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[Vol. 2 of 9], by William Shakespeare et al.**

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Title: The Works of William Shakespeare [Cambridge Edition] [Vol. 2 of 9]

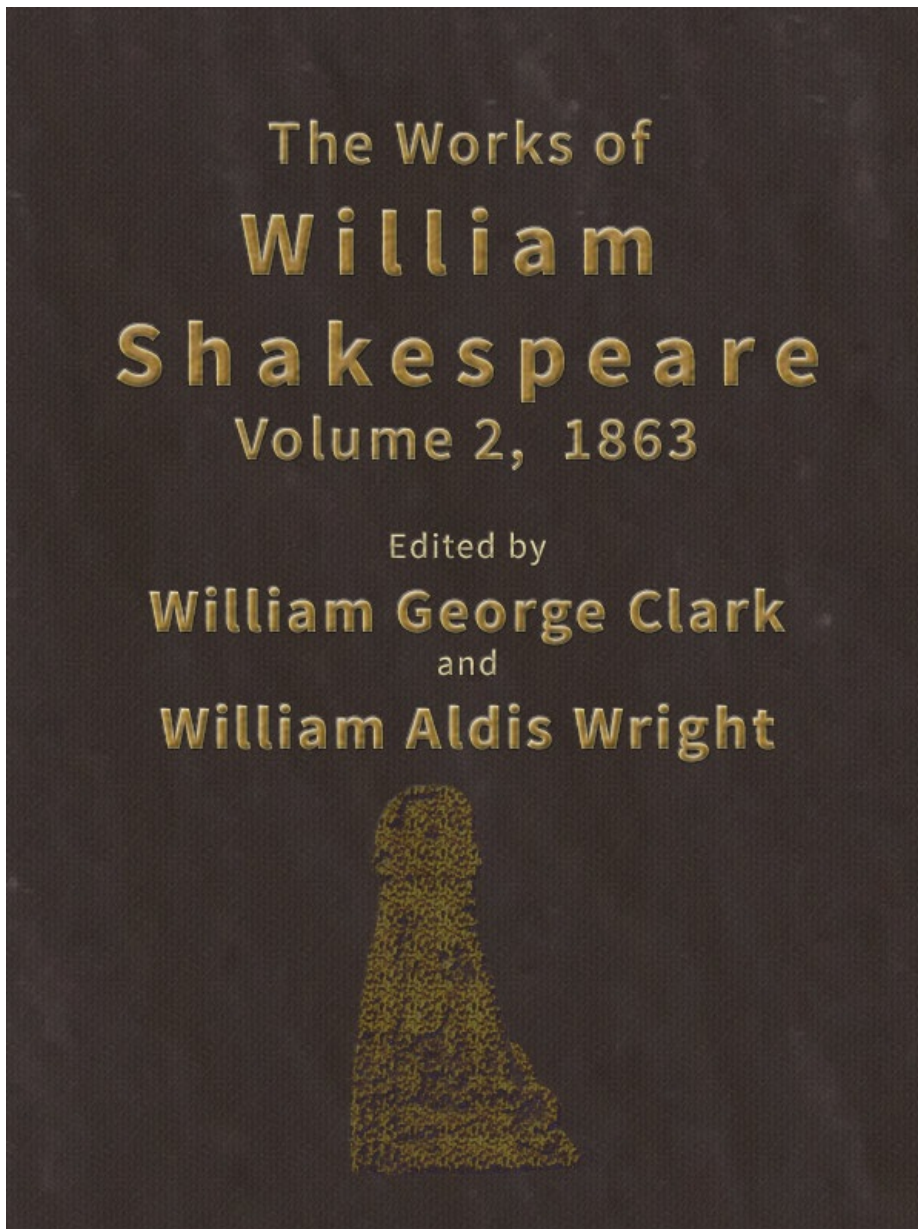
Author: William Shakespeare
Editor: William George Clark
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Release date: March 13, 2014 [EBook #45128]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Jonathan Ingram, RichardW, and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE [CAMBRIDGE
EDITION] [VOL. 2 OF 9] ***



TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

This is Volume 2 (1863) of the nine-volume Cambridge edition of Shakespeare. Volume 1 is available from Project Gutenberg as EBook #23041. [Transcriber's Endnote](#).

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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VOLUME II.

Cambridge and London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1863.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY C. J. CLAY, M.A.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

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PREFACE.

The five plays contained in this volume are here printed in the order in which they occur in the Folios.

1. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. The first edition of this play is a Quarto, of which the title is as follows:

Much adoe about | Nothing. | *As it hath been sundrie times publikey* | acted by the right honourable, the Lord | Chamberlaine his seruants. | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | London | Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and | William Aspley. | 1600.

The First Folio edition of this play was obviously printed from a copy of the Quarto belonging to the library of the theatre, and corrected for the purposes of the stage. Some stage directions of interest occur first in the Folio, but as regards the text, where the Folio differs from the Quarto it differs almost always for the worse. The alterations are due however to accident not design.

'Davenant's version,' to which reference is made in the notes, is his play 'The Law against Lovers.'

2. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was published for the first time in Quarto, with the following title:

A | Pleasant | Conceited Comedie | called, | Loues labors lost. | As it was presented before her Highnes | this last Christmas. | Newly corrected and augmented | *By W. Shakespere.* | Imprinted at London by *W. W.* | for *Cutbert Burby.* | 1598.

The Folio edition is a reprint of this Quarto, differing only in its being divided into Acts, and, as usual, inferior in accuracy. The second Quarto (Q₂) is reprinted from the First Folio.

It bears the following title:

Loues Labours lost. | A wittie and | pleasant | comedie, | As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at | *the Blacke-Friers and the Globe.* | *Written* | By William Shakespeare. | London, | Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke,* and are to be | sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Diall. | 1631.

3. A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. Of this play also the first edition is a Quarto, bearing the following title:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub|*lickcly acted, by the Right honoura|*ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *seruants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher,* and are to | be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, | in *Fleetestreete.* 1600.

The copy of this Quarto in the Capell collection was formerly in the possession of Theobald, and bears this note in his handwriting: "Collated with the other Old Quarto with the same Title, printed by James Roberts in 1600, L. T." The results of the collation are recorded in the margin. We have called this Q₁.

In the same year another edition appeared, also in Quarto, with this title:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub|*likely acted, by the Right Honoura|*ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *seruants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | *Printed by James Roberts,* 1600.

On comparing these two Quartos we find that they correspond page for page, though not line for line, except in the first five pages of sheet G. The printer's errors in Fisher's edition are corrected in that issued by Roberts, and from this circumstance, coupled with the facts that in the Roberts Quarto the 'Exits' are more frequently marked, and that it was not entered at Stationers' Hall, as Fisher's edition was, we infer that the Roberts Quarto was a pirated reprint of Fisher's, probably for the use of the players. This may account for its having been followed by the First Folio. Fisher's edition, though carelessly printed, contains on the whole the best readings, and may have been taken from the author's manuscript.

The First Folio edition was printed from Roberts's Quarto, which we have quoted as Q₂.

4. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Two Quarto editions of this play were published in the same year; (1) that generally known as the 'Roberts Quarto,' our Q₁, bearing the following title-page:

The | excellent [History of the Mer|*chant of Venice.*] With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* | the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cut|*ting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining* | of *Portia,* by the choyse of | *three Caskets.*] *Written by W. Shakespeare.* | Printed by *J. Roberts,* 1600.

and (2) that known as the 'Heyes Quarto,' which we have called Q₂, whose title-page is as follows:

The most excellent | Historie of the *Merchant* | of *Venice.* | With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe | towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound | of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia* | by the choyse of three | chests. | *As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord | Chamberlaine his Seruants.*] *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. |

Different opinions have been entertained as to the respective priority of these two editions. Johnson and Capell both speak of the Heyes Quarto as the first. On the other hand, in the title-page of the Roberts Quarto, now at Devonshire House, J. P. Kemble, to whom the whole collection of Dramas belonged, has written 'First edition.' 'Collated and perfect, J. P. K. 1798.' And on the opposite page he has copied the following 'entry on the Stationers' Registers.' 'July 22, 1598. (James Roberts) A booke of the Merchaunt of Venyse, otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that it be not printed by the said James Roberts or any other whatsoever without leave first had from the ryght honourable, the Lord Chamberlen—39. b.' This shows that he had examined the question. He possessed moreover a copy of the Heyes Quarto, also collated by him and found perfect.

Mr Bolton Corney in *Notes and Queries* (2nd ser. Vol. x. p. 21), has shown that there is at least a strong probability in favour of the precedence of the Roberts Quarto. We have therefore decided to call the Roberts Quarto Q₁, and the Heyes Q₂.

In a critical point of view the question is of little or no consequence. After a minute comparison of the two, we have come to the conclusion that neither was printed from the other. We are indebted sometimes to one and sometimes to the other for the true reading, where it is very improbable that the printer should have hit upon the correction. For example, Act II. Sc. 8, line 39, the Roberts Quarto, sig. E. 1. recto, has 'Slubber not

business...' while the Heyes Quarto, sig. D. 4. recto, has 'Slumber....' On the other hand, Act III. Sc. 1, line 6, the Heyes Quarto, sig. F. 2. recto, has 'gossip report,' the true reading, while the Roberts Quarto, sig. F. 2. verso, has 'gossips report.' Other instances might be brought to prove that neither edition is printed from the other. But there is reason to think that they were printed from the same MS. Their agreement in spelling and punctuation and in manifest errors is too close to admit of any other hypothesis. We incline to believe that this common MS. was a transcript made from the author's. It is certain, for instance, that the MS. had 'veiling an Indian beauty' (Act III. Sc. 2, line 99), and it is equally certain that 'beauty' was not the word Shakespeare meant. Other examples of common errors derived from the MS. will be found in our footnotes, and our readers may investigate the question for themselves.

Q₁ seems to have been printed by a more accurate printer or 'overseen' by a more accurate corrector than Q₂, and therefore *cæteris paribus* we have preferred the authority of Q₁.

The First Folio text is a reprint of the Heyes Quarto, which had doubtless belonged to the theatre library, and, as in other cases, had had some stage directions inserted.

The third Quarto, Q₃, is also reprinted from Q₂. It was published with the following title-page:

The most excellent | Historie of the Merchant | of Venice. | With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* | the Iewe towards the said Merchant, in | cutting a just pound of his flesh; and the obtaining of *PORTIA* by the choice | of three Chests. | As it hath beene divers times acted by the | *Lord Chamberlaine his Servants*. | Written by William Shakespeare. | London: | Printed by *M.P.* for *Laurence Hayes*, and are to be sold | at his Shop on Fleetbridge. 1637.

The so-called Fourth Quarto differs from Q₃ only in having a new title-page. We might have suppressed 'Q₄' altogether, but having made the collation we allow the record to stand. The title-page of Q₄ is as follows:

The most excellent | Historie | of the | Merchant of Venice: | With the extreame cruelty of *Shylocke* | the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a | just pound of his flesh; and the obtaining | of *Portia* by the choyce of three Chests. | As it hath beene diverse times acted by the | *Lord Chamberlaine his Servants*. | Written by William Shakespeare. | London: | Printed for *William Leake*, and are to be solde at his shop at the | signe of the Crown in *Fleetstreet*, between the two | Temple Gates. 1652.

The 'Lansdowne version,' which we have quoted in the notes, is the adaptation of *The Merchant of Venice*, published by Lord Lansdowne in 1701 under the title of *The Jew of Venice*.

5. AS YOU LIKE IT was printed for the first time in the First Folio; at least if any previous edition was ever published, no copy of it is known to be extant. This alone, of all the plays contained in the present volume, is divided into scenes in the Folio. In this play an unusual number of certain and probable emendations are due to the Second Folio.

The 'De Quincey (or 'Quincy') MS.' is an annotated copy of the Fourth Folio, quoted by Mr Grant White and Mr Halliwell.

