\(^1\) down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint.\(^a\) From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

---

\(^a\) Out of his envy's reach.—Env'ry is so commonly found in old writers in the sense of hatred or malice, that it would be supererogation to adduce examples.

\(^b\) And where—] Where for whereas.
Siry. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
O I have the due and forfeit of my bond:
You deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
Weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour. Is it answer'd?
That, if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
Or have it burn'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
One men there are love not a gaping pig; (2)
One, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings 't he nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Faster of passion, sways it * to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.* Now, for your
Answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he, cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woolen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, * being offended;
Or I can give no reason, nor will I not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
Bear Antonio, that I follow thus
Losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Siry. I am not bound to please thee with my
Answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Siry. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Siry. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting
Thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the
Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,

(*) First folio omits, it.

--- for affection.
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.---

Thomson's copy of this troublesome passage is exhibited thus—
And others, when the bag-pipe sings it, the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masters of passion sways it to the moode
Of what it likes or loathes.

The reading we select, which affords a good meaning with less
Violence to the original text than any other proposed, is first
Suggested by Dr. Thacker, and has been adopted by Mr. Singer
And Mr. Knight. Rowe and Pope read,—

"Masters of passion, sways it to the mood," &c.

Hawkes,—

"--- for affections.
Masters of passion sway it." &c

And bid the main flood bathe his usual height;
You may, as well use question with the wolf;
Why he hath made his ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain convenience,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Siry. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
None?
Siry. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a Purchas's slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in servile parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this
court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Solan. My lord, here stays without,
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters. Call the mes-

senger. $
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted weaver of the flock,
Meatest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, habited like a Clerk.

Duke. Came you, from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets
your grace. [Presents a letter.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd,
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infusc themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriah spirit
Governs a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, ster'd, and ravenous.
Siry. Till thou canst rail the sack from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To curseless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[ Clerk reads.

Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in that instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned over many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which bettered with his own learning (the greater whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with it, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his loss of years be no impediment to let him lack reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better establish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Iorbia, for Balthazar.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, yet do you not?
[To Antonio.

Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It dropeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throneed monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power

below the Duke's throne, rather than on the supposed floor of the court in front of the stage.

Ducange explains the term as follows: "Danger, quidquid juris stricto, atque adeo confiscationi obnoxium est."
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court* of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yca, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,

(*) First fol. sc., sc

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

POB. Why, this bond is forfeit; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off Nearest the merchant’s heart.—Be merciful; Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond. SIR. When it is paid according to the tenor. It doth appear you are a worthy judge; You know the law, your exposition Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law, Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear, There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me: I stay here on my bond. ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgment. POB. Why then, thus it is: You must prepare your bosom for his knife. SIR. O noble judge! O excellent young man! POB. For the intent and purpose of the law, Hath full relation to the penalty Which here appeareth due upon the bond;— SIR. ’Tis very true: O wise and upright judge! How much more elder art thou than thy looks! POB. Therefore, lay bare your bosom. SIR. Ay, his breast: So says the bond;—doth it not, noble judge?— Nearest his heart, those are the very words. POB. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh? SIR. I have them ready. POB. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge. To stop his wounds, lest he do* bleed to death. SIR. Is it so† nominated in the bond? POB. It is not so express’d, but what of that? ’Twere good you do so much for charity. SIR. I cannot find it; ’tis not in the bond. POB. Come,‡ merchant, have you anything to say? ANT. But little; I am arm’d, and well prepar’d.— Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you; For herein fortune shows herself more kind Than is her custom: it is still her use, To let the wretched man out-live his wealth, To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow, An age of poverty; from which lingering penance Of such misery doth she cut me off. Commend me to your honourable wife: Tell her the process of Antonio’s end, Say, how I lov’d you, speak me fair in death; And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge Whether Bassanio had not once a love. Repent not you that you shall lose your friend, And he repents not that he pays your debt; For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough, I’ll pay it instantly with all my heart. BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife, Which is as dear to me as life itself; But life itself, my wife, and all the world Are not with me esteem’d above thy life; I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all Here to this devil, to deliver you. POB. Your wife would give you little thanks for that, If she were by, to hear you make the offer. GRA. I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I would she were in heaven, so she could Entreat some power to change this currish Jew. NER. ’Tis well you offer it behind her back; The wish would make else an unquiet house. SIR. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter; Would any of the stock of Barrabas Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [Aside We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence. POB. A pound of that same merchant’s flesh thing; The court awards it, and the law doth give it. SIR. Most rightful judge! POB. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast; The law allows it, and the court awards it. SIR. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come prepare. POB. Tarry a little;—there is something else.— This bond doth give thee no jot of blood; The words expressly are, a pound of flesh: Take then* thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate Unto the state of Venice. GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew; —O learned judge! SIR. Is that the law? POB. Thyself shall see the act For, as thou urggest justice, be assur’d Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest. GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew; —O learned judge! SIR. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thricely And let the Christian go. BASS. Here is the money. POB. Soft;— The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste; He shall have nothing but the penalty. GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge! POB. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more, (*) First folio, Then take.
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but* so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.(3)  
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.  
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfei-  
ture.  
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.  
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.  
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.  
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.  
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?  
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken† at thy peril, Jew.  
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.  
Por. Tarry, Jew;  
The law hath yet another hold on you.

(*) First folio omits, but.  
(†) First folio, taken so.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state;* not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I can content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,(4) to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—that for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

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

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, shalt thou have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more.\(^b\)

To bring thee to the gallows, not the\(^f\) font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.\(^e\)
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exit Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.

---

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope\(^4\) your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary,
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir?—alas it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scape serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,

---

\(^*\) First folio, thou shalt. (1) First folio, not to the. (2) First folio, with me home.

\(^a\) Ay, for the state.] "That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's."—MALONE.

\(^b\) Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more.—] Meaning a jury of twelve men, to condemn him. This, as Malone remarks, was an old joke. In "A Dialogue both pleasant and pietiesfull," &c., by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, one of the speakers says:—"I did see him sake blessing to XII. godfathers at once."—Yor grace of pardon.] See note (a), p. 361.

\(^4\) We freely cope your courteous pains withal. To cope seems to be used here in the sense of encounter or meet, and not in that of exchange.
ACT IV.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[Scene II.]

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him; Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st, Unto Antonio's house:—away! make haste.

[Exit Gratiano.

Come, you and I will thither presently; And in the morning early will we both Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed, And let him sign it; we'll away to-night, And be a day before our husbands home. This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,* Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be: His ring I do accept most thankfully, And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore, I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house. Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:— I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

[Aside to Portia.

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old b swearing, That they did give the rings away to men; But we'll outface them, and outswear them too. Away! make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [Exeunt.

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* Upon more advice.—] After more consideration.

b We shall have old swearing.—] "Of this common augmentative in colloquial language there are various instances in our author. Thus, in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor':—'Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English. Again, in 'King Henry IV.' (Part II. Act II. Sc. 4): '—here will be old uts.'—Steevens.
Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Jason.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night.

Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night.
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT V.

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!*
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo,
And mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.
Laun. Sola! Where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master,
With his horn full of good news; my master
Will be here ere morning. [Exit.
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming;
And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I* pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.

Low sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
It, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Thick inlaid with patines* of bright gold:
Here's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
Ut in his motion like an angel sings,
Till quiring to the young-eyed cherubins: b
Such harmony in immortal souls;
Ut, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Oth grossly close it in;‡ we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

One, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
'Th sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [Music.
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

(*) First folio omits, I., and for Stephano, reads, Stephen.
(1) First folio, patines.
(2) First folio, in it.

Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!] Launcelot is imitating the
m of the courier, or "post," as he was called, who always wore
appendage suspended from his neck. Thus, in "The Un-
seeling of The Humorous Poet":—
"The King will hong a horn about thy neck,
And make a Post of thee."
also, in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," Act II. Sc. 2:—
"Enter Truwlit with his horn.
Had no other way to get in but by feigning to be a post.
Cherubins: This, and not cherubins. (or, properly, cherubim.)
‡ the frequent orthography in Shakespeare's time.

For do but note a wild and wanting herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, [loud,
Fetched mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
[flods;
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
Since sought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the * time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

Por. That light which we see is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect; e
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion, a
And would not be awak'd! [Music ceases.

(*) First folio omits, the.

a Nothing is good, I see, without respect.] By respect, in this
place, is meant, regard, attention, consideration. When the mind
is pre-engaged, it is influenced but little by the beautiful in nature
or art:—
"The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended."—

b Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,—] All the old
copies read,—
"Peace! how the moon sleeps," &c.

The emendation is Malone's; and, after the examples of this ex-
clamation which he has cited from other plays, can hardly be
disputed.

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Lor. That is the voice, 
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows 
The cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' 
welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words. 
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before, 
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take 
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his 
trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight 
sick.
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their 
Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes, 
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be 
light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my 
lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to 
your 
friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound 
to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words, 
Therefore, I sent this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [To Nerissa.] By yonder moon, I swear 
you do me wrong

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho! already! what's this 
matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring 
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not! 
Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the valu-
You swear to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your* hour of death:
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oath
You should have been respective, and have kept:
Gave it a judge's clerk!—no, God's my judge:
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face till he
had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed* boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
[Por. You were to blame, I must be plain 
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratia
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grie
An't were to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand 
off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [As 
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd it
And neither man, nor master, would take anu
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of tr

(♦) First folio, the.  (♦) Old text, so riveted.
* And leave me not, And give me not. So in "The 
Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV. Sc. 4:—
"It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token."
* A little scrubbed boy,—] That is, a stunted or scrubbed b

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A trumpet—A trumpet meant a flourish on a trumpet, perhaps 
from the Italian toccata, or the Spanish locar: locar trumpeta, 
to sound a trumpet.
[k I hear his trumpet:] In the time of Shakespeare it was cus-
tomary for persons of distinction, when visiting, to be accompanied 
by a trumpeter, who announced their approach by a flourish on 
his instrument. To this practice we often find allusions in con-
temporary writers.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Nor I in yours,
I'll again see mine.

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain * the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what I believe;
I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor, (3)
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, * by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
'No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it,
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that + doctor for my bedfellow.

And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Well, do you so: let not me take him then,

---

(*) First folio, And.
(t) First folio, too.

* Contain the ring.—Hold or retain the ring.

b For his wealth: That is, for his wealth, advantages, prosperity.

' Wealth.' Johnson says, ' was, at that time, the term opposite to

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's sport.

ANT. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

POR. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth; b
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

POR. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANT. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

POR. I had it of him: pardon me; + Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it?

POR. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chance'd on this letter.

ANT. I am dumb.

(•) First folio, folio.
(1) First folio omits, me.
adversity, or calamity.' Thus, in the "Litanie:"—
"In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth."

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ACT V. J.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow; When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living; For here I read for certain, that my ships Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo? My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift, After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning, And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied Of these events at full. Let us go in; And charge us there upon inter'gatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory, That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is, Whether till the next night she had rather stay, Or go to bed now, being two hours to day: But were the day come, I should wish it dark, That* I were couching with the doctor's clerk. Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.

(*) First folio, Till.

* Life, and living;) Living signified riches, resources, &c. See Note (d), p. 203.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, I shot his fellow of the self-same flight, The self-same way, with more advised watch, To find the other forth; and by adventuring both I oft found both.

This expedition for discovering a stray shaft is probably as old as archery. It was prescribed by P. Crescentius in his "Præstio de Agricultura," lib. x. cap. xvii., and was the ordinary practice among archers of the Elizabethan age. Thus in Decker's "Villanies discovered by Lantherne and Candlelight": "And yet I have seen a squire in Prison weep when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his own purse to free him: he shot a second arrow to find the first." 4to. 1613. Again, in Rowel's Letters ("Epistola Ho-Eliana"): "I sent you one of the 3d current, but it was not answered: I sent another of the 13th, like a second arrow to find out the first, but I know not what's become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my Quiver." Letter XV., 19 July, 1626. And in Taylor the Water Poet's "Kicksey Wincey, or, a Ferry Come Twang," folio 1630, p. 41:—

"I, like a boy that shooting with a bow Hath lost his shaft where weeds and bushes growe: Who searcheth'd, and rakk'd, and scrape'd, and tossed, To find his arrow that he late hath lost; At last a crotchet comes into his braine To stand at his first shooting place againe: Then shoots and lets another arrow flye. Neere as he thinkes his other shaft may lyse: Thus veniring, he perhaps findes both or one, The worst is, if he loose both, he findes none." (2) Scene II.—The county Palatinate.] It is possible that Shakespeare, with his fondness of allusion to contemporary events and characters, referred here to an individual whose career would be familiar enough to the public of that period—the Polish Palatine of Sireadz, Albert Lezki, a nobleman of immense possessions, who visited England in 1583, and was received by Queen Elizabeth with unusual distinction. The prodigality of this Polonian is said to have been so extraordinary, that in a few years he dissipated the greater part of his enormous fortune, and was fain to become the disciple of the notorious alchemists, Dee and Kelly, in the hope of discovering the philosopher's stone. In company with these men and their families, he returned to his palace near Cracow, and there began operations for transmuting iron into gold. In these processes, the alchemists came in contact with the infatuated Count were in a short time swallowed up; and it was not until ruin stared him in the face, that the credulous dupe awoke from his delusions, and dismissed the charlatans in time to save himself from utter beggary.

(3) Scene III.—Shakespeare.] This name, it has been thought, was derived from the Jewish appellation Seclades, borne in the poet's day by a Maronite of Mount Libanus. It may, however, have been an Italian name, Seclodes, the change of which into Siglock was natural. At all events, it was a name current among the Jews, for, at the end of an extremely rare tract, called "A Jewes Prophesy, or Neves from Rome of two mightie Armies as well footmen as horsemen," 1607, is a piece entitled, "Caleb Shilock his prophesie for the yeere 1607," which begins as follows:—

"Be it knowne unto all men, that in the yeare 1607, when as the moone is in the watrye signe, the world is like to bee in great danger; for a learned Jew named Caleb Shilock doth write that, in the foresaid yeere, the sun shall be covered with the dragon in the morning, from five of the clockes untill nine, and will appear like fire; therefore it is not good that any man do behold the same, for by beholding thereof, hee may lose his sight." Although pretending to be a prophecy for the year 1607, this edition was a reprint of a much older copy, the date of the predicted event being altered, to give interest to the publication.

(4) Scene III.—If I can catch him once upon the hip.] That is, at advantage. The phrase is taken from wrestling, and in its metaphorical sense is frequently found in the old authors. Thus Sir John Harington, in his Translation of Orlando Furioso, Booko XLVI., Stanza 117:—

"Full oft the valiant knight his hold doth shift, And with much prettie sleight the same doth slippe; In fine he doth apple one special drift, Which was to get the Pasgon on the hippe; And having caught him right, he doth him lift, By nimbile sleight, and in such wise doth trippre; That downe he threw him, and his fall was such, His head-piece was the first that ground did touch." And in Bishop Andrews's "Sermon preached before the King's Majesty at Whitehall, 1617": "If he have us at the advantage, on the hip we say, it is no greater matter then to service at our hands." For additional examples of the use of this phrase, see "Notes and Queries," Vol. VII., p. 575, and Mrs. Dyce's "Remarks on Knight's and Collier's Shakespeare." (5) Scene III.—In the Rialto.] There were in ancient Venice three distinct places properly called Rialto; namely, the island on the farther side of the Grand Canal; the Exchange erected on that island; and the Ponte di Rialto, which connected the island with St. Mark's Quarter. The first of these places, according to Duran, received the name of Rialto, on account of its convenience to fishermen, its height, its contiguity to the sea, and its situation in the centre of a basin. If this conjecture be accurate, the original name was perhaps Riva Alta, a high bank-shore, or Rilevato, an elevated margin; since the island was the highest, and probably the oldest, of those in the lagune to which the Veneti fled. Early in the fifth century the church of San Jacopo was erected on this spot, near the fish-market; and adjoining to it were built the Fabbriche, a series of edifices connected by arcades, employed as warehouses and custom-houses; in the open space opposite to which was held the Exchange. Sabellius, who wrote on Venetian history in the seventeenth century, states that this "most noble piazza" was crowded from morning to night. The part where the merchants transacted the most weighty and important affairs was near the double portal at the end of the piazza, opposite San Jacopo's church, where the Banco Giro was established. The following is Coryat's description of the Rialto, or
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Explain that the Jews dwelt together, which is called the Ghetto, being an island; for it is inclosed round about with water. It is thought there are of them in all five and six thousand. They are distinguished and discerned from the Christians by their habits on their heads; for some of them do wear hats and those red, only those Jews that are born in the Western parts of the world, as in Italy, &c., but the easterner Jews, being otherwise called the Levantine Jews which are born in Hierusalem, Alexandria, Constantinople, &c., were otherwise called the Levantine Jews. These Jews were white, the Jews yellow. By that word turbent I understand a ruffle of fine linen wrapped together upon their heads, which serve them instead of hats, whereas many have bin often worsne by the Turkes in London."—Coryat's Crudities (ed. 1611, p. 130). As Shylock was a Levantine Jew, he should be represented with a yellow turban or bonnet.

ACT II.

(1) Scene I.—Lead me to the caskets.]—The incident of the caskets is generally believed to have been derived, directly or remotely, from a story in the Latin "Gesta Romanorum," which relates that a certain king of Apulia sent his daughter to be married to the son of the emperor, and that the ship in which she sailed was wrecked, and all on board lost except the princess. After undergoing some incredible adventures, the ladies reaches the place of destination, her husband and father-in-law having passed an edict to mortify the Jews—many of whom quitted their territory to avoid its infliction—that no Israelite should appear upon the Rialto without the emblem of the cotes above specified. The distinguishing peculiarity in the costume of the Jews, as we learn from Coryat, was the colour of their head gear; those born in the western part of the world being compelled to wear red hats, and those in the east yellow turbans, or bonnets:—"I was at the place where the whole fraternity of the Jews dwelt together, which is called the Ghetto, being an island; for it is inclosed round about with water. It is thought there are of them in all five and six thousand. They are distinguished and discerned from the Christians by their habits on their heads; for some of them do wear hats and those red, only those Jews that are born in the Western parts of the world, as in Italy, &c., but the easterner Jews, being otherwise called the Levantine Jews which are born in Hierusalem, Alexandria, Constantinople, &c., were otherwise called the Levantine Jews. These Jews were white, the Jews yellow. By that word turbent I understand a ruffle of fine linen wrapped together upon their heads, which serve them instead of hats, whereas many have bin often worsne by the Turkes in London."—Coryat's Crudities (ed. 1611, p. 130). As Shylock was a Levantine Jew, he should be represented with a yellow turban or bonnet.

(2) Scene II.—Here's a simple line of life.]—Chironomically, the linea vita, or line of life, is the indentation which runs round the root of the thumb, dividing it from the palm of the hand. In an ancient MS. possessed by...
Mr. Halliwell, we are told, "Hit ys to know yt the lyne of the lyf streche to the wryst, and that it be of good colour sufficiently, it is a signe of long lyf. Yf yt be short, yt ys a signe of short lyf." If this authority be correct, we were not strictly so in stating that the table signified the pairs of the hand (see Note (*), p. 404.)

"The lyne that begynnyth under the litlle fynger and strecheth toward the rote of the fynger next the thombe, ys cleped mensalis that is, the table." But another writer on palmistry says, "The space between the natural line and the line of fortune is called menes, the table."—Samsott’s Topography, 1675.

The table line, or line of fortune, then, is the line running from the fore-finger below the other three fingers to the side of the hand. The natural line is the line which curves in a different direction, through the middle of the palm; and the line of life, as before mentioned, is the circular line surrounding the ball of the thumb. The space between the two former lines being technically known as the table.

(3) Scene II.—

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen.

The practice of wearing the hat at meals, and especially at ceremonial feasts, was probably derived from the age of chivalry. In the present day, at the installation banquet of the Knights of the Garter, all the Knights Companions wear their hats and plumes. It appears to have been usual formerly for all persons above the rank of attendants to keep on their hats at the dinner-table. Lilly, in his Autobiography, gives an edifying account of his wooing his widowed mistress, who finally signified her acceptance of his suit by making him sit down with her to dinner with his hat on. And the custom may be inferred from the following:—"Roger the Canterburian, that cannot say Grace for his meat with a love-crowned hat before his face; or the character of a prelatical man affecting great heights. Newly written by G. T. Lond. sm. 4to." As also, from the Recipe for Dressing a Knuckle of Veal, sent by Dr. Delany to Swift:

"Then skimming the fat off.
Say Grace with your hat off."

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

(4) Scene VIII.—That’s a gondola.] A good account of the gondola, as it was in Shakespeare’s time, is found in Corryat’s “Crudities,” ed. 1611, pp. 170, 171. “The channels which are called in Latin euriopi, or ostariae, that is, Venice’s little little arms of the sea, because they ebb and flow every six hours, are very singular ornaments to the citie, through the which they runne even as the veynes doe through the body of a man, and doe disgorge into the Canal il grande, which is the common receptacle of them all. They impart two principal commodities to the citie, the one that it carryeth away all the garbage and filthiness that falleth into them from the citie, which by means of the ebbing and flowing of the water, is the sooner conveyed out of the channels, though indescribably so well, but that the people doe efsosones aside their own industry to cleanse and purpe them; the other that they serve the Venetians in stead of streets to passe with farre more expedition on the same, then they can do on their land streets, and that by certaine little boats, which they call gondolas, the fayrest that ever I saw in any place. For none of them are open above, but fairely covered, first with some fifteen or sixtene little round pieces of timber that reach from one end to the other, and make a pretty kind of arch or vault in the gondola; then with faire black cloth which is turned up at both ends of the boate, to the end that if the passenger meaneth to be private, he may draw downe the same, and after row so secretly that no man can see him: in the inside the benches are finely covered with blacke leather, and the bottomes of many of them, together with the sides under the benches, are very neatly garnished with fine linnen cloth, the edge whereof is laced with bonelace: the ends are beautified with two pretty and ingenous devices. For each end hath a crooked thing made in the forme of a dolphin’s tyle, with the fins very artificially represented, and it seemeth to be tinned over. The watermen that row these never sit as ours doe in London, but alwayes stand, and that at the further end of the gondola, sometimes one, but most commonly two; and in my opinion they are altogether as swift as our rowers about London. Of these gondolas they saie there are ten thousand about the citie, whereof sixe thousand are private, serving for the gentlemen and others; and foure thousand for mercenary men, which get their living by the trade of rowing.”

ACT III.

(1) Scene I.—It was my turquoise.] The turquoise was esteemed precious of old, not alone from its rarity and beauty, but on account of the imaginary properties attributed to it. Among other virtues, it was supposed to have the power to quell enmity, and reconcile man and wife; and to possess the inestimable quality of forewarning its wearer, if any evil approached him;—the turkesse doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it.”—Fenton’s Certain Secrets Wonders of Nature, 1569. "Turcoius," says Swan, 1685, "is a compassionate stone: if the wearer of it be not well, it changeth colour, and savoureth of all ill; but herewithth to his perfecnesse, as the wearer recovereth to his health."

(2) Scene II.—The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.] The fashion of wearing false hair seems to have been epi- demic at the time the "as you are" is, in the sixteenth century, and to have exposed them to unceasing raillery and sarcasm from contemporary pens. The crabbed Stubbes avers that it was the practice to decy children who had beautiful hair to some secluded spot and there despoil them of their envied locks. Even the dead, as Shakespeare tells us here and elsewhere, were pillaged, to satisfy the demand occasioned by this morbid vanity:—

"The golden treass of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on accord head!"

Sonnet 68.

"The hair thus obtained," says Drake, "was often dyed of a sandy colour, in compliment to the Queen, whose locks were of that tint; and these false ornaments, as 'Thatchers,' as Timon termst them, were called periwigs." (See note (3), p. 44.)

(3) Scene II.—For me, three thousand ducats.] In Venice there were two sorts of ducats: one, the ducat de Banco, worth 4s. 4d.; the other, of St. Mark, valued at about 2s. 10d. The ducat took its name, according to some, from the legend on it:—

"Sit tibi, Christi, datus quem tu regis, iste Ducatus."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

(4) Scene V. — Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.] The famous old proverbial line,

“Incidents in Scylla, cupiens vitare Charybdin,”
is said to have originally appeared in the Latin poem, "Alexanderis sive Gestis Alexandri Magni," by Philip Guatllier; there applied to Darius, who, escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Beesus. The proverb itself, however, has been pointed out in a much older writer, St. Augustine, in Joan. Evang., Tract. xxxvi. § 9: "Ne iterum quasi fugiens Charybdum, in Scyllam incurias." Again: "—A Charybdi quidem evasisti, sed in Scyliis scopulatis marnas digna. In these two perioculums latus evita." It was common in Italian literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth century; and Mr. Halliwell quotes an old Somersetshire saying to a similar effect,—

"He got out of the mussy and fell into the pucky."

ACT IV.

(1) Scene I.—A royal merchant.] This epithet is strictly appropriate, a royal merchant being one who transacted the commercial business of a sovereign. Thus King John calls Brand de Doway, "homo noster et dominicus mercator noster;" and on the same account, the famous Gresham was ordinarily dignified with the title of the royal merchant. About the period when Shakespeare wrote this play, there was at Plereno a celebrated merchant called Antonio, of whom it was said that he had at one time two kingdoms mortgaged to him by the King of Spain. (See Hunter’s "New Illustrations of Shakespeare.”)

(2) Scene I.—Some men there are love not a gaping pig.] By a gaping pig Shakespeare may have meant a pig roasted for the table. Thus, in Nashe’s "Pierce Pennesse his Supplication to the Devil": "—"The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man’s life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table." So, in Fletcher’s play of "The Elder Brother," Act II. Sc. 2:—"And they stand gaping like a roasted pig." Again, in Webster’s "Dutchess of Malfi," Act III. Sc. 2, 1623:—"He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping; I thought your grace would find him a Jew." In the "Newe Metamorphosis," a poem quoted by Mr. Halliwell, and written in the seventeenth century, there are some singular instances of antipathy:—

"I knewe the like by one that would endure
To see a goose come to the table sure;
Some cannot brooke to see a custard there;
Some of a chees doe ever stand in feare;
And I knowe one, if she tobacco see,
Or smels the same, she swoones immediately:
The like of roses I have heard some tell,
Touch but the skin and presently ‘twill swell,
And groves to blisters: the reason it is this,
‘Twixt them and these there’s such antithesis."

(3) Scene I.—Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.] In the conduct of this part of Antonio’s trial, we have a curious picture of Italian manners in the sixteenth century; one which shows that the most esteemed forensic talent of the period, consisted less in sound legal knowledge, than in the subtle acumen which could discover a flaw in an indictment, or detect an unsuspected omission in a bond. Portia here brings forth at last the most fatal charge against Shylock, that namely by which he had already forfeited both property and life, after the validity of the bond had been overthrown and the cause actually gained, by insisting on the fulfilment of overlooked impossibilities. Firstly, she urges,

"This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood."

And then,

"—In the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate." Finally, she requires the plaintiff to cut off at once the precise weight, not the twentieth part of a scruple more or less than an exact pound. After all these objections had been urged and admitted, she adduces the Venetian law which made the whole transaction a criminal offence involving the penalty of forfeiture and death. In these two distinct parts of the pleading, we may fancy we can perceive the operations of two different minds; Doctor Bellario, of Padua, and Portia, of Belmont. To the former may be attributed the sound and irresistible legal attack upon his own personal bond; as is expressed in his letter to the court,—"We turned o’er many books together; he is furnish’d with my opinion." But it seems also as if the female wit of Portia may be traced in the ingenious perception of the less criminal objections which first gained the cause; and that the old advocate covertly alludes to it in the words, ‘better’d with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend)."

There is, in Mr. Rogers’ volume of Italy, a charming old Italian story, entitled "The Bag of Gold," which had been related to the author by a retired cardinal, and which, as he says, bears some resemblance to the tale of "The Merchant of Venice." It is altogether too long to be extracted entire, and the reader will probably thank us for sending him to the book; but as it especially illustrates the ancient Italian practice of gaining a cause by ingenious sophistry, we shall abstract the narrative and give the conclusion.

Three of the half-robers soldiers of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, desired to leave a stolen bag of gold with the hostess of a small inn called the White Cross, on the road to Bologna. They drew up an acknowledgment for it, which she signed, undertaking to deliver it when applied for, but to be delivered to no one but to one, not to two, but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other." After they had gone, one of them, who seemed to be a Venetian, returned, and requested to be allowed to set his seal on the bag as the others had done. She placed it before him for the purpose, but being at the same moment called away to receive a guest, when she came back the soldier and the money were gone. The other two robbers soon after claimed the gold; and as it was not forthcoming, they commenced a process against the hostess on her written acknowledgment. In great distress, she sent her daughter to several advocates to defend her; but some of them demanded too large a fee, others were already retained against her; all considered the case to be hopeless, and the trial was to come on the next day.

It happened that the hostess’s daughter had a lover, Lorenzo Martelli, who was a law-student of great promise and already at the bar, though he had never spoken; and he volunteered his hearty support. The trial came on, the claim was proved,—there was no defence made by the defendant, and the judges were about to give sentence, when Lorenzo rose and addressed the court. "Much has been said," he pleaded, "on the sacred nature of the obligation, and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered?"
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

What says the bond? Not to one, not to two, but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it." From that
day,—for who can doubt the issue?—none were sought,
one employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo.

(4) SCENE I. 

The other half in use.] 

"That is, in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose
of securing it at his death to Lorenzo. Some
critics explain is use, upon interest,—a sense which the
phrase certainly sometimes bore; but that interpretation
is altogether inconsistent, in the present passage, with the
generosity of Antonio's character. In conveyances of land,
where it is intended to give the estate to any person after
the death of another, it is necessary that a third person
should be possessed of the estate, and the use be declared
to the one after the death of the other, or the estate to the
future possessor would be rendered insecure. This is
called a conveyance to use, and the party is said to be
possessed, or rather seized to the use of such an one, or to
the use to which he renews, or conveys the land to such one,
which is expressed in law French by the terms seisin al
use, and in Latin, seisius in usu alcinens, viz., A B, or
C D. This latter phrase Shakespeare has rendered with all
the strictness of a technical conveyancer, and has made
Antonio desire to have one-half of Shylock's goods in use,—
to render it upon his, Shylock's, death to Lorenzo."—

ANON.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—A Grove before Portia's house.] "The
poet's pen has nowhere given more striking proof of its
power than in the scene of the garden of Belmont. We
had ourselves transported into the grounds of an Italian
palazzo of the very first class, and we soon perceive them
to be of surpassing beauty and almost boundless extent. It
is not a garden of parterres and flowers, but more like
Milan's 'Paradiso,' full of tall shrubs and lofty trees—
the tulip-tree, the poplar, and the cedar. But it is not,
like Milton's, a garden in which the hand of Nature is
alone visible. There are terraces and flights of steps, cas-
sades and fountains, broad walks, avenues and risings,
with alcoves and banqueting-houses in the rich archi-

Ecclcssiastical Polity, Book 5.

(3) SCENE I.—No woman had it, but a civil doctor.] In
the Pecoreno of Ser Giovanni, with which there can be little
reason to doubt Shakespeare was in some way acquainted,
this pleasant little incident about the ring forms a part of
the story. The tale is much too long to be given in full,
but the following analysis of it, extracted from Dunlop's
"History of Fiction," preserves enough of the original
story to show that it was closely connected with the bond in
"The Merchant of Venice." A young man, named Gian-
etto, is adopted by Ansaldo, a rich Venetian merchant.
He obtains permission to go to Alexandria, and sets sail in
a ship richly laden. On his voyage he enters the port of
Belmont, where a lady of great wealth resided, and who
announced herself as the prize of any person who could
enjoy her. Giannetto is entertained in her palace, and
having partaken of wine purposely mixed with soporic
ingredients, he falls asleep on going to bed, and his vessel
is confiscated next morning, according to the stipulated
conditions. He returns to Venice, sells out a vessel richly
loaded, for Belmont, and acts in a similar manner. The
third time, Ansaldo is forced to borrow ten thousand ducats
from a Jew, on condition of his creditor being allowed to
take a pound of flesh from his body if he did not pay by
a certain time. Giannetto's expedition is now more
fortunate. He obtains the lady in marriage, by refraining
from the wine, according to a hint he received from a wait-
ing maid. Occupied with his bride, he forgets the bond or
Ansaldo till the day it is due: he then hastens to Venice,
but as the time had elapsed the Jew refuses to accept ten
times the money. At this crisis the new-married lady
arrives disguised as a lawyer, and announces, as was the
custom in Italy, that she had come to decide difficult
cases: for in that age, delicate points were not determined
by the ordinary judges of the provinces, but by doctors of
law who were called from Bologna, and other places at a
distance. The pretended lawyer being consulted on the
claim of the Jew, decides that he is entitled to insist on
the pound of flesh, but that he should be beheaded if he
drew one drop of blood from his debtor. The judge then
takes from Giannetto his marriage-ring as a fee, and after-
wards banters him in her own character for having parted
with it.
"The 'Merchant of Venice' is one of Shakspeare's most perfect works: popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage, and, at the same time, a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock, the Jew, is one of the inimitable master-pieces of characterization which are to be found only in Shakspeare. It is easy for both poet and player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is everything but a common Jew: he possesses a strongly-marked and original individuality, and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in everything he says or does. We almost fancy we can hear a light whisper of the Jewish accent even in the written words, such as we sometimes still find in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil moments, all that is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceptible; but in passion the national stamp comes out more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express. Shylock is a man of information, in his own way, even a thinker, only he has not discovered the region where human feelings dwell; his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire to avenge the wrongs and indignities heaped upon his nation is, after avarice, his strongest spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments: a disinterested love of our neighbour seems to him the most unremitting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which, from the mouth of Portia, speaks to him with heavenly eloquence: he insists on rigid and inflexible justice, and at last it recoils on his own head. Thus he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation. The melancholy and self-sacrificing magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a princely merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock was necessary to redeem the honour of human nature. The danger which almost to the close of the fourth act hangs over Antonio, and which the imagination is almost afraid to approach, would fill the mind with too painful anxiety, if the poet did not also provide for its recreation and diversion. This is effected in an especial manner by the scenes at Portia's country-seat, which transport the spectator into quite another world. And yet they are closely connected with the main business by the chain of cause and effect: Bassanio's preparations for his courtship are the cause of Antonio's subscribing the dangerous bond; and Portia again, by the counsel and advice of her uncle, a famous lawyer, effects the safety of her lover's friend. But the relations of the dramatic composition are the while admirably observed in yet another respect. The trial between Shylock and Antonio is indeed recorded as being a real event; still, for all that, it must ever remain an unheard-of and singular case. Shakspeare has therefore associated it with a love intrigue not less extraordinary: the one consequently is rendered natural and probable by means of the other. A rich, beautiful, and clever heiress, who can only be won by the solving the riddle—the locked caskets—the foreign princes, who come to try the venture—all this powerfully excites the imagination with the splendour of an olden tale of marvels. The two scenes in which, first the Prince of Morocco, in the language of Eastern hyperbole, and then the self-conceited Prince of Arragon, make their choice among the caskets, serve merely to raise our curiosity, and give employment to our wits; but on the third, where the two lovers stand trembling before the inevitable choice, which in one moment must unite or separate them for ever, Shakspeare has lavished all the charms of feeling—all the magic of poesy. We share in the rapture of Portia and Bassanio at the fortunate choice: we easily conceive why they are so fond of each other, for they are both most deserving of love. The judgment scene, with which the fourth act is occupied, is in itself a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and, according to the common ideas of theatrical satisfaction, the curtain ought to drop. But the poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which Antonio's acquittal, effected with so much difficulty, and contrary to all expectation, and the condemnation of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind them; he has therefore added the fifth act by way of a musical afterlude in the piece itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakspeare has contrived to throw a veil of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly-married husbands, supply him with the necessary materials. The scene opens with the playful prattle of two lovers in a summer evening; it is followed by soft music, and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposor of the human mind and the world; the principal characters then make their appearance, and, after a simulated quarrel, which is gracefully maintained, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth."—Schleier.
Act II. Sc. 1.
Shakespeare's "King Richard II." was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 29, 1597, by Andrew Wise, who published the first edition that year under the title of "The tragedie of King Richard the Second. As it hath beene publikey acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, London, Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." This is much the most accurate copy of the play extant. Three other quarto editions were published before the first folio, one in 1598, another in 1608, "with new additions of the Parliament sceneane, and the Deposing of King Richard," and the last in 1615; each of which bears the author's name, "William Shake-speare," on the title-page; that of 1615 being apparently the copy followed in the folio, 1623. There can now be scarcely a doubt that there was an older Richard II. than Shakespeare's, and one that kept its place as an acting drama, even at the Globe theatre, long after his had been played and printed. In a passage of Camden's Annals, it is related that Sir Gillie Merrick, who was concerned in the desperate insurrection of the Earl of Essex, was accused, among other charges, of having caused to be acted, by money in a public theatre, the obsolete tragedy (exoletum tragediam) of the abdication of Richard the Second. This transaction is related more circumstantially in the official declarations, where it is stated that, "The Afternoon before the Rebellion, Merrick with a great company of others, who were all afterwards in the action, had procured to be play'd before them the Play of deposing King Richard the Second; neither was it casual, but a play bespoke by Merrick; and when it was told him by one of the Players, that the Play was old, and they should have Loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there were forty Shillings extraordinary given for it, and so it was play'd." The deposition of Richard II. appears to have been a subject upon which Elizabeth was peculiarly sensitive. It was probably on this account, that the Parliament scene in Shakespeare's play, containing the actual deposition of the King, was not inserted in the quartos until after her death. In 1599, Sir John Haywarde was severely censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison, for his History of the First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV., which contained the deposition of Richard II.

The revival of an old play on this prohibited topic must therefore have been highly offensive to the Queen: it certainly made a deep impression upon her; for, in a conversation with the accomplished William Lambard, twelve months afterwards, on the occasion of his presenting her with his pamflet of her Rolls in the Tower, when, looking through the records, she came to the reign of Richard II., she remarked:—"I am Richard II., know ye not that?" Lambard replied, in allusion to the Essex attempt, "Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gent, the most adorned creature that ever your Majesty made:" to this her Majesty rejoined: "He that will forget God, will also forget his benefactors: this tragedy was played 40th times in open streets and houses."

That the drama in question was not Shakespeare's Richard II., is tolerably evident, from its being described as an obsolete play; but a discovery made by Mr. Collier places this fact beyond controversy. In a MS. diary kept by the notorious Dr. Simon Forman, and preserved in the Bodleian Library, Mr. Collier has found an entry under the date, Thursday, April 30, 1611, wherein Forman records his having been present at the Globe theatre, and witnessed the play of Richard II., some incidents in which he notes for his future guidance:—"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being polite nor suspecting anything, was suddenly, at Smithfield Bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London, and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, of the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe. Also remember how the Duke of
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Glocester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the king in his humour about the Duke of Erland and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men; and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came by night to betray him, with three hundred men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after, was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle. Remember also, when the Duke (i.e. of Gloucester,) and Arundel, came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well if they would discharge their army, upon whose promises and fair speeches, they did it; and after, the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word.

"Remember therein, also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the King, and like him and his government: by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke. Remember also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be a king, and he told him No, but his son should be a king; and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not abraid abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas's kiss to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy goodwill."

This play, then, it is clear, embraced the earlier portion of Richard's reign, and may have contained its close, and have been the one which the partizans of Essex contrived to get acted. Shakespeare's tragedy, on the contrary, comprises little more than the last two years of the reign of Richard II., and the facts appear to have been dramatized exclusively from Holinshed, some of the speeches being copied with scarcely any alteration from that old chronicler. Of the date of its composition we have no reliable evidence; Malone fixes it in 1593, Chalmers and Drake in 1596.

Persons Represented.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York.) Uncle to
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. (the King.
Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Here-
ford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards
King Henry the Fourth.
Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Berwick.
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, his Son.
Lord Ross.†
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.

Lord Marshal; and other Lords.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Sir Stephen Scoop.
Bushy.
Bagot, creatures to King Richard.
Green,
Captain of a band of Welshmen.
Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper
Messengers, Groom, and other attendants.

Scene,—Dispersedly in England and Wales.

* Aumerle, or Aumale, is the French for what we term Albemarle, a town in Normandy.
† Now spelt Ross.
ACT I.


Enter King Richard, attended; John of Gaunt, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster, \(^1\)

Last thou, according to thy oath and band,  

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Brought hither Henry Hereford, \(^a\) thy bold son;  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,

\(^a\) Hereford,— This name is usually spelt Herford in the old copies, and must be pronounced as a disyllable.

G G
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT I.]  
THE SECOND.

[SCENE I.  

Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded
him, If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT. As near as I could sift him on that
argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face
to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak: —

[Exeunt some Attendants.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke * and
Norfolk.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flat-
ers us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come; ¹
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason,—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my
speech!) In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my
zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled * down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable* ³

Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,
Disclaiming here thekindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except: ²
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength.
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke; ³ or thou canst worse devise
Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
charge?

It must be great, that can inherit* us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall
prove it true:—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings, for your highness' soldiers;

* Bolingbroke.—] Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Hereford, eldest
son of John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, was surnamed
Bolingbroke from the castle of that name in Lincolnshire, where
he was born. According to Drayton, however, he was not dis-
tinguished by this name until after he assumed the crown.

¹ By the cause you come; ¹ Meaning, by the cause for which you
come.

² Inhabitable.—] That is, uninhabitable, not habitable; a primiti-
ve use of the word, common in old books. "Where all the
country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place

(*) First folio, double.
(1) First folio, a.
(1) First folio, spoken.
(1) First folio omits, worse
(1) First folio, said.

almost inhabitable for the multitude of swarms."—T. Hearne
"General History of Women," 1624.

² Makes thee to except: ² Except is here employed in the old
sense, to put a bar to, or stay, action.

³ That can inherit us.—] Inherit here means possess, but this
use of the word is quite exceptional.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

[Scene 1]

The which he hath detain'd for lewd * employments, Like a false traitor and injurious villain. Besides I say, and will in battle prove,— Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge That ever was survey'd by English eye,— That all the treasons, for these eighteen years Complotted and contrived in this land, [spring. Fetch* from false Mowbray their first head and Further I say,— and further will maintain Upon his bad life, to make all this good,— That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death; b Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries; And, consequently, like a traitor coward, Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood;

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth, To me for justice and rough chastisement; And, by the glorious worth of my descent, This arm shall do it, or this life be spent. K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!— Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this? Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face, And bid his ears a little while be deaf, Till I have told this slander of his blood, How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar. K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my king's heir, (As he is but my father's brother's son,) Now by my ± scep'tre's awe I make a vow, Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize The unstooping firmness of my upright soul: He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou; Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow. Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart, Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest! Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais Disbur'd I duly § to his highness' soldiers: The other part reserv'd I by consent; For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,

Upon remainder of a dear account, Since last I went to France to fetch his queen: (3) Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,— I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace, Neglected my sworn duty in that case. For you, my noble lord of Lancaster, The honourable father to my foe, Once did I * lay an ambush for your life, A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul: But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament, I did confess it; and exactly begg'd Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it. This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd, It issues from the rancour of a villain, A recreant and most degenerate traitor: Which in myself I boldly will defend; And interchangably hurl down my gage Upon this overweening traitor's foot, To prove myself a loyal gentleman, Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom: In haste whereof, most heartily I pray Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no month ± to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you, your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.¹

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.²

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

(*) First folio, fetch'd.
(1) First folio, our.
(2) Quartos omit. my.
(3) First folio omits, duly.

a For lewd employments,—] Lewd here signifies wicked, base, malicious.

b The duke of Gloster's death: ] Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III., who was murdered at Calais in 1397.

c Suggest—] Invite, prompt. See Note (a), p. 17.

d Upon remainder of a dear account,—] Mr. Collier's annotator has thrown suspicion on the word dear in the present passage, by proposing to read, 'clear account: a poor and needless innovation. Dear, in this place, means, precious, momentous, pressing, all-important: and it assumes the same sense frequently in Shakespeare. Thus, in 'King Lear,' Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"Some dear cause, Will in concealment wrap me up awhile."
Again, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I. Sc. 5:—

"O dear account! my life is my foe's debt." 449

Upon remainder of a dear account, Since last I went to France to fetch his queen: (3) Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,— I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace, Neglected my sworn duty in that case. For you, my noble lord of Lancaster, The honourable father to my foe, Once did I * lay an ambush for your life, A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul: But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament, I did confess it; and exactly begg'd Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it. This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd, It issues from the rancour of a villain, A recreant and most degenerate traitor: Which in myself I boldly will defend; And interchangably hurl down my gage Upon this overweening traitor's foot, To prove myself a loyal gentleman, Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom: In haste whereof, most heartily I pray Your highness to assign our trial day.

(*) First folio, I did.
(1) First folio, time.

In the same play, Act V. Sc. 2:—

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge Of dear import."

And this, Act V. Sc. 3:—

"A precious ring; a ring that I must use In dear employment."

And exactly begg'd—] That is, duly begged.

f When, Harry? when? [etc.] In the old copies this speech is given thus:—

"When Harrie when? Obedience bids, Obedience bids I should not bid agen."

When I was an exclamation of impatience, not unfrequent with the old writers. Shakespeare has it again in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Why, when, I say—nay, good sweet Kate, be merry,"

² There is no boot. ] There is no help, it is vain to resist.

4 g 2
(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled* here;  
Pierce'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich.  
Rage must be withstood:  
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.  
Nor.  
Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear—dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is—spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest,  
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mino honour is my life; both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done:  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;  
In that I live, and for that will I die.  
K. Rich.  
Cousin, throw up* your gage; do you begin.  

Boling. O God* defend my soul from such deep† sin!  
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?  
Or with pale beggar-fee impeach my height  
Before this outdared dastard? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recoating fear,  
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.  
[Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich.  
We were not born to sue, but to command:  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your settled hate;  
Since we cannot atone* you, wo+ shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.  
[Exit.

(*) First folio, down.  
(†) First folio, foul.  
(‡) First folio, you.

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Enter Gaunt and Duchess of Gloucester.*

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's* blood  
Doth more solicit me than your exclam's,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.  
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of these seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—  
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,†  
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe. [womb,  
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that  
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and  
breath'st,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou showst the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle patience,  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

(*) First folio, Gloster's.  
(†) First folio, vaded.

* Lions make leopards tame.] Malone was the first to discover an allusion, in this passage, to the Norfolk crest, which was a golden leopard.

* O God defend my soul”—In obedience to the Act, 3 Jac. 1, the folio here and elsewhere throughout the play, substitutes heaves for God.

** Atone you—] Reconcile you, make you at one. Thus, in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 6:—”I was glad I did atone my country man and you." And in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 1:—”I would do much to atone them."

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* DUCHESSE OF GLOUCESTER.] This was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III., whose tomb, richly inlaid with brass, still remains in Westminster Abbey.
GAUNT. God's* is the quarrel; for God's* substitute,
His deputy anointed, in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain* myself?

GAUNT. To God, the widow's champion and$ defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion, Grief, must end her life.

GAUNT. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, untroubled stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow;—that dwells everywhere:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Coventry. A Public Place.
Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

MAR. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Queen's Majesties Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke," by Thomas Churchyard:—"Cupid encountering the Queene, began to complaine hys state and his mothers," &c.
AUM. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

MAR. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUM. Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard,
to his throne; Gaunt, and several Noble-
men, who take their places. A trumpet
sounded, and answered by another trumpet
within. Then enter Norfolk in armour,
preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. In God's name and the king's, say who
thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what* thy
quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk:
Who hither come † engaged by my oath,
(Which God ‡ defend a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his* succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me, heaven!

[He takes his seat.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, in
armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plate[d] § in habiliments of war;
And formally || according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. What is thy name? and wherefore
com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy
quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

BOLING. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's* grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

MAR. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,(5)
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BOLING. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sove-
reign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

MAR. The appellant in all duty greets your
highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our
arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,†
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLING. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [to Lord Marshal] I take my
leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthy‡ author of my blood.—

[To Gaunt.

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour § lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen* coat,
And furnish || new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

(*) First folio, heaven's.
(†) First folio, just.
(§) First folio, earthy.
(¶) First folio, rigor.
(‖) First folio, furnish.

Mowbray's waxen coat.— This is supposed to mean, soft. of
penetrable coat; but we may reasonably suspect waxen to be a
misprint for some more suitable epithet.
GAUNT. God * in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing* thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse † pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLING. Mine innocence,* and Saint George
to thrive.

Nor. [Rising.] However God, † or fortune,
cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King ‡ Richard's
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart,

(*) First folio, heaven.
†) First folio, anned.
‡ Fall like amazing thunder—] That is, confounding, oppilting

(* Old copies, innocence.
† First folio, heaven.
‡) First folio, kings.
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrol'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,*
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[The King and Lords return to their seats.

Receive thy lance; and God * defend the † right!

Boling. [Rising.] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—Amen.

Mar. [To an Officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby.
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward ‡ to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com- batants. [A charge sounded.

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.(6)

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[A long flourish.

Draw near,

[To the Combatants.

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soild
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

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And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant-breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untam'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful Bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindrel's blood;
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,*
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours † shall not determine
The dateless limit of thy deare exile:—
The hopeless word of—Never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Non. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlock'd from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I desired at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forge:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstrung viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

(*) First folio, heaven.
(†) First folio, thy.
(‡) First folio, forward.
(§) First quart., cruel.

As to jest,—] To jest sometimes signified to take part in a
masque or revel.
* And for we think, &c.] This and the four following lines are
omitted in the folio.
† The fly-slow hours.—] This is the reading of the second folio,
and is eminently happy. The older copies have, "sly slow;" an
epithet which conveys but a feeble meaning, if any.

6 A dearer merit.— Merit is here used for pension, merit,
reward; in which peculiar sense it again occurs in "King John,"
Act III. Sc. 1—

"And, by the merit of vile gold, dress, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man."
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;* 
After our sentence, plaining comes too late. 
Non. Then thus I turn me from my country’s light, 
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. 

[Retiring. 

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee: 

"Lay on our royal sword your banish’d hands; (7) 
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,* 
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,) b 
To keep the oath that we administer: 
You never shall (so help you truth and God ! *) 
Embrace each other’s love in banishment; 
Nor never † look upon each other’s face; 
Nor never † write, regret, nor ‡ reconcile 
This low’ring tempest of your home-bred hate; 
Nor never † by advised purpose meet 
To plot, contrive, or compost any ill 
‘Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. 

Boling. I swear. 

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy; c—
By this time, had the king permitted us, 
One of our souls had wandered in the air, 
Banish’d this frail sculpure of our flesh, 
As now our flesh is banish’d from this land: 
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the § realm; 
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along 
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 

Non. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor 
My name be blotted from the book of life, 
And I from heaven banish’d, as from hence! 
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know; 
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue. 
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray; 
Save back to England, all the world’s my way. d

[Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes 
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect 
Hath from the number of his banish’d years 
Pluck’d four away.—[To Boling.] Six frozen winters spent, 
Return with welcome home from banishment. 

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word! 
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs, 
End in a word. Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me 
He shortens four years of my son’s exile: 
But little vantage shall I reap thereby; 
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend 
Can change their moons, and bring their times about, 
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light, 
Shall be extinct with age and endless night; 
My inch of taper will be burnt and done, 
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou caust give: 
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen * sorrow, 
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow 
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age, 
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage; 
Thy word is current with him for my death, 
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish’d upon good advice, 
Whereeto thy tongue a party-verdict gave; 
Why at our justice seem’st thou then to lour? 

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

You urg’d me as a judge; but I had rather 
You would have bid me argue like a father: 
O, had it been a stranger,* not my child, 
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild; 
A partial slander* I sought to avoid, 
And in the sentence my own life destroy’d.

Alas, I look’d when some of you should say, 
I was too strict, to make mine own away; 
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue, 
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, but him so; 
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. 


Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know, 

(*) First folio, heaven. 
(1) First folio, ever. 
(2) First folio, or. 
(3) First folio, this. 

*a Compassionate: As this is the only instance at present known of compassion being employed to denote lamenting, it has been suspected to be a misprint for "as passionate;" but I apprehend the error, if there be one, consists in the latter part of become having got connexed by a very common typographical mishap, with the next word, and that we ought to read,— "It boots thee not to become passionate." 
Passionate is employed by the old writers with considerable freedom. Sometimes it is used to imply an outward expression of emotion, what Richard subsequently calls the "external manners of lament;" as in "Titus Andronicus," Act III. Sc. 2:— "Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands, And cannot passionate our tenfold grief." 
And occasionally it is adopted to signify a passive endurance of 

affliction, as in "King John," Act II. Sc. 2:— "She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent." 

See Note (b), p. 398. 
[b (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—) Writers on the law of nations are divided in opinion whether an exile is still bound by his allegiance to the State that banished him. Shakespeare here is of the side of those who hold the negative. 
[c Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy.—] This seems to mean, so far as I am now permitted to address my enemy. The first folio, reads,—"so fare," Sc. 6. 
[d All the world's my way.] Upon his banishment, the Duke of Norfolk went to Venice; where, according to Holinshed, "for thought and melancholy he deceased." 
[e O, had it been a stranger, &c.] Four lines, commencing here, are omitted in the folio. 
[f A partial slander—] The reproach of partiality.
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never * rankle more,
Than when it bites but lancess not the sore.

GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring the
one thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

BOLING. Then, England's ground, farewell
sweet soil, adieu,
My mother, and my nurse, that † bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green Aumerle meeting them.

K. Rich. We did observe,—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

AUM. I brought high Hereford, if you call it
so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears
were shed?

AUM. 'Faith, none for me, b except the north-ea
Which then blew ‡ bitterly against our faces, §
Awak'd the sleeping || rheum; and so, by chano
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted
with him?

AUM. Farewell:
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that, taught me craf
to counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words | seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis

(*) First folio, over.
(1) First folio, which.
(2) First folio, green.
(3) First folio, face.
(4) First folio, sleepst.
(5) First folio, word.

* Bagot here, and Green.— This half line is omitted in the quarto. The folio reads, here Bagot, &c.
With humble and familiar courtesy;
That reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Vowing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,†  
And patient underbearing of his fortune.
't were to banish their affects with him,  
If goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee, [friends;  
Th—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;(8)  
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?*  
[my lord;  
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous* sick,  
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste,  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely-house.  
[mind,  
K. Rich. Now put it, God,† in his physician's  
To help him to his grave immediately!  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him: [late!  
Pray God we may make haste, and come too  
All. Amen.* [Exeunt.

(*) Quarto, with.  
(†) First folio, souls.

Expedient—] That is, expeditious.

Bushy, what news?] The quartos omit this line, but have  
stage direction:—"Enter Bushy with news."

(*) First folio, very.  
(†) First folio, heaven.

Amen.] This is omitted in the folio, but appears in all the  
quarto copies, without, however, any prefix. It was doubtless  
intended to be uttered by all present.
ACT II.


Gaunt on a couch; the Duke of York(1) and others, standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

He, that no more must say, 's listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to close;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives bef
The setting sun, and music at * the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past
Though Richard my life's counsel would not h
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other, flatter
sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres: to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still, our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.

There doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile.)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then† all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

(*) First folio, &c.
†(†) First folio, That.

b Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.] "Where the rebels against the notices of the understanding."—Johnson.

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KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT II.

DIRECT not him, whose way himself will choose, *Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd, And thus, expiring, do foretell of him: His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last, For violent fires soon burn out themselves; [short; Small showers last long, but sudden storms are He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes; With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder: Light vanity, insatiate coromant, Consuming means, soon preys upon itself. This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise; This fortress, built by nature for herself, Against infection and the hand of war; This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall, Or as a moat defensive to a house, Against the envy of less happier lands; [England, This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings, Fear'd by their breed, and famous by * their birth, Renowned for their deeds as far from home, (For Christian service, and true chivalry,) As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son. This land of such dear souls, this dear-dear land, Dear for her reputation through the world, Is now less'd out, (I die pronouncing it,) Like to a tenement, or paling farm: England, bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame, With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds; That England, that was wont to conquer others, Hath made a shamefull conquest of itself: O, * would the scandal vanish with my life, How happy then were my ensuing death! Enter King Richard and Queen; Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Wiloghby.

YORK. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth; For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more. QUEEN. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What! comfort, man. How is't with aged Gaunt?

GAUNT. O, how that name befits my composition! Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old: Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast; And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt? For sleeping England long time have I watch'd; Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt: The pleasure that some fathers feed upon Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks, And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt; Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave, Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

GAUNT. No, misery makes sport to mock itself: Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with * those that live?

GAUNT. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

GAUNT. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and + see thee ill.

GAUNT. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill. Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy + land Wherein thou liest in reputation sick: And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure Of those physicians that first wounded thee. A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incaged § in so small a verge, The waste is no whit lesser than thy land. O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye, Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame, Degrading thee before thou wert possess'd, Which art possess'd now to depose thyself. Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world, It were a shame to let this§ land by lease; But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

(*) First folio, for.
(†) First folio, Ab.

* Against infection— So all the ancient copies; but as this country, up to 1665, had not for centuries been exempt from the ravages of the plague, which, in Shakespeare's time, destroyed hundreds of the inhabitants yearly in London alone, the poet could hardly boast that courtesianity secured us from pestilential contagion. Farmer proposed infection, in the sense of infiltration, and his suggestion has been adopted by Malone and other editors.

b Peeling farm:] That is, peddling, patchy farm. See note (b), p. 351.

c For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.] Ritson suggested, "being rag'd, do rage the more." And Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "being wrout'd," an alteration to which the following passage, from G. Withers' "Abuses Stript and Whitp," lends some support—

"Do not license my Satyr for thy life: Here's patient enough unless he urge."
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now,* not king:
Thy state of law is bondsclave to the law;
And thou—
K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,*
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
That tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head.
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou § tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[Exit, borne out by his Attendant.
K. Rich. And let them die, that age an sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute these words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here;
K. Rich. Right, you say true, as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.
North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Rich. What says he?

somewhat different; there, the lines run thus:
"Gaunt. And—and thou," &c.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

[ACT II.

KING.

Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

YORK.

Be York the next that must be bankrup't so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich.

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,*
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

YORK.

How long shall I be patient? Ah,*
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rug'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the ℡ number of thy hours;
But when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred ™ blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich.

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

YORK.

O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardoned, am content withal. §
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time

His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in the* letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery,(2) and deny his offer'd homage,—
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich.

Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YORK.

I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich.

Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next,
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourselves,
Our uncle York, lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish.

[Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.

NORTH.

Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS.

And living too, for now his son is duke.

WILLO.

Barely in title, not in revenue.

NORTH.

Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS.

My heart is great; but it must break
With silence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.

NORTH.

Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

WILLO.

Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

ROSS.

No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gilded of his patrimony.

(*) First folio, Oh.
(1) Quarto, a.
(2) First folio, kindred's.
(§) First folio, with all.

* These rough rug-headed kerns.— Kernes were the rude foot
soldiery of Ireland.

About his marriage,—] "When the duke of Hereford, after

his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained
at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only
daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had
not Richard prevented the match."—Stevens.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT II.  

ROSS. Be confident to speak, Northumberland. We three are but thyself, and, speaking so, Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold. 

NORTH. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, A bay in Brittany, receiv'd intelligence That Harry duke of Hereford, Regnold lord of Cobham, That late broke from the duke of Exeter,  
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston;  
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and  
Sir Francis Quoint,—  
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne, With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war Are making lither with all due expediency, And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:—(3) Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay The first departing of the king for Ireland. If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke, Imp out our drooping country's broken wing, Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown, Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt, And make high majesty look like itself,—  
Away with me in post to Ravenspur: But if you faint, as fearing to do so, Stay and be secret, and myself will go. 
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to then that fear. 
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first b there.  

[Exeunt.] 

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Palace.  

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot. 

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad: You promis'd, when you parted with the king, To lay aside life-harming thoughts; And entertain a cheerful disposition. 
Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself, I cannot do it; yet I know no cause, Why I should welcome such a guest as grief, Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest. 

(*) First folio, heaven.  
(†) First folio omits, noble. 

a  Hath he pill'd— That is, robbed, pilloaged; from the French, piller. 
  But securely perish.— Securely, in this place, as in other in- 
stances, is used in the sense of carelessly, over-confidently, fool- 
headily. Thus, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. 
  Sc. 2:—"She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour;" 
  and in the same play, Act II. Sc. 2:—"Page is an ass, a secure 
  ass." 
  Thy words are but as thoughts;  
  Mr. Collier's annotator could read "our thoughts,"—an unhappy conjecture; for if they knew the intelligence Northumberland possessed, why need he impart it? The meaning is obviously, "We are all leagued together, and whatever you speak will be as safe in our keeping as if you only thought it." 

b  That late broke from the duke of Exeter.— There is 
  locus here. It was Thomas, the earl of Arundel's son, who was 
in custody of the duke of Exeter. (See Holinshed, under the year 1599.) Malone therefore inserted the following line to perfect the sense:—  
  ["The son of Richard, earl of Arundel."] 

c  Imp out our drooping country's broken wing.— To imp is a 
  expression borrowed from falconry, and means, to supply or replace 
  any wing-feathers of a hawk, which had fallen out or were broken. It is supposed to come from the Saxon impan, to pro's 
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my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune’s womb,
coming towards me; and my inward soul
methinks, again, met in my unborn
sorrow, ripe in fortune’s womb,
coming towards me; and my inward soul
soul, with nothing trembles; at something it grieves,
more than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,
which shows like grief itself, but is not so:
sorrow’s eye, glazed with blinding tears,
vides one thing entire, to many objects,
resembles it, which, rightly gaz’d upon,
nothing but confusion,—cy’d awry,
shadows, so your sweet majesty,persuades
me it is otherwise: howe’er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy-sad,
As—though, in* thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. ’Tis nothing but conceit,your gracious
lady.

Queen. ’Tis nothing less: conceit is still
derived
From some forefather grief, mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve;
’Tis in reversion that I do possess;

(*) Old text, Find.

As—though, in thinking,—] The old copies all read, "on

More than your lord’s departure, weep not;
more’s not seen;
Or if it be, ’tis with false sorrow’s eye,
Which, for things true, weeps* things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe’er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy-sad,
As—though, in* thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. ’Tis nothing but conceit,your gracious
lady.

Queen. ’Tis nothing less: conceit is still
derived
From some forefather grief, mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve;
’Tis in reversion that I do possess;

(*) First folio, weep.

b ’Tis nothing but conceit,—] Imagination, fanciful con
ception
But what it is, that is not yet known, what, I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:— I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is; For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope; Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd? Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power, And driven into despair an enemy's hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land: The banish'd Bolingbroke repeats himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd At Ravenspurrg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid! Green. O, madam, 't is too true; and, that is worse, [Percy, The lord Northumberland, his son, young † Henry The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends, are fled to him. Bushy. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland And all † the rest of the revolted faction, traitors? Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester, Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship, And all the household servants fled with him, To Bolingbroke. [my wo, Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to § And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir: Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy; And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother, Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd. Bushy. Despair not, madam. Queen. Who shall hinder me? I will despair, and be at enmity With cozening hope; he is a flatterer, A parasite, a keeper-back of death, Who gently would dissolve the bands of life Which false hopeingers|| in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;

O, full of careful business are his looks! Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should believe my thoughts: * Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth, Where nothing lives, but crosses, cares,† and grief. Your husband he is gone to save far off, Whilst others come to make him lose at home. Here am I left to underprop his land, Who, weak with age, cannot support myself; Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made, Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will! The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.— Sirrah, get thee to Flashy, to my sister Gloucester;— Bid her send me presently a thousand pound; Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell you lordship: To-day, as I came by, I called there;‡— But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave? Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died York. God‡ for his mercy! what a tide of woe Comes§ rushing on this woeful land at once! I know not what to do:—I would to God‡ (So my untruth ‡ had not provok'd him to it,) The king had cut off my head with my brother's. What, are there no || posts despatch'd for Ireland? How shall we do for money for these wars?— Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.— Go, fellow, [to the Servant] get thee home, provide some carts, And bring away the armour that is there.— [Exit Servant.

Gentlemen, will you go ‡ muster men? If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;— The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath And duty bids defend; the other again

(*) First folio, heaven.
(†) First folio, young son.
(‡) First folio, omits, all.
(§) First folio, of.
(∥) First folio, hopes linger.

a Should I do so, I should believe my thoughts; This line is wanting in the folio.
b To-day, as I came by, I called there;— This is the reading of the first copy, 1597: subsequent editions, including the folio, 1623, read lamely and prosaically:—

"To-day I came by and called there;"—

(‡) First folio, heaven.
(§) First folio, Of.
(∥) First folio, Come.
(∥) First folio, omits, go.

c So my untruth.— That is, faithlessness, dissoluty.
d If I know how, or which way,— The redundant, or which way, I have always suspected to be an interlinearization of the poet's who had not decided whether to read, "how to order these affairs," or, "which way to order."
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

CT II.

my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong’d; Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I’ll dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men, and meet me presently at Berkley Castle. Should to Flashy too;—But time will not permit:—All is uneven, and everything is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland, but none returns. For us to levy power, proportionable to the enemy, s all impossible. Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love, s near the hate of those love not the king. Bagot. And that’s the wavering commons; for their love lies in their purses, and whoso empties them, by so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn’d.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we, because we ever have been † near the king.

Green. Well, I’ll for refuge straight to Bristol castle; the earl of Wiltshire is already there. [office

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little Will the hateful commons perform for us; except, like curs, to tear us all to ‡ pieces.—Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty. Farewell; if heart’s presages be not vain, We three here part, that ne’er shall meet again.

Bushy. That’s as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he under—numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry; Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire. These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways, Draw* out our miles, and make* them wearisome; And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar, Making the hard way sweet and delectable. But, I bethink me, what a weary way From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found In Ross, and Willoughby, wanting your company; Which, I protest, hath very much beguil’d The tediousness and process of my travel: But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have The present benefit which ‡ I possess: And hope to joy,* is little less in joy, Than hope enjoy’d. By this, the weary lords Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done, By sight of what I have, your noble company. Boling. Of much less value is my company, Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, Sent from my brother Worcester, whence soever.—Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn’d his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court, Broken his staff of office, and dispers’d The household of the king.

North. What was his reason? He was not so resolv’d when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg, To offer service to the duke of Hereford; And sent me over by Berkley, to discover What power the duke of York had levied there; Then with directions || to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot Which ne’er I did remember: to my knowledge, I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

**BOLING.** I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be
sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love’s recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

**NORTH.** How far is it to Berkley? and what
stir,
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

**PERCY.** There stands the castle, by you tuft of
trees,
Mann’d with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and
Seymour,
None else of name and noble estimate.

**Enter Ross and Willoughby.**

**NORTH.** Here come the lords of Ross and
Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

**BOLING.** Welcome, my lords: I wot your love
pursues
A banish’d traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich’d,
Shall be your love and labour’s recompense.

**ROSS.** Your presence makes us rich, most noble
lord.

**WILLO.** And far surmounts our labour to attain
it.

**BOLING.** Evermore thanks, the exchequer of
the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

**Enter Berkley.**

**NORTH.** It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

**BERK.** My lord of Hereford, my message is to
you.

**BOLING.** My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:
And I come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

**BERK.** Mistake me not, my lord, ’tis not my
meaning
To raze one title of your honour out;—

---

To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious regent
of this land,
The duke of York; to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

**Enter York, attended.**

**BOLING.** I shall not need transport my word
by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble
uncle!

**YORK.** Show me thy humble heart, and no
thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

**BOLING.** My gracious uncle!

**YORK.** Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.*
I am no traitor’s uncle; and that word, grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have these banish’d and forbidden legs
Dar’d once to touch a dust of England’s ground?
But then more† why;—why have they dar’d to
march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-look’d villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms? Comst thou
because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of
men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault! [fault

**BOLING.** My gracious uncle, let me know my
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

**YORK.** E’en in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish’d man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In bravish arms against thy sovereign.

**BOLING.** As I was banish’d, I was banish’d
Hereford:
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you

---

* First folio omits, no uncle. *(†) First folio, more then.

† Indifferent—] That is, impartial. Thus, in "Henry VIII.
Act II. Sc. 4, Queen Katherine says:—

"I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions: having here
No judge indifferent."
[SCENE IV.]

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT II.]

[Enter Salisbury and a Captain.

CAP. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days, and hardly kept our countrymen together, and yet we hear no tidings from the king; therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman; the king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

CAP. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay. The bay-trees in our country are all withered, and meteor s fright the fixed stars of heaven; the pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth, and lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change; rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap, the one, in fear to lose what they enjoy, the other, to enjoy by rage and war: these signs forerun the death or fall of kings. Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled, as well assured Richard their king is dead.

SAL. Ah, Richard! with the* eyes of heavy mind, I see thy glory, like a shooting star, fall to the base earth from the firmament. Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west, witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest; thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes, and crossaly to thy good, all fortune goes.

[Exit.

(*) First folio omits, the.

He that stirs next to care for his own rage.


[* The death or fall of kings.] So the first quarto only; other editions, folio included, omit the words, or fail.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke’s Camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers behind, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Bolingbroke. Bring forth these men.—Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls (Since presently your souls must part your bodies,) With too much urging your pernicious lives, For’t were no charity: yet, to wash your blood From off my hands, here, in the view of men, I will unfold some causes of your deaths. You have misled a prince, a royal king, A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments, By you unhappied and disfigur’d clean.* You have, in manner, with your sinful hours, Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him; Broke the possession of a royal bed, And stain’d the beauty of a fair queen’s cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by* your for wrongs. Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth; Near to the king in blood, and near in love, Till you did make him misinterpret me,— Have stoop’d my neck under your injuries, And sigh’d my English breath in foreign clouds. Eating the bitter bread of banishment: While you have fed upon my seignories, Dispark’d my parks, and fell’d my forest wood. From mine own windows torn my household coa Raz’d out my impress, leaving me no sign— Save men’s opinions, and my living blood— To show the world I am a gentleman. This, and much more, much more than twice this, Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver over

(*) First folio, with.

whether wood or underwood), and the beasts of chase there and laying it open.”—Malone.

a Raz’d out my impress,—] An impress signified a device, motto.

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KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

[SCENE II.

KH] To execution and the hand of death.

BUSHY. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.*

GREEN. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

BOLING. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[Exeunt Northumberland and others, with Prisoners.

Uncle, you say, the queen-is at your house;

For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commands;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

YORK. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

BOLING. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away:

To fight with Glendower and his complices;

Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.


K. RICL. Barklyoughly castle call they † this at hand?

AUM. Yea, my lord. How Brooks your grace the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. RICH. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child,

Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting;

So, weeping, smiling,* greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way.

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's* arms.

CAR. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.†

The means that heaven yields† must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

AUM. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security, d

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in power.†

K. RICH. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou

That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe that lights the lower world, e

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders, and in outrage bloody, here;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,†

And darts his light § through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—

Who all this while hath revel'd in the night,

Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes, f—

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king:

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God || for his Richard hath in heavenly pay.

(*) First folio, rebellious.  (†) Old copies, heaven yield.
(1) First folio, sends.  (§) First folio, lightning.
(1) First folio, Heaven.

confused imagery of a passage which Shakespeare, intending to say poetically "after sunset," evidently wrote currente calume.

† He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,—] "It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this in any poet, whether ancient or modern."—Greevke.

g Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,—] This line is not in the first folio.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

[Scene I]

A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth;
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
AuM. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?
K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
AuM. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake thou sluggard* majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine ear is open,(1) and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd.
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel
White-beards* have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms; against thy crown
Thy very beardsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew;* against thy state,
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills;
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart—blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!†
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound;‡
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
AuM. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

(*) Quartos, coward. (†) First folio, forty.
(2) First folio, hand.
(3) First folio, White beares. (1) First quarto omits, offence.

* Of double-fatal yew—1 Fatal alike from the poisonous nature of the leaves, and from the wood being formed into instruments of death.
* Both young and old rebel.—] The punctuation of this passage, beginning "and boys, with women's voices," is that on the folio, 1623, which certainly yields a finer and more impressive sense than the pointing adopted in all modern editions.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and others.

BOLINGBROKE. So that by this intelligence we learn, The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed, With some few private friends, upon this coast. NORTH. The news is very fair and good, my lord;

(*) First folio, Heauen.

(* First folio, walls.

* And that small model of the barren earth,—[Douce and other critics thought model, in the present passage, meant no more than a measure, portion, or quantity; but with Shakespeare's intense objectivity, it was more probably intended to signify the hillock of mould which, covering the dead body, assumes its shape.

Wise men ne'er sit and wait their woes,—[So the quarto copies. The folio reading, usually adopted, is,—

"Wise men ne'er wait their present woes.

K. RICH. Thou child'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come, To change blows with thee for our day of doom. Thisague-fit of fear is over-blown, An easy task it is to win our own.— Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power? Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour. Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky The state and inclination of the day; So may you by my dull and heavy eye, My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say. I play the torturer, by small and small, To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:— Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, And all your northern castles yielded up, And all your southern gentlemen in arms, Upon his party.*

K. RICH. Thou hast said enough.— Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [To Aum. Of that sweet way I was in, to despair! What say you now? What comfort have we now? By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly, That bids me be of comfort any more. Go to Flint castle, there I'll pine away; A king, woe's slave, shall kindly woo obey. That power I have, discharge; and let them go To ear'd the land that hath some hope to grow, For I have none. Let no man speak again To alter this, for counsel is but vain. AUM. My liege, one word— K. RICH. He does me double wrong, That wounds me with the flattering of his tongue. Discharge my followers, let them hence away, From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [Exeunt.

[Scene III.]

SCHOF. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
AUM. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. RICH. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs; Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills: And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath, Save our deposed bodies to the ground? Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's, And nothing can we call our own but death; And that small model* of the barren earth, Which serves as paste and cover to our bones. For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground, And tell sad stories of the death of kings:— How some have been depos'd, some slain in war, Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd; Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd; All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown That rounds the mortal temples of a king, Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits, Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp;[2] Allowing him a breath, a little scene To monopolize, be fear'd, and kill with looks; Infusing him with self and vain conceit,— As if this flesh, which walks about our life, Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus, Comes at the last, and with a little pin Holes through his castle wall,† and—farewell king! Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood With solemn reverence; throw away respect, Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty, For you have but mistook me all this while: I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief, Need friends:—subjected thus, How can you say to me—I am a king? CAR. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wait their woes,* But presently prevent the ways to wail. To fear the sea, since fear oppresses strength, Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe, And so your follies fight against yourself: Fear, and be slain? no worse can come to fight: And fight and die, is death destroying death; Where fearing-dying, pays death servile breath.
AUM. My father hath a power, inquire of him: And learn to make a body of a limb.
KING RICHARD
THE SECOND.

[SCENE II.

Richmond, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would be seem the lord Northumberland
To say, King Richard. Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you,* to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
should,
Lest you mis-take. The heavens are o'er our
heads.†
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Percy.
Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of you lime and stone:
And with him are‡ the lord Aumerle, lord
Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord,* [To North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most® royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
broke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[North. advances to the castle with a trumpet.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the® castle's totter'd* battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded; answered by another trumpet
within. Flourish. Enter on the walls,
King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle,
Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

Boling. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have
we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To North.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

(*) First folio, this.
(+) First folio, your head.
(2) First folio omits, are.
($) First folio omits, most.

* Noble lord,—] Malone has remarked, with judgment, that
Shakespeare frequently in his addresses to persons, begins with
an hemistich, and, in many instances, blends short prose
sentences with his metrical dialogues.
† On both his knees—] So the quarto. The folio reads, Upon
his knees.

# Totter'd battlements—] Totter'd is the reading of the two
earliest quartos, and may be used for tottering, the passive for the
active participle. The other ancient copies have tittered and
titter'd.

a Their thund'ring shock—] So the first quarto, 1597. The
folio, and the other quarto copies, read, smowke.
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond?, methinks, he stands,*)
That every strife he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament* of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for, live in peace.
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

**NORTH.** The king of heaven forbid, our lord
The king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thricely-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart,
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

**K. RIC.** Northumberland, say thus,—the king
returns,—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
**[TO AUMERLE.]**
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

(*) First folio, is.

* The purple testament of bleeding war;] Steevens believed that testament is here used in its legal sense, but Mr. Whiter, in his ingenious "Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare," quotes a parallel passage from the first part of the old play "Jeronimo."—

"Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war;"
and remarks, "Whatever be the direct meaning of the words in question, I am persuaded that the idea of a book with a purple covering suggested this combination to the mind of our poet."

* With words of sooth:] Sooth, from the Anglo Saxon sodth, primarily meant truth, as in soothspeaker—truth-teller; in this place it signifies sweetness, or softness, as in the verb to soothe.

\[\text{ACT III.} \]

**KING RICHARD THE SECOND.**

**SCENE III.**

**AUM.** No, good my lord! let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

**K. RIC.** O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

**AUM.** Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

**K. RIC.** What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage,
My gay apparel, for an almsman's gown,
My figurer'd goblets, for a dish of wood,
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little, little, grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid.—**There lies**
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?

\[\text{c Some way of common trade,—] This is, a place of common resori, as we now talk of,} \]

"A road of frequent traffic."

Thus in Lord Surrey's Translation of the Second Book of the Eneid——

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,
A common trade, to pass through Priam's house."

d \[\text{Shall lodge the summer corn,—] Corn beaten down by rain or wind in modern language is said to be king'd. Formerly king'd had the same import. So, in "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 1:—} \]

"Though bladed corn be king'd."

And again, in "Henry VI." Part II. Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Like to the summer corn by tempest king'd."

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Would not this ill, do well?—Well, well, I see I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland, What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty Give Richard leave to live till Richard die? You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.
North. My lord, in the base* court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down?
K. Rich. Down? down, I come; like glistening Phaeton,
Wanting the manageb of unruly jades.
[North, retires to Boling.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down court! down king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[Exeunt from above.
Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow, and grief of heart, Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man: Yet he is come.
Enter King Richard, and his Attendants, below.
Boling. Stand all apart, And show fair duty to his majesty.— My gracious lord,— [Kneeling.
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it: Me rather had my heart might feel your love, Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy. Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know, Thus high at least, [touching his own head] although your knee be low.

* In the base court—] Base court is simply lower court, from the French. base cour.

b Wanting the manage—] i.e. Not possessing the control.

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the weighty thought of care?
1 lady. Madam, we’ll play at bowls. [of rubs,
Queen. Twill make me think the world is full
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
1 lady. Madam, we’ll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
1 lady. Madam, we’ll tell tales.
Queen. Of joy or grief? a
1 lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1 lady. Madam, I’ll sing.
Queen. ’Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.
1 lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you

(*) First folio, dese’ved.

a Of joy or grief?] All the old copies read, “Of sorrow or of grief.” The text adopted here is the amendment of Capell.

b And I could sing, would weeping do me good,—] The reading of all the old copies; but which Pope, perhaps without necessity, altered to “I could weep.” Ite. The meaning appears to be this:—
Wore my griefs of so light a nature that weeping would remedy them, I could sing for joy, and would never ask any one to shed a tear for me. It may be worth considering, however, whether the poet did not write—

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,b
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let’s step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They’ll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon’ dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ’d, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil’s fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok’d up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun’d, her hedges ruin’d,
Her knots disorder’d, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer’d this disorder’d spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem’d, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck’d up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
1 serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz’d the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not sotrimm’d and dress’d his land,
As we this garden! Wo4 at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proound in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste,
The fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What, think you then, the king shall
   
Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
   'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tiding.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!—
Thou, old Adam's likeness, [Coming forward] set
to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill-tiding? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam; little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale, is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know. [foot,
Queer. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet, at London, London's king in woe.
What! was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news* of woe,
Pray God* the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be
no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall! a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exeunt,

(*) First folio, and.  (†) First folio omits, then.
(‡) First folio, doubled.  (§) First folio omits, good.
(¶) First folio, this.  (‖) First folio, these.

* This news— Here, as in the instance above, the folio has

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(" these news.")  News appears to have been used by our ancestors, either as singular or plural, indifferently.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.* The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne, the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind; What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death; Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring Scorns to unsay what once it hath* deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine* uncle's head?—
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England; adding withal,
How bless'd this land would be in this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,*
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd

(*) First folio, it hath once.

Westminster Hall.] The rebuilding of this magnificent Hall was begun by Richard II. in 1397; it was finished in 1399, and the first assemblage of Parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

My fair stars,—] As the birth of an individual was supposed to be influenced by the stars, the latter, not unnaturally, was a term sometimes used to express the former. Thus, in "Richard III." Sc. 7, Gloster, speaking of his nephew, the heir to the crown, says :—

"On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars."
With the attainer of his slanderous lips. 
There is my gage, the manful seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLING. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

AUM. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which* shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

AUM. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUM. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

AUM. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

LORD. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;  
And spurn thee on with full as many lies
As † may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear.
From sun to sun: ♠ there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

AUM. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURREY. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

(*) First folio, that.
(1) Old copies, of it.

a I say, thou liest.—The folio, and other early editions, except the first quarto, omit the words, I say.
b If that thy valour stand on sympathy.—The use of sympathy, in the sense of equality, is peculiar. Aumerle affects to think it a derogation from his high birth to accept the defiance of Bagot; whereupon Fitzwater, whose pretensions to blood equal Aumerle's, flings down his gauntlet, with the taunt,—

"If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage."

The folio 1623 reads, sympathiae.

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Fitz. 'Tis very true: 4 you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

SURREY. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself
is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

SURREY. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth, as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,—
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith.
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
to execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUM. Some honest Christian trust me with:
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

BOLING. These differences shall all rest unde-
gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and seignories; when he's return'd
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

CAR. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ, in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

BOLING. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

CAR. As surely * as I live, my lord.

BOLING. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom

(*) First folio, sure.

e LORD. I task the earth, &c.] This speech, and Aumerle's answer, are omitted in the folio. And all the quartos, except the first, read, "I take the earth."—By "take the earth," we are apparently to understand, "challenge the whole world."

f 'Tis very true: So the quarto. The folio reads, My lord's very true.

g I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,—So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Lovers' Progress," Act V. Sc. 2:

"Maintain thy treason with thy sword; What with
Contempt I hear it! in a wilderness
I durst encounter it."
Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
[solemnly.
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing
adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worse in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best, beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true noblesse would
Learm him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Chievers are not judge'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judge'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfiend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stir'd up by God* thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's souls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so, [woe! (1)
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—

(1) First folio, Heaven.
(2) First folio, forbids.
(3) First folio, his.
(4) First folio, and let.

* May't please you, lords, &c.] The remainder of this Act,
with the exception of a few lines at the end (see p. 482), forms
the "new additions of the parliament scene and the deposing
of King Richard," first published in the quarto of 1668.

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KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for
your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?*

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our
arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we behalden to your love,
[To Carlisle.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers
bearing the crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs: *
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours b of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, Amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good
will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin,
seize the crown; c

On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes d two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air.
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,

(*) First folio, knees.

b The favours—] That is, the countenances, the features.
* Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;] This
is the reading of the folio. The quarto has only, Seize the

* That owes—] That owns, or possesses. See note (4), p. 330

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Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BOLING. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

BOLING. Part of your cares you give me with
your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my
cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLING. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties, rites: *

All pomp and majesty I do forswear,
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo,
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke that swear’d to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grie’d;
And thou with all pleas’d, that hast all achiev’d!
Long may’st thou live in Richard’s seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save King Henry, unking’d Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!

What more remains?

NORTH. No more, but that you read

[Offering a paper.

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthy depos’d.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav’d-up follies! Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,

There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And gracing the strong warrant of an oath.—
Mark’d with a blot, damn’d in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bate myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver’d me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTH. My lord, despatch; read o’er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort* of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul’s consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and* sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insult ing man,
Nor† no man’s lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But †is usurp’d.—Alack the heavy day,*

That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself,
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—

Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my name† be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOLING. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking- glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

NORTH. Read o’er this paper, while the glass
doth come. [to hell,

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment’st me ere I come

BOLING. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

NORTH. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I’ll read

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that’s myself.

(*) First folio, a.
(1) First folio, No, nor.
(2) First folio, word.

* A sort of traitors— That is, a gang, a knot, a crew. Thus, in "Richard III." Act V. Sc. 3:—

"A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."

* Alack the heavy day,— This is equivalent with, and serves to interpret, the old phrase * For the while."

* Of his majesty.] With the old writers, his was neuter as well as personal; the genitive of his and it also. * is found but

rarely in Shakespeare, though in many more instances than Mr. Trench or Mr. Singer appear to suppose. In the authorized translation of the Bible the word is said never to occur, its place being always supplied by his or thereof.— But if the salt have lost his savour? (Matt. chap. v. ver. 13). " But if the salt have lost his saltness " (Mark, chap. ix. ver. 50).
Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.*
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory, is the face;

[Dashes the glass to the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath
destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners* of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

(*) First folio, Is. (†) First folio, That.
* And therein will I read.] These words, and two or three
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(*) First folio, manner.
other lines of this speech, are omitted in the quartos.
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither? [your sights.
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from
Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the
Tower. [you all,
K. Rich. O, good! Convey!—Conveyers are
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[Exeunt K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next,b we solemnly set
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.(2)
[Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carl.
and Aum.

Abott. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Carr. The woe's to come; the children yet un-
born
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abott. My lord,* before I freely speak my
mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.

(*) First folio omits, My lord. (†) First folio, heart.

b On Wednesday next,—] So the enlarged quarto, 1608. In
the first edition, 1597, this speech, which there follows that of
Northumberland when he arrests the Bishop of Carlisle (see p.
479), is rendered thus:

"Let it be so, and lo! on Wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaim our coronation:
Lords, be ready, all."
ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom, my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
In precisely the same sense in "The Lovers' Progress" of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act V. Sc. 3:

"She's a book
To be with care perused; and 'tis my wonder,
If such misshapen guests as Lust and Murder.
At any price should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous inn?"
Why should hard-favour’d grief be lodg’d in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak’d, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,* sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world’s crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform’d and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos’d thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o’erpower’d; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught
but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak’st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter’s tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale* of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathise
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang’d;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower."
And, madam, there is order ta’en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France."
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT V.

SCENE II. — The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery had said at once, —
Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!

Whilest he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-shouldered, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespeak them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he
The whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:—
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combing with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring time,
Lest you be e'en before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Aum. Yes, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.
I will be satisfied — let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

Aum. It is nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into

dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon.

a As in a theatre,—] "The painting of this description is so finely, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language."—Dryden.

b Aumerle that was.] We learn from Holinshed that the dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were deprived of their

c What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?] The seals on deeds were in old time not impressed on the documents themselves, but appended to them by labels, or slips of parchment. See note (¶), p. 200.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

[ACT V.]

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.*
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. [Snatches it, and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God's for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [Exit Servant.

Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. —
[To the Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

(* First folio omits, day. 
(1) First folio omits, by.
(4) First folio, Heaven.
(5) First folio, rob.

* Fond woman?] Fond is here used for foolish,—perhaps its original meaning. Chaucer has sonne for fool, and Skelton, both sonne, son, and fonde, in the same sense.

b So dissolve a crew.] This seems to have been part of a line which was intended to be cancelled, or to supply the place of:

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York. Away, fond* woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'ldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! [Exit.
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away! Begone. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, as King; Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrift? son? (4)
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passers-by;
Which he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolve a crew. b

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant? 
Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhor the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolve as desperate: yet through both,
I see some sparkles of a better hope, c

(*) First folio, Heaven.
(1) First folio, rob.
(4) First folio omits, day.

"Even such they say!"

The passage should obviously terminate at support.

* I see some sparkles of a better hope.—] Sparkles is found in three of the quartos, but the first quarto and folio read, sparkes, and all the old copies omit the article.
Which elder days may happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, hastily.*

AUM. Where is the king?

BOLING. What means Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly? AUM. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty, To have some conference with your grace alone. BOLING. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. [Exeunt Percy and Lords. What is the matter with our cousin now? AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [Kneels. My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth, Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

BOLING. Intended, or committed, was this fault? If on the first, how heinous ere it be, To win thy after-love, I pardon thee. [key, AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the That no man enter till my tale be done. BOLING. Have thy desire. [Aumerle locks the door. YORK. [Without.] My liege, beware; look to thyself; Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. BOLING. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing. AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand; Thou hast no cause to fear. YORK. [Without.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king; Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face? Open the door, or I will break it open. [Bolingbroke opens the door.

* Hastily.] The stage direction in some of the old editions is, Enter Aumerle amazed.

b YORK. [Without.] The old stage prescript is: "The Duke of York knocks at the door and crieth."
Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak; recover breath; tell us how near is danger, that we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know the treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor’s bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. Oheinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages Hath held its current, and defied himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse this deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice’s bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping father’s gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham’d life in his dishonour lies;
Thou kill’st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man’s put to death.

Duch. [Without.] What ho, my liege! for God’s sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic’d suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king;
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg’d before.

Boling. Our scene is alter’d, from a serious thing,
And now chang’d to The Beggar and the King. My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she’s come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whatsoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester’d joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

(*) First folio, had.
(†) First folio, Heaven’s.

a Thou shear, immaculate,— Sheer meant pure, unmixed. Thus in Spenser’s “Paisrie Queene,” B. III. C. 2:—

“Whoe having viewed in a fountain sheere Her face,” &c.

b The Beggar and the King. An evident allusion to the ancient ballad called “A Song of a Beggar and a King.” See note (§), p. 101.

* Ill mayst thou thrive, &c.] This line is not in the folio.

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Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:—For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother’s prayers I bend my knee.

York. Against them both my true joints bend.

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up; say, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long’d to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings’ mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king: say, pardonnez moy. [destroy?]

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett’st the word itself against the word
Speak, pardon, as ’tis current in our land,

(*) Quarto, walk.
(†) First folio, But.

d Pardonnez moy.] May rhymes here with destroy, and was probably the usual pronunciation of the word from Thus, in Skelton’s “Elyon Rummingyng,” vol. I. p. 113, D Ed. :—

“She made it as koy As a lege de moy.”

And again, in his “Colyn Cloute,” vol. I. p. 348, ibid.

“And howe Parys of Troy Daunee a lege de moy.”
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

**BOLING.** Good aunt, stand up.
**DUCH.** I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

**BOLING.** I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

**DUCH.** O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

**BOLING.** With all my heart, I pardon him.
**DUCH.** A god on earth thou art.

**BOLING.** But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin mine, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

**DUCH.** Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Exton and a Servant.

**EXTON.** Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

**SERV.** These† were his very words.

**EXTON.** Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake it twice.

(*) First folio, Heaven. (†) First folio, Those.

*The chopping French we do not understand.] This passage has occasioned discussion: chopping being supposed a contemptuous epithet applied to the French language. We apprehend the Duchess means no more than "we are ignorant how to chop or exchange French." To chop logic, in the sense of interchanging logic, is an old Academic phrase.
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go,
I am the king's friend, and will rid* his foe.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because* the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word* itself
Against the word.*

As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes† on the back

Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make† me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then, am I king'd again; and by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I be†
Nor I, nor any man, but that man is,
[Music.
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time;—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check § time, broke in a disordered string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath Time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and, with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,*

Whereo my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours;—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jack o' the clock.
This music made me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer!*
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

(*) First folio, Faith.  (†) First folio, misfortune.

a As who should say,—] Meaning, "As one who should say," This elliptical phrase, so frequent with the old writers, has gone quite out of use.

b And will rid his fork.] That is, destroy, or get rid of. "In this sense we have the word in " Henry VI." Part II. Act V. Sc. 3;—

"As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young prince.


"—the red plague rid you;"

c How I may compare—] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent quarto and the folio, 1623, read, how to compare.

d And, for because—] A tautological form of expression no longer current, though very common when Shakespeare wrote.

The outward watch,—] This passage is obscure, and no explanation we have seen, nor any we are prepared to suggest, renders it as perspicuous as could be wished. The best is that by Henley:

"There are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never* comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes* royal master's face.
O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing* Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish of meat.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
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Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing* Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish of meat.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to? K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do. [who

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, Lately came from the king, commands the contrary. K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! [Strikes the Keeper.

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.


Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one of the Servants. Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another, then Exton strikes him down. That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire, That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land. Mount, mount, my soul; thy seat is up on high; Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.]

[Dies. Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood: Both have I spill'd; O, would the deed were good! For now the devil, that told me I did well, Says that this deed is chronicled in hell. This dead king to the living king I'll bear;— Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.]

[Exeunt

(*) First folio, wert.

* How now? &c.] There is some obscurity here. Perhaps we should read, How now! What means death in this rude assault?
SCENE VI.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke and York, with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear is, that the rebels have consum’d with fire our town of Cicester 1 in Glostershire; but whether they be ta’en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news? North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness. The next news is,—I have to London sent the heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent: the manner of their taking may appear at large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains; and to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London the heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely; two of the dangerous consorted traitors that sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow. Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot: right noble is thy merit, well I wit.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster;

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy, Hath yielded up his body to the grave; but here is Carlisle living, to abide thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—Choose out some secret place, some reverend room. More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life; so, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife: for though mine enemy thou hast ever been, high sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies the mightiest of thy greatest enemies, Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought a deed of slander, 2 with thy fatal hand, upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead, I hate the murderer, love him murdered. The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, but neither my good word, nor princely favour: with Cain go wander through the shades 3 of night, and never show thy head by day nor light. Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe. That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow: come, mourn with me for that I do lament, and put on sullen black, incontinent; I’ll make a voyage to the holy land, to wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—March sadly after; grace my mournings here, in weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.

(*) First folio, slaughter.  
(†) First folio, shade.

1 Cicester.—Cirencester is still pronounced according to the spelling in the text. Two tracts published during the civil wars of the seventeenth century also exhibit the same colloquial title: —"A Relation of the Taking of the Town of Cicester, in the County of Gloucester, on Thursday, Feb. 2d, 1642 (1643)"—and "An exact Relation of the Proceedings of the Cavaliers at Cicester, Feb. 16th, 1643."
(1) Scene I.—Old John of Gaunt.] “Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as old, whom we should now esteem middle aged. With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, who is here introduced in that character with the additional of ‘time-honour’d Lancaster,’ was at this time only fifty-eight years old. He was born at Ghent in 1340, and our present play commences in 1398; he died in 1399, aged fifty-nine.

“King Henry is represented by Daniel, in his poem of Rosamond, as extremely old when he had a child by that lady. Henry was born at Mentz in 1383, and died on the 7th of July, 1383, at the age of fifty-seven. Robert, Earl of Leicester, is called an old man by Spencer in a letter to Gabriel Harvey in 1582; and the French Admiral Coligny is represented by his biographer, Lord Huntington, as a very old man, though at the time of his death he was but fifty-three.

“These various instances fully ascertain what has been stated, and account for the appellation here given to John of Gaunt. I believe this is made in some measure to arise from its being customary to enter into life, in former times, at an earlier period than we do now. Those who were married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years.”—Malone.

(2) Scene I.—

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;
Here to make good the honourable late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray!

In a subsequent part of this note, is given Holinshed’s account of the circumstances of the particular Appeal of Tressen referred to in the preceding passage. But before proceeding to that narrative, it may be desirable to state some of the ancient ceremonies attending such an Appeal when it was made for a Trial by Battle, as it was in the present instance.

An Appeal of Battle, according to the French practice, was an accusation wherein, says Favius, “it is the purpose of one party to call another by the name of a villain before the bench of justice.” The appealer, or appellant, thus derived his designation from being the caller of another person, whom he affirmed to be guilty of a certain crime; which the accused was then bound either immediately to disprove, or to deny, and to declare his readiness to answer body against body, without resorting to any other remedy; —or else to be regarded as guilty. This process of appeal could be brought for certain crimes only, the chief being treason and murder, and for acts of the commission of which full proof could not be made. If the accuser appealed without any witness to the charge which he brought forward, he was obliged to combat in his own person; but otherwise he might answer by deputy, on adding one of the many excuses which were allowed to be valid. When the appeal was made, both parties appeared before the judge who heard it, and the accused person was not permitted to leave his presence until he had either satisfied the law that he ought not to have been so appealed, or had engaged to defend his denial by himself or by a substitute. In the fourteenth century, when the French ceremonial of appeals and trial by battle was in its greatest perfection, the Gage or glove was thrown down and taken up at the part of the process, and the accusation and denial pronounced according to established forms, which may be seen in Andrew Favius’s ‘Theatre of Honour and Knighthood.’ In England these declarations were also reduced to written copies called “bills,” which were again produced and sworn to shortly before the combat. The judge was then to receive the gages of the parties, and especially to take good security of the appellant for the pursuit of the appeal, after which the proceedings were laid before the King and Parliament, to order the combat if it were considered to be lawful.

It will be observed in the ensuing extract from Holinshed that pledges were delivered for the Duke of Hereford, the appellant, but that the Duke of Norfolk was not suffered to put in pledges; he being sent to Windsor Castle under arrest. The old French law of Appeals also was, that “he that followeth the judgment needeth not give any surety, in regard that he is the man who, if he bring not the judgment to good effect, he shall lose the judgment, and pay threescore pounds to his lord. But for him that appealed,” continues Massiere Philip De Beaumanoir, “if the judgment fail upon his side, he is to pay threescore pounds fine; and to him against whom he made the appeal, threescore pounds more; and if he appeal many men, he must make amends to every man by himself, and the amends to each man is threescore pounds: in which respect it is very requisite that he deliver good security for pursuing his appeal.” Such were the general features of this species of process, and the circumstances of the appeal, referred to in this play, are thus related by Holinshed:

“In the parliament holden at Shrewsbury, Henry duke of Hereford, accused Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk, of certain words which he should utter in the duke had betwixt them, as they rode together lateleis before betwixt London and Brinford, sounding highlie to the King’s disheare. And for further proffes thereof, he presented a supplication to the King, wherein he appealed to the duke of Norfolk in field of batell, for a traitor, false and disloyall to the King, and enemie unto the realme. This supplication was red before both the dukes in presence of the King: which dune, the duke of Norfolkke take upon him to answer it, declaring that whatsoever the duke of Hereford had said against him other than well, he lied false like an untrur knight as he was. And when the King asked of the duke of Hereford what he said to it, he taking his hood off his head, said; My soverayn lord, even as the supplication which I tooke you importeth, right so I saie for truth, that Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolkke is a traitour, false and disloyall to your realme, your crownes and to all the states of your realme.

“Then the duke of Norfolkke being asked what he said to this, he answered: ‘Right deere lord, with your favour that I make answer unto your cousin here, I sale (your reverence sawel) that Henrio of Lancaster duke of
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Hereford, like a false and disloyal traitor as he is, doth lie, in that he hath or shall say of me otherwise than well. No more, said the King, we have heard enough; and herewith commanded the duke of Surrie forth to the Constable and Marshal of England, to arrest in his name the two dukes: the duke of Lancaster, father to the duke of Hereford, the duke of Yorke, the duke of Aumerle constable of England: and the duke of Surrie, Marshal of the realm, underoos as pledges bolts for bolts for the duke of Hereford; but the duke of Northfolke was not suffered to put in pledges, and so under arrest was led into Windsor castell; and there garded with keepers that were appointed to see him safeke. —HOLINSHED, under the year 1598.

(3) SCENE I.—Since last I went to France to fetch his queen. "The Duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward, Earl of Rutland, (the Aumerle of this play,) to go to France in the year 1585, in the King's name, to demand in marriage (Isabel, the queen of our present drama) the eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth, then between seven and eight years of age. The contract of marriage was confirmed by the French King in March, 1586; and in November, 1589, Richard was married to his young consort in the chapel of St. Nicholas, in Calais, by Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury. His first wife, Anne, daughter to the Emperor of Germany, Charles the Fourth, whom he had married in 1582, died at Shene, on Whitmasday, 1594. His marriage with Isabella, as is manifest from her age, was merely political; and, accordingly it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England, for thirty years."—MALONE.

(4) SCENE II.—But empty lodgings and un furnish'd walls.] In old castles, the walls of the chambers were covered during the residence of the family with tapestry or arms hung upon tenter hocks, but these hangings were taken down at every removal, and the walls then left quite bare. One department of the king's wardrobe, indeed, was called the "Removing Wardrobe," which consisted principally of the arms that was to be hung up against the naked walls of the king's bedchamber, &c. See Dr. Percy's preface to the Household Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland.

(5) SCENE III.—On pain of death, no person be so bold, Or daringly, as to touch the lists."

In the Chorus before the commencement of King Henry V., Shakespeare eloquently expresses the impossibility of representing the great events of the play within the narrow limits of his theatre:—

"Can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? or may we cram Within this wooden O, the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

The poet, however, did not regard himself as being in any such difficulty, when he directed the present scene to consist of "Lists set out, and a throne," for the Trial by Battle between the Dukes of Norfolk and Hereford, on a charge of treason against the former. "The place where the lists were appointed," says Sir William Segar, "was ever upon plains and dry ground, without rides, hilles, or other impediments," and in the present instance they were made on Gosford-green, near Coventry. Such enclosures appear to have received their name originally from the list, or border of cloth covering the rails that staked out the ground. Their established dimensions were sixty paces in length by forty in breadth; and, as those proportions would very far exceed the extent of any stage in Shakespeare's time, we may conceive that whenever this play was performed, the lists, the king's throne, and the champions, very much as in the time of Richard II. engraven in Strutt's Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities, Plate viii. It represents two figures in complete armour fighting, within a very small octagonal enclosure formed of high posts and rails, on one side of which the king sits on an elevated throne, in his robes, and with his crown and sceptre. Below the king, and close to the lists, are the constable and marshal lyeing on the ground to hold the parties, if need be, and with the arms of the lowest degree. In both cases, however, the parties were equals to each other, and both the accusations were for treason, which was always one of the great causes for which combats might be allowed. As each of these trials had been accompanied with the ceremonies proper to itself by the parties, the present play only will be considered in this place; and as the text exactly follows the order of combats for life in England, as they are anciently recorded in the Office of Arms," the reader may probably be interested and amused by certain heraldical commentary on the opening of this scene.

The action commences with Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey, who officiated on the occasion as Earl Marshal, and Edward Plantagenet, second Duke of Aumerle, who performed established practice of combat, in bringing the trial of the king. Richard then enters and takes his seat on the throne, for, "on the day of battle," says Segar, "the king used to sit on a high seat or scaffold purposely made, at the foot of which was another seat for the Constable and Marshal." Richard then sends for Earl Marlow to make the usual enquiries of the Duke of Norfolk, who enters in armour, and some of these speeches are so exceedingly close to the words of the record in the College of Arms, as to deserve quite a little notice. In the present case, however, no copy of it. "The challenger did commonly come to the east gate of the lists," continues this ancient document, "and brought with him such arms as were appointed by the Court, and wherewith he was determined to fight. He, in the same manner, as the Constable and Marshal arose from their seats and went thither. They being come to the said gate of the lists, and beholding the Challenger there, the Constable said, 'For what cause art thou come hither thus armed, and what is thy name?' Unto whom the Challenger answered thus: 'My name is A. B., and I am hither come armed and mounted to perform my challenge against C. D. and acquit my pledges.' It is to be remarked, however, that Shakespeare has departed equally from history and the heraldic records, in the person of the Duke of Norfolk, who was the defendant, before the Duke of Hereford, the appellant. "The appellant," says Fawne, "ought to present himself first in the field, and before mid-day, as it were, with such heraldry, as hath, as the remnant of his, was placed on the king's left hand; and Holinshed says that it was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask, the liveries-colours of his family. Bolingbroke enters next, and the same ceremony is repeated of enquiring his name, and the cause of his coming thither in arms. After his reply, the Marshal makes proclamation that none shall touch the lists: but Holinshed states that this was done by a king of arms, and Segar says that the herald pronounced the order by command of the Constable and Marshal at the four corners of the lists.

The next ceremony represented in the play and mentioned by Holinshed, is the delivery of their spears to the combatants, and the sounding of the charge for commencing the battle. But in the official order of such a proceeding, there are no such ceremonies. But in the case, however, the parties before the Constable and Marshal, the king or judge of the fight, and a priest who attended in the middle of the lists with an altar, having on it a crucifix and a copy of the Gospel. The Marshal, with a list of the terms of the bills given in by the two parties, affirming and denying the charge in question. The second oath was that they had not brought into the lists any other armour or weapons than such as were allowed; nor any unlawful instrument, charm, or enchantment, for their defence. The third oath was rather a promise in reply to a solemn admonition of the Marshal, that each of the combatants should exert his utmost endeavours to prove by strength
and valour the truth of his own cause. Both in France and England about the year 1506 these oaths were appointed to be taken with many imposing ceremonies; after which the lists were cleared by the proclamation of the herald, who also cried out three several times, "Gentlemen, do your devotions." At this signal the combatants came to the Marshal having viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, delivered one lance himself to the duke of Hereford, as in the play, and sent the other to the duke of Norfolk by a knight. The last proclamations given in the text, are those of two heralds attending the respective champions; which ended, the Marshal and Constable were to withdraw to their places by the throne, and the former cried out with a loud voice, "Let them go! let them go! let them draw their best!"

"The duke of Hereford," says Holinshed, "was quickly horseed and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest; and when the trumpet sounded set forward courageously towards his enemy six, or seven paces. The duke of Norfolk was not so full set forward, when the king cast downe his warder, and the heralds cried 'Ho! Ho!' This peculiar manner of exercising the sovereign privilege of arresting a Trial by Battle, is illustrated in the ensuing note. The king had the power of taking the quarrel into his own hands, after the combat had begun, and of making peace between the parties without longer fight."

"Then," continues the old ceremonial, "did the Constable lead the one, and the Marshal the other out of the lists at several steps, and the trumpets blew a while; whereupon was made a very special regard that neither of them should goe the one before the other. For the quarrell resting in the king's hands, might not be remu'd, nor any violence offered, without prejudice to the king's honour. If the sovereign commanded that the combatants should be parted immediatly after he had cast down his warder, two knights and four esquires who were in the lists, in attendance on the Marshal and Constable, were to cross the headless lances which they carried between the contending parties. The cry of 'Ho!' did not end before the combat seemed to have been very familiar in the time of Elizabeth, for in Robert Lancham's Letter describing the Queen's entertainment at Kenilworth in 1575, the expression is introduced in a manner that is scarcely intelligible. Here was no 'Ho,' Master Marten, in our drinking alway, that brought a lack unlooked for."

The only other ceremony mentioned in this part of the drama requiring illustration, is the command of Richard—

"Let them lay by their helmets and their spears, and both return to their horses; and their horsemen, to their horses; and their Ho! for stopping this combat seems to have been very familiar in the time of Elizabeth, for in Robert Lancham's Letter describing the Queen's entertainment at Kenilworth in 1575, the expression is introduced in a manner that is scarcely intelligible. Here was no 'Ho,' Master Marten, in our drinking alway, that brought a lack unlooked for."

The stage-direction is "a long flourish," by which Shakespeare ingeniously disposed of the two long hours noticed by Holinshed, that passed whilst the combatants remained in their chairs, and "the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

(6) SCENE III.—Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down. The ceremony referred to in this passage, is noticed by Farino, in 1620, as being one of those "held and observed in these fields of battaile—forgotten or let slope in silence, but to be the better knowne in these times because then they were in full execution." He then proceeds to instance the giving to the King by "the constable or marshall that marriest command in the field of battaile, a rod, or wand, or warder, guilded which, like to the caduceus of Mercury, being cast in the midst between the combatants causeth them to sunder each from other."

In his description of the proceedings connected with the appointed combat between the duke of Hereford and Mowbray, the poet has closely followed the chronicler. "The duke of Aumerle, that daie being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surtre, marshall, placed their troopers about within a hundred and fifty feet of the field, attest the signal. The combat was mounted, and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists with a great company of men apparellled in silke sondall, imbrodered with silver, both richel and curioslie, erodie man having a tipped staffe to kepe the field in order. About the houre of prime came to the barriars of the lists the duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser, barded with green and blue velvet, imbrodered sumptomouslie with swans and antelopes of goldsmithes worke armed at his side the constable and marshall cateh to the barriars, demanding of him what he was.—he answered; I am Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford, which am constrit to do mine indevoure against Thomas Mowbraye duke of Norfolke, as a truthe untrue to God, the king, his nobles, his commons, his friends, his enemie, and the holie evangelists that his quarrell was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put up his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting downe his visage made a crosse on his horse, and with speare in hand, entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him downe in a chaire of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himselfe, abiding the comming of his adversarie. "Soone after, he entered into the lists with Richard his with triumph king Richard accompanied with all the poeres of the realme, and in his company was the earlie of saint Pauls, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armes, some loose fraine or tumult might arise amongst his nobles by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richlie hanged and adorn'd, a king at arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men in the name of the king, the constable, and marshall, to attempt to approch or touch any part of the lists upon paine of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshall the field. The proclamation ended, an other herald cried; Behold here Henrie, Duke of Hereford, and Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolke, who have entred into the lists roiall to do his devore against Thomas Mowbraye duke of Norfolke defendant, upon paine to be found false and recreant."

The duke of Norfolke horseed himselfe and mounted on his horse at the entrance of his lists, his horse being barded with crines and velvet, imbrodered richlie with lions of silver and mulberie trees; and when he had made his oth before the constable and marshall that his quarrell was just and true, he entred the field manfullie saying alowd; God aid him that hath the right, and then he departed from his horse, and sate him downe in his chaire, which was of crines and velvet, coveredd about with white and red damaskes. The lord marshall viewed their speares to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one speare himselfe to the duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the duke of Norfolke by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chaires of the champions should be removed, commanding them on the kings behalfe to want and disassembeke, and address themselves to the battell and combat. "The duke of Hereford was quicklie horseed, and closed his bavier, and cast his speare into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded set forward courageously towards his enimie six or seven paces. The duke of Norfolke was not fullie set forward, when the king cast downe his warder, and the heralds cried, Ho, ho. Then the king caused their speares to be taken from them, and commanded them to reprise agayne to their chaires, where they remained two long houres, while the king and his councille delibe- ratel consulted what order was best to be had in so weightie a cause."

Finallie after they had durstfull, and fullie determined what should be done there, the heralds cried silence; and sir John Bushie the kings secretarie read the sentence and determination of the king and his council, in a long roll, the effect whereof was, that Henry duke of Heriford should within fifteene daies depart out of this realme, and that the termes of ten years were expired, except by the king he should be repealed againe, and this upon paine of death; and that Thomas Mowbraye duke of Norfolke, because he had sowen seccion in the king his libertie, and the constable and marshall likewise had broken there oathes, and never to returne againe into England, nor approch the borders or confines thereof upon paine of death."—HOLIN- RASHED, 1598.
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(7) SCENE III.—Lay on our royal sword your banished hands. That is, Place your hands on the cross-hilt of this sword, and swear by all your hopes in that sign of common salvation

“To keep the oath that we administer.”

There are two instances in Shakespeare’s plays of the very ancient ceremony of Swearing by or on the Sword: the present, which shows the Christian practice, and that in the first act of “Hamlet,” which may be properly regarded as belonging to the old customs of Denmark and the northern nations, in their pagan state. The last example will be most appropriately considered in its own place; and therefore the following remarks refer solely to the passage cited above.

The rudiments, as it were, of the modern cross-guard to a sword-handle, were very commonly to be found both in the Xiphos of the Greeks, and the Gladius of the Romans; and it is probable that this improvement of the weapon was first introduced into Britain by the latter nation; for in the most ancient swords of the British and Irish, where they have been found with the remains of handles and scabbards, there was not space enough for any cross-guard. As this Christian characteristic, however, existed on the Anglo-Saxon weapons before the mission of Augustine, it is possible that he preserved this relic of paganism and converted it into a Christian symbol, in conformity with the prudent counsel of Gregory the Great. He would eagerly adopt the cruciform figure of the weapon, as being especially fitted to make a deep and constant impression on a soldier; and even the pagan practice of swearing “by the edge of a sword,” he purified into a solemn oath, to be taken on the cross of the handle; which would thus become a military substitute for the same sign on the cover of a copy of the Gospels. If these conjectures be true, a careful distinction should be made by the actors of “Hamlet” and “Richard II.” in the manner in which they present the swords to the parties who are to swear: to mark the difference between the pagan and the Christian ceremonies. In “Hamlet,” the oath is by the “edge” of the weapon, according to the old northern form: and the Prince should therefore hold the sword, and Horatio and Marcellus should place their hands on the blade. Retzsch, in his outline of this scene, has represented the characters in these positions; though he has also compromised the act by making the soldiers who are swearing, touch a cross engraved on the blade of the sword close to the handle. In the present play, Richard should hold the sword itself, and the two dukes should lay their hands on the cross-handle.

In the swords of the Norman period, and the later middle age, the transverse-guard was gradually increased in size, and the centre cross made more important and ornamental; and the badge of the Order of St. James, instituted in A.D. 1158, exhibits a very remarkable example of the close identity between a cross and a sword. The emblem seems to have been universally adopted throughout civilized Europe; and to have been regarded as sacred, down, perhaps, to the commencement of the 17th century. In a note furnished by Steevens, in illustration of the passage in “Hamlet,” there is a copy of “the oath taken by a Master of Defence when his degree was conferred on him,” derived from a manuscript in the Sloanian collection, which gives the following old form of a protestation on the sword, but as it had been retained down to the year 1683: “First you shall swear—so help you God and Halidome, and by all the christendome which God gave you at the fount-stone, and by the crosse of this sword, which doth represent unto you the Cross which our Saviour suffered his most paynesfull deathes upon,—that you shall uphold, maintain, and keep, to your power, all such articles as shall be here declared unto you, and receive in the presence of me, your maister, and these the rest of the maisters my brethrens, heare with me at this tyne.”

(8) SCENE IV.—If that come short, Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters.

Of the numerous schemes devised by Richard to replenish his exchequer and to oppress obnoxious subjects, none, except the abominable poll-tax, excited such general indignation as the compelling all classes to sign or seal blank bonds which the King’s officers filled up according to his exigencies or pleasure. Stow records that some of the Commons were mulcted to the extent of a thousand marks, and some were even made to pay as much as a thousand pounds by those intolerable means. But a day of retribution came, and when Bollingbrooke, surrounded by the magnates of the church, the greater part of the nobility, and multitudes of the people, appeared at Westminster a claimant for the throne, the “blank charters” were not forgotten:—

“An hundred thousand cryed all at ones, At Westminster to cry and hym for kyng, So hated they King Richard for the none, For his murther and wrong gourning, For taxes and for blank charters sealynge, For murder of duke Thomas of Woodstocke, That loved was well more than all the flaxe.”

Hardwicke’s Chronicles, chap. 179.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—The Duke of York. Edmund Duke of York, was the father of the seven sons of Edward the Third. He was born in 1441, at Langley, near St. Alban’s, in Hertfordshire, and thence derived his surname. From the graphic description given of him by Hardying the Chronicler, who was a contemporary, he appears to have been of an easy, amiable disposition, and too much devoted to sports and pleasure, to take a willing part in the turbulent transactions of the period in which he lived:—

“When all lords went to counsels and parlement, He went to hunting and also to haukyng, All gentilines disporte that myrth appen He used sie and to the poore supportynge Wheres ever he wase in any place bidynge Without surpise or any exttorciof Of the possie or any oppression.

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The Kyng than made the Duke of York be nazne, Maister of the Mewhouse and of hauks feire Of his venerie and maister of his game, In whatt countraye that he dide repite Whiche wase to hym without any disperle Well more conforte and a gretter gladesnes Than besh a lordes of worthyly gret riches.”

Harl. Ms. 661.

(2) SCENE I.—If you do wrongfully seise Hereford’s right, Call in the letters-patents that he hath By his attorney-general to me His livery.