In addition to those mentioned in the preface to the first volume, to whom we beg here to repeat our acknowledgments, we have to thank the Countess of Ellesmere and the Duke of Devonshire for the liberality with which they have thrown open to us the treasures of their libraries. We have to thank the Duke of Devonshire also for the interest which he has taken in our work and the help he has been kind enough to render in person. And on the same score we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Kingsley, Mr Howard Staunton, Mr H. J. Roby, and Professor Craik, whose excellent volume *The English of Shakespeare* is too well known to need any commendation from us.

One act of kindness deserves an especial record. Dr Leo of Berlin, who had himself prepared an edition of *Coriolanus*, was meditating a complete edition of Shakespeare on the plan we have adopted, but gave up the scheme when he found we had anticipated him. Reading in the preface to our first volume an expression of regret that there was no index to Mr Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare Criticisms*, Dr Leo copied out and sent us an index which he had made for his own use. It has been of the greatest service to us, and we here beg to thank him most cordially for his generous aid.

W. G. C.
W. A. W.

Mr Glover's removal from Cambridge having compelled him to relinquish his part as Editor, Mr Wright, who was already engaged on the Glossary, has taken his place. This arrangement will, it is hoped, continue to the end.

W. G. C.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.

DON JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.

CONRADE, follower of Don John.

BORACHIO, " " "

FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough.

A Sexton.

A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato².

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, gentlewoman attending on Hero.

URSULA, " " "

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Messina*.

FOOTNOTES:

1: DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] First given by Rowe.

2: See [note \(t\)](#).

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before LEONATO's house.*

000

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, *with a Messenger.*

MAAN

I. 1

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina. 001

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? 005

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 Peter hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio. 008

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. 010

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it. 015

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? 020

Mess. In great measure.

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

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no? 025

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

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

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua. 030

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

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing. 035

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not. 039

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars. 040

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach. 041

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady. 042

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord? 045

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

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal. 050

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

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother. 055

Mess. Is't possible? 057

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block. 058

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

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil? 065

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

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured. 070

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady. 073

Beat. Do, good friend. 074

Leon. You will never run mad, niece. 075

Beat. No, not till a hot January. 077

Mess. Don Pedro is approached. 079

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
BALTHASAR.

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. 080
081

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. 085

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter. 087

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her? 090

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. 092
095

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. 100

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 turncoat. 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. 105

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. 110

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. 115
116

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

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

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done. 120

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

D. Pedro. That 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. 124
125
126

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty. 130
131

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

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on? 135

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. 136

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato? 137

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

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady? 140

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 143

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement. 144

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not 145

like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her. 150

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

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song? 154
155

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on. 158

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I 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? 160
162

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife. 165

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you. 167
170
172

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's? 173
174

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell. 175

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter. 177
180
181

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered. 182

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

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise. 185

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. 190

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

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine. 193

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know. 195

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

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty. 200

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

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor. 205

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 210

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. 215

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. 219
220

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

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick
bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: 225
and let me be vilely 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 wouldst be horn-mad. 230

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 235
meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend
me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he
hath made great preparation.

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

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,— 240

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

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is 245
sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly
basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine
your conscience: and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good. 248

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how, 249
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn 250
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?

Claud. O, my lord, 255
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, 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 260
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words. 265
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father, 267
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end 268
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story? 269

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love, 270
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. 275
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; 280
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force 282
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine. 285
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.] 286

SCENE II. *A room in LEONATO'S house.* 000

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting. MAAN
I. 2

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

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you 004
strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good? 005

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; 006
they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in 008

a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

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

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

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

MAAN
I. 3

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 limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

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

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest 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. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, 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 betroths himself to unquietness?

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

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

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

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

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.

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? 060
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. 000

SCENE I. *A hall in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others. MAAN
II. 1

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper? 005

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. 005

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

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's 010
mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's
face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money 015
enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the
world, if a' could get her good-will.

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

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending 020
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 025
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. 026

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard. 027

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and 030
make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more
than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he
that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a
man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in
earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell. 034

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell? 035

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like 037
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. 040

Ant. [To Hero] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your
father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and 044
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.' 045
047

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. 050
Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of
valiant dust? to make an 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. 052
053
054
055

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

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed 059
in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is
measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear
me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a
measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a
Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest,
as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes 060
061
062
065

repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace
faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. [067](#)

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight. [070](#)

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.
[*All put on their masks.*] [072](#)

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN,
BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.* [073](#)

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. [075](#)

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 [080](#)
be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove. [082](#)

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched. [083](#)

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Drawing her aside.*] [084](#)

Balth. Well, I would you did like me. [085](#)

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill [086](#)
qualities. [087](#)

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud. [090](#)

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen. [091](#)

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is [095](#)
done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered. [096](#)

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. [100](#)

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well; unless you were the [101](#)
very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are
he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your [105](#)
excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he:
graces will appear, and there's an end. [106](#)
[107](#)

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? [110](#)

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? [115](#)

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough. [116](#)

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 [120](#)
gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight
in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; [121](#)
for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at [123](#)
him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had
boarded me. [125](#)

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 [130](#)
melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool
will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the [131](#)
leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next [135](#)
turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath [136](#)
withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow
her, and but one visor remains.

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

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick? 140
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 not equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it. 145
Claud. How know you he loves her? 146
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. 150
[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]
Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 152
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love: 155
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself, 156
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch, 158
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof, 160
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero! 161

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Yea, the same.
Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither? 165
Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. 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. 170
Claud. I wish him joy of her.
Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus? 172
Claud. I pray you, leave me. 175
Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post. 176
Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.]
Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may. 179
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Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him? 187
Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think 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 a rod, as being worthy to be whipped. 190
191
192
194
195
D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?
Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it. 198
D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer. 200
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 birds' nest. 205
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 she is much wronged by 210

you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak [214](#)
but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very [215](#)
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 [217](#)
was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such [218](#)
impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a [220](#)
mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards,
and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her [222](#)
terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to [223](#)
the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed
with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would [225](#)
have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club
to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the [228](#)
infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would
conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as [230](#)
quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose,
because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and
perturbation follows her. [233](#)

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's [235](#)
end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that
you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now
from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester [240](#)
John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you
any embassy to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words'
conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? [242](#)

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my [245](#)
Lady Tongue. *[Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior [245](#)
Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use [249](#)
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 [250](#)
lost it.

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

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should [255](#)
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? [260](#)

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; [263](#)
but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous
complexion. [264](#)

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, [265](#)
I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have
wooded in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her [266](#)
father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and [268](#)
God give thee joy! [270](#)

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my [270](#)
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 [275](#)
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 [280](#)
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 [284](#)
side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart. [285](#)

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world [287](#)
but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho [288](#)
for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath [290](#)
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? 295

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

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. 299
300

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! 302

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of? 305

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady. 308

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. 310
311
312

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

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit. 315

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. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 320

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. 325
326

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. 330
331
333

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings. 335

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. 340

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.] 345
350

SCENE II. *The same.* 000

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO. MAAN
II. 2

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 medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage? 005

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

D. John. Show me briefly how. 010

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

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window. 015

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. 020

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? 025
D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.
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 meantime 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. 030
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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. 045
Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. 048
D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. 050
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. LEONATO'S orchard. 000

Enter BENEDICK. MAAN
II. 3

Bene. Boy! 001

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

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

Boy. I am here already, sir. 005

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. 010
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018
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[*Withdraws.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO. 033

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! 035

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth. 038

Enter BALTHASAR *with Music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once. 040
041

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. 045
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. 050
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;
 Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*] 053
Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not 055
 strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?
 Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

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: 060
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

 Sing no more ditties, sing no moe, 065
 Of dumps so dull and heavy; 066
 The fraud of men was ever so, 067
 Since summer first was leavy: 068
 Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song. 070

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift. 072

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they 074
 would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no 075
 mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what 076
 plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, 079
 get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it 080
 at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, 082
 Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece 085
 Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

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

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so 090
 dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward
 behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

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

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but 093
 that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite 094
 of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit. 095

Claud. Faith, like enough.

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

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. 100

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my 102
 daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have 105
 thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of
 affection.

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

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded 110
 fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such

reverence.

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

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick? 115

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

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?' 120

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all. 124

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of. 125
126

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet? 127
128

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.' 130
133

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!' 135
136

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true. 140

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 make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse. 144
145

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. 146

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick. 150

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

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 a' will say. 155
156
158

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. 160

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. 165
166

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and in my mind, very wise. 169

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit. 170

Claud. And I take him to be valiant. 172

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. 174
175

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling. 177

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? 180
183

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel. 184
185

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. 190
191

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

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

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen 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. 195
196
197

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.* 200

Bene. [*Coming forward*] 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 requited. 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 remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his 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. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her. 201
204
205
210
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215
217

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner. 224

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains. 225

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

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message? 230

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.* 232

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.* 235
238
240

ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO'S *garden.* 000

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA. MAAN
III. 1

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where 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. 001
004
005
009
010
012

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.* 014

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. 015
020

Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference. 025

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 029
Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 030
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. [*Approaching the bower.*] 033
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; 034
I know her spirits are as coy and wild 035
As haggerds 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; 040
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection, 042
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed 045
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 framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; 050
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, 051
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, 055
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it. 058

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, 060
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister; 062
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique, 063
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut; 065
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 070

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions, 072
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 075
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, 079
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 080

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 085
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 judgement,—
Having so swift and excellent a wit 089

As she is prized to have,—as to refuse 090
 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick. 091
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, 095
 For shape, for bearing, argument and valour, 096
 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? 100
Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in: 101
 I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
 Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow. 103
Urs. She's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam. 104
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps: 105
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. 106
[Exeunt Hero and Ursula.]
Beat. [Coming forward] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be 107
 true?
 Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
 Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
 No glory lives behind the back of such. 110
 And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band;
 For others say thou dost deserve, and I 115
 Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A room in LEONATO'S house.* 000

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO. MAAN
 III. 2

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and 002
 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 005
 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 bow-string, and the little 010
 hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell,
 and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue
 speaks.
Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.
Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.
Claud. I hope he be in love. 015
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 toothache.
D. Pedro. Draw it. 020
Bene. Hang it! 021
Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.
D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?
Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm. 024
Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it. 025
Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.
D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a 030
 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 033
 to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you
 would have it appear he is. 035
Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no 037
 believing old signs: a' 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 040
 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, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that? 045

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

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy. 048

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. 050

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops. 053

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love. 054
055

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, in despite of all, dies for him. 060

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards. 061

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. 065

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

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

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you! 070

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. 075

D. Pedro. What's the matter? 076

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. 080

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. 085

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal. 090

Claud. Who, Hero?

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

Claud. Disloyal? 095

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. 099
100
101

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly. 105

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her. 110

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

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself. 115

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when 119

SCENE III. *A street.* [000](#)

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch. MAAN
III. 3

Dog. Are you good men and true?

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

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch. 005

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

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? [008](#)

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read. [010](#)

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. 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.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,— 015

Dog. 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. [019](#)
[020](#)
[021](#)

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand? [024](#)

Dog. 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. [025](#)

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

Dog. 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 to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured. [030](#)
[032](#)

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. [034](#)
[035](#)

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. [039](#)
[040](#)

Watch. How if they will not?

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

Watch. Well, sir. 045

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

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him? 050

Dog. 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. [055](#)

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

Dog. 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. 060

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

Dog. 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. [065](#)
[066](#)

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. 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. 070

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot. [071](#)

Dog. 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 [073](#)
075

to stay a man against his will.

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

Dog. Ha, ah, 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. 079
080

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

Dog. 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. 085
087
[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE. 088

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not. 089

Bora. Conrade, I say! 090

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. 095

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

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats. 100

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

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 104
105

Con. I wonder at it.