The Duke of Lancaster departed out of this life at the bishop of Elles place in Holborne, and lieth burried in the cathedral churches of saint Paulie in London, on the north-

K x 2
side of the high altar, by the La lie Blanch his first wife. The death of this duke gave occasion of encreasing more hatred in the people of this realm toward the king, for he seized into his hands all the goods that belonged to hym, and also received all the rents and revenues of his lands which ought to have descended unto the duke of Hereford by lawful inheritance, in revoking his letters patents, which he had granted to him before, by virtue whereof, he might make his attorneys general to sue discovery for hym, of any manner of inheritances or possessions that myghtie from therefrom fall unto hym, and that hym homage myghtie bee resipted, wyth making reasonable fin: whereby it was evident, that the king ment his utter undoing.

"Thys harshe dealing was much myxilid of all the nobilitie, and cried out against, of the manner sorte: But namely the Duke of Yorke was thervore sore amoved, who before this time, had borne things with so pacient a minde as he could, though the same touched him very near, as the death of his brother the duke of Gloucester, the banishment of his nephew the said duke of Hereford, and other mo injuries in greate number, which for the slipperie youth of the king, he passed over for the time, and did forget as well as he might."—HOLINSHED, 1589.

(3) SCENE I.—
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war, Are making hither with all due experience, And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.]"There were certaine ships rigg'd, and made ready for him, under the name of the Earl of Essex, which was called Lo plombanc, as we find in the chronicles of Britaine: and when all his provision was made ready, he took the sea, together with the said archbishop of Canturburie and his nephew Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, behended at the Tower-hill, as you have heard. There were also with him, Reginald, lord Cobham, sir Thomas Erpingham, and sir Thomas Ramston, knights, John Norbury, Robert Waterton, and Francis Coint, esquires; few else were there, for (as some write) he had not past fifteen lances, as they learnd them in those days, that is to saie, men of armes, furnished and appointed as the vse then was. Yet other write that the duke of Britaine delivered unto him three thousand men of warres, to attend him, and that he had eight ships well furnished for the warre where Friesaard yet speakah but of three.* * * The duke of Lancaster, after that he had coasted along the shore a certaine time, and had got some intelligence how the people's minds were affected towards the king, the king of Julie in Yorke-shire, at a place sometime called Raven, between Hull and Briddington, and with him not past threescore persons, as some write: but he was so loyfullie received of the lords, knights and gentlemen of those parts, that he found means (by their helpe) forthwith to assemble a great number of people, that were willing to take his part. The first that came to him, were the lords of Lincolneshire, and other countries adoining, as the lords Willoughbie, Ros, Darcie, and Beaumont."—HOLINSHED, 1589.

(4) SCENE II.

Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, Somewhat but in fusion,—ey'd away, Distinguish, form.] Authorities are at variance as to what these "perspectives" were. Warburton describes them as an optical delusion, consisting of a figure drawn with all the rules of perspective inverted: so that, when held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn in accordance with the principles of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion: while to be seen in form, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakespeare says, ey'd away.

Dr. Duck, on the other hand, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," fol. Oxford, 1666, p. 391, gives the following account of some perspectives he had seen at Lord Gerard's house:

"At the right Honorable the Lord Gerard of Gerard's Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the great of France and his Queen, both upon the same indented ground, which, being indeed called in nature of a square: so that the confus'd piece of work; but if obliquely, of one side you see the king's and on the other the queen's picture, which I am told (and not unlikley), were made thus. The board being indented according to the magni- tudes of the Pictures, the prints or paintings were cut into parallel pieces, equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board; which being nicely done, the parallel pieces of the king's picture, were pasted on the flats that strike the eye beholding it obliquely, on one side of the board; and those of the queens on the other; so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the prints or paintings exactly joynig on the edges of the indentures, the work was done."

(5) SCENE IV.—
We have stay'd ten days, And hardly kept our countrymen together, And yet we hear no tidings from the king; Therefore we will dispersie ourselves: farewell.

"It fortune at the same time, in which the Duke of Hereford or Lancaster, whether ye list to call him, arrived thus in England, the seas were so troubled by tempests, and the winds blew so contrary for anioe passage, that it was not beleived to come in the duke's mercy, remaining still, in Ireland, that for the space of six weeks, he received no advertisments from thence: yet at length, when the seas became calme, and the wind once turned anioe favourable, there came over a ship, whereby the king understood the duke, which was the duke, and the king, was arrived long before that date, in which the ship departed from the coast of England, whereupon he meant forthwith to have returned over into England, to make resistance against the duke; but through persuasion of the duke of Aumarie (as was thought) he staid till he might have all his ships and other provision, fullie ready for his passage.

"In the meanes time he sent the earle of Salisbury over into England, to gather a power together, by helpe of the king's freinds, in Wales and Cheshire, with all speed possible, that they might be ready to assist him against the duke upon his arrival, for he meant himself to follow the earle, within six daies after. The earl passing over into Wales, landed at Conwaie, and sent forth letters to the nobility in Wales, and Cheshire, to assemble their people, and to come with all speed to assist the king, whose request, with great desire, and very willing minds they fulfilled, hoping to have found the king himselfe at Conwaie, insomuch that within four daies space there was not a man of number, that did not answer the earls call; whereupon he assembled them ready to march with the king against his enemies, if he had beene there himselfe in person.

"But when they missed the king, there was a brute spair amongst them, that the king was suerlie dead, which wrought such an impression, and evil disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that for anie persua- sion which the earle of Salisbury might vso, they would not goe forth with him, till they saw the king; onely they were conteined to the three or four daies to see if he should come or not; but when he came within that tarme, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed awaie; whereas, if the king had come before their breaking up, no doubt but they would have continued in the king's service; and it is thought in the king's lingering of time before his comming over, gave opportunity to the duke to bring things to passe as he could have wished, and tooke from the king all occasion to recover afterwards anie forces sufficient to resist him.

Holinshed, from whom the foregoing extract is taken, agrees here in the main with the other historians; but the most entertaining and circumstantial narrative of all the events connected with Richard's sojourn in Ireland, his skirmishes with the Irish chieftain, Macmore, hi
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reception of the terrible news of Bolingbroke's landing, of the people's insurrection, of his tardy return to England, down to his deposition and death, is contained in a manuscript entitled "Histoire du Roy d'Angleterre Richard, Traictant particulierement la Rebellion de ses sujets en prison dans ce personne. Compose par un gentilhomme Francois de Marque, qui fut a la suite du dict Roy, avec permission du Roy de France, 1399." This metrical history, of which a beautifully illuminated copy is preserved in the library of the British Museum, has been ably translated by the Rev. J. A. Weale, and published in vol. xx. of the "Archaeologia." From this invaluable contribution to English history, we are tempted to extract the author's account, as witnessed by himself, of the dispersion of the Welsh army:

"He [the king] sent for the earl of Salisbury, saying, 'Cousin, you must go to England and resist this mad enterprise of the duke, and let his people be put to death, or taken prisoners; and learn too, how and by what means he hath thus troubled my land, and set it against me.' The earl said, 'Sir, upon mine honour I will perform it in such manner, that in a short time you shall hear of this disturbance, or I will suffer the penalty of death.' 'Fair cousin, I know it well,' said the king, 'and will myself set forward to pass over as speedily as I may, for never shall I have comfort or repose so long as the false traitor, who hath now played me such a trick, shall be alive. If I can but get him in my power, I will cause him to be put to death in such a manner that it shall be spoken of long enough, even in Turkey.' The earl caused his people and vessels to be made ready for immediate departure, gravely took leave of the king, and entreated him to proceed with all possible haste. The king, upon his advice, promised him, happen what might, that he would put to sea within a week. For they told us, that he had already conquered the greater part of England, and taken towns and castles; that he had displaced officers, and everywhere set up a different establishment in his own name; that he had put to death, without mercy, as a sovereign lord, all those whom he held in displeasure.

"When the earl heard these doleful tidings, it was no wonder that he was alarmed, for the duke had gained over the greater part of the nobles of England, and we were assured that there were full sixty thousand men ready for war. The earl was so accustomed, throughout Wales and Chester, that all gentlemen, archers, and other persons, should come to him without delay, upon pain of death, to take part with King Richard who loved them. This they were very desirous to do, thinking it a truth that the king had arrived at Conway: I am certain that forty thousand were trained and mustered in the field within four days, every one eager to fight with all who wished ill to the over preux and valiant King Richard. Then the earl, who endured great pain and trouble, went to them all, and declared to them with a solemn oath, that before three days were ended, he would so straiten the duke and his people, that for this time they should advance no farther to waste the land. Soon after, he found the whole of his friends assembled together in the field; he spake to them well-advisedly, 'My good gentlemen, let us all make haste to avenge King Richard in his absence, that he may be satisfied with us for the time to come: for mine own part I purpose neither to stop nor to take rest, till such time as I shall have made my attempt upon those who are so traitorous and cruel towards him. Let us go hence, and march directly towards them. God will help us, if we are diligent in assaulting them; for, according to our law, it is the duty of every one in many cases to support the right until death.'

"When the Welshmen understood that the king was not there, they were all sorrowful, murmuring to one another in great companies; full of alarm, thinking that the king was dead of grief, and dreading the horrible and great severity of the Duke of Lancaster and his people. They were not well satisfied with the earl, saying, 'Sir, be kinder to them. I know we present we shall advance no farther, since the king is not there; and do you, know wherefore? Behold the duke is subduing everything to himself, which is a great terror and trouble to us; for indeed we think that the king is dead, since he is not arrived with you at the port; we be here, right or wrong, each of us would be eager to assail his enemies. But now we will not go with you.' The earl at this was so wroth at heart, that he had almost gone out of his senses with vexation; he shed tears. It was a great pity to see how he was treated. 'Alas!,' said he, 'what shame befalleth me this day! O death, come unto me without delay; put an end to me; I lose my destiny. Alas! I now will the king suppose that I have devised treason.'

"While thus he mourned, he said, 'My comrades, as you, if we hope for mercy come with me, I beseech you; so shall we be champions for King Richard, who within four days and a half will be here; for he told me when I quitted Ireland, that he would upon his life embark before the week was ended. Sirs, I pray you let us hasten to depart.' Small porting was the good earl: Small porting was the good earl, in my opinion, my rightful lord, since you delay so long. What can this mean? Certes, I believe you are betrayed, since I hear no true tidings of you in word or deed. Alas! I see these people are worried with fear, lest the duke should come in. They are but common ignorant people. They shall desert me.' So said the good earl to himself in the field; while he was serving with those who in a little time all abandoned him; some went their way straight to the duke, and the rest returned into Wales; so they left the earl encamped with none but his own men, who did not, I think, amount to a hundred. He lamented it greatly, saying, in a sorrowful manner, 'Let us make our retreat, for our enterprise goeth on very badly.'

(6) SCENE IV.—The bay-trees in our country are all withered."

"In this year in a manner throughout all the realms of England, old baie trees withered, and afterwards, contrary to all men's thinking, grew green again, a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknown event.—Holinshed, 1599.

This was usually held to be an evil prognostic, for the bay-tree, from very early ages, was believed to exercise a powerfully beneficial influence upon the place where it flourished;—'Nether falling synkes, nether deryll, Thy Romynyes calleth it the plant of the good angel,' &c.—Lupton's Sext Booke of Notable Things."
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ACT III.

(1) Scene II.—*Mine eye is open, &c.*] “It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude,—the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and plious.”—Johnson.

(2) Scene II.—

For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scowling his state, and grinning at his pomp.[1]

“Some part of this fine description might have been suggested from the seventh print in the *Imagines Mortis*, a celebrated series of wooden cuts which have been improperly attributed to Holbein. It is probable that Shakespeare might have seen some spurious edition of this work; for the great scarcity of the original in this country in former times is apparent, when Hollar could not procure the use of it for his copy of the *Dance of Death*.”—Douce. An admirable modern illustration of this noble passage, may be seen in J. H. Mortimer’s etching of Richard II. in a series of twelve characteristic heads from Shakespeare.

(3) Scene III.—*Then I must not say, no.*] The interview between King Richard and Bolingbroke, at Flint, is thus narrated by the author of the French Metrical History, who was an eye witness of all that passed.

“The Duke entered the castle armed at all points, except his bosom. Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground; and as they approached each other, he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand; and then the king took off his bonnet, and spake first in this manner: *Fair cousin of Lancaster, you be right welcome.* Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, *My Lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me; the reason wherefore I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past.* King Richard then answered him, *Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well.* And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding anything: for I heard and understood them very well. And the earl of Salisbury also rehearsed them to me in French, and another aged knight who was one of the council of Duke Henry. He told me as we rode to Chester, that Merlin and Bede had, from the time in which they lived, prophesied of the taking and ruin of the king, and that if I were in his castle he would show it in form and manner as I had seen it come to pass. *Thus, as you have heard, came Duke Henry to the castle and spake unto the king, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby; bowebeit unto the earl of Salisbury he spake not at all, but sent word to him by a knight in this manner, *Earl of Salisbury, be assured that no more than you desired to speak to my lord the duke of Lancaster, when he and you were in Paris at Christmas last past, will he speak unto you.* Then was the earl much abashed, and had great fear and dread at heart, for he saw plainly that the duke mortally hated him: The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, *Bring out the king’s horses;* and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty francs; they mounted upon, and the Earl of Salisbury the other. Everyone got on horseback, and we set out from the said castle of Flint about two hours after mid-day.*

ACT IV.

(1) Scene I.—

*Lest child, child’s children, cry against you—wot?*]

In the Bishop’s bold and animated defence of the rights of kings, Shakespeare followed his favourite historical authority, Holinshed: “On Wednesday following, request was made by the commons, that sith King Richard had resigned, and was lawfullie deposed from his roiall dignitie, he might have judgement decreed against him, so as the realme were not troubled by him, and that the causes of his deposing might be published through the realme for satisfying of the people: which demand was granted. Whereupon the Bishop of Carlisle, a man both learned, wise, and stout of stomach, boldlie shewed forth his opinion concerning that demand; affirming that there was none amongst them worthy or meet to give judgement upon so noble a prince as Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereign

and liege lord, by the space of two and twenty yeares and more; And I assure you (said he) there is not so manke a traitor, nor so errant a thief, nor yetso cruel a murthre apprehended or detained in prison for his offense, but he shall be brought before the justice to heare his judgement; and will ye proceed to the judgement of an aointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse? I say, that the duke of Lancaster whom ye call king, hath more trespassed to king Richard and his realme, than king Richard hath done either to him or us: for it is manifest and well knowne, that the duke was banished the realme by king Richard and his counsell, and by the judgement of his own father, for the space of ten yeares, for what cause ye know, and yet without license of king Richard, he is returned againe into the realme, and (that is worse) hath taken upon him the name, title, and preheminence of king. And therefore I say, that you have done manifeste wrong, to proceed in anie thing against King Richard, without calling
illustrative comments.

him open to his answer and defense. As soon as the bishop had ended this tale, he was attached by the Earle-Marshall, and committed to ward in the abbeie of saint Albons."—HOLINSHED, 1399.

(2) SCENE I.—
On Wednesday next we solemnly set down.
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

The following is the description of the proceedings at Westminster on the occasion of Richard's deposition; from the 'Metrical History':—

"First sat Duke Henry, and next to him the Duke of York, his fair cousin, whose heart was not right faithful towards his nephew, King Richard. After him, on the same side, sat the Duke of Aumarle, the son of the Duke of York; and then the Duke of Surrey, who was ever loyal and true. After him sat the Duke of Exeter, who had no reason to rejoice, for he saw before him preparation made for the ruin of the king, his brother. Early and late this was the wish of them all. Then came another on that side, who was called the Marquess, lord of a great country. And next the Earl of Arundel, who is right young and active. The Earl of Norwich next, was not forgotten in the account, neither he of La Marche.† There was one who was Earl of Stamford,§ and never could agree with his lord, King Richard; on this side also sat one whom I heard called Earl of Pembroke, § and a baron. And close to him was seated the Earl of Salisbury, who so faithfully loved the king that he was loyal to the last. The Earl of Devonshire was there, as I heard. All other earls and lords, the greatest in the kingdom, were present at this assembly, their desire and intention being to choose another king. There, in fair fashion, stood the Earl of Northumberland and the Earl of Westmoreland, the whole of the day, and for the better discharge of their duty, they knelted very often: wherefore, or how it was, I cannot tell.

"The archbishop of Canterbury next arose, and preached before all the people in Latin. The whole of his sermon was upon this, 'Habuit Jacob benedictionem a patre suo':— How Jacob had gotten the blessing instead of Esau, although he were the eldest son. This he set forth as true. Also, what he said for a sermon! He made it to prove, in conclusion, that King Richard ought to have no part in the Crown of England, and that the prince ought to have had the realm and territory. These were very ungrateful people; after they had all held him to be rightful king and lord for two or twenty years, by a great error they ruined him with one accord.

"When the archbishop had finished his sermon in the Latin language, a lawyer, who was a most sage doctor, and also a notary, arose and commanded silence. For he began to read aloud an instrument which contained how Richard, some time King of England, had avowed and confessed, of his own will, without compulsion, that he was neither capable nor worthy, wise nor prudent, nor gentle enough to bear the crown; and that it was his wish to resign it into the hand of another worthy man of noble birth and greater wisdom than himself. Thus right or wrong, they by agreement caused King Richard to make a declaration in the Tower of London, in a most wicked manner; and then in this parliament read the instrument before all. Its witnesses were bishops and abbots, who affirmed and testified that the instrument was entirely true. Now consider this testimony: never was such an outrage heard of.

"When the reading of the instrument was ended, all kept silence, and the archbishop, then rose and took up anew his discourse, laying his foundation upon the instrument aforesaid, and speaking so loud, that he was plainly heard of the people. 'Forsworn as it is thus, and that Richard, sometime King of England, hath by his words and of his own goodwill acknowledged and confessed that he is not sufficiently able, worthy, or well skilled to govern the kingdom, it were right good to advise and choose another king.' Alas! fair sir, what an evil deed! There were they, judge, and party accusing. It was not a thing justly divided nor of legal right; because there was no man in that place for the old king, save three or four who durst upon no account gainsay them. All that they said or did was the greatest mockery; for, great and small, they all agreed, without any dividing, that they would have a king who better knew how to discharge his duty than Richard had done. And when the archbishop had completely made an end in the English language of declaring his will and his evil intention, and the people had replied according to that which they had heard, he began to interrogate and question each man by himself. 'Will you that the duke of York be your king?' All in good order answered 'No.'— 'Will you then have his oldest son, who is duke of Aumarle?' They answered aloud, 'Let no one speak to us of him.' Once more again he asked, 'Will you then have his youngest son?' They said, 'Nay, truly.' He asked them concerning many others, but the people stopped at none of those that he had named. And then the archbishop ceased to say much. He next inquired aloud, 'Will you have the duke of Lancaster?' They all at once replied with so loud a voice, that the account which I heard appears marvellous to me. 'Yea, we will have no other.' Then they praised Jesus Christ."

Immediately the ceremony of the deposition of Richard is concluded and the deprived King has departed, Bolingbrooke announces the day of his own coronation, the ensuing Wednesday. The real day, however, was Monday, and is so set down in Holinshead; and it is therefore difficult to understand how any piece of writing was put into the missing, unless it were derived from the old play on this part of English History which has never yet been found.

The Coronation of Henry IV. took place on the Translation of St. Edward the Confessor, Monday, Oct. 13th, 1399, on which day the Court of Chancery for causes, held with great ceremony. It is remarkable as being the first coronation in which the creation of Knights of the Bath is particularly noticed by historians; though there can be no doubt of the practice having prevailed in much earlier times. Forty-six gentlemen, four of whom were Henry's sons, received the Order at the Tower the day before the festival, and watched there the vigil of the Coronation. In this ceremony the new King's policy appears to have been to make the most imposing display of wealth and magnificence possible, as may be seen in the elaborate account of it given by Froissart. There were six thousand horses employed in the cavalcade which attended Henry to Westminster; and the coronation-feast lasted two days, during which nine conduits of wine were kept flowing in Chapside.

1 Edmund Mortimer, son of Roger, Earl of March, could not have been more than seven years of age.

2 Ginery, Stafford.

3 This, must be an error, as the last earl had been killed in a tournament at Windsor some years before.

* John Beaufort, eldest son of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swinford, created, 20 Rich. II., Marquess of Dorset and Somerset.

† An error of the transcriber; it should, perhaps, be Warwick. There was no Earl of Norfolk till the 2d Charles I.
(1) SCENE I.—You must to Pomeroy, not unto the Tower.] This is not historically correct; in the prose MSS. concerning the deposition of Richard the Second, preserved in the national library of Paris, there is an extremely interesting and characteristic narrative. The interview which took place between the king and Henry of Lancaster while the former was confined in the Tower. These MSS. record, that when the Dukes of Lancaster and York went to the Tower to see the king, Lancaster desir’d the Earl of Arundel to send the king to them. When this message was delivered to Richard, he replied, “Tell Henry of Lancaster from me, that I will do no such thing; and that, if he were to speak with me, I must come to me.” On entering none showed any respect to the king, except Lancaster, who took off his hat and saluted him respectfully, and said to him; “Here is our cousin, the Duke of Aumale, and our uncle, the Duke of York, who wish to speak with you;” to which Richard answered, “Cousin, they are not fit to talk to me.” But have the goodness to hear them,” replied Lancaster; upon which Richard uttered an oath, and turning to York, “Thou villain, what wouldst thou say to me? and thou, traitor of Rutland, thou art neither good nor worthy enough to speak to me, nor to hear the name of duke, earl, or knight; thou, and the villain thy father have both of you foully betrayed me; in a cursed hour were ye born: by your false counsel was my uncle of Gloucester put to death.” The Earl of Rutland replied to the king that, in what he said he lied; and threw down his bonnet at his feet: on which the king said, “I am king, and thy lord; and will still continue king; and will be a greater lord than I ever was, in spite of all my enemies.” Upon this Lancaster imposed silence on Rutland. Richard, turning then with a fierce countenance to Lancaster, asked him why he was in confinement, and why under a guard of armed men. “Am I your servant or your king? What mean you to do with me?” Lancaster replied, “You are my king and lord, but the council of the realm have ordered that you should be kept in confinement till full decision (judgement) in parliament.” The king again swore; and desired he might see his wife. “Excuse me,” replied the duke, “it is forbidden by the council.” Then the king in great wrath walked about the room; and at length broke out into passionate decla-

rations, and appeals to heaven; called them “false traitors,” and offered to fight any four of them; boasted of his father and grandfather, his reign of twenty-two years; and ended by throwing down his bonnet. Lancaster then fell on his knees, and besought him to be quiet till the meeting of parliament, and then every one would bring forward his reason.—See Notes by the Rev. John Webb, to his Translation of the French Metrical History, &c.; Archaeologia, vol. xx.

(2) SCENE I.—With all swift speed you must away to France.] At this period, Isabel in reality was a mere child. Upon the deposition of Richard, the French made a formal demand for the restitution of the Queen and part of her dowry, which by the contract of marriage was to be returned in the event of her becoming a widow before she had completed her twelfth year. The negotiations were delayed from the end of November, 1399, to May 27th, 1401, when the treaty for her return was signed at Lollingen. The account of her return to France is thus related in the Metrical History. “On Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of July, about (the hour of) prime, the queen of the English passed from Dover to Calais, in the year one thousand four hundred and one. I understand she was most grandly attended, for she had in her company some of the greatest ladies of England. When they had landed, Hueguville, who had come over with her, wrote presently of the matter to the ambassadors at Boulogne, how she had made the passage, and that they all

promised to restore her, as they had given him to understand. On the following Sunday, being the last day of July, the queen set out from Calais without farther delay, together with the English, who could find no right reason for detaining her longer, so often were they reminded by the French. But they brought her straight to Lollingen, whither those who had heard the news of it went to meet her; these were the upright Count of Saint Pol, as every one calls him, and with him the ambassadors of France, who had used great diligence that they might behold her again.

The queen, indeed, alighted below Lollingen at a tent, that the English had handsomely pitched for her in the valley. She was met by the ladies of France, who most heartily desired to see her. Soon after, they set out, it seems, together, and took the queen to the chapel of Lollingen; what it is, every one knows who has seen it. And when she had alighted, they made her enter, attended by few persons, except the ambassadors of France and England, who had taken great pains to do this.

When they were assembled in the chapel, a kind of highly esteemed of the English, Sir Thomas Percy, took up his discourse, saying thus, ‘King Henry, King of England, my sovereign lord on earth, desiring the fulfilment of his promise, hath without reserve and of right will, caused us to bring hither my lady, the Queen of England, to render and restore her to her father, loving, quit, and free of all bonds of marriage, and of every other service, debt, or obligation; and declareth, moreover, that he would most solemnly pledge himself as he took it (or so on the day when she was brought in her letter to King Richard. And if there should be any where a king, duke, or earl, christian, or otherwise, great or little, who would deny this, he would, without farther say or any longer

to the English ladies, who made sore lamentations, to the French tents, where they purpose to dine together. So it seems, they did. And after dinner the queen caused a great abundance of very fair jewels to be brought out, and presented them to the great ladies and lords of England, who wept mightily for sorrow; but the queen bade them be of good cheer; and when she was forced to part from them, they renewed their lamentation.”

(3) SCENE II.—But heaven hath a hand in these events; To whose high will we bound our calm contents.] On comparing this scene with a parallel passage in Drayton’s ‘Civil Wars,” published in 1595, no one can doubt that either Shakespeare had Drayton’s version in his mind’s eye, or that the latter was indebted to York’s magnificent
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description of the entry of Richard and Bolingbroke into London. We incline to the opinion of Mr. Knight, that the "Civil Wars" was produced and published before Richard II. was written. In Drayton the incident is told as follows:

"He that in glory of his fortune sate
And hid from all the world his shame,
His blood could never be
Die feel his blood within his state, and
And lift up his rejoicing soul, to see
So many hands and heads in triumph
The advancement of his long-dead desire;
When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by,
His friends forgot the picturesque virtue.
Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
The unregarded king; that dropping went.
Alone, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon
Judge, if he'd mix more envy, or lament
See what a wondrous work this day is done;
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present:
In th'o' one, to show the best of glory's face;
In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace.

(4) SCENE III.—Can no man tell of my unthriftyness."

This speech may be regarded as striking the key-note of the three plays which continue the history of England at this period; and is, as Johnson observes, "a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries and his long manhood." Shakespeare's authority for thus delineating the Prince, was in all probability either the old play of Richard II. or a passage in Holinshed, which may be better adduced as an illustration in another place. Holinshed has Richard's authority as Mr. Hunter points out, "of the chroniclers immediately preceding himself, Fabyan, Polydore Vergil, and Caxton, who wrote while the memory of the Prince's extravagance may well be supposed to have been alive, as they were all writers of his own century; and indeed he so far removes, as he may be regarded as coming late, and it may be thought that they are in some degree at least copyists from each other, and not wholly independent authorities"; he refers to Henry's own contemporaries, Hardyng, Walsingham, Otterburne, the historian who called himself Titus Livius, and Thomas of Elmham: all of whom notice the vicious life of his youth in connexion with the entire change which took place in him on his accession to the throne. How early Henry became thus dissolute, it is not possible even to conjecture, but Malone's note on this passage is quite worthy of attention. "The Prince," he observes, "was at this time but twelve years old; for he was born in 1385, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the year 1398. He seems to have frequented taverns or stews at so early an age; and it may be noticed that his answer declaring his prowess as a tilter, is that of an inexperienced young champion in his full strength.

(5) SCENE V.—Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die."

The circumstantial detail of the murder of Richard II., as it is represented in the close of this play, was popularly considered, even long after the time of Shakespeare, to be in reality the true history of his death: and down to the present day, the manner in which he came to his end constitutes one of the most interesting Problems of English history. Holinshed is again the principal authority of the dramaticist, and much of his narrative is founded on the report of Abraham Fleming, who was one of the compilers of the series of chronicles collectively called by the name of Holinshed. Fleming derived his information from the "Short History of the Life of Thomas Walsingham, from Edward the Fourth to King V." It is in that work Fleming appears to have written his narrative for the purpose of disproving "the common fame," that the king's death was to be attributed to compulsory famine: and, continuing Fleming, he refers to it altogether as voluntary. So the work of Holinshed appears to have been done with great care and accuracy. He appears to have been the most diligent and careful of all the chroniclers of the period. It happened that he was in the act of writing a history of the affairs of the day when he heard that the commons and attempts of so many of his followers as sought his restitution, and their own advancement, were annihilated, and the chief agents shamefully executed; he took such a conceit at these misfortunes,—for so Thomas Walsingham termeth them—and was so beaten out of heart,—that willfully he stripped himself, and so died in Pomfret Castle." So far as this statement can be received, it is not at all inconsistent with the ordinary account of the murder of Richard, nor with his "desperate manhood," as Holinshed calls it, on that occasion; excited as he was by his injuries, and his own fierce self-will and impetuous disposition.

In the termination of the life of the deposed king, by whatsoever means it was effected,—if the guilty wish for his death, were ever expressed, by Bolingbroke as related by Walsingham, and transferred by Fleming into Holinshed; the passage seems not only to have furnished matter for the present play, but also to have suggested almost the very scenes which Shakespeare has employed in two very noble and well-known parallel passages.

The first of these is in "King John," Act III. Scene 1.

"Good Hubert, Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy:—I'll tell thee what, my friend—
He is a very serpent in my way:
And whereas'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Then art his keeper!"

The other passage is of course the celebrated temptation of Buckingham by the Duke of Gloucester to the murder of Edward V. and his brother, in "The Life and Death of Richard the Third," Act IV. Scene 2.

"Thus high, by thy advice and thy assistance,
Art Richard best King.
But, shall we wear these glories for a day,
Of shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Now, Buckingham, now do I play the touch
To try if thou be current gold, indeed. —
Young Edward lives—Think now what I would speak!"

"One writer," says Holinshed, "which seemeth to have great renown among the historians, named Henry,lyricizing Henrie, sitting on a daie at his table, sore sighing, said, 'Have I no faithfull friend which will deliver me of him, whose life will be my death, and whose death will be the preservation of my life.' This saying was much noted of them that were present, and especially of one called Sir Piers of Exton." It is added that "this knight incontinently departed from the court, with eight strong persons in his company, and came to Pomfret;" where the remaining act of the tragedy was suddenly performed. In the Chronicle of Gerease of Dover, relating to the reign of Henry II., 1171, there is a very remarkable historical parallel to this passage, in the passionate expression of that sovereign in reference to the Archbishop Thomas & Becket. The historian states that the king became so enraged because they had banned the archbishop, that he aloud lamented that of all the numbers, both of nobles and others, whom he had maintained, there was not one of them who would undertake to redress his injuries. These and the like proofs much inculcated four knights, that they bound themselves together by an oath, and withdrew from court to execute their design.

After the death of Richard, Shakespeare sagaciously shows that the first policy of Bolingbroke was to disclaim any participation in it, as he does even to Exton himself: and here again appears a remarkable similarity between this part of the present play and the speech of King John to Hubert after the supposed murder of Arthur, in the fine passage in Act IV. Scene 2, of that play. Bolingbroke's speech to the Duke of Gloucester that Hubert and other agents publicly to declare that he was altogether innocent of the death of the late king, by honourably exposing and interring a body affirmed to be that of Richard. Holinshed thus sets down the circumstances of this ceremony. After he was thus dead, being embalmed and censed, and covered with lead, all save the face, to the intent that all men might see him, and perceive that he was departed from life. For, as the corpse was conveyed from Pomfret to London, in all the towns and places where those that had the convenience of it did state with it all night,—they caused 'Divere' to be sung in the evening, and masse of 'Requiem' in the morning; and, as well after the same service as the other, his face, dis-covered, was shewed to all that
coveted to behold it. Thus was the corpse first brought to the Tower, and after through the citie to the cathedral church of saint Paul, bare-faced, where it lye three daies together, that all men might behold it. There was a solemn obsequie made by the bishop and after at Westminster; at which time both at Dirige over night, and in the morning at Reqviem, the king and the citizens of London were present." Up to this point the remains were treated with great ceremony, but they were next removed to the church of the Princes Prentices at Abbot's Langley in Hertfordshire; where they were obscurely interred by the Bishop of Chester and the Abbots of St. Alban's and Waltham, "none of the nobles," adds Holinshed, "nor sone of the commons, except of being present; neither was there ani to bid them to dinner after they had laid him in the ground, and finished the funeral service."

Throughout the whole of these proceedings, as well in the first ostentations display of a corpse, affirmed to have been that of the deisolved monarch, as afterwards,—it seems as if the policy of Bolingbroke might everywhere be traced. After having effected his first object, that of showing, in the most public places, the uninjured body of a person, which is declared by Froissart to have been seen by twenty thousand witnesses;—and after having performed all the principal rites, the rest of the funeral was passed over in silence. There is also the curious evidence of a contemporary person, relating first the exposure of a body said to have been King Richard's, and afterwards the obscure burial of it. In a manuscript copy of John Hardyng's Chronicle, preserved in the Lansdowne Collection, there are the following notices of this funeral:—

"Some after that kyng Richarde so was dede, And brought to Paule's with gret solemnitie,— (Men sayd he was for-hungerd—and lap'd in lede, But that his masse was done, and ' Dirige,' In Howre Rial his corse lay there, I se; And after Masse to Westminster was laden, Where ' Placebo' and ' Dyryge' he hadde."

The printed editions of the Chronicle differ entirely in the text of this stanza; but the following verse, and the title of the chapter in which they occur, appear to have that the author probably thought it more prudent not to declare his having seen the body. He states, however, that when the funeral ceremonies were performed at St. Paul's:—

"The kyngge and lodes clothes of golde there offered, Some vili, some Ix, upon his herte were proferrade. At Westminster then did they so the same, and was he shoue, there have bured bene, In that that Mysterie lyke a Prince of Rome, In his owne tombe, together with the quene Anne, the kyng his lyft wyfe had bene. But then the kyng him fast to Langley sent, There in ' the Freres ' to be bured secretmente.""

Hardyng adds, in the title to this chapter, that the body was removed thither "for men should have no remembrance of him."

No part of this narrative indicates any doubt that the remains which had been exhibited were really those of Richard; nor is there any notice of the other reports concerning the cause of his death. The author of the Metrical History of the Deposition, on the contrary, seems not only to have very much doubted the identity of the deceased individual, but also to have disbelieved that the deisolved king was really dead. His narrative of these particulars may be thus rendered in the familiar style and measure of the original:—

"When the King was these tidings shew'd, The which were neither fair nor good; So vastly on his heart they sunk That never more he ate or drank; But, vanquish'd from that hour, denied All food to take, and so he died. This some have said and have received, But shall not be by me believed; For certain others yet do tell That he is still alive and well, Though shut with them in their prison-seat:— And therefore some do mis-report. It matters not that they display'd A dead man's corse to their own, Through London with such honours borne As should a litleless king adorn; Declaring that it was the corse Of Richard lying on that hearse."

But I believe not certainly That it the former king could be: 'Twas but his chaplain, Maudelain, Was carried by that solemn train: Who in face, size, and height, and limb, So closely did resemble him, That each one firmly thought he knew 'T was good King Richard met his view. If it were he, both morn and eve My hearty prayers to God I give, Who merciful and piteous is: That he may take his soul to bliss."

The priest Maudelain, who is mentioned in these verses, had already represented Richard in the conspiracy of the Ears of Rutland and Kent; and he was afterwards taken with many others at Cirencester, and was one of those hanged at Westmynster. Hence, it would, perhaps, have been so opportunist brought forward as of that of the late king; and it is not impossible that Henry might even have indulged in a bitter jest, by so calling the lifeless remains of one who, whilst living, had been really put forward as the royal substitute. Throughout a great part of the reign of Henry IV., the very general belief that Richard was not dead, was a source of the most serious vexation to him; and it is especially remarkable that he should have experienced much of his anxiety from the appearance of other false Richards after Maudelain, against whom he issued proclamation so late as 1402.

The illustration of the removal of the body obscurely interred at Abbot's Langley, with royal honours to Westmister, richly belongs to the play of Henry V., to which we refer it. But there is one circumstance, arising out of that translation, which may be properly noticed in this place,—the opportunity which it afforded of examining some secrets in the royal tomb, by Sir Joseph Aylofio, Edward King, Richard Gough, and others, in the latter part of the last century; when the skull which was believed to be that of the king did not exhibit any marks of violence. Mr. King states that "a small cleft that was visible on one side, appeared, on close inspection, to be merely the opening of a suture from length of time and decay: and it was beside in such a part of the head that it must have been visible when the visage was exposed, had it been the consequence of a wound given by a battle-axe, it being at the top of what the anatomists call the os temporalis. In answer to these arguments it is to be observed, firstly, that the skulls examined were contained in the sub-base- ment of the tomb, and not in the monument itself, under the effigies, where the royal bodies might be supposed to be laid. Secondly, that only the lower part of the face was uncovered when the remains were carried through London, and the temporal bones were hidden. The rumour of starvation by his keepers, which Holinshed says was the most commonly believed, might have been the cause of the death of Richard; or he might have been another account states, have remained by his own will too long without food, and then have been unable to receive it, and so have died. A heavy suspicion of the guilt of destroying him must always, however, rest upon the memory of Henry of Bolingbrooke; though at the present time he is commonly believed to have been innocent, and Richard to have expired at Pomfret from purely natural causes.
THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

"The History of Henrie the Fourth; With the battell at Shrewsoure, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." Such is the title of the first and best edition of this famous historic drama. A second edition was issued in 1599, which was followed by a third in 1604, a fourth in 1608, a fifth in 1613, and a sixth in 1622. That six distinct impressions of it should have been published before its incorporation in the folio of 1623, is proof of its enduring popularity.

The First Part of King Henry IV. was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1597, to which year Malone ascribes its production. Chalmers and Drake assign it to 1596, but the evidence for either date is so extremely vague and unsubstantial that no dependance can be placed upon it. All we really know is, that the play was written before 1598, because Meres, in his list published that year, enumerates "Henry the IVth." as one of our poet's works. Shakespeare, it is thought, selected the stirring period of our history comprehended in the reigns of Henry IV. and V. for dramatic illustration, in consequence of the success achieved by an old and worthless piece which had long retained possession of the stage, called "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth;" though Dr. Johnson conceived that he had planned a regular connexion of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. From a similarity in some of the incidents and in the names of two or three of the characters, it is quite clear that he was acquainted with "The Famous Victories," and the circumstance of his having chosen the same events for representation, may have occasioned the revival of that old piece by Henslowe's company in 1595, and its re-publication in 1598. As Mr. Collier observes, "It is impossible to institute any parallel between 'The Famous Victories' and Shakespeare's dramas; for, besides that the former has reached us evidently in an imperfect shape, the immeasurable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance a matter of contrast rather than of comparison."

In the year 1844, a manuscript copy of the play of Henry the Fourth was found among the family papers of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., of Surrenden, Kent. Mr. Halliwell, who edited the MS. for the Shakespeare Society, observes, in his Introduction to the volume, that it "does not contain the whole of Shakespeare's Henry IV., but the two parts condensed into one, and, as we
may presume, for the purpose of representation." And he goes on to say that "the variations are so numerous, that we can hardly believe the MS. was transcribed from any printed edition. At all events, we cannot discover any which contains them. If the adapter was a player, there seems to be no preponderating reason why the MS. should not originally have been the property of one of the metropolitan theatres, and have been prepared for the use of such an establishment."

The discovery of any of Shakespeare's plays in manuscript of a date even approaching his own time, is alone sufficiently interesting in a literary point of view; the editor's suggestion that the Dering MS. may have been derived from some independent source, cannot, however, be maintained. There is abundant internal evidence to show that it was copied, in the first instance, from the quarto edition of 1613; and as the transcript was apparently made during the reign of James I, with a view to private performance, by the friends of Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet, the language was, as usual, altered to suit the taste of the day; the various readings, therefore, whatever their merit, cannot be accepted as of any authority in elucidating the text.

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**Persons Represented.**

**KING HENRY THE FOURTH.**
- **Henry, Prince of Wales,** 
  Sons to the King.
- **Prince John of Lancaster,**
- **Earl of Westmoreland.**
- **Sir Walter Blunt.**
- **Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.**
- **Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.**
- **Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.**
- **Edward Mortimer, Earl of March.**
- **Scroop, Archbishop of York.**
- **Sir Michael, a friend of the Archbishop.**
- **Archibald, Earl of Douglas.**
- **Owen Glendower.**

**SIR RICHARD VERNON.**
- **Sir John Falstaff.**
- **Poins.**
- **Gadshill.**
- **Peto.**
- **Bardolph.**

**LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur.**
- **Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower.**
- **Mrs. Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.**

**Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Travellers, Carriers, and Attendants.**

**SCENE,—England.**
ACT I.


Enter King Henry, Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commene’d in strands* afar remote.

* Strands—] The old text has stronds.
Act I.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

[Scene I]

No more the thirsty entrance* of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeching ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ;²
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now* is twelve-months old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear experience.

WEST. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, laden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corps⁴ there was such misuse,

Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WEST. This, match'd with other, did*, my gracious lord;
For* more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.†
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
Sir Walter Blunt, now lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the 4th earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;* and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

WEST. In faith, it is;
A conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

a No more the thirsty entrance of this soil—Long and fruitless has been the controversy upon the word entrance, here. For a time, indeed, the ingenious and classical Erinyms of Monck Mason was permitted to supersede it in some editions; and a few critics advocated the substitution of entrance recommended by Stevens, or the less elegant entrails proposed by Douce; but these readings have had their day, and the general feeling is now in favour of retaining the old expression. Thirsty entrance is certainly obscure, but it might be used metaphorically for the parched crevices of the earth after long drought, without any serious impropriety. There is something similar in a passage of the "Troublesome Raigne of King John," with which Shakespeare was perfectly familiar:—

"As is all the blood yspilt on either part,
CLOSING THE WRAP OF THE THIRSTY EARTH
Growne to a love-game and a bridall feast?"

b As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy.

To levy a power as far as to the sepulchre of Christ, Stevens objected was an expression quite unexampled. Gifford has shown, however, [Ben Jonson, Vol. V, p. 128] that the construction was not peculiar, by quoting an instance of it from Gosson's School of Abuse, 1587. "Scipio, before he levied his force to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citle on a take to be devoured."

*(1) First folio, Fac. (2) First folio, a. (3) First folio, straiten'd. (4) Old copies omit, the.

NB Now is twelve months old.—So the first quarto; the folio reads, a twelvemonth old.

4 Upon whose dead corps—The folio has corps. We should perhaps, read corpses.

* This match'd with other, did, my gracious lord.] This folio following the quarto of 1615, from which it appears to have been printed, reads, This match'd with other like, &c.

† Balk'd in their own blood.—For Balk'd, that is vided, a heaped up, there is classic authority: "Ingentes Rutulorum specia bix castella Acceors." Xn. X, 245, and "Ingentes Rutulorum lingui Acceors." X. 509; but many will prefer the conjectural reading, bakk'd, of Stevens: which he well supports by the following passages from Heywood's "Iron Age," 1629:

"——Troilus lies embak'd
In his cold blood"—

And,

"——bakk'd in blood and dust."

2 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son To beaten Douglas—This is an error into which the poet was led by a misprinted passage in Holinshed. Mordake Earl of Fife was the son of the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

SCENE II.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars; and not by Phoebus,—he, that wandering knight so fair. And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none)—

P. Hen. What! none?

FAL. No, by my troth; 'tis not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squares of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, Gentlemen of the shade, Minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

(*) First folio, of.

(1) First folio inserts, and.

(2) First folio inserts, in the.

a I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.] In this refusal Hotspur was justified by the law of arms; every prisoner whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns being at the disposal of his captor, either for ransom or acquittal. Mordake, however, being a prince of the royal blood, could be rightfully claimed by the king.

b To demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know.] The prince appears to object that Falstaff asks the time of day, when all his pursuers have reference to night.

c Thieves of the day's beauty.] For beauty, Theobald reads bawdy; but Malone conjectures that a pun was intended on the word beauty, which was to be pronounced as it still is in some counties, bawdy.

d Got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in.] Lay by, is a nautical phrase meaning stowken sail, and may have been a slang term for the highwayman's "stand." The bring in, was the tavern call for more wine.

e And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?] The humour of asking a question or making an observation quite irrelevant to the conversation going on, is very ancient. It must have been common in Shakespeare's time, for it is frequently found in the old dramas, and he himself indulges in this vein again in the present play, where the princeynessifies poor Francis,—"Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink." It occurs also in Hamlet more than once. Ben Jonson calls it a game of voyeurs.

f As the honey of Hybla,—[The folio reads, As is the honey, omitting the words, of Hybla.]

g As is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?] See note (1), p. 159.

L L

SCENE II.—The same. An apartment in a Tavern.(1)

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after night, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wrench in flame-coloured taffata, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars; and not by Phoebus,—he, that wandering knight so fair. And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none)—

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FAL. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

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c Thieves of the day's beauty.] For beauty, Theobald reads bawdy; but Malone conjectures that a pun was intended on the word beauty, which was to be pronounced as it still is in some counties, bawdy.

d Got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in.] Lay by, is a nautical phrase meaning stowken sail, and may have been a slang term for the highwayman's "stand." The bring in, was the tavern call for more wine.

e And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?] The humour of asking a question or making an observation quite irrelevant to the conversation going on, is very ancient. It must have been common in Shakespeare's time, for it is frequently found in the old dramas, and he himself indulges in this vein again in the present play, where the princeynessifies poor Francis,—"Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink." It occurs also in Hamlet more than once. Ben Jonson calls it a game of voyeurs.

f As the honey of Hybla,—[The folio reads, As is the honey, omitting the words, of Hybla.

g As is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?] See note (1), p. 159.

L L
Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?  
P. Hen. Why, what a poff hare I to do with my hostess of the tavern?  
Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.  
P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?  
Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.  
P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.  
Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art* king, hang a thief.  
P. Hen. No; thou shalt. [brave judge.  
Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord,† I'll be a P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.  
Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.  
P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?  
Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,‡ I am as melancholy as a gib cat,§ or a lugged bear.  
P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.  
Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.(2)  
P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? (3)  

(*) First folio omits, not.  
† I'll be a brave judge.] Shakespeare had probably in his mind a passage from the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth."—  
"Henry V. But Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do, shall be to put my Lord chief Justice out of office, and thou shalt be my Lord chief Justice of England."  
"Ned. Shall I be Lord chief Justice?  
By god's wounds I be the bravest Lord's chief Justice  
That ever was in England."  
§ A gib cat.—Gilberti and Tiberti, contracted into Gib and Tib, were the common names for cats in former times, Gib being usually applied to an old cat. Why this animal or "an old lion," or a "lugged bear," should be accounted melancholy, unless from the gravity of its carriage, has never been shown, but the simile "as melancholy as a cat," was in frequent use:—thus in Lily's "Midas,"—  
"Pet. How now, Motto, all amot?  
Moto. I am as melancholy as a cat."  

(2) A hare.—The following extract, from Turbervile's Book on Hunting and Falconry, is a better explanation of this passage than any given by the commentators:—"The hare first taught us the use of the bearse called wyld Succory, which is very excellent for those which are disposed to be melancholiick: Shee herselfe is one of the most melancholiick beasts that is, and to haile her own infirmities she goeth commonly to sit under that bearse."
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT I.

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; * and art, indeed, the most comparative,* rascelliest, †—sweet young prince.—But Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God,‡ thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. (4)

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon § me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I,|| if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord,§ an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds!* where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of thee in life; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. b O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain: for he was never yet a breaker of preverbs, he will give the devil his due.

POINS. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been* damned for cozening the devil.

POINS. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: (5) there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night*, in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of, crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward;* if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one? [faith.‡

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.³

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said. [home.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at Fal. By the Lord,§ I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee* the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou || latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer!* [Exit Falstaff.

(4) First folio, smiles.
(5) First folio, rascellest.
(6) First folio omits, to God.
(8) First folio, unto.
(9) First folio, I am.
(10) First folio omits, by the Lord.
(11) (**) First folio omits, Zounds.

* Most comparative.] This may mean, that is readiest in comparions or similes.

b Have set a match.] The first folio has "set a watch." Setting a match was occasionally used for making an appointment; thus, in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair,"—"Peace, Sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eyes-dropping, how they are setting their match." But it was also employed in rogues' language to mean planning a robbery; as in "Ratsey's Ghost,"—a black letter quarto, quoted by Farmer, supposed to be about 1606. "I have been many times beholding to Topsters and Chamberlaines for directions and setting of matches." [Horæ, p. Yedward;] Yedward is a popular corruption of "Edward," still used in some parts of England.

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(4) First folio omits, been.
(5) First folio omits, night.
(6) First folio omits, by my faith.
(7) First folio omits, by the Lord.
(8) Old text, the.

† Thou can't not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.] We should perhaps read, as many of the modern editors do, "cry, stand," since a quibble is evidently intended on the word royal. The coin called real or royal was of ten shillings value.

‡ Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting.] The folio reads, Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears, &c.

³ All-hallow summer.] All-hallow tide, or All-Saints' day, is the first of November. Nothing could be more happy than the likening Falstaff, with his old age and young passions, to this November summer.
POINs. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. HEN. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINs. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. HEN. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINs. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. HEN. But I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

POINs. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least, he fought with; what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. HEN. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINs. Farewell, my lord. [Exit POINS.

P. HEN. I know you all, and will a while uphold The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world.
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

(*) First folio omits, same.

(+) First quarto, line.

a Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill.—The old copies read, Falstaff, Harvy, Rossel, and Gadshill. Harvy and Rossel being, no doubt, the names of the actors who personated Bardolph and Peto.

b For the nonce,] For the occasion. See note (a), p. 128.

c Meet me to-night,—] The old copies have "to-morrow night," which is an obvious mistake.

d Shall I falsify men's hopes?] Hopes here means expectations, a use of the word not at all uncommon formerly, and hardly obsolete even now in some counties.

"This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares him for his future reformation; and what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it cannot otherwise justify nor forsake."—Johnson.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; a
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Re redeeming time, when men think least I will. (6)

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition; b
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. HEN. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do
see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure

(*) First folio, soil.
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak.

[To North.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name* demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took, Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is † deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.*

Hor. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword, Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd.

(*) First folio omits, name.  (†) First folio, was.

* Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

b A pounce-box.—A box with the lid pierced, containing
scents.

c Took it in snuff.—See note (*), p. 84.
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereignest thing on earth
Was parmacetti,* for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd,† indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty. [lord,
BLUNT. The circumstance consider'd, good my
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise

(* First folio omits he.
† First folio, Made me to answer. (1) First folio, this.
2 Parmacetti.] This was the ancient pronunciation of spermacetti. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his "Voyage into the South Sea," 1593, p. 46, says—"This we corruptly call parmacette, of the Latin word Sperma Ceti."
3 And indent with feers.] The old copies all read feers, which was only one of the many forms of spelling feers:—

To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
K. HEN. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners:
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; (7)
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March.
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indite with feers,⁠b
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains; let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
HOR. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardwight with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood:
Who then, affrighted & with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy; thou dost
believe him;
He never did encounter with Glendower; [alone,
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth,
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exit K. Henry, Blind, and Train.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head."

North. What, drunk with choler! stay, and
pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
"Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the
dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
North. Brother, the king hath made your
nephew mad. [To Worcester.

(*) First folio, yes. (1) First folio, In his behalf.
(2) First folio, down-fall."

"Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the
flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank."
—Johnson.

* Albeit I make a hazard of my head.] So all the quarto copies;
the folio reads, Although it be with hazard, &c.
* An eye of death.] Not surely, as Johnson and Steevens interpret
it, an eye menacing death, but, an eye of deadly fear.
*—you may redeem
Your banish'd honours,—

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,*
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not pro-
claim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was; I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of. [then
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did king Richard
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd,
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear t' the detested blot
Of murd'rous suboration,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king,
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shame's ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, & restore yourselves

(*) First folio omits, Edmund. (1) First folio omits, wor.
(2) First folio omits, me, and inserts, if.

Mr. Collier's annotator, in the very wantonness of emendation, substi-
tutes "torment'd" for "banish'd." In Massinger's play of
"The Maid of Honour," Act I. Sc. 1, we have
"—House us, sir, from the sleep
Of idleness, and redeem our morriged honours."
And in "The Custom of the Country," (Beaumont and Fletch'er,) Act II. Sc. 1:
"—Upon my life, this gallant
Is bribed to repeal banish'd swords."
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain't contempt,
Of this proud king: who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to* you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hor. If he fall in, good night:—or sink, or
swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O! * the blood more
stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare. a

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hor. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-face'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-face'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while. b

Hor. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hor. I'll keep them all;
By God, they shall not have a Scot of them; No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not: I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hor. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;

But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holloa—Mortimer! Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but, Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hor. All studies here I solemnly defy:c
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd* with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung* and impatienfoot
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood:
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hor. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and seeng]\ with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'sblood!*
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg,—

North. At Berkeley castle.

Hor. You say true:——

Why, what a candy?‡ deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,—
And,—gentle Harry Percy—and, kind cousin,¶
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hor. I have done, 'faith,§
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners;
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean

(*) First folio, unto. (†) First folio omits, O. (‡) First folio, Heaven.

a To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.] That Shakespeare was
an accomplished "woodman," may be inferred from his perfect
acquaintance with the technical phraseology of the craft. The
appropriate expression for raising the noble animals for the chase
was to rouse; the boar was reared; the fox unchained; and the hare
started.

b Good cousin, give me audience for a while.] The folio,
weakening the force of the passage, adds, And list to me.

c I solemnly defy.—Defy was sometimes employed in old
jargon in the sense of recant.

d And some sword-and-buckler prince of Wales. — Upon the
introduction of the rapier and dagger, the sword-and-buckler fell
into disuse among the higher classes, and were accounted fit
ting weapons for the vulgar only, such as Hotspur implies were

(§) First folio, poison'd him. (¶) First folio omits, 'sblood. (§) First folio, in sooth.

the associates of the prince Thus in "Florio's First Fruits,"
1578:— "What weapons bear they?—Some sword and dagger,
some sword and buckler.—What weapon is that buckler? A
clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman.

* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient foot!—] So the first
quarto, 1595; in the second edition, 1599, wasp-stung was altered to
wasp-tongued; and in the folio, 1623, it is, wasp-tongue'd.

¶ When his infant fortune came to age,—
And,—gentle Harry Percy—and, kind cousin,—

The empty compliments, recollection of which so galled the
fiery Percy, occur in his interview with Bolingbroke, in "Richard
II." Act II. Sc. 3.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT I.]

For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons, Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd, Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[To NORTHUMBERLAND. Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,— Shall secretly into the bosom creep Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd, The archbishop.

Hor. Of York, is't not? Won. True; who bears hard His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop. I speak not this in estimation. a
As what I think might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and set down; And only stays but to behold the face Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hor. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well. b

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip. b

Hor. Why, it cannot choose c but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York, To join with Mortimer, ha?

Won. And so they shall.

(*) First folio, wondrous well.

a [speak not this in estimation,—] Estimation here means supposition, conjecture.
b [Thou still let'st slip.] Thou always let'st slip. To let slip is a hunting technical; the hounds are held by the leash until the

Hor. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd. Won. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed, To save our heads by raising of a head: For, bear ourselves as even as we can, The king will always think him in our debt, And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay us home. And see already, how he doth begin To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hor. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Won. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this, Than I by letters shall direct your course. When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,) I'll steal to Glendower, and lord d Mortimer; Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once, (As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet, To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms, Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hor. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short, Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport! [Exeunt.

(*) First folio, loc.

game is roused, and then are loosened for the chase.

c [Why, it cannot choose—] A form of expression now changed into it cannot help, &c.
ACT II.


Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 CAR. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

OST. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 CAR. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.**

* Charles' wain—The vulgar appellation for the constellation called the Bear, and a corruption of the Charles or Charls (i.e. rustic's) wain.

** Out of all cess. Out of all measure. The phrase, according to Cotgrave, is the same as the French, sans case.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

Act II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper: a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it; I prythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starving. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio-purple-hued malm-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and, yet, zounds! I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonplace; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonplace their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

(*) First folio omits, sounds.
(1) First folio, unso.
(1) First folio inserts, the.
(1) First folio omits.

of cut-purses has not yet been satisfactorily explained, although the expression so applied is repeatedly met with in old books. Thus in Gower's Fadleman's Panegyric upon Tom Coryat:—

"A mandrake grown under some heavy tree.

There where Saint Nicholas knips not long before,

Had dropt their fat axumins to the lee."

And again, in Rowley's play of "A Match at Midnight:"—

"I think yonder comes prancing down the hills from Kingston a couple of St. Nicholas's clerks."

Such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, &c. By such as can hold in, Gadshill, in his professional jargon, may mean such as can hold on, or stick to the purpose; but the subsequent gradation is not very intelligible, unless by speak is to be understood, cry, "stand.""

K. Nay, by my faith, I think you are, &c.—The folio omits by my faith, and reads,—Nay, I think rather, vou, &c.
GADS. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,* as I am a true man.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADS. Go to; Homo is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my* gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Road near Gads-hill.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff’s horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet. b

P. HEN. Stand close.

(*) First folio, the.

* Our purchase,—] In the rogue’s language, purchase was anciently a slang synonym for stolen goods. Thus in Henry V. Act III. Sc. 2—

"They will steal anything, and call it purchase."

The first folio reads, purpose.

b And he frets like a gummed velvet.] So in Marston’s play.

Enter Falstaff.

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins! P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-kidney’d rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL. Where’s* Poins, Hal?

P. HEN. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I’ll go seek him. [Pretends to seek Poins.

FAL. I am accurst to rob in that thief’s company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire e further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I ’scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue’s company. If the rascal

(*) First folio, What. (1) First folio, that.

of "The Malcontent:"—"I’ll come among you, like gum into taffeta, to fret, fret."

e By the squire—] That is, by the rule. The word is derived from the French esquiere; and occurs again in the "Winter’s Tale," Act IV, Sc. 3:—"Not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire." See, also, Note (9), p. 92.
have not given me medicines, to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll robb a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [They whistle.] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.
P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?
Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you* all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too; —I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL; BARDOLPH and PETO with him.

GADSHILL. Stand.
Fal. So I do, against my will.
Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?
Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.
Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.
GADSHILL. There's enough to make us all.
Fal. To be hanged.

(*) First folio omits, you.

* Truly man,—] Honest man. In old language thief and true

† Blood.}

§ To colt me thus!] To colt meant to pull.
P. Hen. Sirs,* you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins† and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Pet. How many be there of them?*

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds!* Will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well,§ we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[P. Henry and Poins retire.]

(*) First folio omits, Sirs.

(†) First folio omits, Poins.

§) First folio omits, Zounds.

(*) First folio, need.

a How many be there of them? A see the first quarto. The folio reads,—But how many be of them!

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Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,* say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall load our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!*

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike! down with them! cut the villains' throats! Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them! fleece them!

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves: are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store

(*) First folio, Stay.

b Happy man be his dole.—] See Note (4), p. 234.

c Gorbellied—] Pot-bellied, stump-bellied. Perhaps corrupted from gorge-bellied. That Falstaff, the "tun of man," should reproach his victims with corpulence is exquisitely humorous.
were here! On, bacon, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live: you are grand jurors are ye? we'll jure ye, my faith.

[Exeunt Falstaff, &c. driving them out.]

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

POINS. Stand close, I hear them coming. [Retire again.

Re-enter Thieves.

FAL. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money! [Rushing out upon them.

POINS. Villains! [As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other: Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned! Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS. How the rogue roar'd! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

—but, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of your love I bear your house.—He could be contented,— why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord foul, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake,

is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord,* our plot is a good† plot as ever was laid; our friends‡ true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action, Zounds, an § I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared; I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-eyed musing, and ears melancholy? In thy faint slumber, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed: Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies, and retirest; of trenchs, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks,* of cannon, culverin: Of prisoners' ransoms, and of soldiers slain, And all the current of a heady fight.

(*) First folio, I protest. (2) First folio, friend. (3) First folio, By this hand. (4) First folio, forwards. (5) First folio, my. (**) First folio omits of.

a first folio, the old stage direction is. Here they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poinbs. as they are sharing, this is the stage direction exact as it stands in the quarto copies.

b Reading a letter.] This letter, Mr. Edwards says, in his MS. Notes, was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

d Basilisks,—huge pieces of ordnance. So called from their supposed resemblance to the basilisk.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads* of sweat have† stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.
Hor. What, ho! Is Gilliams with the packet
gone?

Enter Servant.

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago.‡

(*) First folio, beds.
(1) First folio, hath.

—O esperance!—] The “O” is omitted in the folio, though
clearly required, since Esperance (the motto of the Percy family)
See note (*), p. 413.

—But hear you, my lord.

—a that is pronounced as a word of three syllables.

b What say'st thou, my lady?

Hath Butler brought those horses from
the sheriff?
SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even
now.
HOT. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
SERV. It is, my lord.
HOT. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
[Exit Servant.

LADY. But hear you, my lord.
HOT. What say'st thou, my lady?
LADY. What is it carries you away?
HOT. Why, my horse,
My love, my horse.
LADY. Out, you mad-headed ape!
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT IV.

A waseul hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are tossed with. In faith,*
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you
To line * his enterprise: but if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, † I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.‖
Hot. Away, away, you tripper! —Love? —I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mambets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack’d crowns,
And pass them current too. —Gods me, my horse! —
What say’st thou, Kate? what would’st thou have
with me?
Lady. Do you § not love me? do you § not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak! in jest, or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o’ horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you,‖ gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy’s wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well** believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;‡
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!
Lady. How! so far? [Kate,
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must, of force. [Exeunt.

(*) First folio, sooth. (1) Old text inserts, shall.
(1) First folio, indeed. (5) First folio, ye.
(5) First folio, thou speakst. (6) First folio, thee.
(**) First folio, will.

To line his enterprise: To line means here to strengthen. It occurs, with the same sense, in "Macbeth," Act I. Sc. 3: —
"did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage."
And in "King John," Act IV. Sc. 3: —
"We will not line his thin, bestained cloak."
An as thou wilt not tell me all things true.) So the quartos.
The folio, which prints the speech as prose, reads,—if thou will not tell me true.
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:) This was proverbial. (see Ray’s "Proverbs,")—and an old at least as Chaucer: —" Ye say that the janglerie of wommen can hyde things that they wot not of:" —Malmer’s "Tale."
And tell me flatly] The folio reads,—Telling me, &c.
* And when you breathe in your watering,— That is, take

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar’s Head Tavern.(5)

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Ned, pr’ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheds. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leach of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian* names, as—
Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, † that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me;‡ and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dyeing scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,* they cry§—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennycrow of sugar,† clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker;‡ one that never spake other English in his life, than—Eight shillings and sixpence, and—You are welcome; with this shrill addition,—Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the § time till Falstaff come, I pr’ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou § never leave calling—Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

POINS. Francis! P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

POINS. Francis! [Exit POINS.

(§) First folio omits, all, and Christian.
(†) First folio, confidence.
(†) First folio omits, by the Lord, so they call me.
(§) First folio, then they cry.
(5) First folio omits, the.

breath while drinking. Thus, in Rowland's "Letting of Humours" Blood in the Head Vaine," Satyre 6:—
"Fill him his Beaker, he will never sniche.
To give a full quart pot the emipte pinch.
Hciee looke unto your eater well enough,
And hang an eye that no man leaves a snuffe,
A pox of peece-meale drinking (William sayes)
Play it away, weele have no stoppes and stays."*

I give thee this pennycrow of sugar,— It was not unusual in Shakespeare’s day, to put sugar in wine; and the drawers, therefore, kept small papers of it, ready folded up, for the supply of customers.

Under-skinker: An under-drawer, or waiter, from Scheneken, Dutch, to pour out drink.

M M
Enter Francis.

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

FRAN. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

PoinS. [Without.] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

FRAN. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

PoinS. [Without.] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

POINs. [Without.] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

FRAN. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, natt-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

FRAN. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

a Natt-pated,—] Round-headed, from the hair being polled close. In Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," it is told of the Yeman:—
“A natt head had he with a brown visage."

b Puke-stocking,—] That is, puce-stocking. Either from the colour, which was a kind of dark drab, or from the material, which was worsted or woolen.

c Caddis-garter,—] Caddis, Malone says, was worsted gallow.
P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard* is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?
P. Hen. Away, thou rogue; dost thou not* hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vintner. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [Exit] Fran. My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?
P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.]

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.
P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?
P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of good Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis with wine.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [Exit.
P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Perecy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry, says she, how many hast thou killed to-day? Give me room hors a drench, says he; and answers, Some fourteen, an hour after, a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Perecy, and that damned brat shall play dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

(*) First folio omits, not.

* Brown bastard—A kind of sweet wine.

b Nether-stocks.—That is, low or short stockings; what the French called bas de chausses.

* Pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! Thus the later quartos, and the folio, 1633. The first and second quartos read, somes for sun. In this much-disputed passage we prefer the punctuation recommended by Warburton, reading "pitiful-hearted Titan" parenthetically; but have some disposition to think, with Theobald, that the composer, by inadvertence, repeated the word "Titan" instead of "butter," and that the true lection is, "pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun." I could sing psalms or any thing.—The weeding of expressions that were considered objectionable, has been carried to a greater extent in this play than in any other of our author's, probably from its being often performed. The above words are altered in the folio to, I could sing all manner of songs. The censor has, however, overlooked, "God help the while!" just before.

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[Scene iv.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them* too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue. [Re-enter Francis with wine.] Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.
P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it;† a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgotten upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still!
P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!
P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds,§ ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

(*) First folio omits, and foot them.  (†) First folio omits, in it.  (§) First folio, you not.

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[Scene iv.]
P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [He drinks.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there* be four of us here* have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.*

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, ecoe signum. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them;—

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God,+ you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse—thou knowest my old ward: §—here

I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me* no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to.

These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their h° hose.¢

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green,* came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. *Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech.*

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at

(*) First folio omits, me.

† First folio, his.

+ Gads in some editions.

a This day morning.] So the two earliest quartos. Subsequent editions omit day. "Day-morning" is, however, an expression not yet quite obsolete.}

b My buckler—The adherence to the old weapons of combat, which were rapidly giving place to the more fashionable rapier and dagger, was thought derogatory to a gentleman in Shakespeare's time. See Note (b), p. 518.—"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this puking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then."—The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599.

c Down fell their h°se.] Poins plays on the double meaning of

(§) First folio omits, here.

(†) First folio, her.

(‡) First folio omits, here.

(¶) First folio, Heaven.

(¶¶) First folio, word.

poin's, as the sharp end of a sword and the laces which fastened up the garments. See Note (e), p. 250.

d Kendal green,—] Kendal, in Westmoreland, was famous, time out of mind, for its manufacture and dyeing of cloths:—

"— where Kendal town doth stand.

For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land."—

DRAyton's Polyolbion, Song XX.

e Tallow-keech,—] The old copies have, "tallow-catch," which conveys no meaning at present discoverable. A keech, Dr. Percy says, is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher into a round lump, to be carried to the Chandler. In "Henry IV," Part II. Act II. Sc. 1, the butcher's wife is called "dame Keech."
the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh; Fal. Away! you starveling, you elf-skin, you tailors yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;
P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here* in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf.

What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Porns. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he

(*) First folio, thus.

* The strappado,—] This frightful punishment, so frequently mentioned in old books, is described in Randle Holme's "Academy of Arms and Blazon," B. III. Ch. VII. p. 316, as follows:— "The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo."

b Elf-skin,—] Hanmer and Warburton read, "eel-skin."

* You bound them,—] The old editions read "and bound them." Pope made the necessary correction.
that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince.\(^a\) Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord,\(^*\) lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants! lads! boys! hearts of gold! All the titles of good\(^f\) fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu!\(\dagger\) my lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,\(^b\) and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. \(\text{Exit.} \)

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by't lady,\(^c\) you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. 'Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-

\(\text{(*) First folio omits, by the Lord. (t) First folio, good titles of. (1) First folio omits, } O'Jesu. (f) First folio omits, by't lady.}

\(\text{a The lion will not touch the true prince.] So in "Palmerin d'Oliva," Part II. c. 5, translated by Anthony Munday, 1598:—}"

"Palmerin being in the Lyons denne, because none of the lions should get forth to hurt any other however God disposed of him, made haste the doore after him and with his sword drowne and his mantle wrapped about his arme went to see how the Beastes would deal with him. The Lyons coming about him smelling on his clothes would not touch him; but (as it were knowing the blood royal) lay downe at his feete and licked him, and afterwards went to their places againe."

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\(\text{(*) First folio, years. (t) First folio inserts, go. (1) First folio, the. (f) First folio, the. (1) First folio, a.}

\(\text{b There is a nobleman —}"

\(\text{Give him as much as will make him a royal man, —}"

\(\text{The just lies in the difference in the value of the two coins, a royal and a noble. The former was worth 10s.; the latter, only 6s. 6d. The prince bids the hostess give the nobleman 5s. 4d. and make him a royal man. The origin of this joke was probably an anecdote related of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blow, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, "my royal Queen," and shortly after, "my noble Queen," Upon which says the Queen: "What! am I ten groats worse than I was?"

**THE FOURTH.**

[Scene IV.]

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amainon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liege man upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poons. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that$ sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglash, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

---
P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, yo euckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand bluecaps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night: thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not so horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out among those three enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu!** this is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful* queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu† he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That§ thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own|| opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a miicher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion: not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three-score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be truly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me

* Old copies, trustful.
† First folio, by night.
‡ First folio omits, Why.
§ First folio, Sun.
|| First folio, not thou.
** First folio omits, O faith.
*** First folio inserts, do.
†† First folio omits, O Jesu.

a A chair shall be my state,—] A state or estate meant originally perhaps only the canopy which surmounted the seat of princes; but it afterwards came to signify the throne or chair itself. Thus, "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 4,—

"Our hostess keeps her state."

b In king Cambyses' vein.] The reference is to a play by Thomas Preston, 1570, called "A Lamentable Tragedy, mixed

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up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, a or a poultier's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.†

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropseys, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

BARD. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

HOST. O Jesu,* my lord, my lord!——

Fal. Heigh, heigh th the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad,† without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff——

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

(*) First folio omit, Jesu. (†) Old copies, made.

a Would take me with you.] See note (b), p. 197.

b Fal. Heigh, heigh! &c.] The quarto gives this speech to the Prince, but the folio is undoubtedly right in assigning it to Falstaff.

c Thou art essentially mad,—] This speech has never been explained. The key to it, we believe, is, that when the Hostess asks, "Shall I let them in?" the Prince boldly replies by gesture, "Yes," which so alarms Falstaff that he breaks forth, first impolitely, "Dost thou hear, Hal?" and then with vehemence, "Never call," &c.

d I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so] A quibble is obviously meant between the chief corporate officer the major, and his subordinate the sheriff, and major the proposition of a syllogism.
P. Hen. What men?
Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.
Car. As fat as butter.
P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.
Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
P. Hen. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.
Sher. Good night, my noble lord.
P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: search his pockets. [He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.] What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.
P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.
Item, a capon . . . . . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce . . . . . . . . 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons . . . . . 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper. 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread . . . . . . . . ob. 6
P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.° The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.
Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.]
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and
Glendower.

Mor. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction* full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?—
And, uncle Worcester:—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy,
Sit, good cousin Hotspur: for by that name

* Induction—] That is, Beginning, entrance.

As oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
His cheek looks* pale; and, with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge† foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same

(*) First folio, cheeks look. (†) First folio omits, huge.
season; if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

GLEND. I say, the earth did shake when I was born. Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

GLEND. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire, And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; oft* the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisonment of unruly wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old bel dame earth, and topples† down Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth, Our grandam heaven, having this distemper, In passion shook.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave To tell you once again,—that, at my birth, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes; The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do show, I am not in the roll of common men. Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea That chides the banks of England, Scotland,† Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but woman's son, Can trace me in the tedious ways of art, And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh:—I will to dinner.

MORT. Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep. Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man; But will they come, when you do call for them? GLEND. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil. [the devil, Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the devil.—

(*) First folio, and.
(t) First folio, tumbles.
(1) First folio inserts, and.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.— A well-known and very ancient proverb.

* My moiety. — Moiety of old was sometimes used to signify any portion of a thing, and sometimes, as now, the half part.

† Comes me cracking in. &c.] Me in this passage does not apply to the speaker; it is merely an expulsive common among the old writers, and found frequent in these plays. Thus, in the "Second Part of Henry the Fourth," Act IV. Sc. 3:—"A good sherry-sack hath a twofold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it;" &c. Again in "Julius Caesar," Act I. Sc. 2.—"If he pluck'd me ope his doubilet." If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

MORT. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat. [made head

GLEN D. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent* him Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name? GLEND. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,

According to our threefold order ta'en?

MORT. The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn bitherto,

By south and cast, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;

Which being sealed interchangerably,

(A business that this night may execute,)

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,

And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space, [To GLEND.] you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLEN. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come:

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,† north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours;

See, how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me,‡ from the best of all my land,

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle§ out.

(†) First folio, hem.

And in the same play, Act III. Sc. 3:—

"You'll bear me a bag of for this." You and your were often employed in the same way:—"Here's Wurt:—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer;" &c.—Henry IV. Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

"Your Dane, your German, and your swag-ballèd Hollander, Drink, hoot! I are nothing to your English."—Othello, Act II. Sc. 3.

§ A monstrous cantle.—Cantle is a slice or corner.

Not so much as a canestill of cheese or crust of bread."—A New Trick to Cheat the Devil. 1636. Quoted by Steevens.

537
I'll have the current in this place dam'd up,  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,  
In a new channel, fair and evenly;  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLED. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

MORT. Yea, but mark how he bears his course,  
and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much,  
As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs straight and even.a

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

GLED. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

GLED. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

GLED. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then;  
Speak it in Welsh.

GLED. I can speak English, lord, as well as you:  
For I was train'd up in the English court: (1)  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart;  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:  
I had rather hear a brazen canstickeb turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
'T is like the fore'd gait of a shuffling nag.

GLED. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend,  
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLED. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:  
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:

(*) First folio, candlestick.

a And then he runs straight and even.] This line is so unmetrical that we may well suspect a syllable has been dropped. Might it not read,  
"And then he runs me straight and even"?

b The moldwarp and the ant,—] The moldwarp is the mole. Hotspur alludes to an ancient prophecy mentioned in the "Chronicles":—"This [the dividing the realm between Morte-
timer, Glendower, and Percy] was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a valme prophacie, as though

I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.  
[Exit.

MORT. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,b  
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimle-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names,  
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, hum,—and, well,  
—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
As a tired horse,  

A waiting wife;  

Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour; 't faith, he does;  
I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WON. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;  

And since your coming hither, have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,  
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

(*) First folio, was.  

(1) First folio, Exceeding.

King Henry was the mold-e-warp, cursed of God's owne mouth,  
And they three were the dragon, the lion, and the Wolfe which  
should divide this realme between them.b  

c At least nine hours,—] Capell reads, and perhaps correctly,  
"He held me last night at the least nine hours."  

d As a tired horse,—] Query,  
"As is a tired horse,"  

the reading of most of the modern editions.

538
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

* Begins his golden progress in the east.

** Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her

By that time will our book,* I think, be drawn.

** Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence; *
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

** Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying

down: come, quick, quick; that I may lay my

head in thy lap.

** Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

** Glendower speaks some Welsh words;

then the music plays.

** Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands

Welsh;

And 't is no marvel he's so humorous,
By't lady, he's a good musician.

** Lady P. Then should't you be nothing but

musical; for you are altogether governed by

humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady

sing in Welsh.

** Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl

in Irish.

** Lady P. Would'st thou; have thy head broken?

** Hot. No.

** Lady P. Then be still.

** Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

** Lady P. Now God help thee!

** Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

** Lady P. What's that?

** Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh Song sung by Lady Mortimer.

** Hot. Come, Kate,§ I'll have your song too.

** Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

** Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! §Heart,** you

swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, not in

good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall

mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

* First folio, thence.

§ First folio, thence.

\[\text{(*) First folio, then.} \]
\[\text{§ First folio, thou.} \]

\[\text{a A peevish self-will'd harlotry.} \]
\[\text{b Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens.} \]

\[\text{— Act IV. Sc. 2:} \]

"A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is."

\[\text{— So in "Romeo and Juliet,"} \]
\[\text{— Act IV. Sc. 3; the King says.} \]

\[\text{§§ Our book.} \]

In Shakespeare's day it was common to call any draft or deed a book."
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT III.

To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

LADY P. I will not sing.

HOT. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. 

[Exit.]

GLEN. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

MORT. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. HEN. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. HEN. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I, am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—

(*). First folio, Heaven.

a Velvet-guards,—] Gowns guarded, or bordered, with velvet were a favourite dress of the City ladies.—"At public meetings the aldermen of London wore skaret gowns, and their wives a close gown of skaret, with gardes of black velvet."—Frye Monson, Hist. 1617, Pt. III. p. 179.

b The next way,—] That is, the nearest way.

c As, in reproof,—] Reproof in this place means refutation, disproof.

d And rash with wits,—] Fierce, flashing wits. A basin is a

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,—
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular;
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. HEN. God* pardon thee!—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-backney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputable banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, This is he;
Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by raresness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin* wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded* his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping* fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every heartless vain comparative;*  
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,

(*). First folio, Heaven.

flagot made of brushwood, used for lighting fires.
"Bavin will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burn."—Mother Hobbled, 1594.

* Carded his state:] According to Warburton, discarded, threw away his state. Rixen, however, believed it to mean played away his consequence at cards. And Steevens imagined the metaphor was taken from mingling coarse wool with fine.

* Carping fools:] Twisting fools.

* Vain comparative. See note (*), p. 513.
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much:
So, when he had occasion to see
He was but as the cuckoo in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;* being
With his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye,
But is a-ways of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world, as thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverence bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And God* forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favoursb in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shame redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will bear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,*
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance;†
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—(2)

Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,

Enter Blunt.

(* First folio, Heaven.
† First folio, intemperature.

a More worthy interest to the state,—] This construction was not uncommon in old language, and is even now not altogether obsolete; witness the saying, "To the core?"

b My favours—] My features, but, as Warburton suggests, we should, perhaps, read favour, that is, countenance.

c If he be pleas'd I shall perform,—] So the quarto copies; the folio reads, if I perform and do survive.

541
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
(If promises be kept on every hand,)  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall* set forward;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.  

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio, thou shalt.

* In some liking.] In some condition. So, in "Love's

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the  
Boar's Head Tavern.  

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.  

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;* I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song: make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore

Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 2:—
"Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross, fat, fat."
little; died not above seven times—a week; went
to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of
an hour: paid money that I borrowed,—three or
four times; lived well, and in good compass: and
now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

BARD. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you
must needs be out of all compass; out of all rea-
sonable compass, sir John.

FAL. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my+ life. Thou art our admiral, 1 thou bearest
the lantern in the poops,—but 'tis in the nose of thee;
thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

BARD. Why, sir John, my face does you no
harm.

FAL. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use
of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a
memento mori: I never see thy face, but I think
upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for
there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou
wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by
thy face; my oath should be, By this fire, that's
God's angel, 2 but thou art altogether given over;
and were indeed, but for the light in thy face, the
son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-
hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not
think § thou hadst been an ignis fatuus, or a ball
of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. 0, thou
art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-
light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in
links and torches, walking with thee in the night
betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou
hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as
good cheap, 3 at || the dearest chandler's in Europe.
I have maintained that salamander of yours with
fire, any time this two and thirty years; God 4
reward me for it!

BARD. 'Sblood, 2 I would my face were in your
belly!

FAL. God-a-mercy+! so should I be sure to
be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet 8 the hen? have you in-
quired yet, who picked my pocket?

HOST. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir
John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house?
I have searched, I have inquired, so has my hus-
band, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant:
the tithe* of a hair was never lost in my house
before.

FAL. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and
lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket
was picked: go to, you are a woman, go.

HOST. Who I? no, I defy thee: God's light! 4
I was never called so in mine own house before.

FAL. Go to, I know you well enough.

HOST. No, sir John, you do not know me, sir
John; I know you, sir John; you owe me money,
sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me
of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

FAL. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them
away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters 4
of them.

HOST. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of
eight shillings an ell. 3 You owe money here
besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings;
and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOST. He! alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? look upon his face, what
call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them
coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What,
will you make a younger* of me? shall I not take
mine ease in mine inn, 5 but I shall have my pocket
picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's,
worth forty mark.

HOST. O Jesu! || I have heard the prince tell
him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

FAL. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-up;
'sblood, an he were here, I would edgel him like a
dog if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins, marching.

FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his
truncheon, like a fifer.

FAL. How now, lad? is the wind in that door,
i'faith? 8 must we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.
Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing,† go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

(*) First folio omits, in.

† First folio, Heaven.

“ladie love” of the noted Robin Hood, and, in after times, an adopted character in the Morris-dances. It is not at all unlikely that she was often represented by a man, whence it might happen that any very masculine specimen of womankind was likened to Maid Marian.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT III.

HOST. I am no thing to thank God* on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOST. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FAL. What beast? why, an otter?

P. HEN. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

FAL. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

HOST. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. HEN. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOST. So he doth, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. HEN. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

HOST. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, Bardolph?

BARD. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

FAL. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. HEN. I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but 4 man, I dare: but as thou art 4 prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. HEN. And why not as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break. 5

P. HEN. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: 6 art thou not ashamed?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. —You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. HEN. It appears so by the story.

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, 7 cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified still. 8 Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. HEN. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. HEN. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too. 9

BARD. Do, my lord.

P. HEN. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them; I praise them.

P. HEN. Bardolph!

BARD. My lord.

P. HEN. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland,—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; 10—for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time,—
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall At two o'clock i' the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high; And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[Exeunt PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.

FAL. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! 11

[Exit.}

(*) First folio, Heaven.

(+) First folio omits, an.

(1) First folio inserts, a.

Nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break! The folio reads, Nay if I do let my girdle break.

And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong; Johnson's conjecture that some part of this "merry dialogue," wherein Falstaff had declared his resolution not to pocket up wrongs or injuries, has been lost, is extremely credible.

I am pacified still.] I am always pacified.

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(*) First folio inserts, and.

(1) First folio omits, I.

(2) First folio reads, to horse, once only, and Peto for Pains.

Do it with unwashed hands too.] Not, I believe, do it at once, without even the ceremony of washing your hands, but—do it without repentance, without "that paying back."

Have thirty miles to ride yet.—] The yet here overloads the line, and, unless the whole passage, down to "at two o'clock i' the afternoon," was intended for prose, is better omitted.
Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot; if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp

Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

(*) First folio, Heaven.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour; No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will hear him."

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou* there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds!† how has he the leisure to be sick;‡

In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?—

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.§

Won. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And, at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.¶

Won. I would the state of time had first been whole, Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.——

He writes me here,—that inward sickness——

And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Won. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it;—were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;§

The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. *'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in;

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Won. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;

And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep afoot from strict arbitrement;

And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:

This absence of your father's * draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use;—

(*) First folio omits, thou.
(†) First folio omits, 'Zounds!'
(‡) First folio adds, now.
(§) First folio, physician.

a But I will hear him.] This hemistich is always allied to the preceding line, but it may be intended to refer to something supposed to have been said by Douglas, before the opening of the scene. Some threat of confronting the King, which had called forth the "Well said, my noble Scot."

b His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.] The first quarto has, "not I, my mind," clearly a printer's error. The folio, copying a later quartio, reads, "Not I, his mind." We adopt the reading of Capell.

—— For therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope;]

If read was not occasionally used for tread, and in Middleton's play of "Your Five Gallants," Act III. SC. 4, it occurs in that sense:

"Nay, read forward;"

then it may be suspected a misprint for tread, as soul certainly appears to be of sound. In the MS. Saul would easily be mistaken for soul, and the original perhaps ran:—

"—— For therein should we tread

The very bottom and the sound of hope."

d The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks no division:]

Hair, for complexion, may be the poet's word, yet it is worth considering, perhaps, whether "and hair" was not mistaken for "and dare:"

"The quality and dare of our attempt

Brooks no division:"

The nature and boldness of our enterprise cannot afford the appearance of dissension. This reading, too, receives some support from Hotspur's reply:——

"I, rather, of his absence make this use:—

It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise," &c.
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our* great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'errun it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet, all goes well; yet, all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this dream of fear.a

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him,† prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is‡ set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed b mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing c the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And with the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war, All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriual is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales;
Harry to Harry shall, hot* horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news: I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this† fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be!
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily;
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry;
fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.
Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an angel.
Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.
Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souse'd gurnet. I have misused the king's press dammably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.

(*) First folio, your.
(†) First folio omits, him.
(‡) First folio, bath.

a As this dream of fear.] The quarto before 1613 read "term of fear," and they are followed by all the modern editors. We prefer "dream of fear," because Douglas appears to be sorrowfully alluding to an expression in the previous speech of Worcester:—
"This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreams of."

b Nimble-footed—] Stowe relates that the prince was so surpassingly swift as a runner, that with two of his lords, "without

hounds, bow, or engine," he would capture a wild buck or doe in a large park.

c All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind:] The old text has, with the wind; Johnson substituted wing for with, in the opinion of some without necessity; the passage only requiring to be pointed thus:—
"All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images."
I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,* with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a* long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: * and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draf and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but* a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves: and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at† saint

(*) First folio omits, a.

*a Toasts and butter,— An old term of contempt for persons coxked up and peaceably nurtured:—
"They love young toasts and butter, (Bow-bell suckers),"
Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money," Act V. Sc. 2.

b Unjust serving-men,— That is, dishonest serving-men.

* An old faced ancient;) According to Steevens, an old standard faced or mended with a different colour.
Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt? *

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there; and you too; but my powers are there already: the king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all * night.

Fal. Tut! never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed: for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; b food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that; and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.


Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

(*) First folio inserts, to.

a Quilt I. Mr. Hunter is the only commentator, we believe, who has noticed this word, and he quite misapprehends its meaning: a quilt was a sack-bed.

b Good enough to toss;] To toss upon a pike. Thus in "Henry VI." Part III. Act I. Sc. 1:—

"The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
    Before," kc.

c As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives: ] Mason

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Douglas. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Douglas. You do not counsel well; You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life, (And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives: c

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Douglas. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The Trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt, and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings, and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God* defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against appointed majesty!

(*) First folio, Heaven.

would omit the words, this day, as they "weaken the sense and destroy the measure." It is not improbable that the line originally stood:—

"As you, or any Scot that this day lives,

and was subsequently altered by the poet to,—

"As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives;"

but the compositor, while adding the words "my lord," neglected to omit "this day;"
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs; and whereupon You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Audacious cruelty. If that the king Have any way your good deserts forgot,— Which he confesseth to be manifold,— He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed, You shall have your desires, with interest; And pardon absolute for yourself, and these Herein misled by your suggestion.  

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wares: And,—when he was not six and twenty strong, Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unmined outlaw sneaking home,— My father gave him welcome to the shore; And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God, He came but to be duke of Lancaster,

To sue his livery, and beg his peace;— With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,

My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too. Now, when the lords and barons of the realm

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages: Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, Even at the heels, in golden multitudes. He presently,—as greatness knows itself,— Steps me a little higher than his vow

Made to my father, while his blood was poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur; And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth; Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did he win The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Proceeded further; cut me off the heads Of all the favourites, that the absent king In deposition left behind him here, When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king; Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life; And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state: To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd, Indeed his king,) to be engag'd in Wales, There without ransom to lie forfeited: Disgrac'd me in my happy victories, Sought to entrap me by intelligence, Rated my uncle from the council-board, Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong, And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out This head of safety; and, withal, to pry Into his title, the which we find Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king? Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king: and let there be impawn'd Some surety for a safe return again, And in the morning early shall mine uncle Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, § may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God, you do! [Exeunt.


Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,

With winged haste, to the lord marshall,

This, to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest,

To whom they are directed; if you knew How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,

I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.

To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,

Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men Must bide the touch: for, sir, at Shrewsbury,

As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,

Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—

(*) First folio omits, and.

a Griefs; That is, grievances.

b Task'd the whole state: Task'd and task'd were often used indifferently:— "Duke Philip, by the space of many years, levied neither subsidies nor tasks."—Memoirs of P. de Comines, by Danert, folio 1674, p. 136. Quoted by Steevens.

c Engag'd in Wales.—This is the reading of all the ancient copies, which Theobald altered to "incog'd." Engag'd means detained as a pledge or hostage. So in Act V. Sc. 2, of this play:—  

"And Westmoreland that was engag'd, did bear it."

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ACT IV.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

SCENE IV.

What with the sickness of Northumberland, (Whose power was in the first proportion,) And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence, (Who with them was a rated sinew too, And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)— I fear, the power of Percy is too weak To wage an instant trial with the king.

GENT. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas, And lord Mortimer.

ARCH. No, Mortimer's not there.

GENT. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy, And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCH. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn

\[a\] Who with them was a rated sinew too,— A valued strength. The folio reads— "Was rated firmly too."

The special head of all the land together;— The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster, The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt; And many more corrivals, and dear men Of estimation and command in arms.

GENT. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

ARCH. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear; And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed; For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,— For he hath heard of our confederacy,— And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him; Therefore, make haste; I must go write again To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[Exeunt severally.]

(*) First folio, he.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.


K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale At his distemperate.

P. Hen. The southern wind Doth play the trumpet to his purposes; And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves, Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathise; For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well, That you and I should meet upon such terms As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust; And made us doff our easy robes of peace, To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel: This is not well, my lord, this is not well. What say you to it? will you again unknit This churlish knot of all-abhorred war? And move in that obedient orb again, Where you did give a fair and natural light;

*Above yon busky hill!* Busky is woody, and should, perhaps, be spelt bosky, from the Latin bosca, or the French bosque; as in

the "Tempest," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down."
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?  

Wor. Hear me, my liege:  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?  
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.  
P. Hen. Peace, chewet,* peace.  
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you, my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers* of the time. You swore to us,—  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
That you did nothing † purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore ‡ our aid. But, in short space,  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help, what with the absent king;  
What with the injuries of a § wanton time;  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;  
And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
So long in his || unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead,—  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To grip the general sway into your hand:  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And, being fed by us, you us'd so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforce'd, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head;  
Whereby we stand opposed by such means

As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your* younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,  
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontenters,  
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
Of hurly-burly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours, to imprint his cause;  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,—  
This present enterprise set off his head,—  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:  
Yet this,—before my father's majesty,—  
I am content, that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love,  
That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do:—but if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
We'll not now be troubled with reply;  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]

(*) First folio, danger.  
† First folio inserts, of.  
‡ First folio, swore.  
§ First folio omits, a.  
|| First folio, the.

* Peace, chewet,— Chewet, from the French choèlette, meant "a noisy, chattering bird," a chough or jackdaw.  
** As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
Useth the sparrow.]

By gull was meant a young unfeathered bird. The cuckoo often lays its eggs in the sparrow's nest, and when the chicken or cuckoo's bird, hatched and reared by the sparrow, grows of bulk and strength enough, it frequently expels its nurse.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT V.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life: The Douglas and the Hotspur both together Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them: And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[Exit King, Blunt, and Prince John.

Fal. Hal, thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God* a death. [Exit.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea,† but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can Honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word, Honour? Air,* A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,† The liberal and ± kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we $ all undone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The king should || keep his word in loving us; He will suspect us still, and find a time To punish this offence in other £ faults: Suspicion,** all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes: For treason is but trusted like the fox; Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. Look how we* can, or sad, or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our looks, And we shall feed like oxen at a stall, The better cherish'd, still the nearer death. My nephew's trespass may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood, And an adopted name of privilege,— A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen: All his offences live upon my head, And on his father's;—we did train him on; And, his corruption being ta'en from us, We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all. Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know, In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so. Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas; Officers and Soldiers, behind.


[Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king. Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid! Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,— By now forewarning that he is forsworn: He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth, And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it; Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on. Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king, And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight. Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads; And that no man might draw short breath to-day, But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, How show'd his tasking? c seem'd it in contempt?

(*) First folio, Heaven.
† First folio omits, ye.
‡ First folio omits, and.
§ First folio, we are.
* First folio, would.
** Oid copies, supposition.

a What is that word, Honour? Air.] This is the reading of the fifth quarto and the folio 1623, and it is decidedly preferable to the redundant section of the other copies.

b Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

This line is given in all the old copies to Douglas. Capell,

perhaps rightly, assigned it to Hotspur, observing that his station and his temper would have rendered him the first to take fire at his uncle's intelligence.

c How show'd his tasking?] Tasking here means challenging. So in "Richard II." Act IV. Sc. 1.:

"I task the earth to the like."

All the old editions after the first quarto read, talking.
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg’d more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim’d up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master’d there a double spirit.
Of teaching and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
On his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild a libertine:
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier’s arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial’s point,

\[a\ So wild a libertine: \text{The first three quartos read, so wild \emph{a liberty}; the folio 1623, so wild \emph{at liberty}. The emendation in the text was made by Capell.\]
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT V.

Still ending at the arrival of an hour. An if we live, we live to tread on kings; If die, brave death, when princes die with us! Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair, When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on pace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale, For I profess not talking. Only this— Let each man do his best; and here draw I: A sword, whose § temper I intend to sustain With the best blood that I can meet withal In the adventure of this perilous day. Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.— Sound all the lofty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace: For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall A second time do so a courtesy.

[Flourish of trumpets. They embrace, and execut.

SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

Alarm to the battle. Excursions, and Parties fighting. Then enter Douglas and Blunt, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek Upon my head?

Douglas. Know then, my name is Douglas; And do haunt thee in the battle thus, Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Douglas. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry, This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;—

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

[They fight, and Blunt is slain.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hast thou fought at Holmecordon thus, I never had triumph'd o'er a Scot.

Douglas. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Douglas. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well: A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt, Simbly furnish'd like the king himself.

Douglas. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes: A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear. Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Douglas. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats; I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up and away; Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[Execut.

Other Alarm. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft, who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt!—there's Honour for you! Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins § where they are peppered: there's but one of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

[Step to the King.

**(*) First folio, Lords. (**) First folio, for.

(*) First folio, I draw. (**) First folio inserts, worthy.

(*) Old text omits, the. (**) First folio, a.

For, heaven to earth,— It is the odds of heaven to earth. Why doubt should have been thrown upon a passage so clear and satisfactory, not only by Mr. Collier's annotator, but even by his trenchant opponent, Mr. Singer, is quite inexplicable; the former proposes (§) the poor substitution of, "Fore heaven and," &c. and the latter suggests that we should read, "For here on earth," &c.

Let the reader compare with the old text, the following, from "Romeo and Juliet," Act III, Sc. 5:—

(*) First folio, Lords. (**) First folio, Heaven.

(§) Old text, rags of muffins. (**) First folio omits, are.

"And all the world to nothing That he dares never come back."—

And, "Should I miscarry in the present journey, From whence it is all number to a cipher I ne'er return with honour."

Massinger's Duke of Milan, Act I. Sc. 3.

I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot! So the first quartet, the folio reads, I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot.

The king hath many marching in his coats.] For marching Mr. Collier's annotator reads, making.
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff 
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, 
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Pr'ythee, lend me 
your sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to 
breathe a while.—Turk Gregory * never did such 
deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have 
paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. 
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, * Hal, if Percy be alive, 
thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, 
if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the case? 
Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot;† there's that 
will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack. 
P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and daily 
now? [Throws it at him and exit.

Fal. Well,‡ if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. 
If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I 
come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado b 
of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir 
Walter hath. Give me life; which if I can save, 
so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's 
an end.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince 
Henry, Prince John, and Westmoreland.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, 
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou blest'st too 
much:— 
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed 
too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up, 
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:— 
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent. 
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your 
tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need 
your help:
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive 
The prince of Wales from such a field as this, 
Where stain'dultry lies trodden on, 
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

(* First folio omits before God. 
† First folio omits before God. 
‡ First folio omits before God. 
§ First folio omits before God.

a Turk Gregory—Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand.

b Carbonado—A collop cooked on the coals.

c Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion; That is, reputation, estimation. So in "The Gamester," by Shirley. "Patience! I mean you have the opinion of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds."
And show’d, thou mak’st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
P. Hen. O God,* they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken’d for † your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav’d the treacherous labour of your son.
K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I’ll to Sir Nicholas
Gawsey. [Exit King Henry.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Mon-
mouth.
P. Hen. Thou speak’st as if I would deny my
name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

(*) First folio, Heaven.
† First folio, to.

But thought’st the slave of life, and life, Time’s fool,
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.)
The fine gradation in this noble passage is quite ruined in all modern editions by the mistaken punctuation of the first line,—
"But thought’st the slave of life, and life time’s fool."

a O, I could prophesy,—] The belief that the dying are endowed
To end the one of us; and would to God,*
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I’ll make it greater, ere I Part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I’ll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

FAL. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you
shall find no boy’s play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who
falls down as if he were dead, and exit
Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb’d me of my
youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy † sword
my flesh:—
But thought’s the slave of life, and life, Time’s fool,
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.* O, I could prophesy,

(*) First folio, Heaven.
† First folio, the.

with a faculty of prevision, is of high antiquity. Allusions to it
are met with in the Scriptures, and in many of the early Greek
writers. Shakespeare has before illustrated the superstition in
"Richard II." Act II. Sc. 1, when John of Gaunt, upon his death
bed, predicts the downfall of the reckless King:—
"Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir’d,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him."
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav’d ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy’s sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember’d in thy epitaph!

[He sees Falstaff on the ground.

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better sparr’d a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:
Embowell’d will I see thee by and by;
I’ll then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

Fal. [Rising slowly.] Embowell’d! if thou
Embowell me to-day, I’ll give you leave to powder
me, and eat me too, to-morrow. ‘Shblood,‡ ‡twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had
paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie,§ I am
no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for
he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not
the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when
a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but
the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better
part of valour is discretion; in the which better
part, I have saved my life. ’Zounds,|| I am afraid
of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How
if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my
faith,§ I am afraid, he would prove the better
counterfeit. Therefore I’ll make him sure: yea,
and I’ll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise,
as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and
nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, [Stabbing him.]
with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with** me.

Takes Horspurs on his back.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast
thou flesh’d
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom * have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pray thee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem’st.

Fal. No, that’s certain; I am not a double
man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a
Jack. There is Percy: [Throwing the body down.]
if your father will do me any honour, so; if not,
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be
either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this† world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down,
and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose
both at an instant, and fought a long hour by
Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if
not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the
sin upon their own heads. ’T’ll take it upon‡ my
death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if
the man were alive, and would deny it, ’zounds!§ I
would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e’er I
heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I’ll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds|| retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let’s to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.

Fal. I’ll follow, as they say, for reward. He
that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow
great,** I’ll grow less; for I’ll purge, and leave
sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.

(*) First folio omits, thee.
(1) First folio, great.
(1) First folio omits, ‘Blood.
(2) First folio omits, I lie.
(1) First folio omits, ‘Sounds.
(*) First folio omits, By my faith.
(**) First folio omits, with.

a But that the earthy and cold hand of death.—The folio reads, the earth and the cold hand, &c.
b Thy ignomy.—This abridgement of ignominy is not un-

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frequent with our early writers.

c To powder me,—To powder, was to salt, and we still retain
the word in powdered beef.
SCENE V.—Another part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and others, with Worcester and Vernon, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we * send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman’s trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne,
Betwixt our armies, true intelligence.

Won. What I have done, my safety urg’d me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the † death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded.]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw

(*) First folio, we not.
(†) First folio omits, the.

*a Even in the bosom of our adversaries.* After this speech, in the first four quartos, Prince John replies to his brother thus:—

The fortune of the day quite turn’d from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis’d,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.*

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,*
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio, way.

"I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS

ACT I.

(1) Scene II.—An apartment in a Tavern. According to the modern editions, the action of this scene takes place in a room of the king’s palace, now, not to dwell upon the improbability of the prince of Wales surrounding himself with licentious companions, and planning a vulgar robbery in such a place, we are compelled to infer that he was not in the practice of making the court his home. In the last Act of “Richard II.” King Henry asks:—

“Can no man tell of my untrusty son? ’Tis full three months since I did see him last.”

And in a subsequent scene in the present play, when Falstaff personates the monarch, one of his inquiries, founded upon his knowledge of the prince’s habits, is—

“Where hast thou been this month?”

(2) Scene II.—Or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe. Scene, suitably conceived by the “drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe,” meant the dull croak of a frog, one of the native minstrels of that penny county; but it is more credible that Lincolnshire was celebrated for the making or playing on this instrument. In “A Nest of Ninnies,” by Robert Armin, 1608, a Lincolnshire bagpipe is mentioned in a way to shew it was familiarly known:—

“At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the half-fire—when brawne is in season, and, indeedo, all reveling is regarded, this gallant knight kept open house for all comers, where beefe, beefe, and bread was noiggard. Amongst all the pleasures provid’d, a noyse of minstrels and a Lincolnshire bagpipe was prepare’d—the minstrels for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall—the minstrels to serve up the knight’s meat; and the bagpipe for the common dancing.”

(3) Scene II.—The melancholy of Moor-ditch. Moor-ditch was a part of the great ditch or moat, which, with the well-known wall, surrounded and formed the defence of London. This ditch was begun in 1211, and finished in 1213. That portion of it known as Moor-ditch, extending from the Postern called Moorgate, to Bishopsgate, was cleansed and widened in 1598; but Stowe relates that it soon filled again, and, flanked as it was on the north side with miserable dwellings, and on the other by an unhospitable and sometimes impassable morass, it is easy to understand how the sombre, melancholy aspect of this filthy stream should have become proverbial. Taylor in his “Pennyless Pilgrimage,” 1618, says—“Walking thus downe the street, (my body being tyrely with travaile, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moor-ditch melancholy,)”etc.

(4) Scene II.—Wisdom cries out in the streets. In the first folio, this scriptural expression is omitted, in compliance, it has been thought, with the Act 3. Jac. I.; but that Act, which we append, was restricted to preventing the profane use of the sacred names. The numberless omissions of phrases like the above, as well as “by my faith,” “by my troth,” “by the mass,” &c. &c. in the folio, must therefore be attributed not to the Act of Parliament in question, but to the increasing influence of the Puritans.

3 Jac. I. c. 21. An Act to restrain the Abuses of Players, (1605-6.)

For the preventing and avoiding of the great Abuse of the Holy Name of God in Stageplays, Interludes, Maygames, Shows, and suchlike:—Be it enacted by our Sovereign Lord the Kings Majesty, and by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That it be not lawful for any person or persons, either in person or by means of any other person or persons, to constitute or to cause to be constituted any Manwood, to be used, or any other solemnised, or any play, or other such shows, which shall forfeite for everie such Offence by hym or them committed Tenne Pounde, the one Moystie thereof to the Kings Majestie his Heires and Successors, the other Moystie thereof to hym or them to whose hands that will use for the same, in any Courte of Recorde at Westminster, wherein no Esseigne Protection or Wager of Lawe shalbe allowed.

(5) Scene II.—Gadshill. This place, which is on the Kentish road near Rochester, appears at one time to have enjoyed the same kind of unenviable notoriety which rendered Shooters Hill and Hounslow Heath the terror of travellers in later days. So early as 1558, a ballad was entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company, entitled The Robbery at Gadshill, and there is still extant among the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum a circumstantial narrative in the handwriting of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, dated July 3d, 1590, of the exploits of a daring gang of robbers, who at that period infested Gadshill and its vicinity. We extract a portion of this curious account, the whole of which may be seen in Boswell’s edition of Malone’s Shakespeare, vol. xvi. p. 432.

“In October, at beginning of last Mychaelsmas Term, ij or iij robberyes done at Gadeshill by certen footes thieves, vppon bigues and crye, one of the theves named Hackside, flying and squattted in a bushe, was broughte to me, and vppon examynacion findinge a purse and things about him suspiciouse, and his cause of being there and his flyinge and other circumstances very suspiciouse, I commityed him to the Jayle, and he ys of that robbery indytred. In the course of that Michaelmas Term, I being at London, many robberyes weare done in the hye wayes at Gadeshill on the west parte of Rochester, and at Chatham done on an east parte of Rochester. From the eone to the other, in suche a dashing and fast and lustye horse, as weare not lyke hacckney horses, nor farre journinge horses, and one of them some-tyme wearing a vizard grewe bearde (by reason that to the persons robbed, the Thieves did use to minyster an other that there should bee no bus and crye made after, and also did gyve a watche woorde for the parties robbed, the better to escape other of their thieves companye devyding vppon the lyghye-waye,) he was by common report in the to hys called Justice Greye Bearde; and no man durst travall that waye without great company.

“After the end of that Mychaelsmas Term, ij or iij gent. from London rydinge home towars Canterbury,
at the west end of Gadeshill, weare overtaken by v or vj horsemen all in clokes vpp about their faces, and followe lyke all, and none lyke servants or waytunes on the other, and swiftly riding by them got to the east end of Gadeshill, and there turned about all their horses on the faces of the trewe men, wherby they became in farse; but by chance one of the trewe men did knowe this Curtall to bee one of the v or vj swift ryders, and after some speache be- tweene them of the manifold robberies there done and that by company of this Curtall, that gentleman hoped to have the more satisfye from robbing. This Curtall with the other v or vj swift ryders, rode awaye to Rochester before, and the trewe men coming afterwards to Rochester they did mete this Curtall returning on horsebacke, rydinge towards Gadeshill againe; and after they had passed Rochester, in Chatham streete, at a Smyths forge they did see the reste of the swyf ryders tarying about shooing of their horses, and then the trewe men doubled to be set vypon at Chatham downe, but their company being the greater, they passed without treble to Sittingborne that nyghte where they harde of robberyes dalylye done at Chatham downe and Gadeshill, and that this Curtall with v or vj other as lustye companyons, and well horsed, much haunt the innes and typlinge howses at Raynham, Sittingborne, and Rochester, with liberall expences.

In another memorandum belonging to the same collection, which relates to similar depredations in other parts of the country, we find the word match, used precisely as in "Ratsey's Ghost." (see note b, p. 513) to signify the plot, or scheme of a robbery, showing that the "set a match" of the quartus is the true reading, and the "set a match" of the folio, a misprint.

"There manner of robbing is to robe in suche companyes as afofe saide if the matche soe require, and sometimes doe devide themselves and robe three or fower together onelie, in a companie.

ACT II.

(1) Scene I. — breeches flaes like a loach.] The efforts of critics who gravely labour to establish the pertinence and integrity of such comparisons as these, are as profitable, to adopt a characteristic simile of Gifford's, as the milking be-gosts in a steine. When the obtuse carrier tells us that his horse provender is as dank as a dog—that chamber-lie breeches flaes like a loach, and that he himself is stung like a tanch and as well bitten as a king, he means no more, than that the peas and beans are very damp, that chamber-lie breeches many flees, and that he is severely stung. So, when the immortal Mrs. Quickly declares Sir John and his Dulcinia to be "as rheumatic as two dried toasts," she intends only to convey, what she wants language to describe in words, or imagination to portray properly by figure, that they are inordinately quarrelsome. An appropriate and congruous resemblance would be as inappropriate and incongruous in such mouths, as forcible and well chosen phrasology. The Water Poet, John Taylor, has very well expressed what is such a thing as chamber-lie breeches, so many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweate like a Dogge, when a Dogge never sweates) as drunk as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a man once That his wife was not to be believe'd for she would yele like a Dogge," &c.

—A Dogge of Warre, 1630.

(2) Scene I. —Thow layst the plot, how.] The collusion between the Chamberlains and Ostlers, and the "Gentle-

men of the Road," in old times, is often referred to in works of the period. In Harrison's "Description of England," (Holinesh, Vol. I. p. 246,) there is an interesting account of old English Inns, wherein the villainy of taylors, drapers, chamberlains, ostlers, forms a prominent topic—"These towns we call thorowflaries have great and sumptuous innes built in them, for the receiving of such travellers and strangers as pass to and fro. The manner of harbouring wherein, is not like to that of some other countries, in which the host or good man of the house doth challenge a lordlie authoritie over his guests, but clean otherwise, sith everie man may use his inne as his owne house in England, and have for his monie how great or little variete of vitells, and what other service himself shall think expedit to call for. Our innes are also very well furnished with naperie, bedding and tapisterie, especiallie with naperie; for beside the linnen used at the tables which is commonlie washed and clean, especially the naperie, which is sowed up and many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to hear and understand them. As I have heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweate like a Dogge, when a Dogge never sweates) as drunk as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a man once That his wife was not to be believe'd for she would yele like a Dogge," &c.

—A Dogge of Warre, 1630.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

where for travellers than in the greatest ins of England. There horses in like sort are walked, dressed, and looked unto by certain hostlers or hired servants, appointed at the doors, of which this become the house, who in hope of extraordinary reward will deal very diligently after outward appearance in this their function and calling. Herein nevertheless are manie of them blameworthy, in that they do not onely deceive the beast oftentimes of his covering, but also deface their meaning, for their owners looks well to them, but also make such packs with slipper merchants which hunt after preie (for what place is sure from evil and wicked persons) that manie an honest man is spoiled of his goods as he travelleth to and fro, and must feel also the fumes of the tapsters or drawers of drink, and chamberlaines is not seldome behind or wanting. Certes I beleve not that chapman or traveller in England is robbed by the waie without the knowledge of some of them, for when he commeth into the inn and alighteth from his horse, the hoster forthwith is verie busie to take downe his budget or capcase in the yard from his saddle bow, which he possith sille in his hand to feele the weight thereof: or if he miss of this pitch, when the guest hath taken upnewr, the chamberlaine that looketh to the making of the beds, will be sure to remove it from the place where the owner hath set it as if it were to set it more conveniently some where else, whereby he geteth an innkling whether it be more or no. And thus we usually see ghosts as haunt the house and are of his confederacie, to the utter undoing of manie an honest yeoman as he journyeth by the waie. The tapster in like sort for his part doth marke his behaviour, and what plentie of monie he draweth when he payeth the shot, to the like end: so that it shall be an hard matter to escape all their subtle practises. Some think it a gay matter to commit their budgets at their comming to the goodman of the house: but thereby they oft bewraye themselves. For albiet their monie be safe for the time that it is in his hands (for you shall not heare that a man is robbed in his inn) yet after their departure the host can make no warrantie of the same, sith his protection extendeth no further than the gate of his owne house, and there cannot be a sure taken unto in priie and watch for those booties, than to see ane ghost deliver his capcase in such manner.

(3) SCENE I.—Great oneagers.] For oneagers of the ancient text, Pope proposed oneagers,—perhaps or commissioners: Theobald, Monereys; Capell, Mynheers; Malone, oneagers, that is, public accountants; and Hanner, owners. Of all these conjectures we prefer the last, not merely because it better suits the context than any of the others, but because one having, or possessing, or maintaining the pronunciation of own, a sound it still retains in only, (or onease, as it was once written,) oneagers might easily have been missprinted for owners.

(4) SCENE I. —We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible. This superstition appears to have originated partly in an imperfect knowledge of the natural history of the fern, and partly in obscure traditions, which represented the seed of that plant as possessed of many occult virtues. The first cause of error is attributed to Pliny, who says, that "there are two kinds of fern, which bear neither flower nor seed;" and hence it was supposed that, as it was produced by invisible seed, such persons as could by any means possess themselves of it would partake of its qualities, and also become invisible. Gerard, in his "Great Herbal," published in 1597, explained this phenomenon by stating fern to be "one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf, so small as to escape the sight." Those who perceived that fern was propagated by spores (which, though one such seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficult; and, as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to fern-seed many strange properties, some of which the rusticke villagers have not yet forgotten or exploded." To make these marvellous powers available, the seed was to be gathered at noon, or at midnight, on Midsummer Eve—June 23d—hasting, and in silence; but the attempt to secure it is reported to have been very frequently unsuccessful, for the minute seed fell spontaneously without the use of instruments, and was, as if by a mysterious power, apparently in safe keeping. Ben Jonson makes Ferret refer to the latent virtue of this seed in "The New Inn," Act i. Sc. 6: —

I had no medicine, but to go Invisible, No fern-seed in my pocket."

Beside the bestowing invisibility, there seem to have been other qualities attached to this seed, by some scientific persons, in the 17th century, of which John Parkinson, in his "Theater of Plants," 1640, speaks as follows:—"The seeds which this and the female Ferne doe beare, and to be gathered only on Midsummer eve at night, with I know not what conjuring words,—is superstitiously held by divers, not only Montebankes and Quacksalvers, but by other learned men, (yet it cannot be said but by those that are too superstitiously addicted,) to be of some secret hidden virtue, but I cannot find it express what it should be: for Douantius, in his Symposium upon Medathios, saith these tales are neither fabulous nor superstitious." It must be observed that the "conjuring words" mentioned in this extract constitute Shakespeare's "receipt of fern-seed," being the formula and directions with which it was to be efficaciously gatned.

(5) SCENE IV. —The Boar's Head Tavern.] Were it practicable to obtain original and pertinent illustrations of the famous Boar's Head Tavern of Shakespeare, there would be little difficulty in composing an interesting article on the subject. But all that is really known, or that is likely to be known relating to the edifice, has been repeatedly told; and its story belongs rather to poetical and speculative history, than to antiquarian or topographical research. Yet the name and the locality were familiar in connexion, so early as the end of the fourteenth century, when William Warde gave "all that his tenement called the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap," towards the support of certain priests serving a chapel founded by Sir William Walworth, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane.

There is no existing evidence to prove, whether any part of those premises were at that time a tavern; though there is a strong probability, even arising out of their names, that in the sixteenth century, and even in many places established in the vicinity for the sale of provisions ready dressed. The practice of appropriating such dealers to this particular part of London dates from a very early period, for Fitz-Stephen tells us that "the mongers of comestibles of all sorts, and the vendours of comestibles, and the laboures of every kind, are dally to be found in their proper and distinct places, according to their employments." This statement refers to the close of the twelfth century, at which time there stood on the river-bank at Billingsgate a very extensive tavern or provision store, that being then the common landing-place for all passengers who came to London by water. Fitz-Stephen says of it, that no number so great of soldiers or travellers could enter the city, or leave it, at any hour of the day or night, but that all might be supplied with food. The restaurants of ancient London afterwards spread themselves to the north and west of their original locality, until they formed part of the East-Cheap, or market; so called in contradistinction to a similar establishment in Westcheap. In this place, the shops of cooks were interspersed with those of the butchers; the contiguous "Poulterie" supplied the capons for which Falstaff ran into debt with Mrs. Quickly; and fish and wine were easily procurable from Billingsgate, and the ships lying near. So early as the reign of Henry V. Lydgate celebrated the fame of East-Cheap, as being pre-eminent for good cheer, a reputation it seems to have maintained throughout the sixteenth century. It is remarked by Stow, in one of those many incidental passages in which he has preserved traces of ancient manners, not to be found
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elsewhere, that—"When friends did meete, and were disposed to be merry, / They went not to dine or sup in taverns, but to the cooke's, where they called for what they liked: which they always found readie dressed, and at a reasonable rate." There is on contemporaneous record a curious anecdote of an affray on this spot, at one of these houses of public entertainment, in which two of the sons of Henry IV. were actually concerned; and it might very well suggest to a sagacious dramatist, the idea of transferring their revolts to Prince Henry, Falstaff, Mrs. Quickly, and the Boar's Head. The disturbance in question took place June 29th, 1410, the Eve of St. John the Baptist, when, says Stow, "Thomas and John, the king's sons, being at London in East Cheape, at supper, after midnight, a great debate happened between their men and men of the court, till the Major and Sherifles with other citizens ceased the same."

In the sixteenth century these premises had become established as a tavern, and in the tract entitled "News from Bartholomew Fair" the house is mentioned as "the Boar's Head near London-stone." It continued in the same occupation during the next century and a half. In Mr. J. H. Burn's Descriptive Catalogue of the collection of Tradesmen's Tokens at Guildhall, there are notices of two which were issued from the Boar's Head Tavern, in Great East Cheap, and the same work contains also several interesting memorials relating to the house. One of these tokens is anterior to the Great Fire of 1666, which completely destroyed the whole premises. They were re-erected two years afterwars, and a carving of the sign in stone, bearing the date with the initials J. T., was inserted between the windows of the first and second floor. The building was subsequently divided into two houses, at which time it probably ceased to be a tavern, and the sign remained in its original situation between them. In 1831, however, the premises were taken down for the London Bridge improvements, and the carved Boar's Head was removed to the Corporation Museum at Guildhall.