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

Con. Yes, it is apparel. 110

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

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

Watch. [*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. 115
116

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house. 119

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club? 120
122
123
124
125

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 thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 127
129
130

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 135
137

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero? 139

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband. 145
147

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand! 149
150

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was 153

known in the commonwealth.
First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock. 155
Con. Masters, masters,—
Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.
Con. Masters,—? 159
First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us. 160
Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.
Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. 165
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. HERO'S *apartment.* 000

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA. MAAN III. 4

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.
Urs. I will, lady.
Hero. And bid her come hither.
Urs. Well. *[Exit.]* 005
Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better. 006
Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
Marg. By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so. 008
Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this. 010
Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so. 015
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 bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't. 017
Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy. 018
Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man. 019
Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed? 020
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. 029
030

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz. 034
Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 035
Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?
Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.
Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it. 038
Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns. 040
041
Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.
Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. 045
By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!
Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.
Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star. 050
Beat. What means the fool, trow?
Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!
Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume. 055
Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.
Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold. 057
Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension? 060

Marg. Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely? 065

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, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus. 070

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do. 075
076
079
080

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps? 083

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church. 085

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another room in* LEONATO'S *house.* 000

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES. MAAN
III. 5

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. 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. 004
005

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. 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. 009
010
011

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

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges. 015

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. 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. 020

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 'twere 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 be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 023
025

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, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina. 030

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour! 035

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

Dog. Gifts that God gives. 040

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 042
043

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you. 045
046

Dog. It shall be suffigance. 047

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well. 048

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 050

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready. 051

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men. 054

Verg. And we must do it wisely. 055

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*] 056
057

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A church.* 000

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, MAAN
CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and attendants. IV. 1

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. 004

Claud. No. 005

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her. 006

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count. 009

Hero. I do. 010

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. 015

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! 019

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he! 020

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. 025

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: 030

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!

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal! 035

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. 040

Leon. What do you mean, my lord? 042

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton. 043

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,— 045

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband, 048

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato, 050

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: 055

You seem to me as Dian in her orb, 056
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. 060
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide? 061
Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you? 062
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? 065
D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own? 070
Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child. 075
Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name. 078
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero; 080
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue. 081
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. 085
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato, 086
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; 090
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain, 091
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord, 094
Not to be spoke of; 095
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady, 097
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been, 100
If half thy outward graces had been placed 101
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, 105
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*Hero swoons.*] 108
Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?
D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light, 110
Smother her spirits up. [*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*] 111
Bene. How doth the lady? 112
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 115
That may be wish'd for.
Beat. How now, cousin Hero!
Friar. Have comfort, lady.
Leon. Dost thou look up? 118
Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing 120
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,	125
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,	126
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,	
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?	128
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?	129
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?	130
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?	131
Why had I not with charitable hand	
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,	
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,	133
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;	
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?	135
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,	136
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	140
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,	
And salt too little which may season give	
To her foul-tainted flesh!	143
<i>Bene.</i> Sir, sir, be patient.	
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,	
I know not what to say.	145
<i>Beat.</i> O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!	
<i>Bene.</i> Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?	
<i>Beat.</i> No, truly, not; although, until last night,	
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.	
<i>Leon.</i> Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made	150
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!	
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,	152
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,	
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.	
<i>Friar.</i> Hear me a little;	155
For I have only been silent so long,	156
And given way unto this course of fortune,	157
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd	
A thousand blushing apparitions	159
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames	160
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;	161
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,	165
Which with experimental seal doth warrant	
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,	167
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,	168
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here	
Under some biting error.	
<i>Leon.</i> Friar, it cannot be.	170
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?	175
<i>Friar.</i> Lady, what man is he you are accused of?	
<i>Hero.</i> They know that do accuse me; I know none:	
If I know more of any man alive	
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,	
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,	180
Prove you that any man with me conversed	
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight	
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,	
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!	
<i>Friar.</i> There is some strange misprision in the princes.	185
<i>Bene.</i> Two of them have the very bent of honour;	186
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,	
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,	188
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.	189
<i>Leon.</i> I know not. If they speak but truth of her,	190

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,	192
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,	195
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,	
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,	197
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,	
Ability in means and choice of friends,	
To quit me of them throughly.	
<i>Friar.</i> Pause awhile,	200
And let my counsel sway you in this case.	
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:	202
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,	
And publish it that she is dead indeed;	
Maintain a mourning ostentation,	205
And on your family's old monument	
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites	
That appertain unto a burial.	
<i>Leon.</i> What shall become of this? what will this do?	
<i>Friar.</i> Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf	210
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:	
But not for that dream I on this strange course,	
But on this travail look for greater birth.	
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,	
Upon the instant that she was accused,	215
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused	
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,	217
That what we have we prize not to the worth	
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,	219
Why, then we rack the value, then we find	220
The virtue that possession would not show us	
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:	222
When he shall hear she died upon his words,	
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep	224
Into his study of imagination;	225
And every lovely organ of her life	
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,	
More moving-delicate and full of life,	228
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,	
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,	230
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	235
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,	240
As best befits her wounded reputation,	
In some reclusive and religious life,	
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.	
<i>Bene.</i> Signior Leonato, let the Friar advise you:	
And though you know my inwardness and love	245
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.	
<i>Leon.</i> Being that I flow in grief,	249
The smallest twine may lead me.	250
<i>Friar.</i> '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.	254
[<i>Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.</i>]	
<i>Bene.</i> Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?	255
<i>Beat.</i> Yea, and I will weep a while longer.	
<i>Bene.</i> I will not desire that.	
<i>Beat.</i> 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! 260

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. 265

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. 270

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

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it. 273

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you. 275

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? 280

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. 285

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell. 289

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice. 290

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. 295

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

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy? 299

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. 300

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,— 305

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. 310

Bene. Beat— 311

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; 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 compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving. 312
313
315
316
317

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee. 320

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? 325

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 I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [Exeunt. 328
329
330

SCENE II. *A prison.* 000

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO. MAAN
IV. 2

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared? [001](#)

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton. [002](#)

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner. [004](#)

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine. [005](#)

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

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? [010](#)

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? [015](#)

Con. Yea, sir, we hope. [016](#)

Bora.

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? [020](#)

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. [025](#)

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?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers. [030](#)

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the effest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. [031](#)

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain. [032](#)

Dog. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain. [035](#)

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee. [039](#)

Sex. What heard you him say else? [040](#)

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. [044](#)

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed. [045](#)

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is. [047](#)

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her. [050](#)

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Watch. This is all. [055](#)

Sex. 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's: I will go before and show him their examination. [060](#)

[Exit.

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands— [063](#)

Con. Off, 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! [065](#)

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass. [066](#)

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 is 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 [075](#)

[076](#)

[078](#)

[080](#)

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before LEONATO's house.*

000

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*MAAN
V. 1

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; 005
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear 006
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. 007
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience; 010
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, 015
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan, 016
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me, 018
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men 020
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief 021
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, 025
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure 030
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 035
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance. 038

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too. 040

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. 045

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, 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. 050

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him? 052

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword:
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand, 055
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, 060
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, 063
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days, 065
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child; 067
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 070
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
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, 075
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child: 078
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: 080
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: 083
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 085
Leon. Brother,—
Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved 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: 090
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops! 091
Leon. Brother Antony,—
Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,— 094
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys, 095
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander, 096
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness, 097
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: 100
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience. 102
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof. 105
Leon. My lord, my lord,— 106
D. Pedro. I will not hear you. 107
Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard. 108
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it. 109

[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.]

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek. 110

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?
Bene. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part 114
almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with 115
two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we
fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek 120
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? 125

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it? 125

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? 130

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. 135

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. 140

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 143
145

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

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast? 149

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too? 150
151

Bene. 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 swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore 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. 155
156
157
158
159
160

Claud. For the which she wept 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. 164
165

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? 172

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 Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*] 174
175

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. 180

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. 184
185

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled? 193
195

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to. [197](#)
[198](#)

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one! 200

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. 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. 205

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. 210
[211](#)

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

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence? [215](#)

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments: how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 220
[222](#)
225
230

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it. [232](#)

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it. [234](#)

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery: And fled he is upon this villany. [235](#)

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

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. 240

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes, [245](#)
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

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

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd [249](#)
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone. 250

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds: 255
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention [259](#)
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not 260
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. [264](#)

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live; [265](#)
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died; and if your love
 Can labour ought in sad invention, 270
 Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
 And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
 To-morrow morning come you to my house;
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,
 Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter, 275
 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 280
 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
 To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
 Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
 Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong, 285
 Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
 Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
 But always hath been just and virtuous
 In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, 290
 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 295
 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.
Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend 300
 youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.
Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee. 305

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I 306
 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 310
 merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour. 311

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

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

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

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

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on. 315
 We'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE II. LEONATO'S garden. 000

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.* MAAN
 V. 2

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 005
 come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep 008
 below stairs? 009

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches. 010

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. 015

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

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

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs. 020

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*]

[Sings] The god of love, 029
That sits above, 025
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, 029
Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these 030
quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the 031
even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned 032
over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in 033
rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an 034
innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 035
'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born 036
under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 037

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee? 038

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

Bene. O, stay but till then! 040

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let 042
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 045
breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart
unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so 048
forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes 050
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 054
of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with 055
them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for 057
me?

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

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you 060
spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love
that which my friend hates.

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

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise 064
man among twenty that will praise himself. 065

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of 069
good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb
ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell
rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you? 070

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in 071
rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, 072
his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the 074
trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for 075
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 080
too, for here comes one in haste. 081

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at 085
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 088
eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exeunt. 090

SCENE III. A church. 000

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers.

MAAN
V. 3

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato? 002
A Lord. It is, my lord. 002
Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues 003
 Was the Hero that here lies:
 Death, in guerdon of her wrongs, 005
 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, 009
 Praising her when I am dumb. 010
 Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
 Those that slew thy virgin knight; 013
 For the which, with songs of woe,
 Round about her tomb they go. 015
 Midnight, assist our moan;
 Help us to sigh and groan,
 Heavily, heavily:
 Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
 Till death be uttered, 020
 Heavily, heavily. 021

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night! 022
 Yearly will I do this rite. 023
D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
 The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day, 025
 Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
 Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way. 029
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
 And then to Leonato's we will go. 030
Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's 032
 Than this for whom we render'd up this woe. [*Exeunt.*] 033

SCENE IV. *A room in LEONATO'S house.* 000

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, MAAN
 URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO. V. 4

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 005
 In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well. 007
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
 To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 010
 Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
 And when I send for you, come hither mask'd. [*Exeunt Ladies.*] 012
 The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
 To visit me. You know your office, brother:
 You must be father to your brother's daughter, 015
 And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them. 020
 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. 023
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me, 025
 From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
 May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd 030
 In the state of honourable marriage: 031
 In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
 Here comes the prince and Claudio. 033

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly. 034
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio: 035
 We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.
[Exit Antonio.]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter, 040
 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; 045
 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 050
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings. 052

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

 Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her. 054
Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face. 055
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
 Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar, 058
 I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife: [Unmasking.] 060
 And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer:
 One Hero died defiled; but I do live, 063
 And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead! 065
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
 When after that the holy rites are ended,
 I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death: 069
 Meantime let wonder seem familiar, 070
 And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
Beat. [Unmasking] I answer to that name. What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no; no more than reason. 074
Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio 075
 Have been deceived; they swore you did. 076
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason. 077
Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula 079
 Are much deceived; for they did swear you did. 080
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me. 081
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me. 082
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 her; 085
 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. 090

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. 094
095
096

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*] 097

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers 099
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, a'
shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do 100
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 102
I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my 103
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. 105

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, 110
that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make
thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my
cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee. 112

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. 115

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward. 116

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art
sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more
reverend than one tipped with horn. 117
118

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, 120
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave
punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*] [*Exeunt.*] 122

NOTES.