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ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.---

"I can speak English, lord, as well as you: / For I was train'd up in the English court."

The brave but ill-fated Owen Glendower, who contrived for twelve years to sustain a desultory warfare against the English, often so successfully that his enemies were far to attribute their defeat to supernatural agency, was descended from Llewellyn ap Forwrh Dryownd, Prince of Wales, and was called Owen-ap-Gryffith Vaughan. His is said to have inherited a large estate, and to have taken his surname from a lordship of his property, called Glyndourwy. When a youth, he was sent to London for his education, where he entered himself of the Temple, and subsequently became an esquire of the body to Richard the Second, and was one of the very few who faithfully adhered to the fallen monarch up to the moment when he was captured at Flint Castle.

Mr. Tyler, who, in his History of Henry of Monmouth, has paid a just tribute to the unconquerable courage and untiring perseverance of this remarkable man, thus touchingly alludes to the termination of his chequered career; "Owain Glyndover failed, and he was denounced as a rebel and a traitor. But had the issue of the 'sorry sight' of Shrews bury been otherwise than it was; had Hotspur so devised and digested, and matured his plan of operations, as to have enabled Owain with his forces to join hand and hand in that hard-fought field; had Drollingbrooke and his son fallen on that fatal day; instead of lingering among his native mountains, as a fugitive and a branded felon, bereft of his lands, his friends, his children, and his wife, waiting only for the blow of death to terminate his earthly sufferings, and, when the blow fell, leaving no memorial behind him to mark either the time or place of his release,—Owain Glendower might have been recognised even by England, as he actually had been by France, in the character of an independent sovereign; and his people might have celebrated his name as the avenger of his country's wrongs, the scourge of her oppressors, and the restorer of her independence."

"The anticipations of his own bard, Gryffydd Llydwy, might have been amply realised:"

"'Strike then your harpe, ye Cambrian bards! / To the ayre of this, / An hero's tale. / Let Henry weep / His warriors wrapt in everlasting sleep: / Success and victory are thine, / Owain Glyndourwy divine!"

(2) SCENE II.---

"A hundred thousand rebels die in this."

The interview between the King and Prince Henry, upon which the present Scene is founded, was brought about by the anxiety of the latter to disabuse his father of a suspicion which he had been led to entertain, that the prince aspired to the throne, and is thus related by Holinshed; after narrating that the prince came to the court accompanied by many noblemen and others his friends, whom he had commanded to attend him no farther than to the fire in Westminster Hall, and that he himself was then admitted to the presence of his father, the chronicler proceeds:---

"The prince, kneeling down before his father, said: Most redoubted and sovereign lord and father, I am at this time come to your presence as your liege man, and as your natural sonne, in all things to be at your commandement. And where I understand you have in suspicion my demeanour against your grace, you know very well, that if I know any man within this realme of whom you should stand in feare, my dutie were to punish that person, thereby to remove that griece from your heart. Then how much more ought I to suffer death, to ease your grace of that greefe which you have of me, being your natural sonne and liege man: and to that end I have this daie made myselfe ready by confession and receiving of the sacrament. And therefore I beseech you, most redoubted lord and deare father, for the honour of God, to ease your heart of all such suspicion as you have of me, and to dispatch me hence before your knees with this such agreeable word, that in all future time, I shall deliver unto you that in my days I have all humble reverence, adding further, that his life was not so deare to him that he wished to live one daie with his displeasure, and therefore, in thus ridding me out of life, and yourselfe from all suspicion, here, in presence of these lords, and before God the daie of the generall judgement, I faithfully protest clearlie to forgive you."

"The king moved herewith, cast from him the dagger, and embracing the prince, kisseth him, and with shedding tears confesseth that in deed he had him partlie in suspicion, though now (as he perceived) not with just cause, and therefore from thenceforth no mis-report should cause him
to have him in mistrust, and this he promised of his honour. So by his great wisedome was the wrongfull suspicion which his father had conceived against him removed, and he restored to his favour. And further, where he could not but grievously complains of them that had slandered him so greatlie, to the defacing not onelie of his honor, but also putting him in danger of his life, he humbly besought the king that they might answer their unjust accusation; and in case they were found to have forged such matters upon a malicious purpose, that then they might suffer some punishment for their faults, though not to the full of that they had deserved."—HOLINSHED, (1402).

(3) Scene III.—Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an all.] Dame Quickly has been suspected

of exaggerating the price of her holland, since, according to this estimate, and making due allowance for the difference in the value of money between her time and ours, each shirt of Falstaff's must have cost as much as would now suffice to clothe a man handsomely from head to foot. But Shakespeare was thinking only of the price of linen in his day; and, at eight shillings an ell, the expense of each shirt would have been about five pounds.—a sum not considered particularly extravagant for this article of apparel in the 16th century; for what says Stubbes in the subject of his "Anatomic of Abuses"?—"In so much as I have heard of shirts that have cost some ten shillinges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twenty nobles, and (which is horrible to heare,) some ten pound specce, yea, the meanest shirtes that commonly is wore of any, doest cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

ACT V. (1) Scene II.—O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard, The liberal and kind offer of the king.]

There is unquestioned evidence to show that the king made advances for the purpose of averting this conflict. He sent both the Abbot of Shrewsbury and the Clerk of the Privy Seal to Hotspur's camp with offers of pardon if his opponents would return to their allegiance. Hotspur is represented as being much moved by this unexpected act of grace, and to have dispatched his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, to negotiate. This nobleman, however, is reported to have addressed the king with such bitterness, and so to have misinterpreted the conversation between them, that both sides resolved to put their cause to the issue of a battle.

(2) Scene IV.—Stay, and breathe awhile.] "The prince that daie holpe his father like a lustie yong gentleman:

for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that diverse noble men that were about him, would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, least his departure from amongst his men might have made some feare into their harts; and so without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased either to fight where the battell was most hot, or to incourage his men where it seemed most need. This battell lasted three long hours, with indifferent fortunes on both parts, till at length, the king crieng saint George victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies and adventured so farre that (as some write) the earl Douglas strake him downe, and at that instant, slue Sir Walter Blunt and three other, apperalled in the king's suite and clothing, saie I: I marveil to see so many kings thus suddenly arise one in the necke of an other. The king in deed was raised, and did that daie mane a noble feat of armes, for as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enemies."
THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

The Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following memorandum relative to this drama:

"23rd August, 1600.

And, Wise Wm. Apsley.]—Two books the one called Much Adoe about Nothinge, and the other The Seconde Parte of the History of King Henry the iiiii, with the Humors of Sir John Fallstaff: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare." In the same year Wise and Apsley published the only quarto edition of it known, under the title of "The Second Part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death and coronation of Henrie the Fift. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publickely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servaunts. Written by William Shakespeare."

This edition appears to have been printed without proper supervision, for, independently of minor omissions, at the beginning of Act III. a whole scene was left out. Nor does the mistake seem to have been discovered until the greater part of the impression had been worked off: sheet E was then reprinted and the missing scene incorporated. The folio text of the play was printed from an independent and more complete copy than that of the quarto, depraved, however, as usual by playhouse alterations and the negligence of successive transcribers.

Malone assigns the composition of the Second Part of King Henry IV. to 1598; but from the circumstance of one speech of Falstaff's in Act I. Sc. 2, bearing the prefix of Old, i.e. Oldcastle, it is evident that the great humourist retained the name of Oldcastle when this play was written, and as it is known that the name was changed anterior to the entry of Part I. in the Stationers' books, on the 25th of February, 1597-8, we are warranted in assuming that the Second Part was produced before that date.

The historical transactions comprehended in this piece, extend over a period of about nine years; beginning with the account of Hotspur's defeat and death in 1403, and terminating with the decease of Henry IV. and the accession and coronation of Henry V. in 1412-13.
Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales; afterwards King Henry V.
Thomas, Duke of Clarence,
Prince John of Lancaster,
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester.
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Westmoreland,
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench,
Gower; Harcourt,
A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
Earl of Northumberland,
Schoop, Archbishop of York,
Lord Mowbray,
Lord Hastings,
Lord Bardolph,
Sir John Colevile,
Travers and Morton.
Sir John Falstaff,
Poins and Peto.
Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.
Bardolph, Pistol, and Page.
Davy, Shallow's Servant.
Mouldy, Shadow, Bull-Calf, Wart, and Feeble, Recruits.
Fang and Snare, Sergeants.
Rumour.
A Porter.
A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tear-Sheet.

Lords and Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Grooms, &c. &c.

SCENE,—England.
INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of Tongues.*

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues* continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,‡
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war?
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns³
Between that§ royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hole of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.  [Exit.

(*) First folio, tongue.  (†) First folio, them.  (‡) First folio, griefs.  (§) First folio, the.

a Painted full of Tongues.] This description is omitted in the folio.

b Through the peasant towns—] Mr. Collier's MS. annotator reads pleasant towns.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—The same. The Porter before the Gate.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?
Port. What shall I say you are?
Bard. Tell thou the earl, that the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.
Bard. Here comes the earl.

Enter Northumberland.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl, I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God* will!
Bard. As good as heart can wish:—The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,

(*) First folio, heaven.
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow’d, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Caesar’s fortunes!

NORTH. How is this deriv’d?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

BARD. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render’d me these news for true.

NORTH. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

BARD. My lord, I over-rote him on the way;
And he is furnish’d with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

NORTH. Now, Travers, what good tides comes
with * you? [back

TRA. My lord, sir John Umfrevoile turn’d me
With joyful tides; and, being better hors’d,
Out-rote me. After him, came, spurring hard,†
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp’d by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask’d the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad‡ luck,
And that young Harry Percy’s spur was cold:
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed§ heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem’d in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

NORTH. Ha!—Again. Said he, young Harry Percy’s spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

BARD. My lord, I’ll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I’ll give my barony: never talk of it.

NORTH. Why should that|| gentleman, that
rode by Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?

BARD. Who, he? He was some hilding,* fellow, that stol’n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.† Look, here comes more
news.

(*) First folio, from.
(1) First folio, head.
(1) First folio, iii.
(8) First folio, able.
(1) First folio, the.
(1) First folio, adventure.

* Some hilding fellow.—] Some degenerate fellow. The epithet hilding was applied indiscriminately to either sex. Thus Capulet says of his daughter, "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 5:—

* Out on her, hilding.

† Like to a title-leaf,—] Elogiac poems in former times were usually printed with a black border round the title-page, and sometimes with that leaf totally black.
Remember’d knolling a departing friend.

BARD. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MOR. I am sorry, I should force you to believe That, which I would to God I had not seen: But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state, Rend’ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath’d To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down The never-daunted Percy to the earth, From whence with life he never more sprung up. In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,) Being bruited once, took fire and beat away From the best temper’d courage in his troops: For from his metal was his party steel’d; Which once in him abated, all the rest Turn’d on themselves, like dull and heavy lead. And as the thing that’s heavy in itself, Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed, So did our men, heavy in Hotspur’s loss, Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear, That arrows’d did not swifter toward their aim, Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety, Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester Too soon ta’en prisoner; and that furious Scot, The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword Had three times stain the appearance of the king, ‘Gain vail his stomach, and did grace the shame Of those that turn’d their backs; and, in his flight, Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord, Under the conduct of young Lancaster, And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

NORTH. For this I shall have time enough to mourn. In poison there is physic; and these news, Having been well, that would have made me sick; Being sick, have in some measure made me well: And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken’d joints, Like strengthless hinges, buckle’d under life, Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire Out of his keeper’s arms; even so my limbs, Weaken’d with grief, being now enrag’d with grief, Are three themselves: hence therefore, thou nice’ crutch; A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel, Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly coif; Thou art a guard too wanton for the head, Which princes, flesh’d with conquest, aim to hit. Now bind my brows with iron; and approach The ragged’st hour that time and spite dare bring, To frown upon the enrag’d Northumberland! Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature’s hand Keep the wild flood confin’d! let order die! And let this world no longer be a stage, To feed contentation in a lingering act, But let one spirit of the first-born Cain Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set On bloody courses, the rude scene may end, And darkness be the burier of the dead!

TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord. BARD. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MOR. The lives of all your loving complices Lean on your health; the which, if you give o’er To stormy passion, must perforce decay. You cast the event of war, my noble lord, And sum’d the account of chance, before you said,—

Let us make head: It was your presurmise, That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop: You knew, he walk’d o’er peril, on an edge, More likely to fall in, than to get o’er; You were advis’d, his flesh was capable Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit Would lift him where most trade of danger rang’d; Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this, Though strongly apprehended, could restrain The stiff-born action. What hath then fallen, Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth, More than that which being was like to be? BARD. We all that are engaged to this loss, Knew that we ventur’d on such dangerous seas, That, if we wrought out life, ’twas to ten to one; And yet we ventur’d, for the gain propos’d Chok’d the respect of likely peril fear’d; And, since we are o’erset, venture again. Come, we will all put forth; body and goods.

(*) Quarto, tolling. (1) First folio, heaven. (1) First folio, this.

Rend’ring faint quittance,—[1] Quittance here means requital, as in “Henry V.” Act II. Sc. 2:—

“And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner than quittance of desert and merit.”

In few,—[2] That is, in short, in a few words. So in “The Tempest,” Act I. Sc. 2:—

“In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;” and in “Measure for Measure,” Act III. Sc. 1:—

“In few, bestow her on her own lamentation.”

See note (d), p. 237.

“Gan vail his stomach,—[3] Lower his pride or courage. See note (a), p. 273.

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(*) Quarto, the. (1) First folio, was.

Buckle under—[4] Bend under.

Thou nice crutch;—[5] Nice means here effeminate.

The tagged’st hour—[6] The roughest hour.

TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.] This line is omitted in the folio.

Must perforce decay. The remainder of Morton’s speech, after this line, is omitted in the quarto.

The dole of blows,—[7] The dealing, the distribution of blows.

You were advis’d,—[8] You were aware.

Capable,—[9] That is, susceptible, sensible. “Alongst the galapin or silver paved way of heaven, conducted into the great hall of the gods, Mercury sprinkled me with water, which made me capable of their divine presence.”—Greene’s Orphoerion, 4to, 1599, p. 7. See note (b), p. 207.

that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will in-set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juveinal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine. I can assure him. — What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak, and my § slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! — A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-foresooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! — The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon — security. I had as lief they would put rat-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with — security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me — security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. — Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were married, horsed, and wived."

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* Quarto, dare.
(+) First folio, nor.

And do speak the truth — Here, again, the quarto omits what follows of Morton's speech.

More and less — That is, great and small. So in "Henry IV." Part I. Act IV. Sc. 3: —

"The more and less came in with cap and knee."

I was never manned with an agate — An agate stone was frequently cut to represent the human form, and was occasionally worn in the hat by gallants.

To bear a gentleman in hand — To bear in hand, was to know up. See note (c), p. 233.

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Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.
Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.
Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?
Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.
Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?
Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.
Atten. Sir John Falstaff!
Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.
Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.
Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

(*) First folio, want.

of a hound in turning and following the scent the way the chase has come.

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KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT I.

FAL. My good lord!—God* give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

CH. JUST. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FAL. An't** please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

CH. JUST. I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

FAL. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

CH. JUST. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

FAL. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood,* a whoreson tingling.

CH. JUST. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FAL. It hath it original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

CH. JUST. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FAL. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

CH. JUST. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become § your physician.

FAL. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

CH. JUST. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

CH. JUST. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

FAL. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

CH. JUST. Your means are very slender, and your waste is* great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CH. JUST. You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.6

CH. JUST. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

FAL. My lord?

CH. JUST. But since all is well, keep it so wake not a sleeping wolf.

FAL. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell fox.

CH. JUST. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FAL. A wassell candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

CH. JUST. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

FAL. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

CH. JUST. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill † angel.

FAL. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;8 but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell.4 Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-mongers' times ‡, that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy* is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are waggs too.

CH. JUST. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your

(*) First folio omits God.  (+) First folio omits, for.
(1) First folio, If it.
(4) First folio, if I be.
(6) First folio, if I be.
8 An't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, —] So the quarto, for which the folio reads only, "a sleeping of the blood."
9 The fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.] A supposed allusion to a fat blind beggar, well known at the time, who was led by his dog.
10 Your ill angel is light!] The Chief Justice means evil genius; Falstaff evades the application by alluding to the coin called
11 The angel, which was frequently made light enough by the process of clipping.
12 I cannot tell:] This phrase usually signifies, as Gifford has shown, no more than, I cannot tell what to think of it, or I cannot account for it: but, in the present instance, the interpretation assigned to it by Johnson, "I cannot be taken; I cannot pass current," seems preferable.
13 Pregnancy—] That is, Ready wit.
voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity; and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaining, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will cæper me with for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish anything but my bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thirst upon it. Well, I cannot last ever; but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing; to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scourged to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Chief Justice and Attendant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. —A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

PAGE. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

PAGE. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: about it; you know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gout or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit


Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

ARCH. Thus have you heard our cause,* and know our means; And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:— And first, lord marshal, what say you to it? MOWB. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves, To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king. HAST. Our present masters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries. BARD. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—

[(*) First folio, causes. drink being supposed to have the effect of making people spit white. Thus Spengius in Massinger's "Virgin Martyr," Act III. Sc. 3:—'Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink.' * Well, I cannot last ever;] Falstaff's speech ends here in the folio, 1623.

a You are too impatient to bear crosses.] The same pun is met with in "Love's Labour's Lost." See note (b), p. 56.

(b) A three-man beetle.] An implement made of wood, and having two long handles and a short one, which was used for driving piles.

(c) Prevent—] i.e. Anticipate, come before.

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Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?
HAST. With him we may.
BARD. Ay, marry there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far, *
Till we had his assistance by the hand:
For, in a theme so bloody—fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surprise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.
ARCH. 'Tis very true. Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case a at Shrewsbury.
BARD. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in a project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
HAST. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,

(*) Quarto, cause.  (†) First folio, with.

a We should not step too far,—] The remainder of this speech is omitted in the quarto.
b Yes, if this present quality of war;-

That frosts will bite them.] In this opening clause of Lord Bardolph's speech, something has apparently been lost or misprinted; and as the passage only occurs in the folio, the omission or error, it is to be feared, is irreparable.

c At least,—] Capell proposed, and we think judiciously, to read, at last.

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
BARD. Yes, if this present quality of war, Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. b When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweights ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, d desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; d or else,
We fortify in paper; and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair
birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty
thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord
Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unarm'd king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and West-
moreland:

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on; b
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldest have him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldest eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him
die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present,
worst.

Mowr. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set
on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids,
be gone. [Exeunt.]
ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; Fang, and his Boy, with her; and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a* stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, fay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for § he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most

beastly: in good faith,* he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an I a' come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by § his going; I warrant you, § he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure:—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert || street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be

(*) First folio, &t.
(†) First folio omits, O Lord.
(‡) First folio, Ay.
(§) First folio omits, for.

Where's your yeoman?] The follower of a serjeant of the

(*) First folio omits, in good faith.
(†) First folio, ff.
(‡) First folio, with.
(§) First folio, you.
(‖) First folio, Lombard.

mace, or as we now term him, sheriff's officer, was called a ser-

jeant's yeoman.
brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsye-nose knave.* Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the queen in the channel.


Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian; you fustilian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what are you brawling here? [business? Doth this become your place, your time, and You should have been well on your way to York.— Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

(*) First folio omits, knowe.

a I'll throw thee in the channel.] The folio reads, I'll throw thee there.

b Honey-suckle villain! ... honey-seed rogue! Our hostess means, homicidal, and homicide.

c Man-querler.—] An old word for manslayer or murderer.

d Bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, &c.] The folio reading is,

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what * man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamations? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,* sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon ✦ Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking ✧ his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly § with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee new to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears

(*) First folio inserts, a.
(1) First folio, lik'ning.
(2) First folio, no more familiar.


* Purcell-gilt goblet.—] "Purcell-gilt means what is now called by artists partigild, that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain, or ungilded."—MALONE
to me, * practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with * her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneak—

Wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; what news? Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry, prince of Wales, are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

* First folio omits, with.
† First folio omits, make.
§ First folio omits, do.

a You have, as it appears to me, &c.] So the quarto. In the folio, we read only, "I know you have practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman."
Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, (3) is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; 'tis faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [To BARDOLPH.] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[Execute Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Boy.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No: fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

(*) First folio, bitter.
(†) First folio, comes, once only.
(‡) First folio, omits, 'tis faith, and, am.

(*) First folio, bitter.

(* At Basingstoke, my lord.) The quarto makes a ludicrous mistake here, by reading Billingsgate instead of Basingstoke.
CH. JUST. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

FAL. My lord!

CH. JUST. What's the matter?

FAL. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

CH. JUST. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FAL. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

CH. JUST. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

FAL. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

CH. JUST. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins. *

P. HEN. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

POINS. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. HEN. 'Faith, † it does me; though it discoursed the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

POINS. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. HEN. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got: for, by my ‡ troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest § not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows,† whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

POINS. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is? 

P. HEN. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. HEN. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. HEN. 'Faith, † thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

POINS. The reason?

P. HEN. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

POINS. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. HEN. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

POINS. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraven to Falstaff.

P. HEN. And to thee.

POINS. By this light, I am well spoke on, ‡ I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. HEN. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he

(*) First folio, countries.
(†) First folio omits, 'Faith.
(‡) First folio, is.
(§) First folio, keep'd.

* And poins.] The stage direction in the quarto is, "Enter the prince, Poins, sir John Russel, with other."  
And God knows, &c.) The remainder of the speech is omitted in the folio, having been struck out, most probably by

the Master of the Revels.

Their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is? Sc the quarto. The folio reads, "their fathers lying so sick, as yours is."
had him from me Christian; and look if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

BARD. God + save your grace!

P. HEN. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

BARD. Come, you virtuous (+) ass, [To the Page.] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot’s maidenhead?

PAGE. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife’s new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. HEN. Hath not the boy profited?

BARD. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE. Away, you rascally Althea’s dream, away!

P. HEN. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

PAGE. Marty, my lord, Althea dreamt she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. HEN. A crown’s worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.

POINS. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

BARD. An § you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.||

P. HEN. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARD. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace’s coming to town; there’s a letter for you.

POINS. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

BARD. In bodily health, sir.

POINS. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. HEN. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

POINS. [Reads.] John Falstaff, knight—— Every man must know that, as oft as he hath

occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger; but they say, There is some of the king’s blood spilt. How comes that? I says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap; I am the king’s poor cousin, sir.

P. HEN. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:——

POINS. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

P. HEN. Peace!

POINS. I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with POINS; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou wilt him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiar; John, with my brothers and sisters;* and Sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. HEN. That’s to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

POINS. God send the wench no worse fortune!* but I never said so.

P. HEN. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. —Is your master here in London?

BARD. Yes, my lord.

P. HEN. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?†

BARD. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. HEN. What company?

PAGE. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. HEN. Sup any women with him?

PAGE. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. HEN. What pagan may that be?

PAGE. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master’s.

(*) First folio, sister.

mass, fell about the twelfth of November, and was the period when beef was hung up for smoking; whether Falstaff is so designated from his resemblance to Martlemas beef, or from his being like the latter spring, is not clear.

a POINS.] In the old copies this forms part of the Prince’s speech.

* God send the wench no worse fortune!† The folio reads, May the wench have no worse fortune.

† The old frank.] The old sig.
P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

PoiNS. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

BArd. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

PoiNS. I warrant you, as common as the way between saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

PoiNS. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

(*) First folio, like.

* Yet come to town? The folio has, "yet in town."

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give* even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.
Lady N. I have given over, I will speak more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

(*) First folio inserts, an.
King Henry the Fourth.

Act II.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at
pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet for God's sake, go not to
these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear
Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your
son's.
For yours,—the God of heaven* brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. b
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, c which nature made his
blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him. So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous
him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconced by you,) To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;

(*) First folio, Heaven's.  (t) First folio, when.
a The God of heaven bright'n it.] So the quarto. The folio
reading is, may heavenly glory brighten it.
b Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.] This con-
cludes the speech in the quarto.
c and speaking thick.—[That is, speaking rapidly. Thus,
in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 2—
"—say, and spoke thick.
Love's counsellor should fill the bares of hearing."

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Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of
the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: so did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with
my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Drawer. What the devil* hast thou brought
there? apple-Johns? thou knowest sir John
cannot endure an apple-John. d

2 Drawer. Mass,† thou say'st true. The prince
once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and
told him, there were five more sir Johns: and,
putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave
of these six dry, round, old, withered knights
It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgo-
that.

1 Drawer. Why then, cover, and set them down;
and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;* mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music.
Dispatch. The room where they supped, is too
hot; they'll come in straight. f

2 Drawer. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and
master Pains anon: and they will put on two of
our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not
know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

(*) First folio omits, the devil.  (†) First folio omits, Mass.
d An apple-John.] An apple which may be kept without much
injury for a couple of years, but, after some time, appears to
be shrunk and dried up. The French call it deux-ans, whence, in
this country formerly, it was corruptly known as demeants.
* Sneak's noise.] "A noise of musicians" signified a band
or company of them. * Sneak was probably a jocular name applied to
the leader of an itinerant "noise."
f Dispatch. The room where they supped, is too hot; they'll
come in straight.] The folio omits this passage.
1 Draw. By the mass,* here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I'faith,† sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose in good truth, la!‡ But, i'faith,‡ you have drunk too much canaries; and that’s a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one § can say,—what’s this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem!

Host. Why, that’s well said; a good heart’s worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan.—And was a worthy king: (3) [Exit Drawer.] How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm:§ yea, and good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an † they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches:—for

(*) First folio omits, By the mass. (†) First folio omits, I’faith.
(‡) First folio omits, in good truth, la!
(§) First folio omits, was well.

* Here will be old utis:] Old utis is, rare fun. Old here is nothing more than an augmentative. Utis, according to Skinner, from the French, huit, mean, a merry festival; properly, the octave, huit, octo, of a saint’s day.
† A calm:] A qualm.
‡ Your brooches, pearls, and owches:] A fragment of an

old ballad, “The Boy and the Mantle,” which is reprinted in Percy's “Reliques,” vol. III. p. 401, Edit. 1812:

“A kirtle and a mantle,
This boy had him upon.
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.”

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to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off with the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:——

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!*

Host. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. * What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [To Doll.] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshedge? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol'sb below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith:** I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here! I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me, —twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,— Neighbour Quickly, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then.— Neighbour Quickly, says he, receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name; —now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive, says he, no swaggering companions. —There comes none here; —you would bless you to hear what he said: —no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. —Call him up, drawer.

[Exit Drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering; by my troth,** I am the worse, when one says— swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.


Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God‡ save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.


Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an § you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-bilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir? —What! with two points on your shoulder? much I

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; || I would not have you

(*) First folio omits, no, by my faith.

a Doll. Hang yourself, &c.] This speech is omitted in the folio.

b Ancient Pistol—] In modern phrase, ensign Pistol. The banner and banner-bearer of old were called ancients, as they are both now termed ensigns.

c A tame cheater,—] Cheater, in old language, usually means pameater, or coxener: — They call their art by a new-found name, as cheating, themselves cheaters, and the dice cheaters, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuists as fall to the lord at the holding of his leet as waifés and strailes, and such like, be called cheates, and are accustamously said to be

layered to the lord's use. —IMHIL MUNCHUNCE, his Discovery of the art of Cheating in False Dice Play. Tame cheater, however, in the sense of a craven bird of some kind, was undoubtedly a cant phrase applied to a petty rogue. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn," Act IV, Sc. 2: — "You are worse than simple widows, and will be drawn into the net by this decoy-duck, this tame cheater."

‡ Much] An expression of supreme contempt.
Pist. Then, food, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.  
Come, give'st some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, la speranza me contenta,  
Tear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.  
[Laying down his sword.

Come we to full points here; and are et cetera's nothing?

Fal. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs;  
I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a showgroat shilling: (4) nay, an' he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbure?— [Snatching up his sword.

Then death rock me aslee, abridge my doleful days! (5)

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pr'ythee, Jack, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.  
[Drawing.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore $ I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.

Doll. I pr'ythee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt? the groin? methought, a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

(*) First folio, give me.  
(1) First folio omits For God's sake.

(2) First folio, of.

(3) First folio, before.

(4) First folio, Calipolis.

Dr. He means Hannibals.

d My fair Calipolis: From a line in "The battle of Alcazar," 1594, a play Mr. Dyce attributes to Peele:—

"Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis,"  

e Si fortuna, etc. In the original this motto is corruptly printed of fortuna me tormenta, separato me contento, perhaps intentionally.

f Neif: Neif is fat.
Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I'faith,* I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, an' thou darest, for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Enter Music.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I'faith,* and thou follow'dst him like a church Thou whoreson little tidy* Bartholomew dear-pig,(6) when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of? Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so then?

(*) First folio omits, I'faith. (1) First folio, if.

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* Tidy—] Tidy meant _pump_ from the Teutonic, _tydigh_, ripe, mature, in good condition.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

FAI. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quots well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for fladdragons; and rides the wild mare* with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidupois.

P. HEN. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

POINS. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. HEN. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FAI. Kiss me, Doll.

P. HEN. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanace to that?

POINS. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

FAI. Thou dost give me flattering busses. Doll. Nay, truly, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FAI. I am old, I am old.

DOLL. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FAI. What stuff wilt* have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

DOLL. By my tooth! thou'lt set me a weeping; and thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken he end.

FAI. Some sack, Francis.

P. HEN. POINS. Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing.

FAI. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?* P. HEN. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

FAI. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, hou art a drawer.

P. HEN. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

HOST. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace!

FAI. Thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else hast, thou else has

POINS. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. HEN. Not! to dispraise me; and call me—panter, and bread-chipper;* and I know not what?

FAI. No abuse, Hal.

POINS. No abuse!

FAI. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal:—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. HEN. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostress here of the wicked? Or is thy$ boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

POINS. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FAI. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast maw-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. HEN. For the women?

FAI. For one of them,—she is in hell already,

____________________________________

(*) First folio omits, God's.

(†) First folio, on.

(1) First folio, cheaper.

($) First folio, the.

and Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius are the Fiery Trigon, but this does not much assist us in understanding the allusou intended.

P. HEN. His brother.) POINS's brother.

a


and burns, poor soul!* For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law: for which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so; what’s a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent? P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking without.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto! how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; and there are twenty weak and wearied posts, come from the north: and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, and asking everyone for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time,

When tempest of commotion, like the south

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

(*) Old text, souls.

Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt P. Hen., Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [Knocking heard.] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now? what’s the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the Page.]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches:—if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak.—If my heart be not ready to burst:—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Without.] Mistress Tear-sheet,—Host. What’s the matter?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.*

[a Run, good Doll.] The quarto adds, “Come, shee comes blub berd, yea? wil you come, Doll?”
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in his nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

* SCENE I.— This scene does not appear in the first quarto, published in 1600; but another edition was issued in the same year to supply the omission.

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. — [Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,

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And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leave'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey, and Sir John Blunt.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all,
your lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is: what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd;*
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O God!* that one might read the
book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen, b

The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die,
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who, like a brother, too'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember.)

[To Warwick.

When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
Though then, God* knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:—
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my soul,† my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;

(*) First folio, Heaven.

(†) First folio, Life.

b O. if this were seen.—This half-line, and the three lines
that follow, are not in the folio.
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land,
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Court before Justice Shallow's
House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy,
Shadow, Wart, Fereble, Bull-calf; and
Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on: give me
your hand, sir; give me your hand, sir; an early
stirrer, by the rood.* And how doth my good cousin
Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my
god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my
cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at
Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly:
I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think,
they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass,* I was called any thing;
and I would have done any thing, indeed, and
roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit
of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and
Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotsole
man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers
in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to
you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had
the best of them all at commandment. Then was
Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to
Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I
saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate,
when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very

(*) First folio omits, By the mass.

by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, meant to
have him understood as one who was well versed in manly
exercises.”

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same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterter, behind Gray’s-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

SIR. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL. Certain, ’tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith,* is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SIR. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHAL. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIR. Dead, sir.

SHAL. Jesu, Jesu! * dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead,—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped ’t the clout* at twelve score, and carried you a forshand shaft a+ fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man’s heart good to see.—

How a score of ewes now?

SIR. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHAL. And is old Double dead?

SIR. Here come two of sir John Falstaff’s men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

BARD. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

SHAL. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king’s justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

BARD. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven,‡ and a most gallant leader.

SHAL. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backword man: how doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

BARD. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

SHAL. It is well said, in faith,§ sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever || were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of accommodo: very good; a good phrase.

BARD. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my

sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be* thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

SHAL. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your hand, give me your worship’s good hand: by my troth,† you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

FAL. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Suro-card, as I think.

SHAL. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

FAL. Good master Silence, it wellbefits you should be of the peace.

SIR. Your good worship is welcome.

FAL. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

SHAL. Marty, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FAL. Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHAL. Where’s the roll? where’s the roll? where’s the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so———Let me see; where is Mouldy?

MOUL. Here, an’t please you.

SHAL. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

FAL. Is thy name Mouldy?

MOUL. Yea, an’t please you.

FAL. ’Tis the more time thou wert used.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i’faith! § things, that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

FAL. Prick him. [To Shallow.]

MOUL. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

FAL. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

MOUL. Spent!

SHAL. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know

(*) First folio omits, as the Psalmist saith.
(†) First folio, at.
§ First folio omits, in faith. $ First folio, every.
* Jesu, Jesu! dead!—he drew a good bow;—) So the quarto.
The folio reads, Dead! see, see! he drew, etc.
+ He would have clapped ’t the clout,—] Hit the nail or pin

which sustained the target.

† Thereafter as they be:) That depends upon their quality.
you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—
let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under:
he's like to be a cold soldier.
Shal. Where's Shadow?
Shad. Here, sir.
Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?
Shad. My mother's son, sir.
Fal. Thy mother's son! a like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.
Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?
Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!
Fal. Where's he?
Wart. Here, sir.
Fal. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. Yes, sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.
Shal. Shall I prick him,* sir John?
Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is

(*) First folio adds, down.

* Thy mother's son!] Falstaff has indulged in the same quibble
on son and sum in the First Part of "Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 1:—
"Shall the son of England prove a thief," &c.

But not much of the father's substance.] The quarto omits, built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.
Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?
Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.
Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.
Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the

not, reading,—
"But much of the father's substance."

And the folio omits much, both it would seem by mistake; unless but is to be understood in the sense of without, in which case the text of the quarto affords a pointed meaning.

599
leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feele.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.*

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feele. —

Who is† next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God,† a likely fellow! —Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord!§ good my lord captain, —

Fal. What! dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O lord,§ sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. —Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir; — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields.

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sir. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that that this knight and I have seen! —Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have; that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, Hem, boys! (3)—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: —O the days that we have seen! —Come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth,§ I care not; —a man can die but once; —we owe God † a death! —I'll ne'er bear a base mind: —an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith,§ I'll bear no base mind.

[Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: § —I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then, —Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf: —for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: —and, for your part, Bull-calf, —grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man?

(*) First folio omits, sir.  (†) First folio inserts, the.
(1) First folio, Trust me.  (‡) First folio omits, lord.
(1) First folio omits, By the mass.  (§) First folio, years.

* I have three pound —Johnson pointed out the wrong computation, and suggested, what no doubt was true, that Bardolph meant to pocket a portion of the profit.

b The thews, —Shakespeare is almost the first writer who used this word in the sense of bodily vigour; its common application of old being to manners, or qualities of the mind.
Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's* Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbons on the brewer’s bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: and, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman’s tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver* into Wart’s hand, Bardolph.

BARD. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

FAI. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—
   very well;—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said,* Wart; thou’rt a good scab: hold, there’s a tester for thee.

SHAL. He is not his craft’s master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement’s inn,)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur’s show, (4) there was a little quiver* fellow, and a’ would manage you his piece thus: and a’ would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tab, tab, tab, would a say; bounce, would a say; and away again would a go, and again would a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

FAI. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—
   God keep you,† master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.

—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHAL. Sir John, the Lord‡ bless you, and prosper your affairs; God § send us peace! At your ‖ return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

FAI. I would you would, master Shallow.

(*) First folio, Where’s.
(1) First folio, Farewell.
(1) First folio, heaven.
(1) First folio, and.
(1) First folio, As you.

* A caliver— Was a hand gun; smaller and lighter than the ordinary musket.
† Well said,— This hortatory phrase, meaning “Well done,” was very common. It occurs in Henry IV., Part I. Act IV. Sc. 4, where Falstaff exclaims to the Prince, who is engaged in combat with Hotspur:— “Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!” And again, in the present play, Act V. Sc. 3, where Justice Shallow encourages his man of all work, with,—“Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; Well said, Davy.”

‡ To burst his head,—] To burst was to break. Thus in “The Taming of the Shrew,” Induction, Sc. 1.—“You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!”
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call’d?
Hast. ’Tis Gaultree forest, an’t shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. ’Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv’d New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:— Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT IV.

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.*

MOWN. Thus do the hopes we have in him
Touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

HAST.
Now, what news?
MESS. West. of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy: [number
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand. [out.
MOWN. The just proportion that we gave them
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.
ARCH. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here?
MOWN. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

Enter Westmoreland.

WEST. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.
ARCH. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in
peace;
What doth concern your coming?
WEST. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Let on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenance'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, ifdamn'd commotion so appear'd.*
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?

Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war? [stands.

ARCH. Wherefore do I this?—so the question
Briefly, to this end:—We are all disease; *
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Tropp in the throns of military men:
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly;
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd [suffer,
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace, indeed,
Concurreth both in name and quality.

WEST. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been soburn'd to grate on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

ARCH. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born a household cruelty, I
Make my quarrel in particular.

"To play him hunt's up, with a point of war."—
GREENE'S Orlando Furioso, Dyce's Ed. p. 19.
"Sound proudly here a perfect point of war."—
PEELE'S Edward I., 1593, Act I. Sc. 1
"Sa, sa, sa! Now sound a point of war."—
* We are all disease. * The remainder of this speech, excepting the last eight lines, is omitted in the quarto.
Quiet here,—The old text. Warburton suggested we should read, Ion, and consecrate commotion's bitter edge] This line is omitted in the folio.
* To brother born a household cruelty,—Another line, omitted in the folio.
WEST. There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.  
MOWB. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before,  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?*

WEST. O my good lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on. Were you not restor’d  
To all the duke of Norfolk’s seigniories,  
Your noble and right—well—remember’d father’s?  
MOWB. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
That need to be reviv’d, and breath’d in me?  
The king; that lov’d him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force* perforse, compell’d to banish him:  
And then, that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights* of steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,  
Then, then,—when there was nothing could have stay’d  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,—  
O, when* the king did throw his warden down,  
(His own life hung upon the staff he threw)  
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,  
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

WEST. You speak, lord Mowbray, now, you  
know not what:  
The earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman;  
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil’d?  
But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne’er had borne it out of Coventry:  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless’d, and grac’d indeed,* more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general,

(*) Old text, fore’d.

To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,  
That he will give you audience: and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.  
MOWB. But he hath fore’d us to compel this offer;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.  
WEST. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:  
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
Then reason wills,* our hearts should be as good:—  
Say you not then our offer is compell’d.

MOWB. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.  
[offence:  
WEST. That argues but the shame of your  
A rotten case abides no handling.  
HAST. Hath the prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear, and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?  
WEST. That is intended * in the general’s name:  
I muse you make so slight a question.  
ARCH. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,  
this schedule,  
For this contains our general grievances:—  
Each several article herein redress’d;  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are insinew’d to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form;  
And present execution of our wills  
To us, and to our purposes, confirm’d; †—  
We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.  
WEST. This will I show the general. Please  
you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet:  
And ‡ either end in peace, which God § so frame!  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

ARCH. My lord, we will do so.  
[Exit WEST.  
MOWB. There is a thing within my bosom tells  
me,  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.  
[peace  
HAST. Fear you not that: if we can make our

(*) Old text, will.  
(†) Old text, confirm’d.  
‡ Old text, At  
§ First folio, Heaven.

believe the words when and then were not mistakenly transposed by the compositor.  
Indeed,—] In the old text “and did.” The emendation, which is easy and probable, was suggested by Thirlby.  
* Intended—] That is, implied, or understood.
Upon such large terms, and so absolute, 
As our conditions shall consist upon, 
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Morn. Ay, but our valuation shall be such, 
That every slight and false-derived cause, 
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason, 
Shall, to the king, taste of this action. 
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love, 
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind, 
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff, 
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; note this,—the king is weary 
Of dainty and such picking grievances: 
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death, 
Revives two greater in the heirs of life. 
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean, 
And keep no tell-tale to his memory, 
That may repeat and history his loss 
To new remembrance: for full well he knows, 
He cannot so precisely weed this land, 
As his misdoubts present occasion: 
His foes are so enrooted with his friends, 
That plucking to unfix an enemy, 
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend. 
So that this land, like an offensive wife, 
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes, 
As he is striking, holds his infant up, 
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm 
That was upream'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods 
On late offenders, that he now doth lack 
The very instruments of chastisement: 
So that his power, like to a fangless lion, 
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal, 
If we do now make our atonement well, 
Our peace will, like a broken limb united, 
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Morn. Be it so. 
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship, 
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies? 
Morn. Your grace of York, in God's* name then set+ forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter from one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, 
Hastings, and others; from the other side, 
Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:— 
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop:— 
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all,— 
My lord of York, it better show'd with you, 
When that your flock, assembled by the bell, 
Encircled you, to hear with reverence 
Your exposition on the holy text; 
Than now to see you here an iron man, 
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum, 
Turning the word to sword, and life to death. 
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart, 
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, 
Would he abuse the countenance of the king, 
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach, 
In shadow of such greatness! with you, lord bishop, 
It is even so.—Who hath not heard it spoken, 
How deep you were within the books of God? *
To us, the speaker in His parliament; 
To us, the imagin'd † voice of heaven itself. 
The very opener, and intelligencer, 
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven, 
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe, 
But you misuse the reverence of your place; 
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven, 
As a false favourite doth his prince's name, 
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up, 
Under the counterfeited seal* of God,* 
The subjects of His* substitute, my father; 
And, both against the peace of heaven and him, 
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster, 
I am not here against your father's peace: 
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland, 
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense, 
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form, 
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace 
The parcels and particulars of our grief, [court: 
The which hath been with scorn show'd from the 
Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born, 
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleap, 
With grant of our most just and right desires; 
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd, 
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Morn. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes 
To the last man.

(*) First folio, Heaven's. (t) First folio omits, set.
* a seal of God,—] The old text has seal, a misprint, first cor-

(*) First folio, heavens. (†) Old text, imagine.

rooted, we believe, by Mr. Collier's annotator.
Hast. And though we here fall down, We have supplies to second our attempt; If they miscarry, theirs shall second them, And so, success of mischief shall be born, And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up, While England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow, To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly, How far-forth you do like their articles? [well: P. John. I like them all, and do allow them And swear here by the honour of my blood, My father's purposes have been mistook; And some about him have too lavishly Wrested his meaning, and authority.— My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCH. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

HAST. Go, captain, [To an Officer.] and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.

ARCH. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace: and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCH. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
ARCH. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

ARCH. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.
ARCH. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

[Exit Westmoreland.

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

ARCH. Go, good lord Hastings,
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit Hastings.

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

(*) First folio, lfs.

A place deep enough:] We should perhaps read, as Tyrwhitt suggested, "a hole deep enough."
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

ACT IV.

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'ser I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

(A Retreat sounded.)

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit West.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come:—
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most famous knight, and valorous enemy: but what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount. Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord. P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville. Fal. And a famous true subject took him. Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis;* and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

P. John. Now,† have you left pursuit? West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates, To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. [Exeunt some with Coleville.

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords; I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,— Which, cousin, you shall hear,—to comfort him; And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord,* pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,* Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exit.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack(2) hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crude vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,(3) full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the

(*) First folio, I swear. (1) First folio omits, else.

* Stand my good lives.—) Be my good friend or advocate.
(1) In my condition,—) Conditions seems used here in the same of official statement. In my report I shall speak better of you than I ever did.
(2) A good sherris-sack.) hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crude vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,(3) full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the

(*) First folio omits, gratis. (1) First folio omits, Now.

you deserve," although we remember no other instance of its being so employed.

(3) Forgetive.—) Inventive, imaginativa.
voice, (the tongue,)* which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme.* It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this value comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere board of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and filled with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?
BARD. The army is discharged all, and gone.
FAI. Let them go. I’ll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Warwick, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God§ doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address’d, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. HUMPH. I think, he’s gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. HUMPH. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. HUMPH. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

[Brother? How chance, thou art not with the prince thy He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brethren: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may’st effect,
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore, omit him not; but blunt not his love: Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ’d; He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens’d, he’s flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws concealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ’d: Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin’d to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,) Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.


Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

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(*) Oft text, extreme.
(1) First folio, illuminateth.
(1) First folio omits, human.
(1) First folio, heavens.

a The voice, (the tongue,)— The tongue was, possibly, only an interlineation, the poet not having determined whether to adopt
Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

KH. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-spread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions, [guage,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the lan-
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning-past evils to advantages.

KH. 'Tis seldom—when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion—Who's here? Westmore-
Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Harcourt. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!

The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the shrieve* of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?*
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Swoons.

(*) First folio, sheriff.

But write her faire words still in foulest termes."
P. HUMPH. Comfort, your majesty!

CLA. O my royal father!

WEST. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

WAR. Be patient, princes; you do know, these Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

CLA. No, no; he cannot long hold out these The incessant care and labour of his mind Hath wrought the mure,* that should confine it in, So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. HUMPH. The people fear me;* for they do observe Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature: The seasons change their manners, as the year Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

CLA. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb And the old folk, time's doting chronicles, Say, it did so, a little time before That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

WAR. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. HUMPH. This apoplexy will, certain, be his
K. HEN. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence Into some other chamber; softly, pray.

[They convey the King to an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends; Unless some dull* and favourable hand With* whisper music to my weary spirit.

WAR. Call for the music in the other room.

K. HEN. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

CLA. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

WAR. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. HEN. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

CLA. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. HEN. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

P. HUMPH. Exceeding ill.

P. HEN. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

P. HUMPH. He alter'd much upon the hearing
P. HEN. If he be sick with joy, He will recover without physic.

WAR. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

CLA. Let us withdraw into the other room.

WAR. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

P. HEN. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[Exit all but Prince Henry.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, Being so troublesome a bedfellow? O polish'd perturbation! golden care! That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now! Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet, As he, whose brow, with homely biggin' bound, Snores out the watch of night. O majesty! When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit Like a rich armour worn in heat of day, That sealds with safety. By his gates of breath There lies a downy feather, which stirs not: Did he suspire, that light and weightless down Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep, That from this golden rigol* hath divore'd So many English kings. Thy due, from me, Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood; Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: My due, from thee, is this imperial crown, Which, as immediate from thy place and blood, Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.

Which God* shall guard; and put the world's whole strength Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. HEN. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

CLA. Doth the king call?

WAR. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. HEN. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLA. We left the prince my brother here, my liege, Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

(*) First folio, brace.
K. Hen. The prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.*

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we staid.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

(*) First folio omits, he is not here.

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
[seek him out.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[Exit Warwick.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep* with thought, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this, they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
[honey,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next
room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle checks;
With such a deep demeancour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me,
Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey,
Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak
again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! can'st thou not bear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine* ear,
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry† the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The olden sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild her treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry, from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my
tears,

The moist‡ impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-dueteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
God § witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wilderness die;
And never live to show the incredible world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee de-

(*) First folio, sleepes.

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?—] Hath ended me. The quarto reads:—

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KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT IV.

[Scene iv.]

Hath fed upon the body of my father; Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold. Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, Preserving life in medicin potable: a
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd, Hast eat thy* bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege, Accusing it, I put it on my head; To try with it,—as with an enemy, That had before my face murder'd my father,— The quarrel of a true inheritor. But if it did infect my blood with joy, Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride; If any rebel, or vain spirit of mine Did, with the least affection of a welcome, Give entertainment to the might of it, Let God for ever keep it from my head! And make me as the poorest vassal is, That doth with awe and terror kneel to it! K. HEN. O my son! Heaven put it in my mind, to take it hence, That thou might'st win§ the more thy father's love, Pleading so wisely in excuse of it. Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed, And hear, I think, the very latest counsel That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son, By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways, I met this crown; and I myself know well, How troublesome it sat upon my head: To thee, it shall descend with better quiet, Better opinion, better confirmation; For all the soil of the achievement goes With me into the earth. It seem'd in me, But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand; And I had many living, to upbraid My gain of it by their assistances; Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed, Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears, b Thou seest, with peril I have answered: For all my reign hath been but as a scene Acting that argument; and now my death Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd, c Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort; So thou the garland wear'st successively. Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do, Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green. And all thy* friends, which thou must make thy friends, Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out; By whose fell working I was first advance'd, And by whose power I well might lodge a fear To be again displac'd: which to avoid, I cut them off; and had a purpose now To lead out many to the Holy Land; Last rest, and lying still, might make them look Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry, Be it thy course to busy giddy minds With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out, May waste the memory of the former days. More would I, but my lungs are wasted so, That strength of speech is utterly denied me. How I came by the crown, O God,* forgive! And grant it may with thee in true peace live! P. HEN. My gracious liege, You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me: Then plain and right must my possession be; Which I, with more than with a common pain, 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and others.

K. HEN. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. JOHN. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. HEN. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John; But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight, My worldly business makes a period.—— Where is my lord of Warwick? P. HEN. My lord of Warwick! K. HEN. Doth any name particular belong Unto the lodging where I first did swoon? WAR. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord. K. HEN. Land be to God!*—even there my life must end.(4) It hath been prophesied to me many years, I should not die but in Jerusalem; Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—— But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie; In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.
ACT V.


Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir,* you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!
Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.
Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy;—let me see, Davy:—let me see;—yea,

(*) First folio omits, sir.

* William cook.—Servants, and the lower orders of people generally, were commonly distinguished of old by surnames derived from their respective callings.

marry,* William cook,* bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts* can not be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the head-land with wheat?
Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid: sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now,* sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

(*) First folio omits, yes, marry. (†) First folio omits, now
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT V.

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, toll William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse. So his men well, Davy; for they are arrant naves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back*—bitten, 
; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, but yet, God forbid, sir, and a knave should we some countenance at his friend's request. A honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, hen a knave is not. I have served your worship very, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with our worship. The knave is mine honest friend; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, sir John? Come, come, come, off with your pets. [Exit John.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph; and welcome, my tall fellow. [Exeunt Page, Bardolph, and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded committeemen's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his; they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in connection with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild bees. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I could humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would try with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that
either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; and therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing—out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or twc actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervalum.

O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [Exit Falstaff.

SCENE II.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king? [Exeunt. War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more. Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. [myself, I know he doth not, and do arm To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon me, Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph. and Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

(*) First folio omits, back.

(1) Old text, Wincet. (2) First folio, heare.

They flock together in consent,—] In agreement, in union.

(4) First folio, there.

b Being near their master.] This may mean either resembles their master, or being able to influence him.
War. We do remember; but our argument
is all too heavy to admit much talk.
P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath
made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a
friend, indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure, your own.
P. John. Though no man be assur’d what
grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would ’twere otherwise.
Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John
Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,
Led by the impartial* conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall’d remission.—
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I’ll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

(*) First folio, imperial.

* A ragged and forestall’d remission.—] Ragged in this place
means base, ignominious, as in Shakespeare’s eighth sonnet—
"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;"
but of "forestall’d remission," we believe the import is yet to be
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War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God* save
your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment,
sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath(2) succeeds,
But Harry, Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur’d,
I’ll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I’ll bear your cares.
Yet, woe, that Harry’s dead; and so will I:
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

(*) First folio, heaven. (†) First folio, But.

sought. That it was a familiar expression is evident, for it occurred
and in "The Bondman," Act III. Sc. 3;) though in neither does the context assist us to its meaning.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PRINCES. We hope no other from your majesty.

Kind. You all look strangely on me:—and you are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

[To the Lord Chief Justice.

CH. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly, our majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

Kind. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget so great indignities you laid upon me? What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison the immediate heir of England! Was this easy? May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. Just. I then did use the person of your father; he image of his power lay then in me: nd, in the administration of his law, whiles I was busy for the commonwealth, our highness pleased to forget my place, he majesty and power of law and justice, he image of the king whom I presented, nd struck me in my very seat of judgment; whereon, as an offender to your father, gave bold way to my authority, and did commit you. If the deed were ill, ye contented, wearing now the garland, o have a son set your decrees at nought; o pluck down justice from your awfull bench; o trip the course of law, and blunt the sword that guards the peace and safety of your person: lay, more; to spurn at your most royal image, nd mock your workings in a second body. Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours; o now the father, and propose a son: fear your own dignity so much profus'd, see your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, sheld yourself so by a son disdain'd; nd then imagine me taking your part, nd, in your power, soft silencing your son: after this cold consideration, sentence me; nd, as you are a king, speak in your state, that I have done, that misbecame my place, ly person, or my liege's sovereignty.

Kind. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well; herefore still bear the balance, and the sword: nd I do wish your honours may increase, ill you do live to see a son of mine offend you, and obey you, as I did. o shall I live to speak my father's words; happy am I, that have a man so bold, that dares do justice on my proper son: nd not less happy, having such a son, that would deliver up his greatness so

* First folio, no.

(*) First folio, heare.

(1) First folio omits, 'Fore God.

b My father is gone wild into his grave,—] He means, because he has exchanged his own wildness, burying it in that grave, for his father's serious spirit.

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varlet, sir John.—By the mass,* I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth—a—

[Singing.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily.
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy. Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [Seating Bardolph and the Page at another table.] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: profice!* What you want in meat we'll have in drink. But you must* bear the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

[Singing.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; *
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all;
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

(*) First folio omits, By the mass. (†) First folio, Good.

* Proface! An Italian phrase, signifying much good may it do you, equivalent to our “welcome.” It is found in Florio's Dictionary, “Buon pro vi faccia, much good may it do you,” and in many of the early writers.
† My wife has all;* do the old copy. Farmer suggested we should read, “My wife’s as all.”

"Merrie swithe it is in hall
When the berdes waveth all."
Re-enter Davy.

**ACT V.**

**Davy.** There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [Setting them before Bardolph.]

**Shal. Davy,—**

**Davy.** Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.

[To Bard.]—A cup of wine, sir?

**Singing.**

**Sil.** A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine, And drink unto the lemon wine; And a merry heart lives long-a.

**FAL.** Well said, master Silence.

**Sil. An* we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

**FAL.** Health and long life to you, master Silence! **Sil.** Fill the cup, and let it come; I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

**Shal.** Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beseech thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief? [To the Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieroes about London.

**Davy.** I hope to see London once ere I die.

**BARD.** An* I might see you there, Davy,—

**Shal.** By the mass,† you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

**BARD.** Yes, sir, in a potte pot.

**Shal.** I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

**BARD.** And I'll stick by him, sir.

**Shal.** Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look, who's at door there, ho! who knocks!

**Exeunt Davy.**

**FAL.** Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, who drinks a bumper.

**Sil.** Do me right, and dub me knight.

**Singing.**

Samingo.*

Is't not so?

**FAL.** 'Tis so.

**Sil.** Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

(*) First folio, *If.* (†) First folio omits, *By the mass.

a Leather-coats. Apples usually known as *russetines. b He will not out; he is true bred. A sportsman's saying applied to hounds, and which serves to expound Gadshill's expression:—

"Such as can hold in."—Henry IV. Part I. Act II. Sc. 1.

"If they run it endways orderly and make it good, then when they hold in together merrily, we say, They are in crie."—TOWARVILL'S "Book of Hunting."

* Samingo. Silence in his cup, or he would probably have sung San Domingo. Domingo, for some unexplained reason, was an old burden to topsers' songs and catches. Thus in "Summer's Last

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**Davy.** An* it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

**FAL.** From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

**How now, Pistol?**

**Pist.** Sir John, God save you!†

**FAL.** What wind blew you hither, Pistol? **Pist.** Not the ill wind which blows no man; to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

**Sil.** By'r lady,§ I think 'a be; but*§ Goodman Puff of Barson.

**Pist.** Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, and || helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, And golden times, and happy news of price.

**FAL.** I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

**Pist.** A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

**FAL.** O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Copehena know the truth thereof.

**Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.** [Sings.

**Pist.** Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

**Shal.** Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

**Pist.** Why then, lament therefore.

**Shal.** Give me pardon, sir;—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

**Pist.** Under which king, Bezonian?* speak, or die.

**Shal.** Under king Harry.

**Pist.** Harry the fourth? or fifth?

**Shal.** Harry the fourth.

**Pist.** A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth. When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

FAL. What! is the old king dead?
PIST. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

FAL. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in
the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with
dignities.

BARD. O joyful day!—I would not take a
knighthood for my fortune.

PIST. What! I do bring good news?
FAL. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master
Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am
fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride
all night:—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph.
[Exit BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me;
and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.
—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know the young
king is sick for me. Let us take any man's
horses; the laws of England are at my command-
ment. Happy are they which have been my
friends; and woe unto my lord chief justice!

PIST. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led, say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadle, dragging along Hostess
Quickly, and Doll Tear-sheet.

HOST. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might
die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast
drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 BEAD. The constables have delivered her over
to me; and she shall have whipping—cheer enough,
I warrant her: there hath been a man or two
lately killed about her.

DOLL. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie, Come on;
I'll tell thee what, thou damned triple-visaged
rascal; and the child I now go with, do miscarry,
thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother,
thy paper-faced villain!

HOST. O the lord, that sir John were come!
He would make this a bloody day to somebody.
But I pray God, the fruit of her womb] miscarry!