MAAN [TOC](#)

NOTE I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ](#). Rowe and Pope included in the list of Dramatis Personæ, 'Innogen, wife to Leonato.' At the beginning of the first scene the Quarto and the Folios have, 'Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, &c.' and at the beginning of Act II. Sc. I, 'Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, &c.' But as no reference is made to such a character throughout the play, Theobald was doubtless right in striking the name out. The author probably, as Theobald observed, had designed such a character in his first sketch, and afterwards saw reason to omit it. It is impossible to conceive that Hero's mother should have been present during the scenes in which the happiness and honour of her daughter were at issue, without taking a part, or being once referred to.

NOTE II.

[I. 1. 124](#). The punctuation which we have adopted seems to be the only one which will make sense of this passage without altering the text. We must suppose that, during the 'skirmish of wit' between Benedick and Beatrice, from line 96 to 123, Don Pedro and Leonato have been talking apart and making arrangements for the visit of the Prince and his friends, the one pressing his hospitable offers and the other, according to the manners of the time, making a show of reluctance to accept them.

NOTE III.

[I. 1. 182, 183](#). Johnson was not satisfied with his own conjecture, and supposed something to be omitted relating to Hero's consent or to Claudio's marriage; 'something which Claudio and Pedro concur in wishing.'

NOTE IV.

[I. 2. 1](#). We take this opportunity of reminding the reader that when no authority is given for the place of the scene, we generally follow the words of Capell. He, however, more frequently expands than alters the directions given by Pope. At the beginning of the next scene he puts, unnecessarily, 'Another room in Leonato's house.' The stage was left vacant for an instant, but there is nothing to indicate a change of place.

NOTE V.

[II. 1. 1](#). Mr Spedding, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1850, proposed to rearrange the Acts thus:

Act II.	to begin at what is now Act I. Sc. 2,
Act III. Act II. Sc. 3,
Act IV. Act III. Sc. 4,

Act v. remaining as it is.

We have not felt ourselves at liberty in such cases as this to desert the authority of the Folio.

NOTE VI.

[II. 1](#). Scene, a hall in Leonato's house. It may be doubted whether the author did not intend this scene to take place in the garden rather than within doors. The banquet, of which Don John speaks, line 150, would naturally occupy the hall or great chamber. Don Pedro at the close of the scene says, 'Go *in* with me, &c.' If the dance, at line 135, were intended to be performed before the spectators, the stage might be supposed to represent a smooth lawn as well as the floor of a hall. On the other hand, the word 'entering,' at line 70, rather points to the scene as being within doors.

NOTE VII.

[II. 1. 67.](#) The conjecture of the MS. corrector of Mr Collier's Folio, which seems to have suggested itself independently to Capell (*Notes*, Vol. II. p. 121), is supported by a passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countesse*, Act II. (Vol. III. p. 125, ed. Halliwell):

'Thinke of me as of the man
Whose dancing dayes you see are not yet done.
Len. Yet you sinke a pace, sir.'

NOTE VIII.

[II. 1. 87.](#) Mr Halliwell mentions that *Mar.* is altered to *Mask.* in the third Folio. This is not the case in Capell's copy of it.

NOTE IX.

[II. 1. 218.](#) In the copy before us of Theobald's first edition, which belonged to Warburton, the latter has written 'Mr Warburton' after the note in which the reading 'impassable,' adopted by Theobald, is suggested and recommended, thus claiming it as his own. We have accepted his authority in this and other instances.

NOTE X.

[II. 1. 237.](#) *bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard.* Though 'of' and 'off' are frequently interchanged in the old copies, yet, as in this place both Quarto and Folios are consistent in reading 'of' in the first clause and 'off' in the second, we follow them.

NOTE XI.

[II. 1. 284.](#) The old copies here give us no help in determining whether Beatrice is meant to cry, 'Heigh-ho for a husband,' or merely, 'Heigh-ho,' and wish for a husband. Most editors seem by their punctuation to adopt the latter view. We follow Staunton in taking the former. It probably was the burden of a song. At all events it was so well-known as to be almost proverbial. It is again alluded to III. 4. 48.

NOTE XII.

[II. 2. 39.](#) The substitution of 'Borachio' for 'Claudio' does not relieve the difficulty here. Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of the other. The word 'term,' moreover, is not the one which would be used to signify the calling a person by his own proper name. It is not clearly explained how Margaret could, consistently with the 'just and virtuous' character which Borachio claims for her in the fifth act, lend herself to the villain's plot. Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio.

NOTE XIII.

[II. 3. 27-30.](#) *wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her.* Pope erroneously remarks, 'these words added out of the edition of 1623.' They are found in the Quarto, all the Folios, and Rowe. Warburton enhances the blunder by including the next clause also, 'mild, or come not near me.'

NOTE XIV.

[II. 3. 81.](#) We have adhered to the old stage direction in this place, because it is not certain that any musicians accompanied Balthasar. The direction of the Quarto at line 38, 'Enter Balthasar with musicke,' may only mean that the singer had a lute with him. In the direction of the Folios, at line 33, only 'Jacke Wilson' is mentioned.

NOTE XV.

[II. 3. 225.](#) Mr Halliwell says that we ought to change 'dinner' to 'supper' here and at line 235, in order to make the action consistent, as we find from

line 34 that it is evening: 'How still the evening is, &c.' Such inaccuracies are characteristic of Shakespeare, and this cannot well have been due to the printer or copier.

NOTE XVI.

[III. 3. 10.](#) *George Seacole*. For 'George' Mr Halliwell reads 'Francis.' But 'Francis Seacole,' mentioned [III. 5. 52](#), is the sexton, and, as it would appear, town-clerk also, too high a functionary to be employed as a common watchman. If the same person had been intended, the error would have been analogous to that in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Master Page is christened 'Thomas' in one place and 'George' in another.

NOTE XVII.

[III. 3. 115, 116.](#) Here Rowe, contrary to his custom, does not alter 'a' into 'he.' We do not in all cases notice these perpetually recurring variations.

NOTE XVIII.

[III. 3. 119.](#) Mr Halliwell says that he has found 'raine' for 'vaine' in one copy of the first Folio.

NOTE XIX.

[III. 4. 8, 17.](#) The recurrence of this phrase makes it almost certain that the omission of 'it' is not a printer's error, but an authentic instance of the omission of the third personal pronoun. So the first, or second, is omitted in [III. 4. 51](#); 'What means the fool, trow?' For other instances, see Sidney Walker's *Criticisms*, Vol. I. p. 77 sqq. And compare note XI, *Measure for Measure*.

NOTE XX.

[III. 4. 29.](#) *say, 'saving your reverence, a husband.'* The Quarto and Folios punctuate thus: *say, saving your reverence a husband*. Modern editions have *say, saving your reverence, 'a husband.'* But surely Margaret means that Hero was so prudish as to think that the mere mention of the word 'husband' required an apology.

NOTE XXI.

[IV. 1. 154-157.](#) *Hear me...mark'd.* This commencement of the Friar's speech comes at the bottom of page, sig. G. i. (r) of the Quarto. The type appears to have been accidentally dislocated, and the passage was then set up as prose. The Folio follows the Quarto except that it puts a full stop instead of a comma after 'markt.' Some words were probably lost in the operation, giving the Friar's reason for remaining silent, viz. that he might find out the truth. The whole passage would therefore stand as follows:

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, &c.

The usual punctuation:

And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd, &c.

makes but indifferent sense.

'I have only been silent' may mean 'I alone have been silent.'

NOTE XXII.

[IV. 2. 1.](#) The Quarto and Folios agree, with slight differences of spelling, in the stage direction given in the note. The Town Clerk is clearly the same functionary as the Sexton mentioned in the second line.

The first speech is given in the Quarto and Folios to '*Keeper*'—a misprint for '*Kemp*'—the name of the famous actor who played Dogberry. All the other speeches of Dogberry throughout the scene, except two, are given to '*Kemp*,' those of Verges to '*Cowley*' or '*Couley*.' Both Willam Kempt (i. e. Kempe or Kemp) and Richard Cowley are mentioned in the list of the 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio. The speech of Dogberry, line 4, is assigned to '*Andrew*,' which is supposed to be a nickname of Kemp, who so often played the part of 'Merry Andrew.' That in lines 14, 15, is given in the Quarto to '*Ke*.' and in the Folios to '*Kee*.' or '*Keep*,' a repetition of the error in line 1. The retention of these names in the successive printed copies, as well as that of '*Jack Wilson*' in a former scene, shows the extreme carelessness with which the original MS. had been revised for the press in the first instance, and supplies a measure of the editorial care to which the several Folios were submitted. All that is known about these actors is collected in a volume edited by Mr Collier for the Shakespeare Society.

NOTE XXIII.

IV. 2. 63, 64. Verg. *Let them be in the hands.* Con. *Off coxcomb!* The reading of the Quarto is '*Couley*. Let them be in the hands of coxcombe.' In the Folio, '*Sex*.' is substituted for '*Couley*,' without materially improving the sense. The first words may be a corruption of a stage direction [*Let them bind them*] or [*Let them bind their hands*].

NOTE XXIV.

V. 1. 143. We have introduced the words '*[Aside to Claudio]*', because it appears from what Don Pedro says, line 149, 'What, a feast, a feast?' and, from the tone of his banter through the rest of the dialogue, that he had not overheard more than Claudio's reply about 'good cheer.'

NOTE XXV.

V. 2. 1. Scene, Leonato's garden. It is clear from line 83, where Ursula says, 'Yonder's old coil at home,' that the scene is not supposed to take place in Leonato's house, but out of doors. We have therefore, in this case, deserted our usual authorities, Pope and Capell.

NOTE XXVI.

V. 2. 42. The same construction, i.e. the non-repetition of the preposition, is found in Marston's *Fawne*, Act I. Sc. 2: (Vol. II. p. 24, ed. Halliwell), "With the same stratagem we still are caught."

Linenotes-*Much Ado About Nothing*

Much Ado About Nothing, I, 1.

SCENE I. Before L.'s house] Capell. A court before L.'s house. Pope.

Enter...] See [note \(i\)](#).

1, 8: *Peter*] Q Ff. *Pedro* Rowe.

8: *numbers*] *number* F₄.

35: *bird-bolt*] Theobald. *but-bolt* Id. conj. *burbolt* Q Ff.

37: *promised*] *promise* F₄.

39: *be*] om. F₃ F₄.

meet] *met* Capell.

40: *these*] Q F₁. *those* F₂ F₃ F₄.

41: Beat.] Mes. F₂.

victual] Capell. *vittaille* Q. *victuall* F₁ F₂ F₃. *victuals* F₄.

eat] F₃ F₄. *eate* Q F₂. *ease* F₁.

42: *he is*] Q. *he's* Ff.

50: *stuffing,—well*] Theobald (Davenant's version). *stuffing well*, Q Ff.

57: *warm*] *from harm* Warburton.

58: *wealth*] *wearth* Hanmer.

65, 161, 170 and passim. *an*] Theobald. *and* Q Ff. *if* Pope.

73: *Benedick*] *Benedict* Q F₁.

74: *a*] *a* Q₁. *he* F₁. *it* F₂ F₃ F₄.

77: *never*] Q. *ne're* Ff.

79: Enter ... Don John] Enter ... John the Bastard. Q Ff.

80: SCENE II. Pope.

80, 81: *you are...trouble*:] Ff. *are you...trouble*: Q. *are you...trouble?* Collier.

87: *too*] Q F₁. *more* F₂ F₃ F₄. *most* Rowe.

90: *sir*] Q. om. Ff.

92: *we*] *you* Rowe (ed. 2).

110: *pernicious*] *pertinacious* Grey conj.

116: *were*] om. Collier MS.

120: *i*] Capell. *a* Q Ff. *o'* Warburton.

124: *That...all, Leonato*.] *That...all: Leonato*, Q. *This...all: Leonato*, Ff. *This...all: Don John*, Hanmer. See [note \(ii\)](#).

126: *tell him*] Q F₁ F₂. *tell you* F₃ F₄.

131, 132: Q Ff place a comma after *lord* and a colon or semicolon after *brother*.

136: [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manent ... Q. [Exeunt. Manet... Ff.

137: SCENE III. Pope.

143: *their*] *her* Capell conj.

144: *pray thee*] Q F₁ *prethee* F₂ F₃ F₄.

145: *a high*] *a hie* Q F₁ F₂. *an high* F₃ F₄.

154: *into*] *in too* Hanmer.

158, 159: *ever*] *I ever* Pope.

162: *with a*] *with such a* Rowe (ed. 2).

167: *this? In faith*] Q Ff. *this, in faith?* Pope.

172: Re-enter Don Pedro.] Hanmer. Enter Don Pedro, John the bastard. Q Ff.

173: SCENE IV. Pope.

174: *Leonato's*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Leonatoes* Q F₁ F₂. *Leonato* F₃ F₄. *Leonato's house* Pope.

177: *can*] *cannot* F₄.

180: *With who?*] Q F₁. *With whom?* F₂ F₃ F₄.

181: *his*] *the* Collier MS.

182, 183: Claud. *If... were it*. Bene. *Uttered like the old tale ...* Johnson conj. See [note \(iii\)](#).

193: *spoke*] Q. *speake* F₁ F₂. *speak* F₃ F₄.

205: *recheat*] *rechate* Q Ff.

219: *hits*] *first hits* Collier MS.

248: SCENE V. Pope.

249: *to teach*] *to use* S. Walker conj.

267: *I will*] *I'll* Pope.

267, 268: *and with her father, And thou shalt have her*] Q. Omitted in Ff. restored by Theobald.

269: *story*] *string* Lettsom conj.

270: *you do*] Q. *do you* Ff.

275: *grant*] *plea* Hanmer. *ground* Collier MS.

grant is] *garant's* Anon. conj.

is] Q F₁ F₂. *in* F₃ F₄.

the] *to* Hayley conj.

282: *the*] *a* F₄.

286: *presently*] *instantly* Capell conj. MS.

Much Ado About Nothing, I, 2.

SCENE II.] Capell.

A room in L.'s house] Capell. See [note \(iv\)](#).

Enter...] Enter L. and an old man brother to L. Q Ff. Re-enter A. and L. Pope.

4: *strange*] Q. om. Ff.

6: *event*] F₂ F₃ F₄ *events* Q F₁.

8: *mine orchard*] Q. *my orchard* Ff.

9: *thus much*] Q. *thus* Ff.

12: *he meant*] Q F₁ F₂ F₃. *meant* F₄.

18: *withal*] Theobald. *withall* Q F₁ F₂. *with all* F₃ F₄.

19: *an*] Q F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.

20: Enter attendants] Edd. Several cross the stage here. Theobald. Enter several persons, bearing things for the Banquet. Capell.

23: *cousin*] *cousins* Steevens.

Much Ado About Nothing, I, 3.

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope.

1: *good-year*] *good-yeere* Q. *good yeere* F₁ F₂. *good year* F₃ F₄. *good-jer* Theobald. *goujeres* Hanmer. *goujere* Steevens.

4: *breeds*] *breeds it*. Theobald.

7: *brings*] Q. *bringeth* Ff.

8: *at least*] Q. *yet* Ff.

10: *moral*] *morall* Q F₁. *mortall* F₂ F₃ F₄.

16: *the full*] *full* S. Walker conj. who would print lines 16–21 as verses, ending *this...controlement ... brother...grace...root...yourself...season...harvest*.

17: *of late*] *till of late* Collier MS.

19: *true*] Q. om. Ff.

23: *in his grace*] *by his grace* Johnson conj. *in his garden* Id. conj. (withdrawn).

27: *muzzle*] *mussell* Q F₁ F₂ F₃. *muzzel* F₄.

33: *I make*] Q. *I will make* Ff.

36: *came*] *come* Capell conj.

47: *on*] Ff. *one* Q.

48: *came*] Q F₁. *come* F₂ F₃ F₄.

49: *to this?*] *to know this?* Johnson.

52: *whipt me*] Q. *whipt* Ff.

59: *me?*] Ff. *me*. Q.

Much Ado About Nothing, II, 1.

ACT II. See [note \(v\)](#).

SCENE I. A hall...] Theobald. L.'s House. Pope. See [note \(vi\)](#).

Enter...] Enter L., his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter and Beatrice his niece and a kinsman. Q Ff. (and kinsman F₃ F₄). See [note \(i\)](#).

15: *a*] Collier. *a* Q. *he* Ff.

26: *the woollen*] *woollen* Rowe (ed. 2).

27: *on*] Q. *upon* Ff.

34: *bear-ward*] Collier. *Berrord* Q F₁ F₂. *Bearherd* F₃ F₄.

35: *hell?*] Hanmer. *hell*. Q Ff. *hell*,—Theobald.

35–41: Put in the margin as spurious by Warburton.

37: *horns*] *his horns* F₄.

40: *Peter for the heavens;*] Pope. *Peter: for the heavens*, Q Ff. *Peter. for the heavens!* Staunton.

44, 47: *courtesy*] *cursie* Q. *curtsie* Ff.

- 45: *Father*] Q. om. Ff.
- 47: *please*] Q F₁. *pleases* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 52: *an account*] Q. *account* Ff.
- 53: *wayward*] *cold wayward* F₃ F₄.
- 54: *my*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 59: *important*] *importunate* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 61: *hear*] *here* Q.
- 62: *as*] om. Rowe.
- 65: *ancientry*] *aunchentry* Q F₁ F₂. *anchentry* F₃ F₄.
- 67: *sink*] *sincke* Q. *sinkes* F₁ F₂. *sinks* F₃ F₄. *sink apace* Collier MS. See [note \(v\)](#).
- 72: All...masks] L. and his company mask. Capell.
- 73: SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...masked.] Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or dumb John. Q. Enter...John, Maskers with a drum. Ff.
- 82-85: Printed as two verses by Grant White.
- 83: *Jove*] Q. *Love* F₁. *love* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 84, 85: Hero...*thatch'd*. D. Pedro...*love*] Hero...*thatch'd*. *Speak...speak, Jove*. Anon. conj.
- 85: D. Pedro] Marg. Heath conj. [Drawing her aside] Capell.
- 86, 89, 91: These lines are given to Benedick in Q Ff. Theobald gives them to Balthasar.
- 87: Marg.] Mas. F₄. See [note \(VIII.\)](#)
- 90: Marg.] Mask. F₄.
- 91: [Turning off in quest of another. Capell.
- 96: [Parting different ways. Capell.
- 101: *ill-well*] Theobald. *ill well* Q Ff. *ill Will* Rowe. *ill, well* Pope.
- 106: *mum,*] *mumme*, Q Ff. *mummer*, Anon. conj.
- 107: [Mixing with the company. Capell.
- 110: *not tell*] Q F₁. *tell* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 116: Beat.] om. F₂.
- 121: *impossible*] *impassible* Warburton.
- 123: *pleases*] Q. *pleaseth* Ff.
- 131: [Music] Musick within. Theobald. [Musick begins: Dance forming. Capell.
- 135: [Dance.....Claudio] Dance. Exeunt. Q. [Exeunt. Musicke for the dance. Ff. [Exeunt. Manent Don. J., B. and C. Warburton. [Dance: and exeunt D. Ped. and Leo. conversing...Capell.
- 136: SCENE III. Pope.
- 146: *you*] *ye* Theobald.
- 152: *these*] *this* F₃ F₄.
- 156: *their*] *your* Hanmer.
- 158: *for*] om. Pope.
- 161: *therefore*] *then* Pope.
- 167: *county*] Q. *Count* Ff.
of] Q F₄. *off* F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 168: *an*] a F₄.
- 172: *drovier*] Q Ff. *drover* Rowe (ed. 2)
- 176: *Ho! now*] *Ho now* Q F₁. *Ho no!* F₂ F₃. *No no!* F₄.
- 179: *fow*] *foule* Q. *fowle* F₁. *soule* F₂. *soul* F₃ F₄.
- 181: *Ha?*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *hah*, Q. *Hah?* F₁.
- 182: *Yea*] Q F₁. *you* F₂. *yet* F₃ F₄.
- 182, 3: *so...wrong;*] *so;* (*but...wrong*) Capell.
- 183: *base,*] *bare* Anon. conj.
- 184: *though bitter*] *the bitter* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *tough, bitter* Jackson conj. *through-bitter* Anon. conj.
world] *word* F₃ F₄.
- 187: SCENE IV. Pope.
Re-enter Don Pedro.] Enter the Prince. Ff. Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, John and Borachio, and Conrade. Q.
- 191: *I told*] Q. *told* Ff.
- 192: *good*] Q. om. Ff.
this] *his* S. Walker conj.
- 194: *up*] Q. om. Ff.

- 198: 205: *birds*] *birds* Q Ff. *bird's* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 214: *but with*] *with but* Capell conj.
- 217: *that*] Q. *and that* Ff.
- 218: *impossible*] *impassable* Theobald (Warburton). See [note \(ix\)](#). *impetuous* Hanmer. *importable* Johnson conj. *imposeable* Becket conj. *unportable* Collier MS. *impitiable* Jackson.
- 222: *her terminations*] Q. *terminations* Ff. *her minations* S. Walker conj.
- 223: *to the north*] *the north* Warburton conj.
- 225: *left*] *lent* Collier MS.
- 228: *the infernal*] *in the infernal* F₃ F₄.
- 233: *follows*] *follow* Pope.
- 235: SCENE V. Pope.
- 240: *off*] *of* Collier. See [note \(x\)](#).
- 242: *You have*] *Have you* Collier MS.
- 245: *my Lady Tongue.*] Q. *this Lady Tongue* F₁. *this lady's tongue* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 249: *his*] Q. *a* Ff.
- 263: *civil count*] *civil, count* Theobald.
- 264: *that jealous*] Q. *a jealous* Ff. *as jealous a* Collier MS.
- 266: *I'll*] Q F₁. *I* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 268, 269: *and his...obtained:*] Pope. *and his...obtained,* Q Ff. *and, his...obtained,* Collier.
- 284: *her*] Q. *my* Ff.
- 287: *to*] *through* Jackson conj.
world] *wood* Johnson conj.
- 288: *heigh-ho for a husband!*] See [note \(xi\)](#).
- 299: *of*] Ff. *a* Q. *o'* Edd. conj.
- 302: *was* I] Q F₁ F₂. *I was* F₃ F₄.
- 308: SCENE VI. Pope.
pleasant-spirited] Theobald. *pleasant spirited* Q Ff.
- 311: *ever*] *even* Anon. conj.
- 312: *unhappiness*] *an happiness* Theobald.
- 320: *County*] *Countie* Q. *Counte* F₁. *Count* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 326: *my*] Q. om. Ff. *our* Collier MS.
- 331: *mountain*] *mooting* Johnson conj.
mountain of affection] *mounting affection of* Becket conj.
- 331, 332: *the...the*] *th'...th'* Q Ff.
- 333: *but*] om. Pope.
- 350: *in*] om. F₃ F₄.

Much Ado About Nothing, II. 2.

[SCENE II.\]](#) SCENE VII. Pope.

The same] Edd. Scene changes. Pope. Scene changes to another apartment in L.'s house. Theobald.

- 30: *Don*] Q. *on* Ff.
- 33: *in love*] Q. *in a love* Ff.
- 33-35: *as,—in...maid,—that*] Capell, (*as in...match*)...*maid, that* Q Ff.
- 36: *scarcely*] *hardly* Rowe.
- 39: *Claudio*] *Borachio* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). See [note \(xii\)](#).
- 41: *so*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 43: *truth*] Q. *truths* Ff. *proofs* Collier MS.
Hero's] *her* Capell.
- 48: *you*] Q, Capell. *thou* Ff.

Much Ado About Nothing, II. 3.

[SCENE III.\]](#) SCENE VIII. Pope.

Enter Benedick.] Collier. Enter Benedick alone. Q Ff. Enter B. and a Boy. Rowe. Enter B. and a Boy following. Staunton.