1 BEAD. If it do, you shall have a dozen
of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come,
I charge you both go with me; for the man is
dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

DOLL. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in
a censer! I will have you as soundly swunged for
this, you blue-bottled rogue; you filthy famished
correctioner! if you be not swunged, I'll forswear
half-kirtles.

1 BEAD. Come, come, you she knight-errant,
come.

HOST. O, that right should thus overcome might!
Well; of sufferance comes ease.

DOLL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a
justice.

HOST. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound!
DOLL. Goodman death! Goodman bones!
HOST. Thou atom* thou!
DOLL. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 BEAD. Very well.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster
Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 GROOM. More rushes, more rushes.
2 GROOM. The trumpets have sounded twice.
1 GROOM. It will be two o'clock ere they come
from the coronation: despatch, despatch.+

[Exeunt Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph,
and the Page.

FAL. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow;
I will make the king do you grace; I will leer
upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the
countenance that he will give me.

PIST. God bless thy lungs, good knight!
FAL. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me,—O,
if I had had time to have made new liveries,
I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed
of you. [To Shallow.] But 'tis no matter; this
poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal
I had to see him.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. It shows my earnestness in affection.

SHAL. It doth so.

(*) First folio, anatomy. (†) First folio omits these two words.
(‡) First folio omits, God.
* And fig me,—] This odious gesture, the Spanish higos dar,
was performed by thrusting out the thumb between the fore
and middle finger. See note (c), p. 160.
† Where is the life that late I led,—] This scrap from some old
ballad is sung also by Petruchio in “The Taming of the Shrew,”
Act IV. Sc. 1.

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Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stainea with travel, and eating with desire to see him: thinking of doing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; if there were nothing else* to be done, but to him.

Pist. 'Tis semper idem, for absque hoc nihil est: is all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage. Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, in base durance, and contagious prison; I'd thither by most mechanical and dirty hand:— use up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake.

Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

*Shouts without, and the trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King, and his train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal.

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy! [man.

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart! [prayers;

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester! I have long dream'd of such a kind of man, So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane; But, being awake, I do despise my dream. Make less thy body hence,* and more thy grace, Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape For thee thrice wider than for other men:— Reply not to me with a fool-born jest; Presume not, that I am the thing I was: For God * doth know, so shall the world perceive, That I have turn'd away my former self; So will I those that kept me company.

(*) First folio, heaven.

* hence.—] That is, henceforward.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been, 
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast, 
The tutor and the feeder of my riots: 
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,— 
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,— 
Not to come near our person by ten mile. 
For competence of life, I will allow you, 
That lack of means enforce you not to evil: 
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves, 
We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,— 
Give you advancement.(3)—Be it your charge, my lord, 
[To the Chief Justice. 
To see perform’d the tenor of our word.— 
Set on. 
[Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound. 
Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. 
Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great. 
Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand. 
Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour. 
Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John. 
Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, 
Officers, &c. 

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;(4) 
Take all his company along with him. 
Fal. My lord, my lord,— 
Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. 
Take them away. 
Pist. Se fortuna me tormenta, la speranza me contenta. 
P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: 
He hath intent, his wonted followers 
Shall all be very well provided for; 

But all are banish'd, till their conversations 
Appear more wise and modest to the world. 
Ch. Just. And so they are. 
P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, 
my lord. 
Ch. Just. He hath. 
P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire, 
We bear our civil swords, and native fire, 
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing, 
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king. 
Come, will you hence? 

EPILOGUE. 

Spoken by a Dancer. 

First, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sy my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. I: If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a dissembling play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do promise you infinitely. 

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of you debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentle women, which was never seen before in such an assembly. 

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloysed with fat meat, our humble authors will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die o' a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my leg are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.(1)
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—The Lord Chief Justice.] This was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, to whom tradition ascribes the honour of having vindicated the authority of the law, by committing Prince Henry for insulting him in the execution of his office. According to Holinshed, whom Shakespeare copied, the prince on this occasion so far forgot himself and the dignity of the judge, as actually to strike him on the seat of judgment. "Where on a time hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fiate, for emprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straignt prison himselfe by the sayde chief Justice, but also of his father putto out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." The blow was probably an exaggeration, as it is not mentioned in the earliest and most interesting account of the incident which we possess, that by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his collection of moral discourses, entitled "The Governor," which is as follows:

"A good Judge, a good Prince, a good King. The most renowned Prince, King Henry the Fift, late King of England, during the lyfe of his father was noted to be fierce, and of wanton courage. It happened, that one of his servants, whom he favoured well, was for fe lony by him committed arrayned at the King's Bench; whereof the prince being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and comanded him to be ungived and sette at libertie. Whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the Prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered, according to the see nde lawes of this realme: or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the lawes, that he should obeyme, if he might, of the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no Law or Justice should be derogate.

"With which answeres were the Prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himselfe to take away his servant. The Judge, considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spiritie and courage, commanded the Prince uppon his allegiance, to leave the prisoner and depart his way; at which commandement the Prince being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgement, men thinking he would have slain the Judge, or have done to him some damage: But the judge sitting still without moving, declaring the majestie of the King's place of Judgement, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the Prince those words following: "Sir, remember your selfe. I keepe heere the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience: wherefore eschewes in his name, I charge you to desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt and disobedience, goe you to the prison of the Kinges Bench, where unto I commit you, and remaine ye there prisoner until pleasure of the kinge your father be further known." With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the marvellous gravity of that worshipful Justice, the noble Prince laying his weapon aparte, doing reverence departed and went to the Kinges Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants dislauned, came and shewed to the King the whole affraye, whereat he a whiles studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up towards heaven, abrayded with a loud voice: 'O mercifull God, how much am I bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that you have given me a judge who feareth not to minister Justice, and also a son who can suffer semblably and obey Justice.'"

For this occurrence, which Shakespeare repeatedly advarts to in the play, he had, then, historical authority—but in making Henry, upon his accession to the throne, magnanimously forgive and re-appoint the lord chief justice:

"You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unaited word—"

he has rendered himself amenable to the charge of departing from history for the sake of elevating his hero. It is true, indeed, that Sir William Gascoigne survived King Henry, notwithstanding his biographers have fixed his death to have happened the 17th of December, 1412; for Mr. Foss, in his "Judges of England," has shown, first, that he is judge in a case reported in Hilary term, of 1413; and, secondly, that he was summoned to the first parliament of Henry V., in Easter, 1413; and, lastly, that his will has been found in the ecclesiastical court at York, bearing date, December 15th, 1419: but it is equally indisputable that he was not present at the parliament in question, and that the appointment of his successor, Sir William Hankford, took place March 29th, 1413, only eight days after Henry's accession, and ten days before his coronation.

"The peculiar period chosen for this act," Mr. Foss observes, "and its precipitancy in contrast with the delay in issuing the new patents to the other judges, tend strongly to show that it resulted from the king's peremptory mandate, rather than Gascoigne's personal choice; and, consequently, to raise a suspicion that the indignity he had laid upon the prince was not 'washed in Lethe and forgotten' by the king.'

It is just to add that Sir William Gascoigne's claim to the distinction of having punished the wild young prince is not disputed. In the memorandum book of Sir Robert Markham, preserved in the British Museum, "Add. MSS. 18,721," the first few leaves contain numerous extracts from early historians respecting Sir John Markham, a judge of the Common Pleas, in the time of Henry IV. and Henry V., at the end of which the writer remarks:—"Now, the reason I have thus diligently inquired into the authorities among the historians, concerning the name of the judge that committed Henry V., then Prince of Wales, is, because my own father always persisted in it as a tradition in our family, that it was Sir John Markham whom the prince strick, for which he was committed."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

(2) SCENE II.—Setting my knighthood and my soldier-
ship aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.—
To lie in the throat, an expression which is frequently
mentioned in Shakspeare, as well as in Milton, ap-
pears to have borne a deeper meaning than is usually
supposed. In a curious old treatise on War and the
Duello, which has escaped the researches of all the com-
mentators, entitled “Vallo Limbo Continuante applica-
tamen ad Capitamini, relatore de frontiferrae una Cilla co-
bastioni con novi arsifici de fucio aggiunti, come nella
tabola appare, & de diverse sorte polvere, et de espunngare
una Cilla co pot, scale, argani, trobe, trenciere, artegiate,
case, dare anesse menti. Io mene allo stato de tali
nanzze, battaglioni, Et ponti di disfida con lo pingere, opera
molto utile con la experientia de l'arte militare,” 1524,
there is a chapter in the part devoted to the duello,
which is headed “Dela Divisione del Mentire,”
and which contains the following remarks on giving the
lie:

“Eda notare che uno honesto mestire se suo dire tu
non dice il vero, anch'una o e laltro mentire dicendo tu non
menti per la gola, & laltro mentire se dice tu non
menti per la gola come ad un tristo, laltro anch'ana se dice tu non
menti per la gola, & un tristo de luno proceda dallaltro, & luno e diuerse dallaltro, prendendo
e caso che un dicesi tu, ne menti per la gola come un
tristo, nò se intènde chè sia tristo, ma che liabia mentito
come fa un tristo in quilla volta, & lui non dese combattev
per querra che tu sei mentito, ma dicono tu non menti
per la gola, come un tristo che tu sei la querela e de cobat-
tore che li è fatto tristo per causa che dice tu scl.”

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—For thy walls, a pretty light drolerry;
or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in
water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings; and
these fly-bitten tapestries.—In this, and in another passage
where he declares his recruits to be “slaves as rogado as
Lazarus in the painted cloth,” Falstaff intimates the sub-
jects usually found in the decoration of houses formerly.
The mural-painting referred to, appears to have both preceded
and followed the use of tapestry-hangings; and it
also became a substitute for them, when it was exe-
cuted on loose cloths to be suspended against the walls.
In palaces and mansions, both the art and the subject
were of a much superior kind. Martial scenes, classical
and romano-histories, armorial ensigns or heraldical
devices, adorned the apartments of the greatest; and,
not unfrequently, moral sentences in Latin, French, or English,
were inscribed in golden letters on richly-coloured panels.
All of which would have been out of place in any such
houses as that referred to by Falstaff: where the popular
taste was shown in familiar Scripture narratives, forest-
sports, or scenes of broad humour. There is a curious
indication of this difference of decoration in the two poems
called “Chancer's Dream,” in one of which, the author,
imagining an apartment embellished in the highest style
of art, says that it was—

“Full well depainted
And all the walls with colours fine,
Were painted to the text and glose,
And here the Roman of the Rose.

In the second poem, on his waking, he sees nothing better
in his own chamber—

“Save on the walls old portraiture
Of horsemen, hawkis, and hounds,
And hurt dree, all full of wouunds.”

It is thus evident that hunting-subjects had been com-
monly employed, in the fourteenth century, for the
adornment of interiors; and “The German Hunting,”
appears to have been one of the most popular of the class
at the period. There is more than one explanation to be
offered of this expression. The first is, that it implied
no more than the representation of a chase after the
manner of the Germans, as if the passage had been written,
“your German hunting;” and the picture might then
have consisted of a wild-boar hunt, in a German forest,
taken from some old foreign print. But the words may
possibly have reference to the famous German legend of
“The Wild Huntsman,” which had, perhaps, found its
way to England during the reign of Elizabeth.

There can be no doubt, from the very name, that the
“Boar’s Head,” was some of those scenes of coarse
humour which the painters of the Dutch school intro-
duced, between the end of the sixteenth, and the middle
of the seventeenth century. They comprised representa-
tions of low tavern-parties, soldiers’ quarters, country-
fairs and mountebanks; and in some of them apes and cats
were represented as drinking, playing on musical instru-
ments, or acting as constables and watchmen. There were
several very common specimens of this kind of tavern-
painting formerly existing in an apartment of “The Ele-
thant” in Fenchurch Street.

(2) SCENE II.—A red lattice.—The lattices, or crossed
laths, the ordinary denotation of an ale-house, was prob-
ably derived from the ancient sign of the chequers,
common among the Romans. The designation, Douce remarks,
“is not altogether lost, though the original meaning of the
word is, the sign being converted into a green lattice; of
which an instance occurs in Brownlow's Holborn.
In The Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the
old Batchelor of Limbo, at the end of the ‘Blacke Booke,’
1604, 4to, is the following passage:—‘watched sometimes
ten hours together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping
forth, and spemning thy nose with the red Lattit.’”

(3) SCENE IV.—

When Arthur first in court—
And was a worthy king.

The old ballad of which Sir John hums a snatch, was
once in honour of Sir Leuncelot du Lake, and is given at
length in Percy’s Reliques, vol. i. p. 198, ed. 1675,
and with the tune to which it was sung, in W. Chappell’s
Popular Music, &c., i. 271. The opening stanza runs:—

“When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of arms great victories wanne,
And conquest home did bring.”

(4) SCENE IV.—Quot him down, Bardolph, like a show-
groat shilling,—The following is Strutt's account of Show-
groat, which appears to have been originally played with
the silver groat, and afterwards with the broad shilling of
Edward VI. “Shove-groat, named also Slyp-groat, and
Slide-thrift, are sports occasionally mentioned by writers of
the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and probably were
analogous to the modern pastimes called Justice Jerry, or
Jarvis, which is confined to common pot-houses, and only
practised by such as frequent the tap-rooms. It requires
a parallelogram to be made with chalk, or by lines cut
upon a wax tablet, or the middle of a table, about twelve or fourteen
in breadth, and three or four feet in length; which is
divided, latitudinally into nine equal partitions, in every
one of which is placed a figure, in regular succession, from one to nine. Each of the players provides himself with a smooth halfpenny, which he places upon the edge of the table, and striking it with the palm of his hand, drives it towards the marks; and according to the value of the figure affixed to the partition wherein the halfpenny rests, his game is reckoned; which generally is stated at thirty-one, and must be made precisely; if it be exceeded, the player goes again for nine, which must also be brought exactly, or the turn is forfeited; and if the halfpenny rests upon any of the marks that separate the partitions, or overpasses the external boundaries, the go is void."

(5) SCENE IV.—
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! This is the beginning of a mournful ballad, of which we append the first and last stanzas, said to have been composed by Anne Boleyn, but which Ribton thought was more likely to have been written by her brother, George. Viscount Rochford, who was reputed to be the author of several poems, songs, and sonnets. Mr. W. Chappell (Popular Music, &c., vol. i. p. 233) has published the first stanza, with the tune, from a manuscript of the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII.

"O Death, rock me on sleep,
Bring me on quiet rest,
Let pass my weary glistless gaste,
Out of my careful breast;
Tell on the passing bell,
Rings out the doleful knell,
Let the sound my deate tell,
For I must dye,
There is no remedy,
For now I dye."

"Farewell my pleasures past,
Weleme my present payne,
I fele my torments so increase,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cense now the passing bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the sound my death doth tell.
Deth deeth draw nye,
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye."

(6) SCENE IV.—Bartholomew bour-pig.]—Rout pig, even down to the middle of the last century, appears to have constituted one of the staple attractions of Bartholomew fair. See Ben Jonson's play of "Bartholomew Fair," and D'Avenant's burlesque poem on a long vacation—:

"Now London's chief, on saddle new,
Rides to the Fair of Bartholomew;
He twines his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the Head of Pig,
That gaping lies on greasy stall."—Folio 1675.

(7) SCENE IV.—Flap-dragons.]—The sport of placing a plum or raisin in a shallow dish of spirits, and then setting light to it, and while the whole was in a flame, sniffing out the flap-dragon, as it was called, with the mouth, was borrowed from the Dutch. Our gallants, who vied with each other in disgusting extravagancies while toasting their mistresses, improved upon the Dutch practice, by making even a candle's end into a flap-dragon, and swallowing that off. An allusion to this, and another frantic absurdity of the fast youths of former times—that of puncturing their arms, and drinking the health of their charmers in blood, occurs in an old ballad, called "The Man in the Moon drinks Claret":—

"Bacchus the father of drunken novles,
Full mazers, beakers, glasses, bowls,
Greasie flap-dragons, flaminck upserfises,
With healths stab'd in arms upon naked knees."

ACT III.

For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal
Daintily well," &c.

as described by Ben Jonson in his Masque of "The Fortunate Isles." This was Henry Scogan. The other, John Scogan, whom Holinshed mentions as "a learned gentleman of Edward the Fourth's reign, student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasante wit, and bent to mery devises, in respect whereof he was called into the courte, where guiding himselfe to his natural inclination of mirche and pleasant pastime, he piled many sporting parts," &c.

Others believe there was but one poet of the name, and that the compositions attributed to the supposed Scogan of Edward the Fourth's time were written by him of Henry IV. It is needless to prolong the controversy. There was certainly a book published in the reign of Henry VIII. by Andrew Borde, called "Scoggin's Jests," which was reprinted in 1566; and the father of these jokes was no doubt considered by Shakespeare and his auditor as a court-jester of a former period, whether in the reign of Henry IV. or Edward IV. was not material.

(3) SCENE II.—Our watch-word was, Hem, boys!—There was an old rollicking song, whose burden, hem, boys, hem I still lingered in Justice Shallow's memory, and of which the only verse now extant is quoted by Esmo in his comedy of A Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars, first acted in 1641:—

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"There was an old fellow at William Cross, who merrily sung when he liv'd by his book, he never was heard to sigh with hey-ho, but sent it out with a hey truly;—
He cheered up his heart when his goods went to wrack, With a hem, boys, hem! and a cup of old sack."—

Act II. Sc. 1.

Mr. Chappell ("Popular Music of the Olden Time," i. 262), acquaints us with the interesting fact, that the original air to which the above burden was sung, is the same still heard in the well-known chorus.

"A very good song, and very well sung; Jolly companions every one."

(4) Scene II.—I was then Sir Dagoten in Arthur’s show.—Arthur’s show appears to have been an exhibition performed by a band of Toxopheltes, calling themselves "The Ancient Order, Society, and Unite laudable of Prince Arthur and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table," the associates of which took the names of the knightship which I am of. Nay, would not even Prince
Arthur himself, Maister Thomas Smith, and the whole table of those well-known knights, and most active archers, have laid in their challenges against their fellow-knights, if speaking of their pastime, I should have spared their names? The complacency with which Justice Shallow refers to his personification of poor Sir Dagoten, who in the romance is the fool of King Arthur, is charmingly characteristic, and must have been highly relished by an auditory familiar with all the personages of La Mort d’Arthur.

(5) Scene II.—And now is this Vice’s dagger become a squire. —The following particulars concerning the old stage favourite, called the Vice, are mainly taken from an instructive article on the subject, in Mr. Collier’s "History of English Dramatic Poetry." Mr. Douce is of opinion that the name was derived from the nature of the character; and certain it is that he is represented most wicked by design, and never good but by accident. As the Devil now and then appeared without the Vice, so the Vice sometimes appeared without the Devil. Malone tells us that "the principal employment of the Vice was to belabour the Devil;" but although he was frequently so engaged, he had also higher duties. He figured now and then in the religious plays of a later date; and in The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalen, 1567, he performed the part of her lover, before her conversion, under the name of Infidelity: in King Darius, 1566, he also acted a prominent part, by his own impulses to mischief, under the name of Iniquity, without any prompting from the representative of the principle of evil. Such was the general style of the Vice, and as Iniquity he is spoken of by Shakespeare ("Richard III." III. 1), and Ben Jonson, ("Staples of News," second Inter-
"famous knight of the fellowship which I am of. Nay, would not even Prince
Arthur himself, Maister Thomas Smith, and the whole table of those well-known knights, and most active archers, have laid in their challenges against their fellow-knights, if speaking of their pastime, I should have spared their names?"

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The Vice here spoken of was the domestic fool of the nobility about the year 1600, to whom also Puttenham, in his Arte of English Poetrie, alludes under the terms "fool or vice in plays."

In the first Intermean of Ben Jonson’s Staple of News, Mirth leads us to suppose that it was a very common termination of the adventures of the Vice, for him to be carried off to hell on the back of the devil: "he would carry away the Vice on his back, quick to hell, in every play where he came." In The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art, and in Like Will to Like, the Vice is disposed of nearly in this summary manner. In King Darius, the Vice runs to hell of his own accord, to escape from Constancy, Equity, and Charity. According to Bishop Harpnet, in a passage cited by Malone, the Vice was in the habit of riding and beating the Devil, at other times than when he was thus carried against his will to punishment.

In the play of "Histrionamick," 1616, we read:— Enter a roaring Devil with the Vice on his back, Iniquity on one hand, and Juventus on the other."
ACT IV

[1] SCENE II.—I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason.]—Holinhed's account of the insurrection does not, perhaps, directly implicate Prince John in this unparalleled breach of faith and honour; but it cannot be forgotten that the earl was acting under the orders of his general.

"The archbishop, accompanied with the Earle Marshall, devised certaine articles of such matters as it was supposed, that not onely the commonaltye of the Realme, but also the Nobilitie, found themselves agrieved with: which articles they shewed first unto such of their adherents as were nearest aboute them, and after sent them abrode to their friends further of, assuring them that for endresse of such oppressions, they would shede the last droppe of blood in theyr bodys, if neede were. The Archibishop not meaning to stay after he saw hymselfe accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to Yorke to take his partes in this quarrell, forthe recovered his enterprize, causing the articles aforesayde to be set up in the publique streetes of the Citie of Yorke and upon the gates of the monystaries, that echo man might understand the cause that moved him to rise in armes against the King, the reforming whereof did not yet apperteyne unto him. Hereupon knighits, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, assembled together in great numbers, and the Archibishop conning fast amongst them clad in armor, encouraged, exhorted, and, by all means he could, pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and thus not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about, that were able to bear weapon, came to the Archibishop, whom, indeed, the rest that were had to the Archibishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravitie of his age, his integritye of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to have what he was for. Also Raufe Nevill, Earle of Westmorland, that was not farre off, together with the lorde John of Lancaister and others, being enforcement of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and coming into a plaine within the forest of Galtrew, caused theyr stands to be plaited downe, and the Archibishop had his lorde there, and against them, being farre stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least 20 thousand men. When the Earle of Westmorlande perceiued the force of adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forwards upon him, he subtly devised how to quall their purpose, and forthwith dispatched Messengers unto the Archichoppe to understande the cause as it were of that great assemble, and for what cause contrarye to the kings peace they came so in armes. The Archibishop answered, that he tooke nothing in hands agaynst the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the common wealth, than otherwise, and where he and his companie were in armes, it was for fear of the king, to whom hee could have no free access by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him, and therefore he maintained that his purpose was good and profitable, as well for the king himselfe, as for the realme, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith hee shewed forth a skroll in which the articles were written, wherof before I have heard. The Messengers returning unto the Earle of Westmorlande shewed him what they had heard and brought from the Archibishop. When he had read the articles, hee shewed in word and countenance outwardly that he lyked of the Archichoppe holy and vertuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assaying the Archibishop, who rejoycing hereat, gave credence to the Earle, and perceiving the Earle Marshall against yis will as it were to go with him to a place appointed for them to common together. Here when they were mette with like number on other parts, the articles were reade over, and without any more ado, the earle of Westmorlande and those that were with him, agreed to doe theyr best to see that a reformation might bee had, according to the same. The Earle of Westmorlande using more policie than the rest: well (say we) then our tray, an is tom to the wicked ende: and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the meantime let us drinko togethre, in signe of agreement, that the people on both sydes may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a paynt. They had no sooner shaked hands together, but that a knight was sent strightewaryes from the Archibishop to bring word to the people that there was peace concluded, commanding eche man to lay aside his armes, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of handes, and drinking together of the Lords in loving manner, they being already wearied with the unaccustomed travell of warre; brake up their fields and returned homewarde; but in the meane time whilst the people of the Archichoppes side withdrew away, the number of the contrarie part increased, accordyng to order given by the earle of Westmorland, and yet the Archibishop perceiued not that he was deceived, until the Earl of Westmorlande arrested both him and the earle Marshall with diverse other. The Archibishop and the Earle Marshall were brought to Pommret to the king, who in this mean while was advanced thither with his power, and from thence he went to Yorke, whither the Earl was also brought, and the unfortunate event thereof in these words hereafter following, saying:

Pacem tractabunt, sed fraudem ruber arabant,
Pro nulla marce, salvabunt ille Hierarcha.

[2] SCENE III.—A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. When we consider how familiar nearly everybody in this country must have been with the wine called Sack, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, it seems remarkable that any doubt should exist as to what that liquor really was; yet, after all the labour and research expended by the commentators on the older dramatists, the question is still not positively determined. The reason of this uncertainty appears to be, that when Sack was the universal wine sold in London and other great cities, the simple name was enough to distinguish it; one kind only was expressed, because one kind only was intended. But as commercial enterprise and maritime discovery became extended, other wines were introduced, very different from the genuine Sack, but which were sold by the same characteristics: the question is still not positively determined. As commercial enterprise and maritime discovery became extended, other wines were introduced, very different from the genuine Sack, but which were sold by the same characteristics.
finite, if not altogether unknown. In the slight notices of Sack contained in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," Mr. Douce observes that there are two principal questions on the subject: first, whether Sack was known in the time of Henry IV.; second, whether it was a dry or a sweet wine, when this play was written? The first of these impurities, if it be impurities, I do not supposed Shakespeare certainly never contemplated the historical age of Henry IV., but exhibited only the manners of his own time. The second question is relevant, and deserves attention.

It would weary the reader, however, and occupy far too much space, to follow the author through the various conclusions of the old writers in illustration of the qualities of Sack. The most descriptive and important are before us, and the conclusions deducible from them appear to be, that Sack, properly so called, was a Spanish wine, and hence was named Sherry, or Vera Sack; that it was a hot, stimulating, and especially dry wine, from which last quality its name of Sack (sec) was indubitably derived; that the name was also expressive of a class of wines comprehending several very different species of Sack, some of which were usually medicated or prepared according to the taste of the drinker; and that the genuine old Sack in reality closely resembled, if it were not indeed the very same liquor as the modern sherry, the simple name of which was not older than the end of the seventeenth century:

"The next that stood up, with a countenance merry,
Was a pert sort of wassal, that the moderns call Sherry." Buchanalian Sessions, 1603.

That Sack, in the general meaning of the name, was a Spanish wine, is established, without going beyond the older dictionaries. Florio, in defining the liquor called "Tibidago," says that it is "a kind of strong Spanish wine, or Sacks; we call it Ribadievo." A name, by the way, which does not appear to have been noticed by any authors who have written on wines. Cotgrave translates sack into "Vin d'Espagne." Cooks renders the word "Vino Hispanicum" and Minshew gives it the same signification in eleven languages, as if that were to be regarded as the best explanation in all.

Of its hot and stimulating qualities, we need no further evidence than the copious and eloquent eulogy of Falstaff in the present speech, and Herrick's "Welcome" and "Farewell to Sack," published in 1645; and its dryness, by which is to be understood the contrary of a sweet wine, is sufficiently indicated both by its name, and by the practice of sweetening and preparing it for different purposes, or according to the taste of the imbiber. Sack and sugar, burned Sack, and Sack-powet are well-known names of these preparations, and even the "time in the sack," which Sir John condemns as a vile adulteration, may be shown to belong to the same class of medicated liquors.

Dr. Venner, 1622, considered the sugar which was occasionally added to Sack to be of a quality of being a luxury; but Fynes Moryson, in 1617, regarded it as simply indicative of the national liking for sweetness in general. "Clownes and vulgar men only," he remarks, "use large drinking of beares, or ale; but gentlemen passeze only in wine; with which they mix sugar; which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And, because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns,—for I speak not of merchants' or gentlemen's cellars—are marred in the filling thereof, to make them pleasant."

The next artificial preparation of Sack, the "burning" it, seems to have been designed partly to warm the liquor, partly to exalt the flavour, in which they mix sugar; strength of the spirit; but it was probably a slight process, that simple preparation only, to which Falstaff refers, when he says, "Go, brew me a potte of sack finely;" a brewage altogether different to the elaborate concoction called Sack-powet, the excellence of which, however,—the method of making it in Shakespeare's days, and the proper hour when it ought to be found in perfect perfection,—will be more fittingly set forth in the commentary on

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," where the "posset" is twice mentioned.

(3) SCENE IV.—

_unfather'd heirs, and loudly births of nature."

This passage has been strangely misunderstood. By loudly births of nature, are, of course, meant, monstrous or shame-faced productions from procreation. We know, from the many broadside descriptions of them which are registered in the books of the Stationers' Company, or are still extant, and from the good-humoured sarcasms of Shakespeare—"A strange fish! Were I England now, (as once I was) and had but this fish pastised, and a holiday foot there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man,"—possessed an extraordinary fascination. For our credulous and sight-loving forefathers. But the unfather'd heirs, whom Prince Humphry is alarmed to see the people reverence, were certain so-called prophets, who pretended to have been conceived by miracle, like Merlin.

"And, sooth, men say that he was not the same Of mortal sire or other living wight, But wondrously begotten, and begonne By false illusion of a guelfful spight On a faire lady Nonne, that whilome hight Malilda, daughter to Publius Who was the lord of Milan, his by right, And cozened unto king Ambrosius; Whence he indued was with skill so merielous.

Fairie Queen, I1. 3, St. 13.

and assumed, on that account, to be endowed, like him, with the prophetic character. Walter Scott, it will be remembered, imputes a kindred origin to his wizard Hermit, Brian, in "The Lady of the Lake"—

"Of Brian's birth strange tales were told," &c.

Canto III. St. 5.

And Montaigne refers to such supposed miraculous conceptions in his Essay entitled the Apology for Raymond Sebond, "In Mahomet's religion, by the casie behooves of that people, are many Merins found; That is to say, fathers children; Spiritual children, conceived and born divinely in the wombs of virgins, and that in their language borne names, importing as much."—"Florio's Montaigne," folio 1605, p. 368.

If the meaning here attributed to the expression unfather'd heirs, be that intended by the poet, it may, perhaps, afford a key to another in "The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Scene 5, which has been long discoursed, but never yet explained,—

"You orphan heirs of fixed destiny."

(4) SCENE IV.—

WAR, 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. HEN. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.

In looking at this representation of Henry's death, in connection with the beginning of his dramatic history, we are reminded of the words of the Duke of Ephesus, at the end of "The Comedy of Errors"—"Why, here began his morning story right." The king discovers in the present scene, that one reason at least for his pressing forward an expedition to the Holy Land, was the fulfilment of a prediction that he should reside in Jerusalem. Such a prophecy, as to the death of an important personage, appears to have been not unusual in the middle ages; and a remarkable illustration of it is on record, concerning Pope Sylvester II. Cardinal Benno states, that when he inquired of spiritual agency as to the length of his life, he was assured that he should not die until he had said mass at Jerusalem; or which he promised himself a very long existence. In the fifth year of his pontificate, however, A.D. 1003, he happened to celebrate mass in the church called "The Holy Cross in Jerusalem," and there he was suddenly taken ill, and soon after died. Holinshed seems to doubt the prediction respecting Henry IV. "Whether this was true, that so he spake as one that gave too much credit to
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

foul prophesies and vain taxes, or whether it was faulted, that inasmuch it came to happeneth, we leave an admirer to judge." There does not appear, however, to be any sufficient reason to doubt either that such a prediction was uttered, or that Henry declared it. His purpose of levyng "a power of English" to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels, was universally known, and the prophecy, that he would die there, seemed to be a very natural conclusion, and a politic flattering of his design as well. Henry had brought forward this measure at a very early period of his reign, and it continued to be the "ruling passion strong in death." Shortly before he was attacked by apoplexy at Eltham, about Christmas, 1413, he held a council at Whitefriars, which ordered the fitting out of ships and galleys, and other preparations to be made for the voyage. And even after his partial recovery, when "he was taken with his last sickness, he was making his prayers at Sainte Edwirdes shrine, there as it was to take his leave, and to proceed forth on his journey; and was then 'so surcly and grevesomely taken that suche as were about him, feared least he would have dyed presently, wherefore to relieve him if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was nexte at hand, belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him: at length, he recovered his speche, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place which he knew not, how willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereto answere was made, that it was called 'Jerusalem.' Then said the king, lades be gyven to the father of heven, for now I know that I shall dye here in thy chamber, according to the prophecy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem." 

It is quite possible that his early and active military employment in foreign countries might have given the first impetus to his design of an expedition to Palestine; but it is still more probable that he contemplated it as a meritorious atonement for the mean by which he had obtained the crown.

The effigy of Henry IV. upon his tomb at Canterbury, is considered to be the most splendid of our regal series. No doubt was entertained that the King was really buried there, until the discovery by Wharton of a MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, written by Clement Maydostone, a commentator and an inquisitive, entitled "A History of the Martyrdom of Archbishop Scroop," in which the following passage occurs:—

"Within thirty days after the death of the said kin, Henry the Fourth, a certain man of his household came to the house of the Holy Trinity at Houndslow to eat, and the standers-by discoursing of that king's probity of life, the aforesaid person made answer to an esquire, whose name was Thomas Maydostone, then sitting at the same table, God knows whether he was a good man; but this I certainly know, that when his body was carried from Westminster towards Canterbury, in a small vessel to be buried, I was one of the three persons that threw his body into the sea between Berkynge and Gravesend. And he added, confirming it with an oath,—So great a storm of wind and waves came upon us, that many noblemen that followed us in eight small vessels, were dispersed, and narrowly escaped the danger of death. But we that were with the body depatrning of our lives, by common consent threw it into the sea, and a great calm ensued; but the chart it was en, covered with cloth of gold, we carried in very honourable manner to Canterbury, and buried it. The monks of Canterbury may therefore say, The tomb of King Henry the Fourth is with us, but not his body, as Peter said of holy David, Acts ii. Almighty God is witness and judge that I, Clement Maydostone, saw that man, and heard him swear to my father, Thomas Maydostone, that all aboved said was true.

It had long been the wish of historians and antiquaries to test the value of this story, and at length on the 21st of August, 1832, the tomb was opened by the cathedral authorities, when the body was found cased in lead, within a rude elm coffin, so much larger than necessary, that the inter-vomening spaces were filled with hay-bands. On removing the wrapper, "to the astonishment of all present, the face of the deceased king was seen in remarkable preservation. The nose elevated, the cartilage even remaining, though, on the admission of the air, it sunk rapidly away, and entirely disappeared before the examination was finished. The skin of the chin was entire, of the consistence and thickness of the upper leather of a shoe, brown and moist; the beard thick and matted and of a deep russet color."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—By cock and pye. This popular adjuration was once supposed to refer to the sacred name, and the table of services in the Romish Church, called The Table: but it is now thought to be what Hotspur termed a mere "protest of pepper and gingerbread" as innocent as Sinder's, "By these glazed, or By this hot." In "Soliman and Perseda, 1556," it occurs coupled with mouse-foot; "By cock and pie and mouse-foot;" and again, in "The Pious Man's Pathway to Heaven," by Arthur Dent, 1607, there we have the following dialogue: Asmuthus,—"I know a man that will never swear but by cock or pye, or mouse-foot. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever broke bread. You shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth. Theologus,—"I do not think he is so honest a man as you make him. For it is no small sin to swear by creatures. The Cock and Pye, and Magpie, was an ordinary ale-house sign, and may thus have become a subject for the vulgar to swear by. But, by what is common, assigning to it a less ignoble origin, and in interpretation is much too ingenuous to be passed in silence:—"It will, no doubt, be recollected, that in the days of ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock or pheasant being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who, when the particular vow which he had chosen, with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock nevertheless continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a pie, the head, with gilded beak, being proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner, and the recollection of the old peacock vows might occasion the less serious, or even barbarous, imitation of swearing not only by the bird itself but also by the pie; and hence probably the oath by cock and pie, for the use of which no very old authority can be found. The vow to the peacock had even got into the mouths of such as had no pretensions to knighthood. Thus in Themerchant's second tale, or the history of Beryn, the host is made to say,—

"I make a vow to the peacock there shall wake a foul mist."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

(2) Scene II.—
This is the English, not the Turkish court; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, But Harry, Harry.

Amurath the Third, who was the seventh Emperor of the Turks, died in 1595, and the people, being disaffected to his eldest son, Mahomet, and inclined to a younger one, the death of the emperor was kept secret for some days by the Janissaries, until Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival, he was saluted Emperor by the Bussas and others with whom he was a favourite; whereupon, without informing his brothers of their father's demise, he invited all of them to a solemn entertainment, and there had them strangled. Mr. Malone conceives it highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction in the present passage, and that the period when it happened may fix the date of the play to the beginning of the year 1596. There is no solid reason, however, for believing that the poet had this particular circumstance in his mind, or that it is in any way connected with the date of the piece. The barbarous and unnatural custom which prevailed among the Turkish kings and emperors, of slaughtering all their brethren and nearest kinsmen, on coming to the throne, that they might relieve themselves from the apprehension of competitors, originated many years before with Bajazet, son to Amurath the First (third emperor of the Turks), and it is much more likely that Shakespeare in this instance referred to a general practice, rather than to a special event.

(3) Scene V.—
We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—Give you advancement.

There is a speech somewhat similar to this in the corresponding scene of "The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth:"

"Ah Tom, your former life grieves me, And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever And therefore not upon pain of death to approach my presence, By ten miles space, then if I hear's well of you, It may be I will doe somewhat for you, Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands Then at any other mans."

Both dramatists were indebted for the incident to Holinshed, who records it as follows:—"Immediately after he was invested Kyng, and had receivd the Crowne, he determined with himselfe to putte upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolence and wildnesse into gravitie and sobernesse; And whereas he hadde passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates, and unchristian playfears, he nowe banishd them from his presence (no unrewarded nor yet unreproved), inhibiting them uppone greater payne, not once to approche, lodge, or sojourn within tenne miles of his Court or mansion; and in these places he elected and chose men of gravitie, witte, an high policie, by whose wise counsell, and prudent adver tisement, he might at all times rule to his honoure, and governe to his profyte; whereas if he should have retained the other lustie companions aboue him, he doubted least they might have allured him to such lound and lighte partes, as with them beforehand he had youth fully used."

(4) Scene V.—Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet. —"Everybody will agree with Dr. Johnson in the impropriety of Falstaff's cruel and unnecessary commitment to prison. The king had already given him a fit admonition as to his future conduct, and banished him to a proper distance from the court. We must suppose therefore that the chief justice had far exceeded his royal master's commands on this occasion, or that the king had repented of the latter circumstance; would indeed augur but unfavourably of the sovereign's future regard to justice; for had he not himself been a partaker, and consequently an encourager, of Falstaff's excesses?"—DOUCE.

EPILOGUE.

(1) And so kneel down, &c.—At the termination of the performance, from a very early period, it was customary for the players to kneel down and pray for their patrons, the king or queen, or House of Commons, &c. Hence probably, as Steevens suggests, the Vivant Rex et Regina, still appended at the bottom of the play-bills. Thus, at the end of "Apius and Virginia," 1575:—

Beseecching God, as duty is, our gracious queen to save, The nobles and the common eke, with prosperous life I crave."

Again in Middleton's " A Mad World, my Masters:"—

"This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for his lord Owenuch, and his good countess, our honourable lady the mistres." And also in "Now Custom:"—

"Preserve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her counsell all."

"And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever And therefore not upon pain of death to approach my presence, By ten miles space, then if I hear's well of you, It may be I will doe somewhat for you, Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands Then at any other mans."
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON THE

FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF KING HENRY IV.

"None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable: the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

"The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose and wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave in tumult. The trifer is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifer. This character is great, original, and just.

"Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

"But Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly tested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and those faults which naturally produce attempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and ey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and dignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he loves by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supernumerious and roughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the prince thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapess and lies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no ignomious or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne with his mirth.

"The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves free with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff."—Johnson.

"The first part of Henry the Fourth is particularly brilliant in the serious scenes, from the contrast between two young heroes, Prince Henry and Percy (with the characteristic name of Hotspur). All the amiability and attractiveness is certainly on the side of the prince: however familiar he makes himself with bad company, we can never mistake him for one of them: the ignoble does indeed touch, it does not contaminate him; and his wildest freaks appear merely as witty tricks, by which his stiled mind sought to burst through the inactivity to which he was constrained, for on the first
CRITICAL OPINIONS.

occasion which wakes him out of his unruly levity he distinguishes himself without effort in the most chivalrous guise. Percey's boisterous valour is not without a mixture of rude manners, arrogance, and boyish obstinacy; but these errors, which prepare for him an early death, cannot disfigure the most illustrious image of his noble youth; we are carried away by his fiery spirit at the very moment we would mo- censure it. Shakspeare has admirably shown why so formidable a revolt against an unpopular and real an illegitimate prince was not attended with success: Glendower's superstitions, fancies respecting his self, the effeminacy of the young Mortimer, the ungovernable disposition of Percy, who will listen to no prudent counsel, the irresolution of his older friends, the want of unity of plan and motive, are all characterized by delicate but unmistakable traits. After Percy has departed from the scene, the splendour of the enterprise is, it is true, at an end; there remain none but the subordinate participators in the revolts, who are reduced by Henry IV., more by policy than by warlike achievements. To overcome this dearth of matter, Shakspeare was in the Second Part obliged to employ great art, as he never allowed himself to adorn history with more arbitrary embellishments than the dramatic form renders indispensable. The piece is opened by confused rumours from the field of battle: the powerful impression produced by Percy's fall, whose name and reputation were peculiarly adapted to be the watchword of a bold enterprise, make him in some degree an acting personage after his death. The last acts are occupied with the dying king's remorse of conscience, his uneasiness at the behaviour of the prince, at last, the clearing up of the misunderstanding between father and son, which make up several more affecting scenes. All this, however, would still be inadequate to fill the stage, if the serious events were not interrupted by a comedy which runs through both parts of the play, which is enriched from time to time with new figures, and which first comes to its catastrophe at the conclusion of the whole, namely, when Henry V., immediately after ascending the throne, banishes to a proper distance the companion of his youthful excesses, who had promised to themselves a rich harvest from his kingly favour.

"Falstaff is the crown of Shakspeare's comic invention. He has, without exhausting himself, continued this character throughout three plays, and exhibited him in every variety of situation; the figure drawn so definitely and individually, that even to the mere reader it conveys the clear impression of personal acquaintance. Falstaff is the most agreeable and entertaining knave that ever was portrayed. His contemptible qualities are not disguised: old, lecherous, and dissolute; corpulent beyond measure and always intent upon cherishing his body with eating, drinking, and sleeping; constantly in debt, as anything but conscientious in his choice of means by which money is to be raised; a cowardly soldier and a lying braggart; a flatterer of his friends before their face, and a satirist behind their backs; and yet we are never disgusted with him. We see that his tender care of himself is without any mixture of malice towards others; he will only not be disturbed in the pleasant repose of his sensuality, and the he obtains through the activity of his understanding. Always on the alert, and good-humoured, ever ready to crack jokes on others, and to enter into those of which he is himself the subject, so that he justly boasts he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, he is an admirable companion for youthful idleness and levity. Under a helpless exterior, he conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always at command some dexterous turn whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure he is shrewd in his distinctions, between those whose favour he has to win and those over whom he may assume a familiar authority. He is so convinced that the part which he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drolllest colouring to his love-intrigues, his intercourse with others, and to his own sensual philosophy. Witness his inimitable soliloquies on honour, on the influence of wine or bravery, his descriptions of the beggarly vagabond whom he enlisted, of Justice Shallow, &c. Falstaff has about him a whole court of amusing caricatures who by turns make their appearance, without ever throwing him into the shade. The adventure, in which the Prince, under the disguise of a robber, compels him to give up the spoil which he had just taken; the scene where the two act the part of the King and the Prince; Falstaff's behaviour in the field, his mode of raising recruits, his patronage of Justice Shallow, which afterwards takes such an unfortunate turn—all this forms a series of characteristic scenes of the most original description, full of pleasantry, and replete with nice and ingenious observation, such as could only find a place in a historical play like the present."—SCHLEL.

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THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"A Most pleasing and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wives of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines servants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. London: Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne, 1602." Such is the title of the earliest edition of this play, the entry of which on the Registers of the Stationers' Company is as follows:—

"18 Jan., 1601—2.

"John Busby.] An excellent and pleasant conceited Comedie of Sir John Faulstof, and the Merry Wyves of Windsors.


A second edition of this quarto was published by Arthur Johnson, in 1619:—"A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare." Of the original version of the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mr. Collier says,— "It has been universally admitted that the 4to, 1602, was piratical, and our conviction is, that like the first edition of 'Henry IV.,' in 1600, it was made up, for the purpose of sale, partly from notes taken at the theatre, and partly from memory, without even the assistance of any of the parts as delivered by the copyist of the theatre to the actors."

Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Knight take a very different view of this edition, which, with the earlier editors, they conceive to have been a transcript of the play as first produced, and the basis of the complete and admirable Comedy as it stands in the folio of 1623. With this opinion most people who have well examined the quarto, 1602, will probably concur, though few we apprehend are likely to agree with these gentlemen in assigning it to a period as early as 1592, upon so slender a foundation as the supposed connexion between the visit of the Duke of Wurtenburg to England in that year, and the imposition practised upon the Host of the Garter by some German travellers. If any allusion to a visitor received by the Court with so much distinction, were intended, an offensive one would hardly have been ventured during the life-time of the Queen. Another forbidding consideration to this theory is, its involving the conclusion that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written and acted before even the First

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PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Part of "Henry IV.," and that the fat humorist, whose love adventures afford so much entertainment, was Oldcastle, and not Falstaff. But the most serious objection to it is, that it strikes at the root of the long-cherished tradition, of Elizabeth being so well pleased with the Falstaff of "Henry IV.," that she commanded a play to be written, in which the knight should be exhibited in love, and was so eager to see it acted, that she directed it should be finished in fourteen days. We can by no means afford to part with this tradition: it accounts for the many evidences of haste observable in the first draft of the piece, and reconciles all the difficulties which are experienced in attempting to determine whether the incidents are to be taken as occurring before the historical plays of "Henry IV.," Parts I. and II., and "Henry V.," or between any two of them, or after the whole. The title of the original sketch, "Syr John Falstaff," &c., the "Merry Wives" being at first considered subordinate attractions only, and the delineation of Falstaff and his satellites, both in that and in the finished version, are to us conclusive as to these characters being old favourites with the public; and if we accept the pleasant tradition of their revival at the bidding of the Queen, there need be no hesitation in receiving them "without regard to their situations and catastrophes in former plays."

An excellent reprint of the first edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was made by Mr. Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society in 1842, in the appendix to which he has given the tales from which a few of the incidents in this comedy are thought to be derived. These consist, I. of a story from "Le tredecis piacevoli notti del S. Gio. Francesco Straparola," 8vo. Vinig. 1569, vol. i. fol. 47. II. A tale from "Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino," 4to. Trevig. 1640, fol. 7. III. A story from a scarce collection of early English tales, entitled "The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers," 4to. Lond. 1632. IV. Another story from "Le tredecis piacevoli notti del S. Gio. Fr. Straparola," Vinig. 1569, vol. i. fol. 129. V. A tale from Tarlton's "Nowes out of Purgatorie," 4to. London, 1590, taken from the preceding novel of "Straparola." Dr. Farmer was of opinion that Falstaff's mishaps with the Merry Wives were taken from this story. And, VI. a tale extracted from a rare work, called "Westward for Smelts," 4to. Lond. 1620, which Malone thought led Shakespeare to lay the scene of Falstaff's love adventures at Windsor.

Persons Represented.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton, a young Gentleman.
Shallow, a Country Justice.
Slender, Cousin to Shallow.
Ford, Page.
William Page, a boy, son to Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welch Parson.
Dr. 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 Dr. Caius.

Mistress Ford.
Mistress Page.
Mistress Anne Page, her Daughter.
Mistress Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c. &c.

SCENE,—Windsor, and the parts adjacent.
ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh,(1) persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber(2) matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cust-alorum.'

Slen. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; armigero.

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* Cust-alorum.] The provincial abbreviation, probably, of Custos Rotulorum. Correctly, Shallow's designation was, "Justice of the Peace, and of the Quorum and Custos Rotulorum."

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ACT 1.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

[Scene

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is God's blessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventure, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likenings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's well: thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you much good do it your good heart! I wished you venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth your mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

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? heard say, he was out-run on Cotisale. (4)

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess. Shal. That he will not;—it is your fault, 'tis your fault:—'t is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; or there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is there: John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redresse not is that so, master Page? He hath wrong me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; belie me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong Page. Here comes sir John

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter! Shal. Tut, a pin this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have do all this: that is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known counsel:* you'll be laughed at

"Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to lik e Marina. The more my fault, To heape his hands, where I was like to die." It occurs again in the present play, Act III. Sc. 3, with the same sense:

"Page. I would not have your distemper in this kind, for I wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. "Tis my fault, Master Page; I suffer for it." Council.] Falstaff quibbles on the words council and counsel the latter signifying secrecy. "Twere better for you it were known only to those who will not talk of it, or you will become ridiculous."

(*) Old text, Thomas.
Eva. Pauca verba, sir John, good worts.
Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.*—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?
Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.
Bard. You Banbury cheese! d
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Pist. How now, Mephostophilus? e
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that’s my humour.
Slen. Where’s Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, fideliciet, master Page; and there is myself, fideliciet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.
Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.
Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ‘ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.
Fal. Pistol,—
Pist. He hears with ears.
Eva. 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?

* Good worts! good cabbage.] Worts meant coleworts, cabbages, and any kind of pot-herbs, formerly.
† Your coney-catching rascals,—] A coney-catcher, by metaphor from those that rob warrens or coney-grounds, was a sharper, a trickster.
‡ They carried me to the tavern, &c.] These words, which seem to introduce Falstaff’s subsequent question, ("Pistol, did you pick Master Blender’s purse?") are restored from the quarto.

1602. d You Banbury cheese! A soft, thin cream-cheese. "Put off your clothes, and you are like a Banbery cheese, nothing but paring."—Jack Drum’s Entertainment, 1601.
* Mephostophilus] The name of an evil spirit in the popular history of Dr. Faustus. It was also a cant word for a gaunt-faced, lanthorn-jawed fellow.
SLEN. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven grosses in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovell-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeal Miller, by these gloves.

FAL. Is this true, Pistol?
EVA. 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; b
Word of denial in thy labros here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.
SLEN. By these gloves, then 'twas he.
NYM. Be advis'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.
EVA. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!
BARD. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; a and so conclusions passed the careares.
SLEN. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis 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.
EVA. So God judge me, that is a virtuous mind.
FAL. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE following.

PAGE. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit ANNE PAGE.
SLEN. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.
PAGE. How now, mistress Ford?
FAL. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[Exit ANNE PAGE.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome come, we have a hot venison paste to dinner come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but SHAL. SLENDER, and EVANS.
SLEN. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:

Enter Simple.

how now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not The Book of Riddles about you, have you?
SIM. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, fortnight afore Michaelmas? e
SHAL. Come, coze; come, coze; we stay for you.
A word with you, coze; marry, this, coze; there is as'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afresh off by sir Hugh here;—do you understand me?
SLEN. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; it be so, I shall do that is reason.
SHAL. Nay, but understand me.
SLEN. So I do, sir.
EVA. Give ear to his motions, master Slen:
I will describe the matter to you, if you p' capacity of it.
SLEN. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.
EVA. But that is not the question; the quest is concerning your marriage.
SHAL. Ay, there's the point, sir.
EVA. Marry, is it; the very point of it; a mistress Anne Page.
SLEN. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.
EVA. But can you affection the 'oman? Let the command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips and parcel of the mouth;—therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?
SHAL. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?
SLEN. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.
EVA. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her you desires towards her.

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a Mill-sixpences,—] The mill-sixpences used in 1561 and 1563, were the first milled money used in England.
b Latten bilbo:—] Bilbao, in Spain, was once famous for its fine-tempered sword-blades, and hence a sword was often called a Bilbo. A latten bilbo (latten being a mixed metal akin to brass) means a sword wanting both edge and temper.
c In thy labros here? In thy lips. The old quarto reads:—

"I do retort the lie
Even in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge."

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d The nuthook's humour—] Nuthook was the slang title of catchpole. Nym threatens poor Slender with the marry trap he comes the constable over him, by charging him with theft.
e And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered;] Equivocal to, being drunk, was cleaned out.
f A fortnight afore Michaelmas!—] Theobald proposed to read Murthermen, but the blunder was perhaps designed.

g Parcel of the mouth;] Parcel is part; and is still so used law language.
Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?
Slen. 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 please you, coz: can you love the maid?
Slen. 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 contempt*: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and absolutely.
Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.
Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.
Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.
Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:

(*) Old copy, content.
SLEN. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.
SLEN. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?
ANNE. Ay, indeed, sir.
SLEN. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em: they are very ill-favoured rough things.

**Re-enter Page.**

PAGE. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.
SLEN. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.
PAGE. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.
SLEN. Nay, pray you, lead the way.
PAGE. Come on, sir.
SLEN. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.
ANNE. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.
SLEN. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.
ANNE. I pray you, sir.
SLEN. I'll rather be unmannishly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

**[Exeunt.]**

**SCENE II.—The same.**

**Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.**

EVA. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of her nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry-woman, or his washer, and his wringer.

SIM. Well, sir?
EVA. Nay, it is potter yet:—give her this letter for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquintant with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is desire and require her to solicit your master's desire to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, pe gone; will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins an cheese to come.

**[Exeunt.]**

**SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.**

**Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.**

FAL. Mine Host of the Garter,—
HOST. What says my bully-rook²?² speak Solarly, 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, Caesar, Keiser, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph: he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?
FAL. Do so, good mine host.
HOST. I have spoke; let him follow. Let me see thee, froth and lime: *I am at a word; follow*

**[Exit Host.]**

FAL. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wine-servant—man, a fresh tapster: go; adieu.
BARD. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

**[Exit Bard.]**

PIST. O base Gongarian *wight!* wilt thou the spigot wield?

NYM. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceived? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.²
FAL. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filthy was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

*(*) First folio, Hungarian.

have a more offensive signification, and was applied to a cheat and sharper.

² Froth and lime: The folio reads lies, for lime. Froth and lime was an old cant term for a tapster, in allusion to the practice of frothing beer, and adulterating sack. The host means, let me see thee turn tapster. *To keep a tapster from frothing its pots—Provide in a readiness the skin of a red-herring, and when the tapster is absent, do but rub a little on the inside of the pots, and he will not be able to froth them, do what he can in a good while after.*—Cotgrave's *Vulgar Interpreter,* 1671, p. 92. ap. Halliwell.

² He was gotten in drink, &c. This speech of Nym's is made up from the quarto of 1602, and the folio 1623, the latter part being only found in the early sketch.
Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's ease.
Pist. Convey, the wise it call: steal! foh; a cast 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 coney-catch; I must shift.
Pist. Young ravens must have food.
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 entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be englishtly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.
Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.
Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?
Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.
Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy, say I.
Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.
Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious oilikads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scourch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour o reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [T? Robin.] bear you these letters tightly; Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones go! Trudge, plod, away, o' th' hoof; seek shelter pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this † age, French thrust, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [Exeunt Falstaff and Robin]

Pist. Let vultures grieve thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds, And high and low beguilés the rich and poor. Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, I which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star! [Pist. With wit, or steel?]

(*) First folio, t' th'.
(†) First folio, honor of the.
(‡) First folio omits, in my head.

Gourd, fullem, high-men, and low-men, were the professional terms for false dice. "What should I say more of false dice, of fulloms, high-men, low-men, goards and bristled dice, graveries, denmes, and contraries?" — Green's Art of Juggling, &c. 1612, quoted by Steevens.

† By welkin, and her star!] For star, the quarto reads Fairies.
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.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents:
I second thee; troop on.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. 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?
Sm. Ay, for fault of a better.
Quick. And master Slender’s your master?
Sm. Ay, forsooth.
Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard,
like a glover’s paring-knife?
Sm. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee
face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured
beard.(6)
Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

(*) First folio, Ford.
(†) First folio, Page.

ⁿ For the revolt of mine—] The poet probably wrote “this revolt of mine.” Steevens proposed to read “the revolt of mine,” but the change is no improvement. In “Henry V.”

ⁿ An old abusing—] An old, i.e. a famous, a rare, a plentiful abusing.
Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,* as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long.

What, John Rugby! John! what, John! I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, adown a, &c.

[Sings.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. VAT is you sing? I do not like dese toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier verd; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have horn-mad.

Aside.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il faut fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this; sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; depéche, quickly: vere is dat knave Rugby?


Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my troth, I tarry too long:—Od's me! Qu'ay j'oulié? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the vard I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?

* As tale a man of his hands,— That is, as able, or bold a man of his hands. Florio translates Menesco, read as nimble-handed, a tall man of his hands.

b Shent: Shent here means undone, ruined.

c Il faut fort chaud, &c. The printers of the folio make sorry work of both French and Latin; there the above reads, il faut for chaudo. Le man vo le a Court, &c.

a And you are Jack Rugby! The Doctor had been long enough in England to learn that Jack was another name for knave.

* Verefore, &c. The old text, which here reads therefore, is not consistent in its mode of rendering the Doctor's broken English; but, in common with all modern editions, we render it uniform throughout.

f Are you a voice o' that? A household phrase at one time, equivalent to: Have you found out that? Has it occurred to you?

O, you think so, do you? Thus, in "The Isle of Gulls," Act II. Sc. 1—

"Hic. And in good earnest we are not father'd much amiss. Viar. Are you a saist of that?"

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Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?  
Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou?  
Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship [Exit Fenton.  
Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: out upon't! what have I forgot!  
Exit
Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [Reads.]

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 solide can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. 

John Falstaff.

(*) First folio omits, I.

— though love use reason for his physician.—) Old copies, precision. The emendation is Johnson's, and, supported by the line, 650

“*My reason, the physician to my love,”
in our author's 147th Sonnet, it should have found a place in every modern edition.
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 an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish runkard picked (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 ben frugal of my mirth; heaven forgive me!—Why, I’ll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the cutting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged 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.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, I’ll never believe that; I have a show to the contrary.
Mrs. Page. ‘Faith, but you do, in my mind.
Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I should 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 ruffling respect, I could come to such honour!
Mrs. Page. Hang the trifles, woman, take the honour: What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?
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; 9 and so thou shouldn’t alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men’s liking; 4 and yet he would not swear; praised women’s modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm 5 to the tune of Green Sleeves.(1)

What tempeat, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tunes of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here’s the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I’ll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain 6 in me, that I know not myself, he would never have bored me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I’ll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I’ll never to sea again. Let’s be revenged on him; let’s appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man 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.