- 1: Enter Boy.] Collier, om. Q Ff.
- 7: [Exit Boy.] Exit. Q. Ff (after line 5).
- 18: *orthography*] Ff. *ortography* Q. *orthographer* Rowe (ed. 2). *orthographist* Capell conj.
- 22: *an*] *and* Q.
- 27-30: See [note \(xiii\)](#).
- 29: I] Q. om. Ff.

- 33: SCENE IX. Pope.
 Enter.....Leonato] Capell. Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musicke. Q. Enter Prince, L., C. and Jacke Wilson. Ff.
- 38: *kid-fox*] *cade fox* Hanmer. *hid fox* Warburton.
 Enter...Music] Q. om. Ff.
- 40: *tax*] *task* Capell conj.
- 41, 42: F₁ repeats these lines in the turn of the page.
- 45-56: Put into the margin as spurious by Pope.
- 53: *nothing*] Q Ff. *noting* Theobald.
- 65: *moel*] Q F₁. *more* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 66: *Of*] *Or* Collier MS.
- 67: *fraud...was*] Q. *fraud...were* Ff. *frauds...were* Pope.
- 68: *leavy*] *leafy* Pope.
- 72: *no, no*] *ne no* F₄.
no, faith;] *no; faith*, Collier.
- 74: *An*] Capell. *And* Q Ff. *If* Pope.
- 76: *lief*] *live* Q.
- 79: *us*] om. Rowe.
night] om. Pope.
- 82: [Exit B.] Exeunt Bal. and Musick. Capell. See [note \(xiv\)](#).
- 93, 94: *it,...affection;*] *it,...affection*, Q Ff. *it;...affection*, Pope. *it;...affection*, — Capell.
- 94: *infinite*] *definite* Warburton.
- 100: *this*] Q F₁. *the* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 102: *tell you*] *tell* Capell.
- 124: *paper*] *paper full* Collier MS.
- 126: *us of*] *of us* Q.
- 127: *was*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 128: *over*] *ever* F₂.
sheet?] Capell. *sheet*. Q Ff. *sheets*. Collier MS.
- 133: *for*] om. Rowe.
- 136: *prays, curses*] *prays, cries* Collier MS. *curses, prays* Halliwell.
- 140: *afeard*] Q Ff. *afraid* Rowe.
- 144: *make but*] Q. *but make* Ff.
- 146: *alms*] *alms-deed* Collier MS.
- 156: *daffed*] Johnson. *daft* Q Ff. *dofft* Pope. *dafft* Theobald.
- 158: *a*] *a* Q. *he* Ff.
- 166: *contemptible*] *contemptuous* Hanmer.
- 169: *Before*] Q. *'Fore* Ff.
- 172: Claud.] Q. Leon. Ff.
- 174: *say*] Q. *see* Ff.
- 175: *most*] Q. om. Ff.
- 177-182: Leon. *If he...make.*] Put into the margin as spurious by Pope.
 177: *a' must*] *a must* Q Ff. *he must* Rowe.
- 183: *seek*] Q. *see* Ff.
- 184: *wear*] *wait* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 190: *see*] *shew* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 191: *unworthy*] Q. *unworthy to have* Ff.
- 196: *gentlewomen*] Q. *gentlewoman* Ff.
- 197: *one an opinion of another's*] *an opinion of one another's* Pope.
- 200: *in to*] Q F₄. *into* F₁ F₂ F₃. *to* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 201: SCENE X. Pope.
- 204: *their*] Q. *the* Ff.
- 214: *have*] *to have* Rowe.
- 215: *remnants*] Q F₁. *remains* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 217: *youth...age*] *age...youth* Collier MS.
- 224: *in to*] *into* F₃.
- 225: *dinner*] See [note \(xv\)](#).
- 232: *knife's*] Pope. *knives* Q Ff.
choke] *not choke* Collier MS.
- 235: *in to*] *into* F₁.
- 238: *is*] *are* Hanmer.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. 1.

SCENE I. Enter... Ursula.] Enter H. and two Gentlewomen, M. and Ursley. Q.

1: *to] into* Pope.

4: *Ursula] Ursley* Q.

9: *like] like to* Pope.

12: *listen our propose]* Q. *listen our purpose* F₁. *listen to our purpose* F₂ F₃ F₄.

14: *warrant you]* Q F₁. *warrant* F₂ F₃ F₄.

23: Enter B. behind.] Steevens (after line 23). Enter B. Q (after line 25) Ff.
Enter B. running towards the arbour. Theobald. Enter B. stealing in
behind. Collier MS.

29: *even]* *e'en* Pope.

33: *false sweet]* *false-sweet* S. Walker conj.

34: *she is]* *she's* Pope.

42: *wrestle]* *wrastle* Q Ff.

45: *as full as]* Q F₁ F₂. *as full, as* F₃ F₄.

51: *eyes]* Q F₁. *eye* F₂ F₃ F₄.

58: *she]* *sheele* Q.

62: *She would]* *She'd* Pope.

63: *antique]* Q. *anticke* F₁.

65: *agate]* *agot* Q Ff. *aglet* Theobald (Warburton).

72: *not]* *for* Rowe. *nor* Capell.

75: *She would]* *she'd* Pope.

air] *an air* Rowe (ed. 1).

79: *better death than]* *better death, then* Q. *better death, to* F₁. *better death,*
to F₂ F₃ F₄.

80: *as die]* *as 'tis to die* Pope.

89: *swift]* *sweet* Rowe.

91: *Signior]* om. Pope.

96: *bearing, argument]* F₄. *bearing argument* Q F₁ F₂ F₃.

for bearing, argument] *forbearing argument* Jackson conj.

101: *every day]* *in a day* Collier MS.

103: *me to-morrow]* *me,—to-morrow!* Anon. conj.

104: *limed]* Q. *tane* Ff. *ta'en* Rowe.

106: *Cupid kills]* Q F₁ F₂. *Cupids kills* F₃. *Cupid kill* F₄.

107: *mine]* *my* F₄.

110: *behind the back]* *but in the lack* Collier MS.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. 2.

SCENE II. A room...] Capell.

2: *go] I go* F₃ F₄.

10: *hangman]* *henchman* Upton conj. *twangman* Becket conj.

15: *be]* *is* Pope.

21, 22: Omitted by Tieck.

21: Bene.] Leon. Anon. conj.

24: *Where]* *Which* Rowe.

25: *can]* Pope. *cannot* Q Ff.

30-33: *or in the...doublet]* Q. omitted in Ff, restored by Pope (ed. 2).

33: *no doublet]* *all doublet* Mason conj.

35: *appear]* Q. *to appear* Ff.

37: *a] a* Q Ff. *he* Rowe.

o' mornings] Pope (ed. 1). *a mornings* Q Ff. *a-mornings* Pope (ed. 2).

45: *a] a* Q Ff. *he* Rowe.

48: D. Pedro.] Prin. Ff. Bene. Q.

53: *now governed]* *governed* Anon. conj. *new-governed* S. Walker conj.

54: *conclude, conclude]* Q. *conclude* Ff.

61: *face]* *heels* Theobald. *feet* Mason conj.

upwards] *downwards* Grey conj.

70: SCENE III. Pope.

76: D. Pedro.] Claudio. Capell conj.

85, 86: *brother,...heart hath]* Rowe. *brother (I think...heart) hath* Q Ff.

90: *has]* Q. *hath* Ff.

- 99: *to-night*] Q omits the comma.
 101: *her then*] Hanmer. *her, then* Q Ff.
 110: *her to-morrow*] Rowe. Q Ff. omit the comma. *her; to-morrow*, Capell.
 115: *midnight*] Q. *night* Ff.
 119, 120: *so...sequel*] Printed as a verse by Rowe.
 120: *when you have*] *when have* F₂.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. 3.

- SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. om. Q Ff.
 Enter D. and Verges...] Enter D. and his compartner... Q Ff.
 8: *desartless*] *disartless* F₄.
 10: *George*] Francis Halliwell. See [note \(xvi\)](#).
 19: *no*] *more* Warburton.
 21: *lantern*] *lantherne* Q F₁ F₂. *lanthorn* F₃ F₄.
 24: *a*] *he* Rowe.
 32: *to talk*] Q. *talk* Ff.
 34, 41, 50, 62, 81: Watch.] Watch 2. Rowe.
 39: *those*] Q. *them* Ff.
 55: *your*] Q F₁ F₂. *his* F₃ F₄.
 66: *he bleats*] Q F₁ F₂. *it bleats* F₃ F₄.
 71: *a*] *a* Q F₁ F₂ F₃. *I* F₄. *he* Pope.
 73: *statues*] F₁. *statutes* Q F₂ F₃ F₄.
 79: *fellows*] Hanmer. *fellows* Q F₁ F₂. *fellows* F₃ F₄. *fellow's* Rowe.
 counsels] *counsel* F₄.
 87: *vigitant*] Q F₁. *vigilant* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 88: SCENE V. Pope.
 89: [Aside.] Rowe.
 95: *with*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).
 100: *Don*] *Dun* Q.
 104: *villany*] *villain* Warburton.
 rich] *cheap* Theobald conj.
 115, 116: *a'...a*] *a...a* Q Ff. *he...he* Pope. See [note \(xvii\)](#).
 116: *this seven year*] Q. *this seven years* Ff. *these seven years* Warburton.
 these seven year Steevens.
 119: *vane*] Q F₂ F₃ F₄. *vaine* F₁. *rain* S. Walker conj. See [note \(xviii\)](#).
 122: *sometimes*] Q Ff. *sometime* Steevens.
 123: *reeky*] *rechie* Q Ff.
 123, 124: *sometime*] Q F₁ F₂. *sometimes* F₃ F₄.
 124: *god*] *the god* Pope.
 124, 125: *sometime*] Q F₁ F₃ F₄. *somtime* F₂. *sometimes* Rowe.
 127: *and I see*] Q. *and see* Ff.
 129: *too*] om. Rowe.
 137: *afar*] *far* Pope.
 139: *they*] Q. *thy* Ff.
 147: *saw*] *had seen* Capell.
 149: [Starting out upon them. Capell.
 153: *the*] Q F₁ F₂. *a* F₃ F₄.
 159-161: Con. *Masters*,—First Watch. *Never...us*] Theobald. Con. *Masters*,
 never...us. Q Ff.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. 4.

- SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope.
 Hero's apartment.] Theobald.
 6: *rabato*] Hanmer. *rebato* Q Ff.
 8: *troth's*] *troth it's* Rowe (ed. 2).
 17: *troth's*] *troth it's* Pope. See [note \(xix\)](#).
 18: *o' gold*] Capell. *a gold* Q Ff. *of gold* Pope.
 19: *pearls, down sleeves*] *pearls down the sleeves* Steevens conj.
 skirts, round] Q F₁ F₂. *skirts, round*, F₃ F₄. *skirts round*, Hanmer. *skirts*
 round Dyce.
 29: *say, 'saving...husband:*] See [note \(xx\)](#).
 an] *and* Ff. & Q. *if* Pope.

34: SCENE VII. Pope.

38: *Clap's*] Q. *Claps* Ff. *Clap us* Rowe (ed. 2).

38, 40: *o' love*] Rowe (ed. 2). *a love* Q Ff.

40: *Ye*] Q Ff. *Yes*, Rowe. *Yea*, Steevens (Capell conj.).

41: *see*] Q. *look* Ff.

57: *goodly*] Q F₁ F₂. *a goodly* F₃ F₄.

65: *this*] *the* Capell conj.

76: *of thinking*] *with thinking* Pope. *o' thinking* Capell.

79: *eats*] *eats not* Johnson conj.

83: *that*] om. F₄.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. 5.

SCENE V.] SCENE VIII. Pope.

Enter...] Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough. Q Ff.

4: *it is*] *'tis* F₄.

9: *off*] Steevens (Capell conj.). *of* Q Ff.

11: *honest*] *as honest* Rowe (ed. 2).

23: *an 'twere a thousand pound*] Capell. *and 't twere a thousand pound* Q. *and 'twere a thousand times* Ff. *and twice a thousand times* Pope.

30: *ha*] *ha* Q. *have* Ff. *hath* Pope.

35: *God's*] *he's* Pope.

an] Pope. *and* Q Ff.

ride of a horse] Q F₁. *ride of horse* F₂. *rides an horse* F₃ F₄. *ride an horse* Rowe (ed 2).

42: *our watch, sir,*] om. *sir* F₄.

43: *aspicious*] *auspicious* Rowe (ed. 2).

46: *it*] Q. om. Ff.

47: [Exit Q Ff.

48: Enter...] Rowe.

51: [Exeunt L. and M.] Capell. [Ex. Leon. Pope.

54: *examination*] Q. *examine* Ff.

these] Q. *those* Ff.

56: *you*] om. Pope.

57: *that*] *that* [touching his forehead. Johnson.

to a noncome] Q Ff. *to non-come* Pope. *to a non-com* Capell.

Much Ado About Nothing, IV. 1.

SCENE I. and attendants.] om. Q Ff. Guests and attendants. Grant White.

4: *lady.*] *lady?* Rowe (ed. 2).

6: *her: friar,*] Q F₁. *her, friar,* F₂ F₃ F₄. *her, friar;* Rowe (ed. 2).

9: *count.*] *count?* Rowe (ed. 2).

19: *not knowing what they do!*] Q. omitted in Ff.

42-44: S. Walker proposes to make four lines ending *lord?...soul...lord,...proof*.

43: *Not to knit*] Q F₁. *Not knit* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Nor knit* Steevens conj. *Not to be...soul* as one line, Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.).

44: *Dear*] *Dear, dear* Capell.

proof] *approve* Theobald.

48: *You will*] *You'll* Pope.

55: *thee! Seeming*] Grant White. *thee seeming* Q Ff. *thy seeming* Pope. *the seeming* Knight.

write] *rate* Warburton conj.

56: *You...orb*] Becket would put in inverted commas.

seem] *seem'd* Hanmer.

Dian] *Diane* Q F₁ F₂. *Diana* F₃ F₄.

60: *rage*] *range* Collier MS.

61: *wide*] *wild* Collier MS.

62: Leon.] Claud. Tieck.

75: *do so*] Q F₂. *doe* F₁. *to do* F₃ F₄.

78: F₂ F₃ F₄ give this line to *Leonato*; Theobald restored it to *Claudio*.

81: *itself*] *herself* Rowe.

86: *are you*] Q. *you are* Ff.

91: *most like a liberal*] *like an illiberal* Hanmer. *like a most liberal* Anon. conj.

94: *Fie, fie*] *Fie* Hanmer, dividing the lines, *A thousand...are Not...spoke of*.

- 95: *spoke*] Q. *spoken* Ff.
- 97: *Thus*] *Thou* Collier MS.
- 101: *thy thoughts*] Q Ff. *the thoughts* Rowe.
- 108: [*Hero swoons*] Hanmer.
- 111: [*Exeunt...*] Rowe. om. Q Ff.
- 112: SCENE II. Pope.
- 118: *look up*] *still look up* Steevens conj.
- 120: *Why, doth not*] Theobald. *Why doth not* Q Ff.
- 125: *shames*] *shame's* F₃ F₄.
- 126: *rearward*] F₃ F₄. *rereward* Q. *reward* F₁. *reareward* F₂. *hazard* Collier MS. *re-word* Brae conj.
- 128: *frame*] *'fraine* Warburton. *hand* Hanmer. *frown* Collier MS.
- 129: *O,*] Q F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄. *I've* Rowe.
- 131: *I not*] *not I* Rowe.
- 133: *smirched*] Q. *smeered* F₁ F₂ F₃. *smeer'd* F₄.
- 136, 137: *and...and...And*] *as...as...As* Warburton.
- 140: *ink,*] *ink!* Capell.
- 143: *foul-tainted*] *foule tainted* Q Ff. *soul-tainted* Collier MS.
- 143-145: *Sir, sir...to say*] Printed as prose in Q Ff, as verse by Pope.
- 152: *Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie*] Q. *Would the princes lie and Claudio lie* F₁. *Would the prince lie and Claudio would he lie* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 155-158: *Hear me.....mark'd*] See [note \(xxi\)](#).
- 156: *been silent*] *silent been* Grant White.
- 157: *course*] *cross* Collier MS.
- 159, 160: *apparitions To start into*] Q F₁ F₂ F₃. *apparitions To start in* F₄. *apparitions start Into* Reed.
- 161: *beat*] *beate* Q. *beare* F₁ F₂. *bear* F₃ F₄.
- 165: *observations*] *observation* Hanmer.
- 167: *tenour*] Theobald. *tenure* Q Ff.
book] *books* Heath conj.
- 168: *reverence, calling*] *reverend calling* Collier MS.
- 170: *biting*] *blighting* Collier MS.
Friar] om. Hanmer.
- 185: *princes*] Q F₁. *prince* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 186: *bent*] *bend* Becket conj.
- 188: *lives*] *lies* S. Walker conj.
- 189: *frame of*] *fraud and* Collier MS.
- 192: *of it*] *it* F₃ F₄.
- 197: *kind*] *cause* Capell conj. MS.
- 200: *throughly*] *thoroughly* F₄.
- 202: *princes left for dead*] Theobald. *princesse (left for dead)* Q Ff.
- 217: *it so*] *so it* F₄.
- 219: *Whiles*] *Whilst* Pope.
lack'd and lost] *lost and lack'd* Collier MS.
- 220: *rack*] *reck* Johnson (ed. 1).
- 222: *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe. *Whist* Warburton.
- 224: *life*] *love* Pope.
- 228: *moving-delicate*] Capell. *moving delicate*, Q F₁. *moving, delicate*, F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 249: *I flow in grief*] *I flow In grief, alas*, Hanmer. *alas, I flow in grief* Capell.
- 254: [*Exeunt...*] Exit. Q Ff.
- 255: SCENE III. Pope.
- 273: *swear*] Q. *swear by* it Ff.
- 289: *it*] Q. om. Ff.
- 290: [*He seizes her.*] Halliwell.
- 299: *he*] Rowe. *a* Q Ff.
- 311: *Beat*—] Theobald *Beat?* Q F₁. *Bett?* F₂ F₃. *But?* F₄. *But*— Rowe. *But, Beatrice*— Steevens conj.
- 312: *counties*] *counts* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 313: *count, Count Comfect*] *counte, counte comfect* Q. *count, comfect* F₁. *count-comfect* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Count—confect* Grant White.
- 316: *courtesies*] *curxies* Q F₁. *curtsies* F₂. *curtesies* F₃ F₄. *courtesy* Collier MS. *curses* Grant White conj.

317: *tongue*] *tongues* Hanmer.

328: *I leave*] Q. *leave* Ff.

329: *a dear*] Q F₁. *dear* F₂ F₃ F₄.

Much Ado About Nothing, IV. 2.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.

A prison] Theobald.

Enter...] Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clearke in gownes. Q Ff. See [note \(xxi\)](#).

1: Dog.] Capell. Keeper Q Ff. Town-Clerk. Rowe. See [note \(xxi\)](#).

2: Verg.] Capell. Cowley. Q F₁ F₂ F₃. Cowly. F₄. Dog. Rowe. See [note \(xxi\)](#).
a cushion] Q F₁. *cushion* F₂ F₃ F₄.

4: Dog.] Capell. Andrew. Q Ff. Verg. Rowe. See [note \(xxi\)](#).

16-19: *Yea, sir...villains*] Omitted in Ff, restored by Theobald.

20: *go*] *grow* Rowe (ed. 2).

25: *ear: sir,*] *ear sir*, Q F₁ F₂ F₃. *ear sir*; F₄.

30: *constable*] *Town Clerk* Rowe.

31: *forth*] Q Ff. om. Rowe.

32: *eftest*] *easiest* Rowe. *deftest* Theobald.

39: *constable*] *Town Clerk* Rowe.

44: *for accusing*] *for the accusing* Rowe (ed. 2).

47: *by mass*] Q. *by th' masse* Ff.

60: *Leonato's*] *Leonatoes* Q. *Leonato* Ff.

63, 64: VERG. *Let them be in the hands*— CON. *Off, coxcomb!*] Malone. Couley. *Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe* Q. Sex. *Let...coxcombe* Ff. Conr. *Let...coxcomb* Theobald. Con. *Let us...Coxcomb* Hanmer. Sexton. *Let them be in hand*. Conr. *Off, Coxcomb!* Warburton. Ver. *Let them be in bands*. Con. *Off, coxcomb!* Capell. *Let them be in band*— Steevens. *Let them bind their hands* Tyrwhitt conj. (withdrawn). Ver. *Let them be in the hands of*— Con. *Coxcomb!* Malone conj. Ver. *Let them be bound*. Con. *Hands off, Coxcomb!* Collier MS. See [note \(xxii\)](#).

66, 67: *bind them. Thou*] *bind them; thou* F₃ F₄. *bind them thou* Q F₁ F₂.

68: Con.] Rowe. Couley. Q F₁ F₂ F₃. Cowley. F₄.

76: *is*] Q. om. Ff.

78: *losses*] *leases* Collier MS. *lawsuits* Anon. (N. and Q.) conj.

80: [Exeunt.] Pope. [Exit. Q Ff.

Much Ado About Nothing, V. 1.

SCENE I. Before L.'s house] Pope.

6: *comforter*] Q. *comfort* F₁. *comfort els* F₂. *comfort else* F₃ F₄.

7: *do*] *doe* Q. *doth* Ff.

10: *speak*] *speak to me* Hanmer.

16: *Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!'*] Capell. *And sorrow, wagge, crie hem* Q F₁ F₂. *And hallow, wag, cry hem* F₃. *And hollow, wag, cry hem* F₄. *And sorrow wage; cry, hem* Theobald. *And sorrow waive, cry hem* Hanmer. *And, sorrow wag! cry; hem* Johnson. *And sorrow gagge; cry hem* Tyrwhitt conj. *And sorrowing, cry hem* Heath conj. *Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *In sorrow wag; cry hem* Malone. *And sorry wag, cry hem* Steevens conj. *And, sorrow waggery, hem* Ritson conj. *And sorrow-wagg'd cry hem* Becket conj. *And—sorrow wag!—cry hem* Dyce. *Call sorrow joy, cry hem* Collier MS. *Say, sorrow, wag; cry hem* S. Walker conj. *And sorrow's wag, cry hem* Grant White. *And sorrow away! cry hem* Halliwell conj. *At sorrow wink, cry hem* Anon. conj.

18: *candle-wasters*] *caudle-waters* Jackson conj.

yet] *you* Collier MS.

21: *speak*] Q F₁ F₂. *give* F₃ F₄.

38: *push*] Q Ff. *pish* Rowe (ed. 2).

45: SCENE II. Pope.

52: *wrongs him*] *wrongeth him* Hanmer. *wrongs him, sir?* Capell.

53: *Marry, thou*] *marry, Thou, thou* Steevens. *who? Marry thou* S. Walker conj.

63: *mine*] Q. *my* Ff.

67: *mine*] *my* Pope.

78: *daff*] *doffe* Warburton.

83: *come, sir boy, come, follow me*] Q Ff. *come boy, follow me* Pope. *come sir boy, follow me* Capell.

91: *braggarts, Jacks*] *Jacks, braggarts* Hanmer.

94: *monging*] Q F₁. *mongring* F₂ F₃ F₄.