Mrs. Page. Let’s consult together against this greasy knight: come hither.

[They retire.

James I. in the early part of his reign. “These knights will become hackneyed,” &c.; but there must be in it a meaning more pertinent than this.

Of men’s liking] Of men’s condition of body. Good, or well-liking, meant plump. In good plight; ill-liking, the reverse.

Some strain in me,—] Some turn, tendency.

O, that my husband—] That is, O, if that my husband, &c.

The early quarto reads,—

"O Lord, if my husband should see this letter!"

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(*) Old text, praise.
(1) Old text, hundred psalms.

[For the putting down of fat men.] Theobald first inserted fat, and the correction seems warranted by the context, as well as by the parallel passage of the early quarto:

"Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I live, for his sake."

[These knights will hack] Nothing like a satisfactory explanation of this passage has yet been given. It is generally understood to be an allusion to the extravagant creation of knights by
Enter Ford, Page, Pistol, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.
Pistol. Hope is a curtail dog* in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.
Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.
Pistol. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves the gallant-mawfry; Ford, perpend.
Ford. Love my wife? Pistol. With liver burning hot: prevent: Or go thou, like sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels. O, odious is the name! Ford. What name, sir?
Pistol. 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 Pistol.
Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

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* A curtail dog— It was supposed that the tail of a dog assisted him in running. A curtail dog may mean a barking, lingering dog, as it certainly implied a worthless one; "A curtail dog, chien courtaud, c'est à dire chien sans queue on esquier bon à tout service."—Howell's Lexicon Tet. 1660.

b And there's the humour of it. These words, so necessary to the sense because echoed by Page, are omitted in the folio.

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Frights humour out of his wits.] So the quarto: the folio reads, Frights English, &c.

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Catalan, — A term of reproach, of which the precise meaning is not known. Sir Toby, in "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 4, applies it to Olivia:

"My lady's a Catalan;"

and it occurs in Sir William D'Avenant's play, called "Love and Honour," 1649, Act II. Sc. 1."

---

Hanging, bold Catalan!"

---

'Twas a good sensible fellow:] In this and the two preceding speeches, Ford must be supposed to be speaking to himself.

Nym. And this is true; [To Page.] I like the humour of lying. He hath wronged me some humours: I should have borne the humour letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall be upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there is the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis 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.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's fellow frights humour* out of his wits.(2)

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff. [rises.] Page. I never heard such a dwartling-affecting Ford. If I do find it; well.

Page. I will not believe such a Catalanian,4 thou, the priest of th' town(3) commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.* Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? had you.

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* Sir Toby, Act II. Sc. 4; Mr. Page, Act II. Sc. 1.
Enter Host, and Shallow, behind.


Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow.—Good even and twenty,* good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalerio-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Cains the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. Will you [To Page.] 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.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

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, my heers? *

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

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, stoccaadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis 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.

[Enter Host, Shallow, and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's fealty,* yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made

* Good even and twenty.—] An old popular salutation, meaning twenty good evenings. Similar to which is, "God night and a thousand to every body."—Ex or's Fruits of the French, 1593, quoted by Halliwell.
* My name is Brook:] The folio prints Brome throughout, as the assumed name of Ford, and assigns the present speech to Shallow.
* Will you go, my heers?] The folio reads, An heers, an evident corruption, for which Theobald proposed the word we adopt. Warburton Heris, an old Scotch word for master; Malone, and hear us: Stevens, on, heroes, or on, hearts; Badden, Cavaliars; and Mr. Col.
there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis 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.— I will retort the sum in equipage.²

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 looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows; and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took’t upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?
Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think’st thou, I’ll endanger my soul gratis? At a word hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you go. A short knife and a thong,² to your name of Pickt-hatch,(⁴) go. You’ll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heav’n on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rage, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice² phrases and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent;² what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here’s a woman would speak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

² Red-lattice phrases,—] Ate-house expressions. Ate-houses, in old times, were distinguished by red-lattice, as dairies have been by green ones.
² I do relent;) Relent here must mean repent. The quarto has recant, which is the better word.
Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.
Fal. Good maid, then.
Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.
Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?
Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?
Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.
Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir; I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.
Fal. Well, on: mistress Ford, you say,—
Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.
Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.
Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!
Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?
Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!
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 'tis 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 rushing, 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:

* Canaries,—] Mrs. Q. means, quandaries.
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.

Quick. Marry, she hath received 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 jealously man; she leads a very frampold b life with him, good heart.

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; — and let me tell you in your car, 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.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! but mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; c her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 'tis not good that child shoul lead know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor—Boy, go along with this woman.—This new distracts me! [Exit Quickly and Robin Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue! up with your fights; Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm then all! [Exit Pistol.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways I'll make more of thy old body than I have done Will they yet look after thee? Will thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis gross; done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack. (5)

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [Exit Bardolph.] Suel Brooks are welcome to me, that o'ercrowl such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. 'Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: would you speak with me? 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.

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 unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

a Pensioners: Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners, whose duty was to be in immediate attendance on the sovereign, and whose spleen'd uniform might well induce Mrs. Quickly to rank them above the magnates of the Court.

b Frampold life:—Frampold, equivalent to our contumacious.

c Of all loves: For love's sake. See note (b), page 355.

d Up with your fights: "The Waste-cloaths that hang round about the Ship in a Fight, to hinder the Men from being seen by the Enemy: Also any Place wherein men may cover themselves, and yet use their Fire-arms."—Phillips' New World of Words, 1706.
Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.
Ford. Truth, and I have a bag of money here, troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take half, or all, for easing me of the carriage.

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 brief with you; and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, a desire, to make myself acquainted with you. 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, sth you yourself know, ow 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.
Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to ou, bestowed much on her; followed her with a noting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could 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 pursued 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 purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?
Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?
Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?
Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?
Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent
breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,\(^a\) authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

_Fal._ O, sir!

_Ford._ Believe it, for you know it: there is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

_Fal._ Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.\(^b\)

_Ford._ O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour,\(^c\) that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward\(^d\) of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, sir John?

_Fal._ Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

_Ford._ O, good sir!

_Fal._ I say you shall.

_Ford._ Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

_Fal._ Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment—even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, 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?

_Fal._ Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittol knave hath masses of money; for which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckold's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

_Ford._ I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

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_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'en 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 stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night.

_Ford._ What a damned 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 fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Aamain 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-vite 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. Heaven be praised for my jealousy eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit]

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

_Enter Caius and Rugby._

_Caius._ Jack Rugby!

_Rugby._ Sir.

_Caius._ Vat is de clock, Jack?

_Rugby._ 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

_Caius._ By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

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\(^a\) Of great admittance,—] _i.e._ Of great rogue, fashion, &c.

\(^b\) Preposterously.] See note (a), page 248.

\(^c\) She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour,—] This passage serves in some degree to support Theobald's reading

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of the very similar one in Scene I:—"Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's side!" See note (b), page 624.

\(^d\) Ward—] _Guard._
Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship
would kill him, if he came.
Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I
will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell
you how I will kill him.
Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.
Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.
Page. Now, good master doctor!
Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, three, four,
come for?
Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, a to see
thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see
thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy
distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian?
is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says
my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?
ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?
Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of
de world; he is not show his face.
Host. Thou art a Castilian, king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!
Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have
stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he
is no come.
Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor:
he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies;
if you should fight, you go against the hair of
your professions; is it not true, master Page?
Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been
a great fighter, though now a man of peace.
Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now
be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my
finger itches to make one: though we are justices,
and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have
some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of
women, master Page.
Page. 'Tis 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 showed 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:* mon-
sieur Mock-water.
Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?
Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is
valour, bully.
Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-
vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog
priest! by gar, me will 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 will have it.
Host. And I will provoke him to,' or let him
wag.
Caius. Me tank you vor dat.
Host. And moreover, bully,—but first, master
guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero 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. [Exit Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest; for he
speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.
Host. Let him die: but first sheath 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
game, said I well?
Caius. By gar, me tank you vor 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?
Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.
Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio omits, word.
(+) First folio omits, but first.

laughable and contemptuous, which the jolly Host intended to
carry. Theobald proposed to substitute Troy'd game; Warbur-
ton, Cry'd: and Donne, not infelicitously, Cry'd I aim. The
conjecture of Mr. Collier's annotator, "curds and cream," is far
removed from probability.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

EVA. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

SIM. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,* the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

EVA. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

SIM. I will, sir.

EVA. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trembling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me;—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul! [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls(
Melodious pirds sing madrigals;
When as I sat in Pabylon,
And a thousand vagram posies,
To shallow—

SIM. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.
EVA. He's welcome:—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?
SIM. No weapons, sir: there comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman; from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.
EVA. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

SHAL. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
SLEN. Ah, sweet Anne Page!
Page. 'Save you, good sir Hugh!
Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!
Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?
Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.
Eva. Very 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.
Eva. What is he?
Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.
Eva. Got's will, and his—Passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.
Page. Why?
Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave presides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.
Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.
Slen. 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. Dis arm 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 vit your ear: verfore vill you not meet a-me?
Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.
Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.
Eva. [Aside to Caius.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—[Aloud.] I will knog your urinal

about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.¹

Caius. Diabolic!—Jack Rugby, mine Host de. Jartherre, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?
Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.
Host. Peace, I say, Guilia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.
Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!
Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so²:—give me thy hand celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.
Shal. Trust me, a mad Host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.
Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!
[Execute Shal low, Slen der, Page, and Host.
Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!
Eva. This is well; he has made us his scolding-stog.—I desire you, that we may pe friends; and let us knog our prains together, to pe revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.
Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.
Eva. Well, I will smite his noodles:—pray you, follow.
[Execute.

SCENE II.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robyn.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?
Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.
Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

¹ For missing your meetings and appointments.] These words, from the quarto, are omitted in the folio; another instance of strange neglect in the compilers of that volume, as without them the answer of Caius loses its point.
² Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:] These words also are found only in the quarto.
Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the machen name is, my husband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

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. [Exit 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 folks 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 revolting wives share damnable 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 Acteon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. Page, &c. 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.

Slender. 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.

* Cry aim.] See note (a), page 39.

* Tis in his buttons;* Mr. Knight suggests that this phrase may have the same meaning as the modern one, "It does not lie

Scene III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mistresses Ford and Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert! Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—what, Robin, I say?

Enter Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

In your breeches," i.e. it is not within your compass.

(a) & (b) No having: No fortune, no revenue.
Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause, or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters* in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: be gone, and come when you are called. [Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

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 threatened 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 in imitation of the barbarous diversion of throwing at cocks about Shrovetide.

* The whitsters—] Bleachers of linen.
* Jack-a-lent,—] A puppet stuck up to be thrown at in Lent.
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. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [Exit Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumion;— 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 lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

* Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?* The second song of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," begins:—

"Have I caught my heav'nly jewel,
Teaching sleepe most faire to be!

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 before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, 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-valian or any tire of Venetian admittance.(2)

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor* to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the finest 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,(3) were not

(*) First folio, tyrant.

And as Falstaff probably intended to sing the first line, the impertinent thee, which is not in the quarto, may have been an addition of the players.
nature, thy friend: come, thou cannot not hide

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing

Fal. What made me love thee? let that
persuade thee, there's something extraordinary
thee. Como, I cannot cog, and say thou art
is and that, like a many of these lisping haw-
born buds, that come like women in men's apparel,
and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I
cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and
thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear
on love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk
by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me
as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love
you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do;
else I could not be in that mind.

* I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature, thy
friend: It seems impossible to make good sense of this passage
it stands. We are disposed to believe the obscurity arises
om the common error in these plays of misprinting but and not,
and that the poet wrote, "I see what thou wert, if fortune thy
were but nature thy friend."

b Bucklersbury in simple-time: In Shakespeare's days, Buck-

ersbury was the head-quarters of the druggists, who dealt in all
kinds of medicinal herbs, (simplices as they were then called,) hoth
dry or green.

The Counter-gate: The old dramatics and writers on man-
ers, are unspuming in allusions to the Counter-prison, and con-
ants labour to extract some pleasanty from its name, which,

Rob. [without.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and
blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensorce me
behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very
tattling woman.— [Falstaff hides himself:

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you
done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you
are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress
Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give
him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

to any who had tasted of the horrors of an English prison in
former times, must have been odious enough even in jest—
Thus in Baret's "Alvearie," 1573:—'We sale merrily of him who
hath been in the Counter, or such like places of prison; He can sing
his Counter-tenor very well. And in anger we say, I will make you
sing a counter-tenor for this game: meaning imprisonment.'

Again Overbury, in his character of "A Sergeant," 1616:—
"His habit is a long gowne, made at first to cover his knavery,
but that growing too monstrous, he now goes in buffe: his con-
science and that, being both cut out of one hide, and are of one
touchness. The counter-gate is his kennel, the whole city his
Paris garden, the misery of poor men (but especially of bad
livers) are the offalles on which he feedes."
Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistaken in you!
Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?
Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you; if you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my 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 deceived 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 whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. 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, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress Ford:—you dispersing knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cow-staff?

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*a Whiting-time.—] Bleaching-time.

*a And none but thee! [ These words are restored from the quarto, in most of the modern editions. Mr. Collier, and Mr. Knight, indeed, reject them, but somewhat inconsistently, since they admit other readings from the same source with no greater claims to insertion.

*c Cow-staff!] A staff or pole, for carrying a bucket at each end, or to sling a cowl or tub, with two handles on, to be borne by two men. "Bicollo, a cow-staff to carry behinds and before."—Florio's Dict. 1611.

a I Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, tell me let be your jest; I desire it.—How no, or whither hear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do with them bear it? You were best meddle with but washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; warrant you, buck; and of the season too, shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket.]

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll you a dream. Here, here, here be my key: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—let me start this way first:—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.  

[Ea.]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caius.]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellence in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, what your husband asked what* was in the basket!  

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water we do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath so special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: an

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*a What was in the basket?] The folio has, "who was in the basket!" but Ford, in fact, asked neither who, nor what, was in the basket. The quarto, 1602, is more consistent; there, Ford directs the servants to set down the basket; and Mistress Ford afterwards asks, "I wonder what he thought when my husband had them set down the basket!"

a Of the same strain.] See note (d), page 651.

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

[SCENE IV.

MRS. FORD. Shall we send that foolish carriion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excise his throwing to the water; and give him another hope, to pray him to another punishment?

MRS. PAGE. We will do it; let him be sent for-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

FORD. I cannot find him: may be the knave ragged of that he could not compass.

MRS. PAGE. Heard you that?

FORD. Ay, ay, peace:* you use me well, master Ford, do you?

FORD. Ay, I do so.

MRS. FORD. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD. Amen.

MRS. PAGE. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

FORD. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

EVA. If there pe any body in the house, and the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the resses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

CAIUS. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper of this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

FORD. 'Tis my fault,* master Page; I suffer for it.

EVA. You suffer for a sad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among we thousand, and five hundred too.

CAIUS. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD. Well; I promised 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.

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 nne hawk for the bushe: shall it be so?

FORD. Any thing.

EVA. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS. If there be one or two, I shall make-a-tird.

FORD. Pray you go, master Page.

EVA. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

CAIUS. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

EVA. 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, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

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 wo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooping thee, I found thee of more valuo Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags: And 'tis 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. [They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

SHAL. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLEN. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

SHAL. Be not dismayed.

SLEN. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

QUICK. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE. I come to him. This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

[Aside.

b  I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't.] To make a bolt or a shaft of a thing is an old proverbial expression, equivalent to our saying Here goes, hit or miss.

(*) First folio omits, Ay, ay, peace.

a  'Tis my fault,— That is, my misfortune. See note (d), p. 640.
Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glosstershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'quire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marty, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed 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.

[Execut Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Quick. Speak to mistresse Page.

Fent. Good mistresse Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manny
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 you fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: go 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, No.

Quick. This is my doing now:—nay, said will you cast away your child on a fool, and physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is not doing.

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! kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, would my master had mistress Anne; or I won master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I won master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but specially for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; what beast am I to slack it!

[Execut.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—
Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a tost in't. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I b

b Happy man be his dole! See note (4), page 234.

c Once to-night,—] Some time to-night.
FAL. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly’s as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

BARD. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

QUICK. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

FAL. Take away these chalices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

BARD. With eggs, sir?

FAL. Simple of itself; I’ll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[Exit Bardolph.]—How now?

QUICK. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

FAL. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

QUICK. Alas the day! good heart, that was not
her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; 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 frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [Exeunt.

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; sent me word to stay within: I like his more well. O, here he comes.
Enter Ford.

Ford. 'Bless you, sir!'  
Fal. Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed 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-favouredly, 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 embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked 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 ind you?  
Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!  
Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.  
Ford. And how long lay you there?  
Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knife would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.  

[Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.  

[Exit.

(*) First folio, in.

a 'Bless you, sir!' The greeting in the quarto, 'God save you, sir!' is certainly preferable.

b By the Lord,—] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has only, Yes.

c An intolerable fright, to be detected with,—] That is, an intolerable fear of being discovered by. With, by, of, for, &c. were used with indiscriminate licence formerly.

d Address me,—] Prepare me; make myself ready.

e Make me mad,—] Old text, one. The correction was made by Mr. Dyce.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William Page.

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; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?
Eva. No: master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. 'Blessing of his heart!
Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, son profits nothing in the world at his book pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.
Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.
Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.
Eva. William, how many numbers is in noun?
Will. Two.
Quick. Truly, I thought there had been a number more; because they say, od's nouns.
Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is for?
William?
Will. Pulcher.
Quick. Poult-eats! there are fairer things than poult-eats, sure.
Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is lapis, William?
Will. A stone.
Eva. And what is a stone, William?
Will. A pebble.

* By and by: By and by, in Shakespeare's day, signified in mediately; not, as now, some time hence.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

FAL. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my suffrage: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Without.] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—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 lunes 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 searched 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?

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 shamed, 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

was made by Theobald. The quarto reads, in his old clime again.

x x 2
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT IV.

should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more 't' th' basket; may I not go out, ere he come?

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 kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffier, 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.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised.

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too: run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here present; let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what the shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring line for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do. Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act, that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the draft.

Re-enter Mistress Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; he bid you set it down, obey him: quick! despatch.

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of knigs again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Shal Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—down the basket, villain:—somebody call a wife:—Youth in a basket!—O, you pander rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed! What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behoove 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 pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunacies! this is mad as mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well indeed.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath had a jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?...
MRS. FORD. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.
FORD. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out. —
one forth, sirrah!

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.

PAGE. This passes!

MRS. FORD. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

FORD. I shall find you anon.

EVA. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

FORD. Empty the basket, I say.

MRS. FORD. Why, man, why?

FORD. Master Page, as I am a man, there was no conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my use I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; jealousy is reasonable: pluck me out all the anon.

MRS. FORD. If you find a man there, he shall be a flea's death.

PAGE. Here's no man.

SHAL. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

EVA. Master Ford, you must pray, and not bow the imaginations of your own heart: this 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 for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

MRS. FORD. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

FORD. Old woman! what old woman's that?

MRS. FORD. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

FORD. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this, is beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hang you; come down, I say!

MRS. FORD. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

---

His wife's leman.] Leman, lover, paramour. It was applied both sexes, though more frequently to females.

* Such daubery as this, &c.] Daubery means daubing, juggling; and the like; but from the invariable punctuation of the passage in modern editions, it appears to have been taken for some abusive epithet applied to the supposed witch.

* Let him not strike the old woman.] The folio, 1623, omits, not which was supplied in that of 1632.
Enter Falstaff disguised like an old woman, led by Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I’ll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! [Beats him.] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I’ll conjure you! I’ll fortune-tell you! [Exit Falstaff.] 

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—’tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the ‘oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a ‘oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her* muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let’s obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, Caius, and Evans.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I’ll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o’er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared cut of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served 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 shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.

(* First folio, his.

a They must come off;] That is, pay. The expression in this sense is met with as early as Chaucer:—

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 secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let speak with the gentlemen; they speak English.

Bard. Ay, sir; I’ll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I will make them pay, I’ll sauce them: they have left my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;* sauce them. Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford’s House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistresses Page, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. ’Tis one of the best discretions of a ’oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both those letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: henceforth do we both woe shall.

Page. I rather will suspect the sun with cold. § Thou beest with wantonness; now doth thy honor stand,

Bard. In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

Page. ’Tis well, ’tis well; no more.

Bardolph. Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence; But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for Ford. There is no better way than that the spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they’ll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he’ll not come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the river and has been grievously peated, as an old ’oman methinks, there should pe terror in him, that should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

(*) First folio, Germans desires. (†) First folio, him.
(‡) First folio, houses. (§) Old text, gods.

“Come off, and let me ride hastily: Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarri.”

The Friar’s Tale
Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.

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.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, And very honest knavery.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford, Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mistress 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 Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simple. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his

Mrs. Page. The truth being known, We'll all present ourselves; dis-born the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; And I will pe like a jack-an-apes also, to purr the knight with my taper.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. And Falstaff, of our house, This is his companion, Whom we do always see about our fairies; For Falstaff is a great master of their arts, And can do anything you please.

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[Exit.
castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; a 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee; knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [above.] How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman; let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; b what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick! 

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.e

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest! 

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold? f

Sir. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Sim.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for neither, but was paid for my learning.g

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 spurs, and away, like three German devils, through Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke's villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Cole prook, of horses and money.(4) I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gipes anavluting stogs; and 'tis not convenient you shoul pe cozened: fare you well.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarterre?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my troth, dere is no duke, dat de court is to come: I tell you for good villadies.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—assist me knight; I am undone.—Ay, run, hue and cry villain! I am undone!

[Exit Host and Bardolph.]
Enter Mistress Quickly.

ow! whence come you?  Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the her, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have snared more for their sakes, more, than the lalainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, ood heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the pitch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, and, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee a hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (so far forth as herself might be her choos'r), Even to my wish: I have a letter from her of such contents as you will wonder at; the mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff hath a great scene: the image of the jest

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host:

To-night at Horne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; the purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip away with Slender, and with him at Eton immediately to marry: she hath consented. Now, sir, her mother, even strong against that match, and firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed that he shall likewise shuffle her away, while other sports are tasking of their minds, 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 denot'd' her to the doctor, (for they must all be mask'd and vizarded,) that, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, with ribands pendant, 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, 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 overmore be bound to thee; besides, I'll make a present recompense. [Exeunt.

(*) First folio omits, wherein. (1) Old text, devote.

b To say my prayers.—c These words are from the quarto.

c Even strong.—d Equally strong. But as the quarto reads "still against," it may be doubted whether "even" is not a misprint for ever.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, 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. Exeunt Mistress Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak,(1) and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you. He beat me grievously in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: strange things in hand master Brook! follow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' th' castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.*

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word,* how to know one another.

(* First folio omits, daughter.

b And mince.] To mince meant to walk with affected modesty.

c A nay-word.— That is, a watch-word.
SCENE V. — Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised, with a buck's head on.

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 complex 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, 'tis 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 sent?—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. [Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise without.

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away! away! [They run off. Mrs. Page.

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

who says:

"And the right shoulder, where so ever he be, 
Bere it to the fosser, for that is his fee."

Or to Turberville's "Booke of Hunting," 1575, where the distribution is prescribed with all the exactness so important a ceremony deserved.
Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mistress Quickly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with weazel tapers on their heads.*

Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, you moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, you orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,* attend your office, and your quality.—Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes. [*Toys.*

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept, There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:

a Enter Sir Hugh Evans, &c.] This stage-direction is chiefly made up from that in the early quarto. The folio has only, "Enter fairies." The introduction of Pistol and Mistress Quickly in this scene, is to be accounted for on the supposition that the necessity of the theatre compelled the performers of these characters to take part among the fairies, and that the names thus got inserted in the printed copies.

b Queen.] There is nothing inconsistent in the prefix Quic, to these speeches in the quarto, because Mistress Quickly, or rather, the actor who personated that character, was intended to be "double" with it the Fairy Queen; but in the enlarged play, as Anne Page enacts the latter part, the prefix should certainly be "Queen." c You orphan-heir of fixed destiny.—] Warburton proposed, Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttishness.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and cough: no man their works must see. [Lies down upon his face.

Eva. Where's Pede?—Go you, and where you find a maid, That ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of her fantasy, Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; Put those as sleep, and think not on their sins, Push them, arms, legs, packs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Queen. About, about; Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out; Strew good luck, uphats, on every sacred room;

(*) First folio, Bode.

with plausibility, to read, "Ophent heirs," but see note (3), page 639.

d Queen. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

"These two lines were certainly intended to rhyme together, as the preceding and subsequent couples do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed ages and toyes. This therefore is a striking instance of the incoherence which has arisen from modernizing the orthography of Shakespeare."—Tyrwhitt.
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of Order look you scour
With juice of balm,* and every precious flower:
Each fair installment, cont, and several crest,
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 lot it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, Hony 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.
Away; disperse: but, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

**EVA.** Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns pe,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
Put, 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'er-look'd*
Even in thy birth.

**QUEEN.** With trial-fire touch me this 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!

**EVA.** Come, will this wood take fire?

[**They put the tapers to his fingers, and he starts.**]

**FAL.** Oh, oh, oh!

**QUEEN.** 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!
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.

---

* The several chairs of Order look you scour
With juice of balm.—

As Steevens has observed, it was an article of ancient luxury
to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Thus, in Ovid's "Fasti" and Philemon," Metamorphoses viii.:

---

"Mensam
sequant Mentha absterese virenti."

* O'er-look'd even in thy birth.] That is, bewitched. See note

b page 416.

c During this song.— Much of this direction is derived from the quartos. The folio has none whatever.

d I think, we have watch'd you now!] That is, tamed you.
The allusion, which seems to have been overlooked by all the

---

**Pinch him, fairies, mutually;**
**Pinch him for his villainy;**
**Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,**
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

**During this song,** the fairies pinch **FALSTAFF.**
**Doctor Caius comes one way,** and steals away a fairy in green; **Slender another way,** and takes off a fairy in white; and **Fenton comes,** and steals away **ANNE PAGE.**
* A noise of hunting is made without. All the fairies run away. **FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.**

**Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and MISTRESS FORD. They lay hold on him.**

**PAGE.** Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
**MRS. PAGE.** I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

**FORD.** Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—
**Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave;** here are his horns, **master Brook:** and, **master Brook,** he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to **master Brook;** his horses are arrested for it, **master Brook.**

**MRS. FORD.** Sir John, we have had ill luck;
we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

**FAL.** I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

**FORD.** Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

**FAL.** And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies:
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the folly into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

---

commentators, is to one of the methods employed to tame, or "reclaim," hawks. It was customary when a hawk was first taken, for the falconers to set up by turns and "watch" it; in other words, prevent it from sleeping, sometimes for three successive nights. Shakespeare has referred to the practice in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"Another way I have to man my haggard.
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her,"—

And again, in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3:—

"My lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him taine."
Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frieze? a 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?

This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, 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?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack, and wine, and methegins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?
Enter Slender.

Slend. Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Ay, by gar, a boy! be, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

[Exit Caius.

Enter Slender.

Slend. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slend. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Hertfordshire know on't; I would have been hanged, else.

Page. What of, what, son?

Slend. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been 't th' church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, I would never ir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slend. 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, 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 appurtenances?

Slend. I went to her in white, and cried, mum, and she cried budget, as Anne and I had appointed; but yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I now of your purpose; turned 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 ozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un

poison, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

[Exit Caius.

Page. This is strange: who hath got the right Anne?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master Slender?

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. 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 undutious title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreversibly cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ferd. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:— In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Page. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy! What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrace'd.

Ferd. 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, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ferd. Let it be so.—Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[Exeunt.

(*) Old text, green.

(†) Old text, white.

a Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;] Farmer conjectured that plummet was a misprint for planet; but the following passage.

b Amaze her;] Confound her by these questions.

c Undutious title;] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, very specially, "undutious guilt."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—Sir Hugh.] The title of Sir was probably at one time applied to priests and curates without distinction, but subsequently became appropriated only to the inferior clergy, such as are called Readers. It was no more than the translation of Dominus, the ecclesiastical distinction of a Bachelor of Arts. Fuller, in his Church History, says, there were formerly more Sirs than Knights in England, and adds, “Such priests as have the addition of Sir before their Christian name, were men not graduated in the university, being in orders, but not in degrees, whilst others entitled Masters had commenced in the arts.”

(2) Scene I.—I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.] The Court of Star Chamber, as it was familiarly called from the sitting being held en la chambre des estoys, was the King’s Council, the nature and extent of whose jurisdiction, even so early as the reign of Henry VII, when it was remodelled, were sufficiently extraordinary. The preamble of the Act relating to this Court, which was passed in the third of his reign, sets forth, that “the King, remembering how by unlawful maintenances, giving of liveries, signs and tokens, and retaining by indented, promised, oaths, writings or otherwise, embroilments of his subjects, untrue demeanings of Sheriffs, in making of pannels and other untrue returns, by taking of money by jurors, by great riots and unlawful assemblies, the policy and good rule of this realm is almost subdued;” &c. &c. “whereby the laws of the land in execution may take little effect, to the increase of murders, robberies, perjuries and unsurities of all men living;” &c. For the reformation of which, it was now ordained that the chancellor, treasurer, and privy seal, or two of them, calling to them a bishop and a temporal lord, being of the Council, and the two Chief Justices, or in their absence, two other justices upon bill of information put to the Chancellor for the King, or any other, against any person for any misbehaviour above mentioned, have authority to call before them by writ or privy-seal, the offenders and others as it shall seem fit, by whom the truth may be known, and to examine and punish, after the form and effect of statutes thereof made, in like manner, as they ought to be punished, if they were convict after the due order of the law.

A tribunal, paramount as this, whose proceedings were summary, and whose punishments, though professedly in accordance with the laws, were administered with much more promptitude than those of the ordinary courts, soon acquired under the Tudors a formidable and dangerous authority,—an authority, as we know from history, which at length became tremendous, and ultimately led to its final abdication in the reign of Charles I.

The ridicule in the play is the making the vain and imbecile old Justice suppose his petty squabble with Falstaff of sufficient importance to be adjudicated by such a Court.

(3) Scene I.—The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old cost.] Much has been written upon this perplexing passage to little purpose. It still remains, as Mr. Knight terms it, “an heraldic puzzle.” There is unquestionably, an allusion to the arms of Shakespeare’s old foe, Sir Thomas Lucy, and it is conjecturable that “down white luce,” which was borne by one branch of the Lucy family, may have implied the salt-water pi and have been an older stoucheon than the “three luc hauriant” of the Warwickshire branch.

(4) Scene I.—I heard say, he was out-run on Cosseal. The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire, a large tract of turf downs, were among the places famous in times yore for rural games; but the sports here and elsewhere appear to have declined during the latter part of the sixteenth century, owing perhaps, to the rigorous puritan crusade carried on against all popular diversions. After the end of Elizabeth’s reign, or, as some say, at the beginning of her successor’s, they were revived, however, with increased spirit, through the exertions of Mr. Robe Dover, an attorney of Barton-on-the-Heath in Warwickshire, who instituted an annual celebration of rustic amusements, which he conducted in person; consisting wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, managing the pil dancing and coursing the hare with greyhounds.

(5) Scene I.—I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty time Sackerson, so named in all likelihood after his keeper, a famous bear belonging to the Paris bear-baiting Gard on the Bankside; and the allusions to him and Harry Hanks and George Stone, two contemporary bears propre, by the old writers, sufficiently attest the popularit y of this savage sport in former time:—

“Publius, a student of the common law,
To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw:—
Leaving old Ployd, Dyer and Broke alone,
To see old Harry Hanks and Sackerson.”

Epigrams by Sir John Dav

“Be he sworne they tooke away a mastic dogge of my comission. Now I think on’t, makes my teares sat in my eyes with grief. I had rather lost the dearest frie that ever I lay withal in my life. Be this light, neuer if hee fought not with great Sekerson four hours to or foremost take up hindmoste, and tocke so many law from him, that hee ster’d him presently. So, at last, doog cooe doo no more then a beare cood, and the hea being heavie with hunger you know, fell upon the doghe broke his backe, and the doghe never stird more.”

Gyles Goosecapne Knight, a Comedie presented at Chil. of the Chappell, 1606.

(6) Scene IV.—A Cain-coloured beard.] In the tapestries and pictures, Cain and Judas were represented with yellowish-red beards. A conceit very frequent alluded to in early books:—

“And let their beards be of Judas his own colour.”

The Spanish Tragedy.

Again, in “The Inconstant Countess,” by Marston:—

“I ever thought by his red beat he would prove a Judas.”
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—The tune of Green sleeves.] "Green Sleeves, or Which nobody can deny," we gather from Mr. Chappell's learned and entertaining account of our early National Music, "has been a favourite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day; and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London to songs with the well-known burden, 'Which nobody can deny.'" Mr. Chappell, indeed, carries its antiquity still higher, and thinks it was sung in the reign of Henry VIII. The earliest words to the air known to us, however, do not date farther back than 1580; in which year "A new northern ditty of the Lady greene sleeves" was licensed to Richard Jones by the Stationers' Company. This song, which evidently attained an uncommon share of popular favour even in that age of universal balladry, was reprinted, four years after, by the same printer in the poetical miscellany entitled, "A Handfull of Pleasant Delites: containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Historyes in divers kindes of meter. Newly devised to the newest tunes, that are now in use to be sung: verrie sonet ordinarie pointed to his proper tune. With new additions of certain songs, to versifie late devised notes, not commonly known, nor used hereafter. By Clement Robinson: and divers others. At London, printed by Richard Jones; dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, near Holborne Bridge. 1584."

(2) SCENE I.—The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow brights humour out of his wits.] Ben Jonson, the best delineator of that species of affectation, so fashionable in his time, called humour, has pointed out, with his usual force and discrimination, the difference between the real and pseudo-humourist. Between those who by a natural bias of mind were led into singularity of thought and action, and those who, with no pretensions to originality, endeavoured to establish a reputation for it by ridiculous eccentricities in manners or apparel:—

“As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their conduction, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humour.
But that a rock, by wearing a pett feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a Humour!
O, it is more than most ridiculous!"

Gifford's ben Jonson, v. II. p. 16.

(3) SCENE I.—The priest o' th' town.] The following hexameters may be seen in black letter on an ancient doorway in Northgate-street, Gloucester:—

"En ruinosas domus quondam quam tune renovavit,
Monachus urbano Osborne John rite vocatus."

(4) SCENE II.—To your manner of Pickt-hatch, go.] This notorious haunt of profligacy, so called from the spiked half-door, or hatch, the usual denotement of houses of ill-fame formerly, was a collection of tenements situated near the end of Old Street and the garden of the Charterhouse in Goswell Street. The allusions to it and to similar colonies of depraved characters, in Whitefriars, Lambeth Marsh, and Tavermill Street, are innumerable in our old out-spoken writers; but two or three examples will be sufficient, for the subject and the references are alike unsavoury:—

On Lieutenant Shift.

"Shift here, in town, not meanest amongst squires,
That haunt Pick-t-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth and White-fryer's
Keeps himself, with halfe a man, and defrays
The charge of that state, with this charm, God payes."

Ben Jonson's Epigrams, No. XII.

"Sometimes shining in Lady-like resplendent brightness with admiration, and suddenly againe eclipsed with the stichy and tendrous clouds of contempt, and desired defumation. Sometimes at the Full at Pickt-hatch, and sometimes in the Wane at Brickwell."—Taylor, the Water Poet, fol., 1630, p. 85.

(5) SCENE II.—One master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.] The custom of taking a "morning draught" of ale, beer, wine, or spirits, prevailed long before our author's time; and that of making acquaintance, in the manner indicated by the text, was nearly coeval. Speaking of the former habit, Dr. Venner, Via Recta ad Viam Longam, 1657, says:—

"The custom of drinking in the mornings fasting, a large draught of white wine, or of beere, hath almost with all men so farre prevail'd, as that they judge it a principal means for the preservation of their health; where as in very deed, it is, being without respect had of the state or constitution of the body, inconsiderably used, the occasion of much hurt and discommoding." Of the latter practice there is a pleasant illustration in an anecdote told of Ben Jonson and Dr. Corbet:—"Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of raw wine and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah,' says he, 'carry this to the gentle man in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in these words, 'Friend,' says Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love: but pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for sacrifices are always burnt.'"—Merry Passages and Jestes, Harl. MSS. 6925.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—To shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.] This couplet, slightly varied by Sir Hugh's trepidation, is from a charming little pastoral once thought to be Shakespeare's, and as such inserted in his Passionate Pilgrim," but which, in "England's Helicon," and by

Isaac Walton in his "Complete Angler," is attributed to Marlowe. In both these works, it is accompanied by "The Nymph's Reply," asserted to be by Sir Walter Raleigh. Though repeatedly quoted, and familiar to every one acquainted with our early poetry, we should be held inexcusable for omitting Kit Marlowe's "smooth song," "old-fashioned poetry," indeed, as Walton calls it, "but cleanly good."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

"The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.
Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills, fields, groves, towers, woods,
And all the pleasures prowe,
Seeking the Shepheardes feafe their flockes,
By melodioues, to whose tunes Melodioues birds sing madrigales.
And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
My love, come live with me and be my love.
"The tire-sailent, or any tire of Venetian admittance." By the tire-sailent was, perhaps, understood some fanciful head-dress, with ornaments of glass or jewellery fashioned to resemble a ship.
"The attire of her head was in forme of two little ships, made of emeraldes, with all the shrouds and tackling of cloere saphyres." "Diana," of George of Montemeyer, 1593. Or it may have been an open kind of head-dress with ribbons streaming from it like the pennons of a ship. The tire-sailent was another of the innumerable "new fungled tires," as Burton calls them, which an overweening love of dress had imported from abroad, and of which the form is lost, and not worth seeking.

Both were, no doubt, of "Venetian admittance," or fashion, as the colloquies of that nation were all the mode at the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth century: "Let her have the Spanish gait, the Venetian tire, Italian complements and endowments." — Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624.

(3) SCENE III. — Fortune thy foe. It is not, perhaps, quite certain that the ballad, of which the first and second stanzas are subjoined, is the original Fortune my Foe that Shakespeare had in mind, though Burton, after remarking from the fact of the opening verse being quoted in Lilly's "Maydes Metamorphosis" 1600, for believing it to be the authentic version. Of the tune, which will be found, with other interesting matter connected with it, in Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. i. p. 102, there can be no doubt. It had the good or evil fortune to be selected as an appropriate chant for the dismal effusions attributed to condemned criminals, and for the relation of murders, fires, judgments, and calamities of all kinds; and hence, for more than two hundred years, it maintained a popularity almost unexampled.

"Fortune my Foe is alluded to again by Shakespeare, in "Henry V." Act III. Sc. 6, and is mentioned by Lodge, Chettle, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, and a host of other writers.

"A sweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his Ladies Favour, almost past hope to get it again, &c. &c. The Tune is Fortune, my Foe.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LOVE.

Fortune my Foe why dost thou from on me!
And will thy favours never better be?
Will thou forgive the love I owe thee?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?
Fortune hath wrought my grief and great annoy,
Fortune hath falsely stolen my Love away,
My love my joy, whose sight did make me glad,
Such great misfortunes never young man had."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I. — I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence. The particular work here referred to is the old English introduction to Latin Grammar called "Lilly's Accidence." One of the efforts of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. for the advancement of learning, was an endeavour to establish an uniformity of books for teaching Latin. In 1541, in the proem to "The Castel of Hauha," Sir Thomas Elyot says that the king had "not himself dissembled to be the chief author and setter forth of an Introduction into Grammar, for the childeirne of his loving subject." This was the famous "Introduction of the Eighte Parties of Speech, and the Construction of the same," usually known as "Lilly's Accidence," but really composed by Dean Colet for his school at St. Paul's, in the years 1510 and 1513. The whole collection of tracts forming this Grammar, — written by Colet, Erasmus, Lilly, Robertson, and Ritwiss, — had appeared either in London or abroad, before they received the Royal sanction; but in 1542 they were printed entire as having been "compiled and set forth by the commandement of the said Prince the King." After the death of Henry VIII. his son continued the royal patronage to "Lilly's Grammar," which then became known as "King Edward's Grammar;" "Edwardus" being inserted as an example of word-names in the English, as those of "Henricus" and "Angliae" were in the Latin Institution. This was the book taught by authority at the public schools down even to the first half of the seventeenth century, the Accidence mentioned in the text, and the identical source whence Shakespeare himself acquired the elements of Latin. In "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 3, Sir Toby Belch refers familiarly, as having learnt it in his own youth, to the example given in the First Council, of the infinative mood being the nominative case to a verb, — "Dilicufo surgere — thou knowst, —" The clown in the same comedy, Act V. Sc. 1, misquotes, or perverts, the nouns of number requiring a genitive case, "Primo, secondo, tertio, is a good play," and Benedick, in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV. Sc. 1, takes an illustration from another part of the Accidence, when he says, "How now! interjections I fry, then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! ha!" In the examination of William Page, Sir Hugh Inglis says, "What is he, William, that does lend Articles?" And to this the child replies in the very words of the Accidence, "Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined." Even in the difference between the teacher and the pupil, the rules of the Introduction are to be traced; for when young Page says, "O, vocativo O," he repeats the sense of the definition, "the vocative case is known by calling or speaking to, as O magister;" whilst Sir Hugh follows: a pronunciation of the article, and rightly says, "vocativo caret."

(2) SCENE II. — A muller. The muller, a contrivance adopted by women to conceal a portion of their face, consisted usually of a linen bandage which covered the mouth and chin. Douce states that "it was enacted by a Scottish statute in 1547, that 'na woman cum to kirk, nor mercat, with her face wasselled or covered that scho may not kon.'"
(3) SCENE II.—The witch of Brentford.] The "wise-woman of Brentford" was an actual personage, the name of whose vaticinations must have been traditionally well known to an audience of the time, although the records we possess of her are scant enough. The chief of them is a black letter tract, printed by William Copland in the middle of the sixteenth century, entitled, "Jyl of Brentford's Testament,' from which it appears that she was shipping, for which she was to pay nothing. She is mentioned also in "Westward Hoe!"—"I doubt that old hog, Gillian of Brentford, has bewitched me."

(4) SCENE V.—There is three cousin Germans, that has covered all the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Cellebrook, of horses and money.] In the preliminary notice of this play we mentioned an ingenious hypothesis of Mr. Knight in his "Pictorial Shakespeare," that the deception practised upon mine Host de Jarrett was pointed to solve incidents connected with a visit made to Windsor, in 1592, by the Duke of Württemberg. The Duke, it appears, was known here as "Count Mombeliard," (query, "Mumpelgard") of which title both Mr. Knight and Mr. Halliwell conceive the expression "cosen garmomblies" in the quart, to be a jocular corruption. "This nobleman visited Windsor, was shown 'the splendidly beautiful and royal Castle,' he 'hunted a stag for a long time over a broad and pleasant plain, with a pack of remarkably good hounds;' and, after staying some days, departed for Hampton Court.' From these and other circumstances, not omitting that he was provided with a passport from Lord Howard, containing instructions to the authorities of towns through which he passed to furnish him with post horses, &c., and at the sea-side where shipping, for which he was to pay nothing, Mr. Knight infers this to have been 'one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience.'

Our objections to this theory, inasmuch as the visit in 1592 is concerned, have already been mentioned in the Introduction; but it is far from improbable that an allusion was covertly intended to some other visit of the same nobleman. From the following interesting article by Sir Frederic Madden, we learn that the Duke of Württemberg—Mumpelgard—was in England in 1610; and it is not unreasonable to suppose he might have visited us more than twice in the long interval of eighteen years.

"Among the Additional Manuscripts in the British Museum is a small thin quarto, containing the autograph diary, written in French, of Hans Jacob Wurmser von Vendenheym, who accompanied Louis Frederic, Duke of Wurttemberg-Mumpelgard, in his diplomatic mission to England in 1610, on the part of the united Protestant German Princes. This diary extends from 16th March to 24th July of that year, and affords brief but interesting notices of the places visited by the Duke, both in coming and returning. He embarked from Flushing (where an English garrison was stationed) on Tuesday, 12th April, and arrived at Gravesend on the following day, where he was waited on by Sir Lewis Lewesnor, Master of the Ceremonies, and the next day conveyed in the Royal barges to London, 'au logis de l'Aigle noir.' On the 16th the Duke had his audience of the King, who received him sitting under a 'des' of cloth of gold, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince (Henry), the Duke of York (afterwards Charles I.), the Princess (Madame Arabella Stuart), and the young Prince of Brunswick, at that time also on a visit to James. Several days were afterwards spent in receiving and paying visits, and on the 22nd the Feast of St. George was kept with the usual ceremonies. On the 30th we have an entry of some interest to Shakespearian readers—"S. E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire on l'oue joue les comedies; y fut represente l'histoire du More de Venise."

We know from the evidence produced by Mr. Collier that 'Othello' appeared as early as 1602; and this entry proves that it retained its popularity in 1610. On the following day, 1st May, is another entry, of scientific interest:—

"S. E. alla au pare d'Eltham (Eltham) pour voir la perpetuum mobile. L'inventeur s'appelle Cornelius Trebel, natif d'Allmar, homme fort blond et beau, et d'une tres douce facon, tout un contrainte et pout de la sorte. Nous y vimes aussi des Espinettes, qui jouent de elle mesmes.'

I have not met with any mention of this philosopher in other papers of the period; but it is certain that in 1621 he published a work in Latin, entitled 'De quintessentia, et Epistola ad Jacobum Regem de perpetui mobili inventione."

The King had previously left London (on the 24th) to go to his hunting-box in Northamptonshire; and on the 4th of May the Duke followed him and slept at Ware, at the inn called the Stag, where, says the author of the Diary, 'Je fus couche dans un liet de plume d'oise, qui avait huit pieds de largeur.' This is, perhaps, the earliest precise notice yet found of this famous bed, and it serves to illustrate the passage in Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night,' Act III. Sc. 2, in which he alludes to the 'Bed of Ware.' This bed still exists, and is engraved in Shaw's 'Ancient Furniture,' where it is stated to be 10 ft. 9 in. in length, by 10 ft. 2 in. in width, and to have been made in the reign of Elizabeth.

On leaving Ware the Duke proceeded to Royston, Cambridge, Newmarket, and Thetford, where he rejoined the King on the 7th; and the next morning the Duke went to church with his Majesty, as it was the day that sa Majesté observe infaUiblement pour estre celer de sa delivrance de l'assassinat des Contes de Gaury (Covry)." This is a remarkable passage, since other authorities give the 5th of August as the anniversary of this conspiracy. On the same day James took his guests with him to hunt the hare (his favourite amusement), and they saw a hawk seize some doterels, 'ciseau qui se laisse prendre par une estrange maniere;' and also the trained corncrakes, which, at the word of command, plunged into the water and brought up eels and other fish, which they, on a sign given, vomited up alive—'chose bien merveilleuse a voir!' On the same day, also, arrived the news of the assassination of Henry IV. of France, which took place on the 4th May. The news, however, did not prevent the King from hunting the hare the next day; and after dinner the whole party returned towards London, which they reached on the 10th. On the 25th the Duke of Wurtemberg left London and travelled by Rochester and Canterbury to Dover; whence, on the 29th, he embarked with his suite, and arrived safely at the port of Yer, in Zealand, on the following day."
ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—Herne’s oak.] One of the many pleasing features in this sprightly comedy is the amount of local colouring with which it is imbued. Within the last few years the researches of various writers have shown, to use the words of Mr. Halliwell, “that ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’ is to be regarded, in all essential particulars, as a purely English local drama, in which the actors and incidents, though spiritually belonging to all time, are really founded and engrafted upon living characters, amidst scenes existing, in a provincial town of England and its neighbourhood, in the lifetime of the poet.” With regard to Herne’s oak, the fact is now established, that a family of the name of Herne was living at Windsor in the sixteenth century, one Gyles Herne being married there in 1569. The old tradition was that Herne, one of the keepers in the park, having committed an offence for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever after haunted by his ghost.

The earliest notice of this oak, since immortalized by Shakespeare, is in a “Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and little Park,” published at Eton, in 1742. In the map, a tree, marked “Sir John Falstaff’s oak,” is represented as being on the edge of a pit, (Shakespeare’s fairy pit) just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth’s Walk. The oak, a pollard, was described in 1789 as being twenty-seven feet in circumference, hollow, and the only tree in the neighbourhood into which boys could get. Although in a rapid state of decay, acorns were obtained from it as late as 1785, and it would in all probability have stood the scath of time and shocks of weather, but that unfortunately it was marked down inadvertently in a list of decayed and unattractive trees which had been ordered to be destroyed by George III., and fell a victim to the woodman’s axe in 1796.

(2) SCENE V.—Ye be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house.] To posset, whatever its derivation, meant to congolate, or curd:—

“And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
And curd, like sige droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood.

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 8.

and the posset originally was, perhaps, no more than curdled milk, taken to promote perspiration. Hence, the hour of projection, the appropriate time for the administration of the posset proper, such as we are now considering, was before the evening, shortly before retiring to rest. Mrs. Quickly, in the present play, promises John Rugby, “A posset soon at night,—at the end of a sea-coal fire.”

Lady Macbeth, at night, speaks of having “drugged the possets” of Duncan’s “grooms, Martin, Beaumont and Fletcher’s “Sorumful Lady.” Act II. Sc. 1. remarks to Welford, “Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this time is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest.” And in Sir John Suckling’s ballad on the wedding of Lord Broghill, the last ceremony described in the bridal chamber is:

“In come the bride’s-maidens with the posset,
The bridegroom ate in spite,
For, had he left the women to’t,
It would have cost an hour to do 't.—
Which were too much that night.”

On the nature and qualities of Sack, “Simple of itself,” the commentators are profuse in information. On this, its crowning luxury,—the famous and universally popular sack-posset,—they afford us none at all. Luckily, we are enabled to supply this grave omission, having at hand two recipes, infallibly authentic, for the precious brewago. The first of these is taken from a work published near the end of the seventeenth century, entitled “A True Gentlewoman’s Delight;” the other is from the pen of Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

“To Make a Sack-Posset.—Take Two Quarts of pure good Cream, and Quarter of a Pound of the best Almonds. Stamp them in the Cream and boy, with Amber and Musk therein. Then take a Pint of Sack in a basin, and set it on a Chafing-dish, till it be blood-warm; then take the Yolks of Twelve Eggs, with Four of their Whites, and beat them well together; and so put the Eggs into the Sack. Then stir all together over the coals, till it is all as thick as you would have it. If you now take some Amber and Musk, and grind the same quite small, with sugar, and strow this on the top of your Posset, I promise you that it shall have a most delicate and pleasant taste.”

He must be the veriest Pythagorean who could doubt it; and the marvel is how such a “night-cap” ever went out of fashion. The Knight’s preparation seems hardly so ambrosial, but that too must have been a palatable “comforter”:—

“From fam’d Barbadoes in the Western Main,
Fetch Sugar, ounces four; fetch Sack from Spain
A Pint; and from the Eastern Indian coast,
Nutmeg, the glory of our Northern toast;
Over flaming coals let them together heat,
Till all-conquering Sack dissolve the Sweet.
Over such an apple, another fire,
New-born from tread of cock and rump of hen;
Stir them, with steady hand, and conscience pricking,
To see the utmost end of ten fine chicken.
From shining shell take down the brazen skillet,
A quart of Milk from gentle cow will fill it.
When boil’d and cold, put Milk and Sack to Egg.
Unite them firmly, like the Triple League; And on the fire let them together dwell,
Till Miss sing twice,—‘You must not kiss and tell.’
Then lend and last take up a Silver Spoon; And fall on ’t fiercely, like a starred Dragoon.”

(3) SCENE V.—I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.] Deer shooting was a favourite sport of both sexes in the time of Shakespeare, and to enable ladies to enjoy it in safety and without fatigue, stands, or standings, with flat roofs, ornamented and concealed by bushes and bushes, were erected in many parks. Here, armed with the cross-bow or bow and arrow, the fair huntresses were wont to take aim at the animal which the keepers compelled to pass before them. To this practice the poet alludes again in “Love’s Labour’s Lost,” Act IV. Sc. 1:—

“Pain.—where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
The standing was upon the edge of the grove; A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.”

And in “Cymbeline,” Act III. Sc. 4:—

“When thou hast ta’en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee!”

(4) SCENE V.—Well, what remedy?] In the quarto, after Falstaff’s speech, the dialogue proceeds as follows:—

“Mrs. Ford. Come, mistris Page, Ibe be bold with you,
'Tis pity to part love that is so true.
Mrs. Page. Altho’ that I have missed in my Intent,
Yet I am glad my husband’s match was crossed;
Here, M. Fenton, take her, and God give thee joy.
Sir Jack Coggs, Master Page, you see best.
Ford. I yfaith, sir, come, you see your wife is well pleased.
Page. I cannot tell, and yet her heart’s well eased.
And yet I could make you good the Doctor missed.
Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter; Go too, you might have staid for my good will,
But you are come.—Page, you are come hither.
Here take her, Fenton, and both happle prove.”
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

The only edition of this comedy known before the folio 1623, is a quarto printed in 1600, entitled:—“Much ado about Nothing, as it hath been sundrie times publikey acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600.” It is supposed originally to have been acted under the title of “Benedick and Beatrix,” and, from being unnoticed by Meres, to have been written not earlier than 1598.

The serious incidents of his plot, some writers conjecture, Shakespeare derived from the story of Ariodante and Geneura, in Ariosto’s Orlando Furioso, which, in 1582-3, was made the subject of dramatic representation, and played before Queen Elizabeth by “Mulcaster’s children,” that is, the children of St. Paul’s school, and of which an English translation by Sir John Harrington, Elizabeth’s “merry poet,” and godson, was published in 1591. Others, with more probability, believe the source from whence he took them was some now extinct version of Bandello’s twenty-second novel, “Como il S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d’Aragona in Messina, s’innamora, di Fenicia Leonata: e i vari fortunevoli accidenti, che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse.” In Bandello’s story the scene, like that of the comedy, is laid at Messina; the name of the slandered lady’s father is the same, Lionato, or Leonato; and the friend of her lover is Don Piero, or Pedro. These coincidences alone are sufficient to establish some near or remote connexion between the novel and the play, but a brief sketch of the romance will place their affinity almost beyond doubt. Don Piero of Arragon returns from a victorious campaign, and, with the gallant cavalier Timbreo di Cardona, is at Messina. Timbreo falls in love with Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato di Leonati, a gentleman of Messina, and, like Claudio in the play, courts her by proxy. He is successful in his suit, and the lovers are betrothed: but the course of true love is impeded by one Girondo, a disappointed admirer of the lady, who determines to prevent the marriage. In pursuance of this object, he insinuates to Timbreo that Fenicia is false, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber window. The unhappy lover consents to watch; and at the appointed hour, Girondo and a servant in the plot, pass him disguised, and the latter is seen to ascend a ladder and enter the house of Lionato. In an agony of rage and jealousy, Timbreo in the morning accuses the lady of disloyalty, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia falls into a swoon; a dangerous illness supervenes; and the father, to stifle
all rumours hurtful to her fame, removes her to a retired house of his brother, proclaims her death, and solemnly performs her funeral obsequies. Girondo is now struck with remorse at having "slandered to death" a creature so innocent and beautiful. He confesses his treachery to Timbreo, and both determine to restore the reputation of the lost one, and undergo any penance her family may impose. Lionato is merciful, and requires only from Timbreo, that he shall wed a lady whom he recommends, and whose face shall be concealed till the marriage ceremony over. The dénouement is obvious. Timbreo espouses the mysterious fair one, and finds in her his injured, loving, and beloved Fenicia.

The comic portion of "Much Ado about Nothing," involving the pleasant stratagems by which the principal characters are decoyed into matrimony with each other, is Shakespeare's own design, and the amalgamation of the two plots is managed with so much felicity, that no one, perhaps, who read the comedy for entertainment only, ever thought them separable.

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Persons Represented.

**DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.**

**DON JOHN, his bastard Brother.**

**CLAUDIO, a young nobleman of Florence,**

**BENEDICK, a young nobleman of Padua,**

**LEONATO, Governor of Messina.**

**ANTONIO, his Brother.**

**BORACHIO, Followers of Don John.**

**CONRADE, Followers of Don Pedro.**

**BALTHAZAR, an Attendant on Don Pedro.**

**SEXTON.**

**DOGBERRY,**

**VERGES,**

**A FRIAR.**

**A Boy, attending on Benedick.**

**HERO, Daughter to Leonato.**

**BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.**

**MARGARET, Gentlwoman attending on Hero and Ursula,**

**Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.**

**SCENE,—MESSINA.**
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

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

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

(*) Old text, Peter.

(*) Enter Leonato, &c.] The stage-direction in the old copies is, "Enter Leonato governor of Messina, innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a Messenger." As the wife of Leonato takes no part in the action, and neither speaks nor is spoken to throughout the play, she was probably no more than a character the poet had designed in his first sketch of the plot, and which he found reason to omit afterwards.
ACT I.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

MUCH and if he there is SCENE

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

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

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

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

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

LEON. Did he break out into tears?

MESS. In great measure.

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

BEAT. I pray you, is signor Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

MESS. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort. What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO. My cousin means signor Benedick of Padua.

MESS. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEAT. He set up his bills[1] here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.[2]—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

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

MESS. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

(* Old text, Peter.

a But few of any sort, and none of name.] It may be questionable whether any sort, in this instance, is to be understood in the ordinary sense we attach to it, of any kind, or description, or whether it means any of rank, or distinction; but every one acquainted with our early literature is aware that sort was commonly used—as in a subsequent speech of the same character, "there was none such in the army of any sort"—to imply stigma, degree, quality, &c. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," Act II. Sc. 6:—"Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort." Again, in the same author's "Every Man in his Humour," Act I. Sc. 2:—"A gentleman of your sort, parts," &c. And in "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 1:—"Her husband is a gentleman of sort." A gentleman of sort, why, what care I?"

b Montanto—] A term borrowed from the Italian schools of sense:—"your point, your reverse, your ariosta, your imbrocata, your passada, your Montanto."—Every Man in his Humour.

c Of any sort.] See note (*).

d His five wits.—] With our early writers the five senses were usually so called:—"Certs delites been after the appetites of the five wittis: as sight, hearing, smelling, savouring, and touchinge."—The Persones Tale of Chance.

BEAT. You had musty victual, and he had help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

MESS. And a good soldier too, lady.

BEAT. And a good soldier to a lady!—What is he to a lord?

MESS. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; and he is as well as I expected.

BEAT. It is so, indeed, he is no less than a great man, for the stuffing.—Well, we are all mortal.

LEON. You must not, sir, mistake my niece there: she is a kind of merry war betwixt signor Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

BEAT. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits[3] went halting on, and now is the whole man governed with one:—that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[4] between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every moment a new sworn brother.

MESS. Is it possible?

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

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

BEAT. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there none young squares now, that will make voyage with him to the devil?

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

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

MESS. I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEAT. Do, good friend.

[The next block.] The block was the mould on which the fel hats of our ancestors were shaped; and, as the mutability of fashion was shown in nothing so much as in the head-dresses of both sexes, these blocks must have been perpetually changing their form.

[Square.—] Square may perhaps mean quarreler, as to square is to dispute.
LEON. You will never run mad, niece.
BEAT. No, not till a hot January.
MESS. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthazar, and others, Don John, Claudio, and Benedick. a

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

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

D. PEDRO. You embrace your charge too
willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

LEON. Her mother hath many times told me so.

a Enter, &c.] In the old copies the direction is, "Enter don
Pedro, Claudio, Benediche, Balthazar, and John the bastard."
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.

BENE. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

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

D. PEDRO. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

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

BEAT. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

BENE. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BENE. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuator: but keep your way o' God's name! I have done.

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

D. PEDRO. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

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

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

LEON. Please it your grace lead on?

D. PEDRO. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio]

CLAUD. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

BENE. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

CLAUD. Is she not a modest young lady?

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

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

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

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

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

CLAUD. Can the world buy such a jewel?

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

CLAUD. In mine eye she is the sweetest lass that ever I looked on.

BENE. I can see yet without spectacles, and see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

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

BENE. Is't come to this? in faith, hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap wit suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three score again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt need thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.
Re-enter Don Pedro.

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

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me all.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

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

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

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, it was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should so.

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

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

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

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

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

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my soul I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

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

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

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

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

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

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

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

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

[Exit Benedick.]

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

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

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

_____

(*) First folio, speaks.

8 But that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric,—A recheat was a note upon the horn, usually employed to recall the dogs from the wrong scent. Benedick's meaning appears to be, I will neither be a fool, glorying in my shame, nor a poor cuckold who must endure and conceal it.

B The fine.—The conclusion.

8 Hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me.] This was one of the barbarous sports of former times. The practice was to close a cat in a suspended coop of open bars, and shoot at it with arrows till the poor animal was killed:—"—arrows flew faster than they did at a catte in a basket, when Prince Arthur, or the Duke of Shoredith, strucke up drummer in field —Wares; or, The Peace is Broken, a black-letter tract, quoted by Stevens.

1 In time, &c.] A line from the old stage butt, "The Spanish Tragedy," by Thomas Kyd; but which originally occurs in Watson's "Passionate Centuries of Love," printed in 1552.

6 Your loving friend, Benedick.] The "old ends," here ridiculed, were the formal conclusions of letters in the poet's time, which usually ran, "And so, wishing you health, I commend you to the tuition of God," &c. &c.
Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires.
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—

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

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:"b
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,* thou lovest
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break,
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently.

* And with her father,
And thou shalt have her:

These words are omitted in the folio, 1603.
The fairest grant is the necessity:] Mr. Hayley proposed to

read "The fairest grant is to necessity, that is, necessitas quae
cogit defendit," but surely the sense is clear enough—the best
boon is that which answers the necessities of the case: or, as Don
Pedro pithily explains it, "what will serve, is fit:"

* 'Tis once,— See note (*), p. 128.
SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? where is my cousin, or son? hath he provided this music?
Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, can tell you news that you yet dreamed not of.
Leon. Are they good?
Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached eyer in my orchard, were thus much overheard of a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.
Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you is?
Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.
Leon. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several persons cross the stage.]

Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry on mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use our skill.—Good cousins, have a care this busy time.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?
D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without imit.
Con. You should hear reason.
D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?
Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suffering.
D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say’st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man’s jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man’s leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man’s business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.
Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta’en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

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

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?
D. John. It make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

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

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool that brothets himself to unquietness?
Bora. Marry, it is your brother’s right hand.
D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?
Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

(*) Old text, events.  (1) First folio omits, much.
(1) Old copies, cousin.

a Enter Leonato and Antonio.] In the old copies, "Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato."
b Thick-pleached alley.—A thickly intertwined avenue.
c Enter Don John and Conrade.] The original stage-direction is, "Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade, his companion."
d And claw no man,—To claw or scratch, is, metaphorically, to batter.

(*) First folio omits, true.  (1) First folio, will make.
D. John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

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

(*) First folio omits, me.

* Sad conference:* Sad here, and in most other instances where it occurs in these plays, signifies, serious.

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

Con. To the death, my lord.

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

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt.]
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.¹

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?
Ant. I saw him not.
Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.
Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.
Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Bendlé.

¹ Enter Leonato, &c.] The original copies again introduce Leonato's wife here.
ACT I.

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

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

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

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

BEAT. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentle-woman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEON. Well then, go you into hell?

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

ANT. Well, niece, [To Hero.] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

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

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

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

(*) First folio omits, Father.

a For the heavens! This adjuration, which Gifford says is no more than by heaven! has before occurred in "The Merchant of Venice." See note (5), p. 401.

b Too important,— That is, important. See note (4), p. 143.

c There is measure in every thing,— That is, moderation in every thing; but Beatrice plays on the word measure, which, in addition to its ordinary acceptation, once signified, any kind of dance. See (2), p. 103.

d A measure,— A measure here means, a particular dance, glad and dignified, like the minuet. See note (2), p. 103.

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

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

D. PEDRO. With me in your company?

HERO. I may say so, when I please.

D. PEDRO. And when please you to say so?

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

D. PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.*

HERO. Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. PEDRO. Speak low, if you speak love.

*Takes her aside.

BALTH. Well, I would you did like me."

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

BALTH. Which is one?

(*) First folio, sinks.

plainly wrong, as Shakespeare, in this reference to the story of Bacinus and Philemon, obviously intended to form a couplet in the long fourteen-syllable verse of Golding's Ovid:

"D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove."

"HERO. Why then your visor should be thatch'd."

"D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love."

"Well, I would you did like me.] It can hardly be doubted that this and the next two speeches, assigned to Benedick in the old editions, belong rightly to Balthasar. As Mr. Dyce remarks,""Benedick is now engaged with Beatrice, as is evident from what they presently say."" The error probably arose like a similar one in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1. See note (9), p. 62,— from each of the two prefixes beginning with the same letter.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II.

MARG. I say my prayers aloud.

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

MARG. God match me with a good dancer!

BALTH. Amen.

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

BALTH. No more words; the clerk is answered.

URS. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. I know you by the wagging of your head.

ANT. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URS. You could never do him so ill well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; but you are he, you are he.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

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

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

BENE. No, you shall pardon me.

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

BENE. Not now.

BEAT. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the Hundred merry tales;—

Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

BENE. What's he?

BEAT. I am sure you know him well enough.

BENE. Not I, believe me.

BEAT. Did he never make you laugh?

BENE. I pray you, what is he?

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

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

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

(*) First folio, pleaseth.

a You could never do him so ill well, &c.] You could never represent one, who is so ill-qualified, to the life, unless you were the very man.

b Here's his dry hand up and down:] See note (b), p. 13.

c Impossible slanders:] Incredible, inconceivable slanders.

Thus, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III. Sc. 2:—"I will search impossible places." Again, in "Julius Caesar," Act II. Sc. 1:

BENE. In every good thing.

BEAT. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Music. Then exit all but Don John, Balthasar, and Claudio.

D. JOHN. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrew her father, to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

BORA. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. JOHN. Are not you signior Benedick?

CLAUD. You know me well; I am he.

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

CLAUD. How know you he loves her?

D. JOHN. I heard him swear his affection.

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

D. JOHN. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Execut Don John and Balthasar.

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

Re-enter Benedick.

BENE. Count Claudio?

CLAUD. Yea, the same.

BENE. Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD. Whither?

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

CLAUD. I wish him joy of her.

"And I will strive with things impossible, Yes, get the better of them."

And in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 2:—"for there is no Christian can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness."

d You are very near my brother:] You are in close confidence with my brother. This explains a passage in "Henry IV." Part II. Act V. Sc. 2:—"If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would honour him men with the imputation of being near their master."
Bene. Why, that’s spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; *twas the boy that stole your meat, and you’ll beat the post.

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

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

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where’s the count; did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;[2] I told him, and, I think, I* told him true, that your grace had got the good† will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up‡ as a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What’s his fault?

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

D. Pedro. Will thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

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

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

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

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

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: she told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince’s jester; that I was diller than a great thaw: huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible* conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her* terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have left his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary;[2] (and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither;) so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

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

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here’s a dish I love not; I cannot endure my† lady Tongue. [Exit.

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

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use[4] for it, a double heart for his; single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

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

(*) First folio omits, I.  
(†) First folio omits, good.

[1] It is the base, though bitter disposition—So both quarto and folio, but not very intelligibly. Some editors adopt the suggestion of Johnson, and read:—*the base, the bitter,* &c.

[2] Such impossible conveyance—Such incredible dexterity. Conveyance was a professional term for legerdemain in the poet’s time. See also note (c), p. 705.

[3] While she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, &c.] This passage is very ambiguous. The obscurity may have arisen from the author having first written "in hell," and afterwards substituted "in a sanctuary," without cancelling the former, so that, as in many other cases, both got into the text. Or the composer may have inserted the second as, instead of or, in which case we should read,—"While she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, or in a sanctuary, (and people sin, &c.)"  
[4] Use—That is, interest.
Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

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

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil a count; civil as an orange, and something of that\(^\ast\) jealous complexion.

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

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

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

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

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

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

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

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world\(^b\) but I, and I am sunburned;\(^a\) I may sit in a corner, and cry, **heightoh for a husband**!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

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

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another

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\(\ast\) First folio, a.

\(\dagger\) First folio, my.

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* But civil count; civil as an orange.—] That is, we believe, sour, bitter as an orange; and if this colloquial sense of the word civil, originating probably in a conceit upon Seville, really obtained, it is doubtful whether in instances where civil has been treated as a misprint of cruel, it was not the true word. For example, in the first edition of "Gorbovus," 1585; we have the line:—

"Brings them to civil and reproachful death:" which was subsequently altered to,—

"Cruel and reproachful death."

And in "Romeo and Juliet," some of the early editions make Gregory say:—"—when I have fought with the men, I will for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

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

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

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

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[Exit Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

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

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

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

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

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

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

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

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

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

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* First folio omits, my.

be civill with the maids, I will cut off their heads;" while others read, "cruel with the maids."

b Good Lord, for alliance! This was an exclamation equivalent to "I'll even send me a husband!"

a Thus goes every one to the world but I.— To go to the world, was a popular expression for 'going to be married.' Thus in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"If I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may."

And I am sunburned.] That is, homely, ill-favoured: in this sense the word occurs in "Trovius and Cressida," Act I. Sc. 8:—

"The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth The spinner of a lank."
Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights’ watchings.
Claud. And I, my lord.
D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?
Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.
D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy* stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.

* Queasy stomach.—] That is, fastidious, squeamish.

SCENE II.—Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.
Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.
D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?
Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.
D. John. Show me briefly how.
Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.
Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of
the night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber-window.

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

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

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

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

D. John. Only to despire them, I will endeavour anything.

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

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

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

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy following.


Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.
Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice, To slander music any more than once.  
D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection: —  
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.  
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit  
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;  
Yet will he swear, he loves.  
D. Pedro.  
Nay, pray thee, come:  
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.  
Balth. Note this before my notes,  
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.  
D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
[Music.  
Bene. [Aside.] Now, Divine air! now is his soul ravished! — Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies! — Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.  

THE SONG.  

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

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song!  
Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.  
D. Pedro. Ha! no, no, 'faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.  
Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.  
D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [To Claudio.] — Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.  

(*) First folio, error.

a To slander music any more than once.) This and the following line are printed twice in the folio, 1623.
reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

CLAUD. That.

LEON. O I she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

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

LEON. She doth indeed; my daughter says so:

and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

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

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

D. PEDRO. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUD. And she is exceeding wise. [dick.

D. PEDRO. In everything, but in loving Bene-

LEON. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one,

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that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

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

LEON. Were it good, think you?

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

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

CLAUD. He is a very proper man.

D. PEDRO. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

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

D. PEDRO. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit."

LEON. And I take him to be valiant.

D. PEDRO. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say* he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most† Christian-like fear.

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

D. PEDRO. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: shall we go seek* Benedick, and tell him of her love?

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

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

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

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

CLAUD. [Aside.] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

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

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

BEN. [Advancing.] This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. — They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their* full bent. Love me! why, it must be required. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry: — I must not seem proud: — happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous: — 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, — but for loving me.

— By my troth, it is no addition to her wit: — nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. — I may chance have some odd quirks and remnant of wit broken on me, because I have cooled so long against marriage: — but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. — Hero comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

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

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

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

Ben. You take pleasure, then, in the message? Beat. Yea, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. — You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [Exit.

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

[Exit."

(*) First folio, sec.  
(1) First folio omits, most.
(2) First folio inserts, to have.

A contemptible spirit.] A mocking, contemptuous spirit.
* That are like wit.] Wisdom and wit, it must be remembered.
† That of a spirit, it is so good a lady.
‡ That of a spirit, it is unworthy.

(1) First folio, the.

were synonymous.
* Merely a dumb show. Entirely a dumb show.
† Sadly borne.] Seriously carried on.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; there shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice proposing* with the Prince and Claudio; whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse all of her; say, that thou overheard’st us; and bid her steal into the pleached bower, where honeysuckles, ripen’d by the sun, forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites, made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose;* this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.
Marg. I’ll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick

(*) First folio, purpose.

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*Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:] That is, discoursing, from the French propos.
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference. Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture: Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. — No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards\(a\) of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure, That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely? Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam? Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? doth not the gentleman Deserve as full as fortunate a bed;\(b\) As ever Beatrice shall couch upon? Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man: But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so; And therefore, certainly, it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely feature'd But she would spell him backward.\(^{c}\) If fair-faced She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister; If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic, Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed; If low, an agate\(^{d}\) very vilely cut; If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds; If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out, And never gives to truth and virtue that, Which simplicity and merit purchasest.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions, As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable: But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly; It were a better death than \(^{*}\) die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say. Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick, And counsel him to fight against his passion: And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with: one doth not know How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment, (Having so swift\(^{f}\) and excellent a wit, As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it— When are you married, madam? Hero. Why, every day\(^{g}\) to-morrow: come, go in;

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel, Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

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\(a\) As haggards of the rock.] The haggard-hawk was of a nature particularly unsociable, and difficult to tame; Latham, in his Falconry, 1663, says of her.—"Such is the greatness of her spirit, she will not admit of any society, till such time as nature worketh in her an inclination to put that in practice which all hawks are subject unto at the spring time."

\(b\) As full as fortunate a bed.] That is, as full fortunate a bed. In Lyly's "Anatomy of Wit," 1581, p. 44, (b).—"If he be cleanly, they term him proud: if meane [moderate] in apparel, a sloven: if tall, a languid: if short, a dwarf: if bold, blunt: if shamefast, [modest] a coward," &c.


\(d\) An agate—] See note (e), p. 175.

\(e\) Not to be so odd,—] The word not here is redundant, and reverses the sense.

\(f\) So swift and excellent a wit.—] Swift means ready, quick. Thus in "As You Like It," Act V, Sc. 4, the Duke says of Touchstone—"he is very swift and sententious."

\(g\) Why, every day to-morrow:] Hero plays on the form of Ursula's interrogatory, "When are you married?"

"I am a married woman every day, after to-morrow."

(*) First folio, to.
SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

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

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

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* First folio, ta'en.

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* No glory lives behind the back of such.] The proud and contemptuous are never extolled in their absence,—a sense so obvious, and so pertinent, considering the part of listener Beatrice has just been playing, that it is with more than surprise we find Mr. Collier's MS. annotator substituting:—

"No glory lives but in the lack of such."

* Hangman—] That is, rogue, rascal.

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bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

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

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there’s no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

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

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can* master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.† Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

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

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber’s?

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

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

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That’s as much as to say, The sweet youth’s in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

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

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

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

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude, † he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, I despise of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.O—Old Signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato]

D. Pedro. For my life! to break with him about Beatrix.

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

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What’s the matter?

D. John. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

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

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

D. Pedro. Why, what’s the matter?

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

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato’s Hero, your hero, every man’s Hero.

Claud. Disloyal!

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

(*) Old copies, cannot.
(1) First folio inserts, to.
(2) First folio, conclude, once only.

* Or in the shape of two countries at once, &c.] This passage, down to no doublet, inclusively, is omitted in the folio.

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CLAUD. May this be so?
D. PEDRO. I will not think it.
D. JOHN. If you dare not trust that you see, unless not that you know; if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.
CLAUD. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.
D. PEDRO. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.
D. JOHN. I will dispare her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it boldly but till right, and let the issue show itself.
D. PEDRO. O day untowardly turned!
CLAUD. O mischief strangely thwarting!
D. JOHN. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.*

DOGB. Are you good men and true?
VERG. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.
DOGB. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince’s watch.
VERG. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.
DOGB. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?
1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.
DOGB. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.
2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—
DOGB. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince’s name.
2 Watch. How if ’a will not stand?

* Enter Dogberry and Verges.] In the original, “Enter Dogberry and his comparrter.”

DOGB. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.
VERG. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince’s subjects.
DOGB. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince’s subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.
2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.
DOGB. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; (2) for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those* that are drunk get them to bed.
2 Watch. How if they will not?
DOGB. Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.
2 Watch. Well, sir.
DOGB. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.
2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?
DOGB. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.
VERG. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.
DOGB. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.
VERG. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.
2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?
DOGB. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.
VERG. ’Tis very true.
DOGB. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince’s own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.
VERG. Nay, by’r lady, that, I think, ’a cannot.
Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

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

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night:

an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we bear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

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

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!
1 Watch. [Aside.] Peace, stir not.
Bora. Conrade, I say!
Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.
Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought,
there would a scab follow.
Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and
now forward with thy tale.
Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-
house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true
drunkard, utter all to thee.
1 Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet
stand close.
Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don
John a thousand ducats.
Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be
so dear?
Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were
possible any villainy should be so rich; for when
rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may
make what price they will.
Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art uneconfirmed: thou
knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or
a cloak, is nothing to a man.
Con. Yes, it is apparel.
Bora. I mean, the fashion.
Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.
Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the
fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief
this fashion is?
1 Watch. [Aside.] I know that Deformed; 'a
has been a vile thief this seven year: * 'a goes up
and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.
Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?
Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.
Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed
thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all
the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-
thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's
soldiers in the recchy* painting; sometime, like
god Bel's priests in the old church window; some-
time, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched,
worm-caten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems
as massy as his club?
Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion
wears out more apparel than the man: but art
not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that

(*) First folio, years.
(t) First folio omits, I.
[note: * Reechy painting;] Painting discoloured by smoke, Steevens
says.
thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of he fashion?

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

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero? Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

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

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

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, 'a wears a lock.(3)

Con. Masters! masters,—

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

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak,* we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

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

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

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

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

(*) First folio, thy.

a Never speak, &c.] This speech, which clearly belongs to the Watchman, is given to Conrade in the old copies. Theobald transferred it to the proper speaker.

b A goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.] Here is a cluster of conceits. Commodity was formerly, as now, the usual term of an article of merchandise. To take up, besides its common meaning, (to apprehend,) was the phrase for obtaining goods on credit. If a man is thorough with them in honest trade," says Falstaff, 'then they must stand upon security.' Bill was the term both for a single bond and a hathert. We have the same conceit in 'King Henry VI.' Part II: 'My lord, when shall we go to Chapside, and take up commodities

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

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

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

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

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

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, 't faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves,* and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

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

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

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

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

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

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

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

Beat. Yea, Light o' love, with your heels! then if your husband have stables enough, you will see he shall lack no barns.*

(*) Old text, Ye. (1) First folio, look.

upon our bills!"—MALONE.

* Rebato—A kind of ruff.
† By my troth's not so good! In this passage, and in another of the same construction just after, "By my troth's but a night-gown," &c. where modern editors silently insert it, reading, "By my troth if's," &c. we adhere to the idiomatic contraction of the old text.

* Side-sleeves.—Long sleeves.
† Light o' love,—See note (5), p. 42.
* No barns.] A quibble on barns, and barns, both being formerly pronounced, and often spelt alike: so in "The Winter's Tale," Act III. Sc. 3:—"Mercy on's, a barn! a very pretty barn!"
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III.

MARG. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.*

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

MARG. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband? BEAT. For the letter that begins them all, H. b

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

BEAT. What means the fool, trow? a

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

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

BEAT. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell. MARG. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

BEAT. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

MARG. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

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

MARG. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, (4) and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

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

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

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

BEAT. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARG. Not a false gallop.

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SCENE V.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

LEON. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOGB. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

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

DOGB. Marry, this it is, sir.

VERG. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEON. What is it, my good friends?

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

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

DOGB. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

LEON. Neighbours, you are tedious.

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

LEON. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

DOGB. Yea, an't were a thousand pound; more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERG. And so am I.

LEON. I would fain know what you have to say. VERG. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

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(*) Old text, of.

(1) First folio, times.

a [scorn that with my heels.] See note (e), p. 401.
b For the letter that begins them all, H.] The following epigrams supply a solution of this petty riddle, and show the usual pronunciation of askh formerly:—

"H is worst among letters in the cross-row,
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thy arm, or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or neck, or toe, or knee;
Into what placesoever He may pike him,
Wherever thou find askh, thou shalt not like him."—Heywood's Epigrams, 1566.

"Dolor intimus.
Nor hawk, nor bound, nor horse, those h h h.
But askh itself, 'tis Brutus' bones attaches."—Wits' Recreation, 1640.

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c Turned Turk,—Changed your faith, or condition. A proverbial saying.
d Trow? A corruption, Mr. Singer says, of think you? believe you.
e Dogberry and Verges.] Here in the old copy these worthies are styled, "the Constable, and the Headborough."

f Honest as the skin between his brows.] A proverbial expression. See note (a), p. 123.
g Palabras,—Meaning poxes palabras, few words. A scrap of Spanish we have had before from Christopher Sly, in "The Taming of the Shrew."

h The poor duke's officers.] In "Measure for Measure," Act II. Sc. 1, Eibow makes the same ludicrous transposition of the epithet poor:—"I am the poor duke's constable."
ACT III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[scene V.]

DOGB. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, 'tfaith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, 'tfaith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; a'as, good neighbour!

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

DOGB. Gifts, that God gives.

LEON. I must leave you.

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

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

(*) First folio omits, it.

a It is a world to see! It is marvellous to see. A very common apostrophe of old.

DOGB. It shall be suffigance.

LEON. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.

DOGB. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these* men. VERG. And we must do it wisely.

DOGB. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you: here's that [Touching his forehead.] shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.

(*) First folio, examine those.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and Attendants.

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

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

Claud. No.

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

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

Hero. I do.

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

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do! a

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

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave,

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

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

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

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

a Not knowing what they do!] The folio omits these words.
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

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

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

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have
knew her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! seeming! *I will write
against it:
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.

Wide?

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but
dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial;

Hero. True? O God! b

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my
lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your
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
child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

(*) First folio omits, so.

* Out on thee! seeming!] Pope altered the old text to—

"Out on thy seeming!"

and his lection is usually followed. Mr. Collier, however, adheres to
the ancient copies; but, considering that Claudio addresses Hero
as the personification of "seeming," he punctuates the passage thus:—

"Out on thee, seeming!"

Claud. To make you answer truly to your
name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my
lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd 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 e villain,

But mad the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! They are not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be
spoken* of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!

But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!

For thee, I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.a

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for
me?

[Hero swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink
you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come
thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and

Claudio.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—

Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—

Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wish'd for.

(*) First folio, spoken.

b True? O God!] She is thinking of Don John's declaration:

"—— these things are true."

c A liberal villain,— A licentious villain.

d And never shall it more be gracious.] That is, lovable, attrac-
ACT IV. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. [SCENE I.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes; For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward* of reproaches, Strike at thy life. GrieV'd I, I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? 
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
'Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who, smirched† thus, and mired with infamy, I might have said, No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins;
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd, And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—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! b
Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attir'd 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?
[night,
Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last 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.
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness 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 c error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?
[none:
Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
[Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,
[honour,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life rett me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here, the princes† left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument

(*) First folio, reward. (†) First folio, assured.
(2) First folio omits, two.
* At frugal nature's frame!] Frame, in this place, is interpreted order, contours, disposition of things. May it not mean him? restriction? Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—
"——— nature's frown?"

(2) To her foul tainted flesh] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes
"——— soul-tainted flesh!"
(2) Of my book!] That is, my studies.
(2) Some biting error.] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests
"——— blighting error."
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

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

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excuse'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
While it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape,
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 1:
"To die upon the hand I love so well."
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwards
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.
Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.
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
wronged.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.
Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.
Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.
Beat. Why then, God forgive me!
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour; I was about to protest—I loved you.
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.
Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny it: farewell.
Bene. Tarty, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am gone, though I am here,—there is no love in you,—nay, I pray you, let me go.
Bene. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.
Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—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 wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.
Bene. Beat—
Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony! a goodly count! Count Confect; a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into complement, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
Bene. Tarty, good Beatrice: by this hand, I love thee.
Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.
Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.
Bene. Enough!—I am engaged.—I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell.

(*) First folio omits, it.

a Let the friar advise you: Advise here, and in many other instances, implies persuade.
b My inwards:—Confidence, intimacy.
c Bear her in hand:—See note (*), p. 298.
SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton! Sexton. Which be the malefactors? Dogb. Marty, that am I and my partner. Verg. Nay, that’s certain; we have the exhibition to examine. Sexton. But which are the offenders that are

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* Enter Dogberry, &c.] The old stage-direction is, "Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke, in gowns." By the town-clerk is meant the Sexton, and not, as some of the commentators have supposed, another character. — "But this office [the sexton] is now swallowed up in the clerk."—Holme's Academy of Armory, 1668.

b Dogb.] The old text here has Keeper, but in much of this scene the prefixes to the speeches belonging to Dogberry and Verges are Kemp and Cowley, a proof that those actors originally performed the parts.

"Andrew."
to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down—Borachio—Yours, sirrah?

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

Dog. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.*

Dog. Write down—that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bora. Master constable,—

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

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

* Yea, sir, we hope.] This speech, and part of the next, down to "such villains," inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

b Eftest—] Quickest, readiest.

c Coxcomb!] The old copies have evidently jumbled two speeches into one reading.—

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

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

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

Sexton. What else, fellow?

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

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

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

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands of—

Con. Coxcomb!*

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

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.4

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

"Let them be in the hands of coxcomb."

4 You are an ass.] This speech, both in quarto and folio, bears the prefix "Couoly," as if belonging to "Verges."
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

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

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,

Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard, Bid sorrow wag, cry hem when he should groan; Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience.

(*) First folio, comfort.

a Bid sorrow wag.—" In the old copies,— "And sorrow, wagge."

The suggestions to elucidate this hopeless crux are legion. We adopt one by Capell, which deviates little from the original, and affords a plausible meaning, but have not much confidence in its integrity.

b Candle-wasters: Bacchanals, revellers.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ake with air, and agony with words;
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

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

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

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

ANT. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. PEDRO. Good den, good den.

CLAUD. Good day to both of you.

LEON. Hear ye, my lords,—

D. PEDRO. We have some haste, Leonato.

LEON. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you
well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. PEDRO. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
old man.

ANT. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

CLAUD. Who wrongs him?

LEON. Marty, thou dost wrong me; thou dis-
sembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

CLAUD. Marty, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

LEON. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

CLAUD. My villainy!

LEON. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. PEDRO. You say not right, old man.

LEON. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

CLAUD. Away! I will not have to do with you.

LEON. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast
kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

ANT. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow
me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

LEON. Brother,—

ANT. Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd
my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggers, Jacks, milk-sops!—

LEON. Brother Antony,—

ANT. Hold you content; what, man! I know
them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and float, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

LEON. But, brother Antony,—

ANT. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. PEDRO. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience:

And, as quoted by Mr. Dyce:

"Pam. Dear friend—
Fer. Push! Meet me."

The Tryall of Chivalry, 1500, sig. C 4.

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My heart is sorry for your daughter's death; but, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing but what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Execunt Leonato and Antonio.]

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.


D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

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

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: what think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

*This last was broke cross.* A metaphor taken, like Benedick’s, from the Tilt-yard. In tilting, to break the weapon across an opponent’s person, was accounted more disgraceful than even being unhorsed.

He knows how to turn his girdle. The sword was formerly worn much at the back, and, to bring it within reach, the buckle

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

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

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side? Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—art thou sick, or angry?

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

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

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

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle. of the belt or girdles had to be turned behind. Mr. Holt White suggests another explanation:—"Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge."
ACT V.  

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  

BENE. Shall I speak a word in your ear?  
CLAUD. God bless me from a challenge!  
BENE. You are a villain!—I jest not.—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right,  
CLAUD. or I will protest your cowardice: you have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavily on you. Let me hear from you.  
BENE. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.  
D. PEDRO. What, a feast? a feast?  
CLAUD. If faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.  
BENE. Shall not I find a woodcock too?  
CLAUD. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.  
D. PEDRO. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; True, said she, a fine little one: No, said I, a great wit; Right, says she, a great gross one: Nay, said I, a good wit; Just, said she, it hurts nobody: Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise; Certain, said she, a wise gentleman: Nay, said I, he hath the tongues; That I believe, said she, for he spew a thing to me on Monday night, which he foresaw on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.  
CLAUD. For the which she went heartily, and said, she cared not.  
D. PEDRO. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.  
CLAUD. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.  
D. PEDRO. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?  
CLAUD. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Benedick the married man?  
BENE. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lackbearth, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.  
D. PEDRO. He is in earnest.  
CLAUD. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.  
D. PEDRO. And hath challenged thee?  
CLAUD. Most sincerely.  
D. PEDRO. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!  
CLAUD. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.  
D. PEDRO. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?  

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.  

DOGB. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reason* in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.  
D. PEDRO. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!  
CLAUD. Hearken after their offence, my lord!  
D. PEDRO. Officers, what offence have these men done?  
DOGB. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.  
D. PEDRO. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?  
CLAUD. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suitted.  
D. PEDRO. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this

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* First folio, says.  
  a Do me right.—] Accept my challenge.  
  b Shall I not find a woodcock too?] A woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and hence became a synonym for a simpleton.  
  c A wise gentleman: ] Another synonym for a witting.  
  d Let me be; pluck up my heart, and be sad.] So the original copies: but it may be suspected that the poet wrote, "let me pluck up my heart," &c.; the meaning being, rouse my spirits to serious business. It was a phrase in common use. Thus, in Gaseigne's play of "The Supposes," Act V. Sc. 7.—"pluck up your spirits and rejoice." So also, in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," Act III. Sc. 3.—"What devil woman plucks up your heart, and leaves all this gloaming."  
  More reasons—] This ancient quibble between reasons and

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Frusina was a favourite with Shakespeare. It is met with in "Troilus and Cressida," Act III. Sc. 3:—"No marvel though, you bite so sharp at reasons, You are so empty of them."  
And in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 7:—"O. O. He dies that touches any of this fruit."  
"Do you not feel the sword wills with reason, I must die."  
"Hearken after their offence, my lord! Hearken appears to be used here in the peculiar sense which it bears in "Henry IV."  
Part I. Act V. Sc. 4:—"—They did me too much injury, That ever said, I hearken'd for your death."  

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT V.

Record it with your high and worthy deeds; I was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUD. I know not how to pray your patience yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself. Impose me to what penance your invention can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not, but in mistaking.

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 live, that were impossible; but, I pray you both possess the people in Messina here how innocent she died: and, if your love can labour aught in sad invention, hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—

To-morrow morning come to my house; and since you could not be my son-in-law, be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter, almost the copy of my child that's dead, and she alone is heir to both of us; give her the right you should have given her cousin, and so dies my revenge.

CLAUD. 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 coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man shall face to face be brought to Margaret, who, I believe, was pack'd a in all this wrong, hired to it by your brother.

BORA. No, by my soul, she was not; nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me; but always hath been just and virtuous, in anything that I do know by her.

DOGB. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name: the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you examine him upon that point.

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

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

(*) First folio, thou thou.

1 Pack'd in all this wrong.—Confederated, mixed up.
Leon. There's for thy pains.
Dog. God save the foundation!
Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.
Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.
[Exit Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.
Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd* fellow.

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SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. 'Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.
Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?
Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.
Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?
Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.
Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.
Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.(2)
Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.
Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must

---

*a lewd fellow.* Lewd, of old, meant sometimes lustful; but more often ignorant, or wicked. The last is the sense it bears here.
put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dange-
rous weapons for maids.

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

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love. [Singing.
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—
I mean, in singing; but in loving—Leander the
good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pan-
ders, and a whole book-full of these quondam
carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in
the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never
so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in
love. Marry, I cannot show it in * rhyme; I have
tried; I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby,
an innocent rhyme; for scorn, horn, a hard rhyme;
for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very ominous
endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming
planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

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

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

Bene. O, stay but till then!

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

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

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

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

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

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

(1) First folio omits, in.
(1) First folio, for.

*a The god of love.—J This, according to Ritsen, was the be-
ginning of a song by the famous ballad-monger, Elderton; of
which a puritanical parody, by W. Birch, entitled "The Com-
plaint of a Sinner," &c., is still extant, and commences,—

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

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

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

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

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

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

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

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

Enter Ursula.

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

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

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

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants,
with Music and Tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Attent. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads from a Scroll.]

(*) First folio, monuments.

"The God of love, that sits above,
Dost know us, dost know us,
How sinful that we be,"

b Old coil—] See note (b), p. 589.

736
Epitaph.
Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Midnight, assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.a

CLAUD. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite. b

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey’d; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, 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.

Song.
Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves yawn and yield your dead,
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Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

CLAUD. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

a Heavenly, heavenly.] The quarto reads, "Heavily, heavily."
b Yearly will I do this rite.] The old editions give this couplet 737
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds, And then to Leonato's we will go. 
Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent? 
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused 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. [well.
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, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves, And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd: The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour To visit me:—you know your office, brother; You must be father to your brother's daughter, And give her to young Claudio. [Exeunt Ladies.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance. [think.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I Friar. To do what, signior? 
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them. Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, Your niece regards me with an eye of favour. 
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'tis most true. 
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite 
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me. 
[will? 
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical: But, for my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd In the estate* of honourable marriage:— In which, good friar, I shall desire your help. 
Leon. My heart is with your liking. 
Friar. And my help. Here come the prince, and Claudio. 

(*) Old text, state.

Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio, with Attendants.

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

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings. 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.
[hand
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her 
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 certain: One Hero died defil'd; 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,

(*) First folio, A. 
(t) First folio, some.
(1) First folio, omit, defil'd.

out, since it had been agreed in an early part of the scene that Antonio should give the lady away.
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do 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 deceiv'd; 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. 'Tis 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

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.

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

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour.

Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have

(*) First folio omits, that.

(*) First folio omits, what.

a Peace, I will stop your mouth.] The old editions give this speech to Leonato.
said against it; for man is a giddy\(^a\) thing, and
this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I
did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art
like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love
my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have endgelled thee
out of thy single life, to make thee a double
dealer;\(^b\) which, out of question, thou wilt be, if
my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let’s
have a dance ere we are married, that we may
lighten our own hearts, and our wives’ heels.

\(^a\) Giddy—] That is, \textit{inconstant}. So in “Henry V.” Act I.
Sc. 2:—

“— the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us.”

\(^b\) A double dealer;] To appreciate the equivocation, it must be
understood that \textit{double dealer} was a term jocosely applied to any
one notoriously unfaithful in love or wedlock.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) Scene I.—He set up his bills here in Messina.] The only mode of advertising practised in Shakespeare's time appears to have been the very obvious one of attaching notices to posts and walls in places of great public resort: and these <i>a</i>ffiches were, of course, miscellaneous enough. Prominent among them were to be seen the <i>play-bills</i>, a step in advance of the ordinary placards, in being often printed; the "terrible billes" of "<i>quick-selling emperickes;" the notification of servants who wanted employment, and masters who required servants; of landlords wanting to let, and tenants wishing to occupy; of those who had something to teach, and those who had much to learn; of the many who had lost, and the few who had found; and, which has more immediate reference to the passage in the text, the challenges of scholars, fencers, archers, streakers, watermen, &c. &c., with whom it was customary to "set up their bills," defying all comers, or sometimes only a particular rival, to a trial of skill.

(2) Scene I.—And challenged Cupid at the flight: and my ward's foot, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.] The meaning of this, Douce says, is, "Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at roving (a particular kind of archery, in which <i>flight-</i>arrows are used). In other words, he challenged him to shoot at hearts. The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to shoot at crows with the cross-bow and bird-bolt; an inferior kind of archery used by fools, who, for obvious reasons, were not permitted to shoot with pointed arrows; whence the proverb, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'"

(3) Scene I.—Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.] The old tale referred to—which has been preserved by Blackway, a contributor of some intelligent notes to the Variorum edition, who took it down from the recitation of an aged female relative—is as follows:

"'Once upon a time, there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story), who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them, was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither; and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house, and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it, and went in; over the portal of the hall was written, 'Be bold! be bold, but not too bold;' she advanced; over the stairs was the same inscription; she went up; over the entrance to the gallery, the same: she proceeded: over the door of a chamber,—'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold.' She opened it; it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste; coming down stairs, she saw out of a window Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down, and hide herself under the stairs, before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs, she caught hold of one of the banisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brother's house.

"After a few days, Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation, or of his own accord, this deponent saith not). After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said, she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. I dreamt, said she, that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, 'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.' But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and sniling, 'It is not so, nor it was not so;' then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with, 'It is not so, nor it was not so,' till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, 'It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so;' which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when upon his saying as usual, 'It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,' Lady Mary retorts, 'But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to shew,' at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; and the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

(4) Scene I.—And he that kisse me, let him be clopp'd on the shoulder, and called Adam.] Adam Bel, Cym of the Clough, and William of Cloudsley, three famous archers of the "north country" are the heroes of an ancient, curious, and once popular ballad, of near 700 lines, "imprinted at London, in Lothbury, by Wylliam Copland," (b. l. no date) beginning:—

By any riding skill or commune wit.
At last she spyd at that rownes upper end
Another yron dare: on which was writ, 
Be not too bold: where tho' though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend."

The <i>Faerie Queene</i>, 1. iii. c. x. st. 54.

* This circumstance in the story, Mr. Dyce supposes to have been borrowed from Spenser's <i>Faerie Queene</i>:—

"And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and every where. Be bold;
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

"Mery it was in grene forest,
Among the leues grene,
Wher that men walke east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,
To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
Such sithes hath off bene sene,
As by thre yemen of the north country.
By them it is I meant:
The one of them night Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cludelsey,
An archer good enow."

The place of residence of these noted outlaws was the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle; but the period when they flourished is unknown.

(5) SCENE III.—At I was smoking a stusty room. The disregard of ventilation and cleanliness in early times was such as to render this precaution very necessary. Steeven has quoted from the Harleian MSS. No. 6590, a paper of directions drawn up by Sir John Puckering's steward relative to Suffolk Place, before Queen Elizabeth's visit to it, in 1594. The 15th article is—"The sweetynge of the house in all places by any means." And old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," ed. 1652, p. 261, tells us that "the smooke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—The Hundred merry tales.] Of this popular old jest book, printed by John Rastell, 1517—1533, a fragment, containing nearly all the tales, was fortunately discovered by the Rev. J. J. Conybear some years ago, and has been carefully reprinted by Mr. Singer, under the title of "Shakespeare's Jest Book." The stories thus rescued from oblivion are so sadly deficient in point, and sometimes in decency also, that Beatrice might well resent the imputation of having derived her wit from such a source.

(2) SCENE I.—As melancholy as a lodge in a wood.
"They used in the old time in their vineyards and cucumber gardens, to erect and build little cotages and lodges for their watchfolkes and keepers that looked to the same, for fear of fitches and stealers; which lodges and cotages, so soon as the grapes and cucumbers were gathered, were abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented. From this forsaking and leaving of these lodges and cotages, the prophet Isaiah taketh a similitude, and applieth the same against Jerusalem, which hee pronounceth, should be so riuinated and laid waste, that no relick thereof should be left, and that it should become even as an empty and tenantlesse cotage or lodge in a forsaken vineyard and abandoned cucumber garden."—NEWTON'S Herbal for the Bible, 1587.
"By the solitarynesse of the house I judged it a lodge in a forest, but there was no bawling of dogs thereabout."—The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes, 1600. Quoted by Mr. Halliwell.

(3) SCENE III.—Her hair shall be of what colour it please God.] A sarcasm upon the practice so prevalent in Elizabeth's reign of dyeing the hair:
"If any have hair of her own natural growing, which is not faire enough, then will they dye it in divers colours, almost changing the substance into accidents by their devilish and more than thrice cursed devises. So, whereas their hair was given them as a signe of subjection, and therefore they were commanded to cherish the same, now have they made it an ornament of pride and destruction to themselves for ever except they repent."—The Anatomy of Abuses, by Phillip Stubbes, 1584.
Mr. Halliwell has discovered several ancient recipes for dyeing the hair: among them is one in "The Treasure of Eronymous," 1559, which is peculiar:

"Sponda solis beeten, otherwise the siedes of solusoom beeten, put it in milke of a woman that nurseth a boy ten otherwise xi. daies, and then make an oyl: this oyl, sod with leaved gold, seething it gently by the space of one day, is marvelous, for if a man washe his heares therewith they shall become lyke gold: if the face be wet, and rubbed with the same, it shall be plaine and clear, that it shall seeme angelike, continuing for the space of v. dayes."

(4) SCENE III.—Jacke Wilson.] "John Wilson, the composer, was born in 1594. Anthony Wood tells us, that having an early taste for music, he became one of the most eminent masters of that science. In 1625 he was constituted a gentleman of the Royal Chapel, and at the same time, according to Wood, 'musician in ordinary' to Charles I. He was created Doctor of Music in the University of Oxford, in 1644. At the Restoration, he was appointed chamber musician to Charles II.; and on the death of Henry Lawes, in 1662, was again received into the Chapel Royal. He died in 1673, at nearly seventy-nine years of age."—Rimbault.

(5) SCENE III.—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sit. Chaundio alludes to the staking-horse, behind which the fowlers of old were used to screen themselves from the sight of their game.
"But sometime it so happeneth, that the Fowl are so shie, there is no getting a shot at them without a Stalking-horse, which must be some old jade trained up for that purpose, who will gently, and as you will have him, walk up and down in the water which way you please, flodding and eating on the grass that grows therein."
"You must shelter yourself and Gun behind his fore-shoulder, bending your Body down low by his side, and keeping his Body still full between you and the Fowl; Being within shot, take your Level from before the fore-part of the Horse, shooting as it were between the Horse's Neck and the Water. * * * * Now to supply the want of a Stalking-horse, which will take up a great deal of Time to instruct and make fit for this Exercise; you may make any one of any Pieces of old Canvas, which you must shape into the Form of an Horse, with the Head bending downwards as if he grazed. You may stuff it with any light matter; and do not forget to paint it of the Colour of an Horse, of which the Brown is the best. * * * * It must be made so portable, that you may bear it with ease in one Hand, moving it so as it may seeme to Graze as you."
"Sometimes the Stalking-horse was made in shape of an Ox; sometimes in the form of a Stag—and sometimes to represent a tree, shrub, or bush. In every case the Stalking-horse had a spike at the bottom to stick into the ground while the Fowler took his level."—The Gentleman's Recreation.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT III.

(1) Scene II.—Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.] In Aubrey's Miscellanies, p. 141, is one of these charms: 'To ease the tooth-ache. Out of Mr. A's.' They were manuscripts in his own hand:—'Mars, hur, hur, aburra, abouer: Jesus Christ for Mary's sake,--Take away this Tooth-Ach.' Write the words three times; and as you say them, let the party burn one paper, then another, and then the last. He says, he saw it experimented, and the party immediately cured.'

(2) Scene III.—You speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman.] Of the functionary whom Shakespeare had in view, the ancient watchman of London, there are two or three representations preserved. He was clad in a long loose cloak or coat, which reached to his heels, and was belted at the waist, and he usually carried the pike or halberd called 'a bill,' with a lantern and a great bell. The 'charge,' or duties of his office, are clearly laid down in the accompanying extract from Dalton's 'Country Justice':—

'This watch is to be kept yearly from the feast of the Ascension until Michaelmas, in every town, and shall continue all the night, &c. from the sunne setting to the sunne rising. All such strangers, or persons suspected, as shall in the night time passe by the watchmen (appointed thereto by the town constable, or other officer), may be examined by the said watchman, whereas he shall ask what they be, and of their businesse, &c. And if they find cause of suspicion, they shall stay them; and if such persons will not obey the arrest of the watchman, the said watchmen shall lovie hue and crie, that the offenders may be taken: or else they may justifie to beate them (for that they resist the peace and Justice of the Realm), and may also set them in the stockes (for the same) until the morning; and then, if no suspicion be found, the said persons shall be let go and quit. But if they find cause of suspicion, they shall forthwith deliver the said persons to the sheriffs, who shall keep them in prison until they be duly delivered; or else the watchmen may deliver such person to the constable, and so to convey them to the Justice of peace, by him to be examined, and to be bound over, or committed, until the offenders be acquitted in due manner.'

(3) Scene III.—And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, 'a wears a lock.'] The custom, imported from the Continent, of wearing a long lock of hair, sometimes ornamented with gaudy ribbons, came into fashion in the sixteenth century. In Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," 1592, quoted by Mr. Halliwell, a barber asks his customer, "Will you be Frenchified with a love-lock down to your shoulders, wherein you may hang your mistresses' favor?" Against this practice Prynne wrote a treatise, entitled "The Unloveliness of Love-locks, or a Discourse proving the wearing of a Locke to be unseemly," 1628 and from a passage in his Histriomastix, it appears that the fashion had become prevalent in a class not unlikely to be under the surveillance of worthy Dogberry's "compartners," Hugh Oatcake and George Sencole, "—and more especially in long, unshorne, womanish, frizled, love-provoking haire, and love-locks growne now too much in fashion with comly pages, youthes, and lewd, effeminate, ruffianly persons."

Manzoni informs us that in Lombardy during the same period, the custom was affected by a lawless class of the community as a cloak for their iniquity, and numerous edicts were promulgated, forbidding the use of locks either before or behind the ears, under a penalty of three hundred crowns, or three years' imprisonment in the galleys. "Braves by profession and villains of every kind, used to wear a long lock of hair, which they drew over the face like a vizer on meeting any one, so that the lock might almost be considered a part of the armour, and a distinctive mark of bravoes and vagabonds, whence those characters commonly bore the name of Cinfli, i.e. Locks."—I Promessi Sposi, Cap. 8.

(4) Scene IV.—Carduus Benedicticus.] "Blessed Thistle is called in Latino every where Cardus Benedictus, and in shops by a compound word, Cardo-benedictus; it is a kind of wilde bastard Saffron. "Blessed Thistle, taken in meste or drinke, is good for the swimming and giddinesse of the head, it strengtheneth memorie, and is a singular remedie against deafness."—GERARD'S Herbal.

"Carduus Benedicticus, or blessed Thistell, so worthily named for the singular vertues that it hath." * * * Howsoever it be used it strengtheneth all the principal partes of the bodie, it sharpeneth both the wit and memory, quickeneth all the senses, comforteth the stomache, procureth appetite, and hath a special vertue against poison, and preventeth from the pestilence, and is excellent good against any kind of Fever being used in this manner: Take a dramme of the powder, put it into a good draught of ale or wine, warme it and drinke it a quarter of an hour before the fit doth come, then goe to bed, cover you well with clothes, and procure sweate, which by the force of the herbe will easily come fourth, and so continue until the fit be past: or else you may take the distilled water after the same manner. By this means you may recover in a short time, yea if it were a pestilentiall fever. So that this remedie be used before twelve hours be past after the disease felt. For which notable effects this herb may worthily be called Benedicticus or Omnimorbia, that is a salve for everie sore, not known to Physitians of old time, but lately revealed by the speciall providence of Almighty God."—The Haven of Health, by Thomas Gegen, Master of Artes and Bachelor of Physicke. Lond. 4to. b. t. 1596.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT V.

(1) Scene I.—

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb.]

In some curious observations attached to Pietro Aretino's book of "The Three Impostors," M. De la Monnoie refers to the practice of suspending epitaphs on the hearse and monuments of important personages, as being common in the sixteenth century. "It is the custom with Catholics," he remarks, "to attach to some pillar or other place near to the tomb of deceased persons, and especially such as were of reputation, papers of funeral inscriptions. These inscriptions were, in fact, as they always ought to be, to the honour of the departed individual; but as Aretino had been a notorious libertine, it is quite possible that after his interment some satirist hung the condemnatory epitaph preserved by Moreri, on the door of St. Luke's church, where he was buried." The custom was still general in England when Shakespeare lived; many fine and interesting examples of it existing in the old cathedral of St. Paul's, and other churches of London, down to the time of the Great Fire, in the form of pensile-tables of wood and metal, painted or engraved with poetical memorials, suspended against the columns and walls.* Among these may be particularized the well-known verses on Queen Elizabeth, beginning:

"Spaines Rod, Romes Ruine, Netherlands Reliefe;"

which appear to have been very generally displayed in the churches of the realm.

* See Stow, Weever, and Dugdale.

There is another allusion to this graceful custom in the present Comedy, Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And, on your family's old monument,
Hang mournful epitaphs."

And Izaak Walton, in his "Life of Dr. Donne," supplies a curious illustration of it under the date of 1631. "The next day after his burial some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave:—

"Reader! I am to let Thee know
Donne's Body only lies below;
For, could the Earth his Soul comprise,
Earth would be Richer than the Skies!"

(2) Scene II.—I give thee the bucklers.] This is an expression borrowed from Sword and Buckler play, and often adopted by our old writers, meaning, I yield myself vanquished. Thus, in P. Holland's translation of "Pliny's Natural History," B. x. Ch. xxi.:—"It goeth against his stomach, (the cock's) to yield the gantlet and give the bucklers."

Again, in Greene's Second Part of "Coney-Catching," 1592:—"At this his master laught, and was glad for further advantage, to yield the bucklers to his prentice."

And in Chapman's "May-Day," 1611:—

"And now I lay the bucklers at your feet."
ANCIENT BALLAD OF "LIGHT O' LOVE." (see p. 720.)

From the original black-letter copy in the Library of George Daniel, Esq.

A hery proper dittie to the tune of Lightie lobe.

Leave Lightie love Ladies for feare of gilt name:
And True love embrace ye, to purchase your fame.

By force I am stred my fancie to write,
Ingratitude willeth mee not to refraine:
Then blame me not Ladies although I indite
What I have now amongst your faire looke.
Your traces in places, in outward allurements
Doth move my endeavoure to be the more playne;
Your nicings and ticinges with sondrie procurementes
To publish your lightie love doth mee constrayne.

Deceite is not daintie, it coms at echde, 
Fraude goes a fishing with frendly lookes, 
Throughe frendship is apoyed the seily poore fish, 
That bever to shewe your faire lookes.
With brightay, you lay weight, to catch here and there, 
Which causeth poore fishes their freedome to lose:
Then loute ye, and flintie ye, whereby doth appeare, 
Your lightie love Ladies, styll cloaked with close.

With Diaw so chaste, you seeme to compare, 
When Helles you bee, and hang on her trayne: 
Mee thinkes faithfull Thiblides bee now very rare, 
Not one Cleopatra, I doubt doth remayne:
You wincke, and you wincke, tyll Cupid has caught, 
And forceeth through flames your Lovers to sole:
Your lightie love Ladies, too deere they have bought, 
When nothing will move you, their causes to rue.

I speake not for spite, ne do I disayn, 
Your beetie fayre Ladies, in any respect:
But ones ingratitude doth mee constrayne, 
A childie hurt with fire, the same to neglect:
For prooying in joyning, I finde me a foul trial, 
When Beatle had brought mee unto her bcke:
She stayng, not wayng, but made a denail, 
And shewyn her lightie love, gave me the checke.

Thus fraudre for frendship, did lodge in her brest, 
Suche are most women, that when they espie, 
Their lovers inflamed with souroes opprest, 
They stande then with Cupid against their replie: 
They taunte, and they vantie, they smile when they vew, 
How Cupid had caught them under his trayne, 
But warned, discerned, the poore is most true, 
That lightie love Ladies, amongst you doth reigne.

It seems by your doynges, that Cressed doth secole ye, 
Fencelopes vertues are cleane out of thought:
Mee thinkes by your constantnesse, Heleyne doth rule ye, 
Whiche, both Greece and Troy, to ruynie hath brough:
No doubt, to tell out, yous are volde driftes, 
Would shew you as constante, as is the Seas sande: 
To trustre so unjust, that all is but shieftes, 
With lightie love bearyng your lovers in hande.

If Argus were lyving whose eyes were in number, 
The Peacocks plume painted, as Writers replie, 
Yet Women by wiles, full sore would him cumber, 
For all his quicke eyes, their driftes to espie:
Suche feates, with diseases, they dayly frequent, 
To conquere Mennes mindes, their humoures to feede, 
That boldly I may give Arbitriment:
Of this your lightie love, Ladies in deede.

Ye men that are subject to Cupid his stroke, 
And therein seemeth to have your delight:
Thinke when you see bight therer hidden a hooke, 
Whiche sure wyll have you, If that you do bight: 
Suche wiles, and suche guiles, by women are wrought, 
That halfe their mischieves, men cannot prevent, 
When they are most pleasant unto your thought, 
Then nothing but lightie love, is their intent.

Consider that poysen doth lurke often tymes 
In shape of sugre, to put some to payne:
And fayre wordes payned, as Dames can desire, 
The olde Proverbe saith doth make some foolees faine:
Be wise and precise, take warning by mee, 
Trust not the Crocodile, lest you do rue:
To womens faire wordes, do never agree:
For all is but lightie love, this is most true.

A newe so daintie, Example may bee, 
Whose lightie love caused young Iphits his woe, 
His true love was tryed by death, as you see, 
Her lightie love forced the knight therunto:
For shame then refrayne you Ladies therefore, 
The Cloudes they doo vanish, and light doth appeare: 
You can not dissemble, nor hide it no more, 
Your love is but lightie love, this is most clear.

For Troylus tried the same over well, 
In loyning his Ladie, as Faine doth reporte: 
And likewise Menander, as Stories doth tell, 
Who swam the salt Seas, to his love, to resorte: 
So true, that I rue, such lovers should lose 
Their labour in seekyng their Ladies unkinde: 
Whose love, thei did prove, as the Proverbe nowe goes 
Even very lightie love, lodglie in their minde.

I touche no suche Ladies, as true love imbace, 
But suche as to lightie love dayly applye: 
And none wyll be grieved, in this kindes of case, 
Save suche as are minded, true love to denle: 
Yet frendly and kindly, I shew you my minde, 
Fayre Ladies I wish you, to use it no more, 
But say what you list, thus I have define, 
That lightie love Ladies, you ought to abhore.

To trust womens wordes, in any respect, 
The danger by mee right well it is seene: 
And Love and his Lawes, who would not neglect, 
The tryall whereof, moste peryllous beame: 
Pretendyng, the ending, if I have offended, 
I crave of you Ladies an Answer as againe: 
Amende, and whatts said,shall soon be amended, 
If case that your lightie love, no longer do rayne.

Finis. By Leonard Gybson. Imprinted at London, in the upper end of Fleet lane, by Richard Ihones: and are to be solde at his shop joyning to the South-West Dore of Saint Pauls Church.
CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"The main plot in Much Ado about Nothing is the same with the story of Ariodante and Giunerva, in Ariosto; the secondary circumstances and development are no doubt very different. The mode in which the innocent Hero before the altar at the moment of the wedding, and in the presence of her family and many witnesses, is put to shame by a most degrading charge, false indeed, yet clothed with every appearance of truth, is a grand piece of theatrical effect in the true and justifiable sense. The impression would have been too tragical had not Shakspeare carefully softened it, in order to prepare for a fortunate catastrophe. The discovery of the plot against Hero has been already partly made, though not by the persons interested; and the poet has contrived, by means of the blundering simplicity of a couple of constables and watchmen, to convert the arrest and the examination of the guilty individuals into scenes full of the most delightful amusement. There is also a second piece of theatrical effect not inferior to the first, where Claudio, now convinced of his error, and in obedience to the penance laid on his fault, thinking to give his hand to a relation of his injured bride, whom he supposes dead, discovers, on her unmasking, Hero herself. The extraordinary success of this play in Shakspeare's own day, and even since in England, is, however, to be ascribed more particularly to the parts of Benedick and Beatrice, two humorsome beings, who incessantly attack each other with all the resources of raillery. Avowedly rebels to love, they are both entangled in its net by a merry plot of their friends to make them believe that each is the object of the secret passion of the other. Some one or other, not over-stocked with penetration, has objected to the same artifice being twice used in entrapping them; the drollery, however, lies in the very symmetry of the deception. Their friends attribute the whole effect to their own device, but the exclusive direction of their raillery against each other is in itself a proof of a growing inclination. Their witty vivacity does not even abandon them in the avowal of love; and their behaviour only assumes a serious appearance for the purpose of defending the slandered Hero. This is exceedingly well imagined; the lovers of jesting must fix a point beyond which they are not to indulge in their humour, if they would not be mistaken for buffoons by trade."—Schlegel.

END OF VOL. I.