- 96: *and*] om. Spedding conj.
outward] *an outward* Rowe.
- 97: *off*] Theobald, *of* Q Ff.
- 102: *wake*] *rack* Hanmer. *wrack* Warburton. *waste* Talbot conj.
patience] *passions* Anon. conj.
- 105: *what*] om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 106-109: Printed as three lines ending *No!...shall,...it.* by Hanmer.
- 107: Enter Benedick. Ff.
- 108: *No?*] Capell. *No* Q F₁. *No!* F₂ F₃ F₄.
Come] om. Steevens.
- 109: Enter Ben. Q.
[Exeunt...] Exeunt ambo. Q Ff (after the preceding line).
- 110: *we*] *he* F₃ F₄.
- 114: *almost*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
- 115: *like*] *likt* Q F₁.
- 120: *a*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 143: [Aside to Claudio] Edd. See [note \(xxiii\)](#).
- 149: *a feast, a feast?*] Q F₁. *a feast?* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 150: *I' faith*] *Ay, faith*, Capell conj.
a calf's-head] Malone. *a calves head* Q F₁ F₂. *calves heads* F₃ F₄.
- 151: *a capon*] *a cap-on* Capell. *capers* Collier MS.
- 156: *True*] *Right* Rowe (ed. 2).
said] Q. *saies* F₁ F₂ F₃ *says* F₄.
- 157: *Right*] *Just* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 158: *says she*] *said she* Pope.
- 159: *said she*] *says she* Steevens.
- 160, 161: *a wise gentleman*] *a wise gentle man* Johnson conj.
- 164: *there's*] *theirs* Q.
- 169: *an*] Hanmer. *and* Q Ff.
- 172: *God*] *who* Collier MS.
- 174: *savage*] Q F₁ F₂. *salvage* F₃ F₄.
- 175: *on*] *one* Q.
- 184: *lady. For*] *lady: for* Q F₁ F₂ F₃. *lady, for* F₄. *lady for* Rowe.
- 185: [Exit.] Rowe.
- 189: *thee.*] *thee?* Pope.
- 193: SCENE IV. Pope.
- 195: *let me be*] Q F₁. *let me see* F₂ F₃ F₄. *let be* Capell.
let me be: pluck] *let me pluck* Malone conj.
- 197: SCENE IV. Hanmer.
Enter...] Hanmer. Enter Constables, C. and B. Q (after 192). Enter Constable, C. and B. Ff (after 192).
- 198: *weigh more*] *more weigh* S. Walker conj.
an] *if* Pope.
- 211: *you lay*] *lay you* F₄.
- 215: *Who*] Q F₁. *Whom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 222: *overheard*] *heard* F₄.
- 232: *whiles*] *while* Rowe.
- 234: *Yea, and...of it*] *Yea; And...on't* S. Walker conj.
and] om. Pope.
richly] *rich* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 235: *and framed*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 240: *reformed*] *informed* F₃ F₄.
- 245: SCENE V. Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Leonato. Q Ff. Enter L. and Sexton. Theobald.
- 249: *Art thou*] Q. *Art thou thou* F₁. *Art thou, art thou* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 259: *Impose*] *Expose* Hanmer.
me to] *to me* Capell conj.
- 264: *to*] *too* F₃ F₄.
- 265: *I cannot bid you bid my daughter live*] Q F₁. *I cannot bid you daughter live* F₂. *I cannot bid your daughter live* F₃. *You cannot bid my daughter live* F₄. *You cannot bid my daughter live again* Rowe. *I cannot bid you cause my*

daughter live Collier MS.

285: *pack'd*] *packt* Q Ff. *pact* Collier.

306: *arrant*] *errant* F₄.

311: [Exeunt D. and V.] Edd. Exeunt D., V. and Watch. Capell. Exeunt. Ff (after line 312). om. Q.

315: [To the Watch.] Edd.

Much Ado About Nothing, V. 2.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE VI. Pope.

Leonato's garden.] Reed. L.'s house. Pope. See [note \(xxiv\)](#).

8, 9: *me! why, shall...stairs?*] *me, why shal...staires*. Q. *me, why, shall...staires?* Ff.

9: *keep below*] *keep above* Theobald. *keep men below* Steevens conj. *keep them below* Singer conj.

23: [Sings.] Pope.

23-26: Printed as prose in Q Ff, as verse by Capell.

29: *names*] Q F₃ F₄. *name* F₁ F₂.

31: *over and over*] Q F₁. *over* F₂ F₃ F₄.

32: *it in*] Q F₃ F₄. *it* F₁ F₂.

33: *baby*] *babie* Q F₁. *badie* F₂ F₃. *bady* F₄. *bauy* Rowe.

34: *innocent*] Q F₁. *innocents* F₂ F₃ F₄. *innocent's* Rowe.

36: *nor*] Q. *for* Ff.

37: Enter Beatrice] Ff. Enter B. Q (after line 38).

38: SCENE VII. Pope.

called] *call* Rowe.

42: *came*] *came* for Pope. See [note \(xxvi\)](#).

48: *his*] *its* Rowe.

54: *all together*] *altogether* Hanmer.
maintained] *maintain* Capell conj.

57: *first*] om. Rowe.

64: *this*] *that* Hanmer.

69: *monument*] Q. *monuments* Ff.
bell rings] Q. *bells ring* Ff.

71: *Question:*] *Question*, Q Ff. *Question?* Pope. om. Hanmer.

72: *rheum*] *thewme* F₃. *thewm* F₄.
is it] *it is* F₄.

74: *myself. So*] *myself so* Q Ff.

81: Enter U.] Q. Enter U. Ff (after line 79).

88: *in thy lap*] *on thy lip* Brae conj.

90: *uncle's*] *uncle* Rowe.

Much Ado About Nothing, V. 3.

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VIII. Pope.

2: A Lord.] Lord. Q Ff. Atten. Rowe.

3: Claud. [Reading...] Capell. Epitaph. Q Ff.

3: *by*] *with* Capell (corrected in MS.).

9: [Affixing it. Capell.

10: *dumb*] Ff. *dead* Q.

13: *thy*] *the* Rowe.

knight] *bright* Collier MS.

15: *they*] *we* Collier MS.

20: *Till*] *Until* Hanmer.

21: *Heavily, heavily*] Q. *Heavenly, heavenly* Ff.

22: Claud.] Rowe. Lo. Q Ff.

23: *rite*] Pope. *right* Q Ff.

29: *his several way*] *his way can tell* Collier MS.

32: *speed's*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *speeds* Q F₁ *speed* F₂ F₃ F₄.

33: *whom*] *which* Hanmer.

Much Ado About Nothing, V. 4.

SCENE IV.] SCENE IX. Pope.

...Margaret] om. Reed (1793).

- 7: *sort]* *sorts* Q.
- 10: *you]* Q F₁. *yong* F₂. *young* F₃ F₄.
- 12: [Exeunt Ladies.] Q Ff (after line 16). Capell (after line 17). Dyce (after line 14).
- 23: Leon.] Q F₁. Old. F₂ F₃ F₄. Ant. Rowe.
- 30: *In the]* Q F₁. *I'th* F₂ F₃ F₄.
state] *estate* Johnson.
- 31: *friar,*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 33: *Here...Claudio]* Q. omitted in Ff.
- 34: SCENE X. Pope.
and...others] and...other. Q. with attendants. Ff.
- 45: *all Europa]* Q F₁ F₂. *so all Europe* F₃ F₄. *all our Europe* Steevens conj.
- 50: *And got]* Q F₃ F₄. *A got* F₁ F₂.
- 52: SCENE XI. Pope.
comes] Q Ff. *come* Rowe.
- Re-enter...] Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula. Q Ff.
- 54: This line is given to *Leonato* in Q Ff, to *Antonio* first by Theobald.
- 58: *hand: before.....friar,*] Pope. *hand before...friar,* Q Ff.
- 60: [Unmasking.] Rowe.
- 63: *defiled]* Q. om. Ff. *belied* Collier MS.
- 69: *you]* *thee* F₃ F₄.
- 74: *Why, no]* *Why* F₃ F₄. No Steevens.
- 75, 76: Printed as Prose in Ff.
- 76: *they swore]* Q Ff. *for they did swear* Hanmer. *for they swore* Capell.
- 77: *Troth]* om. Steevens.
- 79: *did swear]* *swore* Collier MS.
- 80: *that]* Q. om. Ff.
- 81: *that]* Q. om. Ff.
- 82: *such]* Q. om. Ff.
- 94: *not]* *yet* Theobald, *now* Hanmer.
- 96: *I was told]* Q F₁ F₂ *as I told* F₃ F₄ *as I was told* Rowe.
- 97: Given to Leonato in Q Ff, corrected by Theobald.
[Kissing her.] Theobald.
- 99: *wit-crackers]* *witte-crackers* Q F₁ F₂. *witty-crackers* F₃ F₄.
- 102: *a'] a* Q Ff, Collier. *he* Rowe.
- 103: *purpose]* *propose* Reed (1803).
- 105: *what]* Q F₃ F₄. om. F₁ F₂.
- 112: *do]* *no* F₄.
- 116: *afterward]* Q F₂. *afterwards* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 117: *play,*] Pope. *play* Q Ff.
- 118: *there is no]* No S. Walker conj., making a verse.
- 122: *thee]* *the*, F₄.
-

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.
BIRON, lord attending on the King.
LONGAVILLE, " " "
DUMAIN, " " "
BOYET, lord attending on the Princess of France.
MERCADÉ, " " "
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH², page to Armado.
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE, lady attending on the Princess.
MARIA, " " "
KATHARINE, " " "
JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Navarre*.

FOOTNOTES:

- 1: DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] first given by Rowe. See [note \(1\)](#)
- 2: MOTH] MOTE. Grant White conj.
- 3: See [note \(11\)](#).

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST³.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park*

000

Enter FERDINAND, *king of* NAVARRE, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and*
DUMAIN.

LLL I.
1

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,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
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:
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 it too.
Long. I am resolved; '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, Dumain 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 expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid; 065
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath, 066
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so, 067
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no. 070
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight. 072
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book 075
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look: 077
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, 080
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed, 083
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: 085
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books. 087
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights 090
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame; 092
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding! 095
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, 100
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? 103
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose 105
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows; 106
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late, 108
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate. 109
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu. 110
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, 114
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore, 115
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. 117
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my 120
court,'—Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'on pain of losing her 123
tongue.' Who devised this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why? 125
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility! 127
[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the 130
term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the
court can possibly devise.'
This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitaine 135
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father: 136
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither. 138
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot: 140
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; 145
She must lie here on mere necessity. 146
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn 147
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: 150
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me, 151
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes*] 153
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame: 155
Suggestions are to other as to me; 156
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath. 158
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted 160
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted, 161
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain; 162
One whom the music of his own vain tongue 164
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony; 165
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate.
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight 170
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. 175
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight. 176
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short. 178

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person? 179
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst? 180
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. 182
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany 185
abroad: this letter will tell you more.
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 190
words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience! 191
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing? 193
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to 194
forbear both. 195
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in 197
the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The 199
manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Biron. In what manner? 200
Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all 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. 205

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? 210

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.'— 215

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [*reads*]. 'So it is,'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so. 220

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [*reads*]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'— 225

Cost. Me? 235

King. [*reads*]. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'— 237

Cost. Me? 239

King. [*reads*]. 'that shallow vassal,'— 240

Cost. Still me? 242

King. [*reads*]. 'which, as I remember, hight Costard,' 245

Cost. O, me! 247

King. [*reads*]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with— but with this I passion to say wherewith,'—

Cost. With a wench. 250

King. [*reads*]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my everesteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.' 251
252
253

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull. 255

King. [*reads*]. '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 compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. 257

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard. 260

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench. 265

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. 270

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel. 271
272

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin. 275

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. 280
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: 285
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. 287
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]
Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, 288
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on. 290
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! [*Exeunt.* 293
294
295

SCENE II. *The same.* 000

Enter ARMADO and MOTH. LLL I.
2

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. 005
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. 010
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. 013
015
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? 020
Arm. Thou pretty, because little.
Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt? 022
Arm. And therefore apt, because quick. 023
Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?
Arm. In thy condign praise. 025
Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.
Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious? 027
Moth. That an eel is quick.
Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood. 030
Moth. I am answered, sir.
Arm. I love not to be crossed.
Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him. 033
Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke. 035
036
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. 040
Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.
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. 045
Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three. 048
Arm. True.
Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you. 050
051
Arm. A most fine figure!
Moth. To prove you a cipher. 055
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 outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love? 060

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. 065

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love. 070

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master. 075

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. 080

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 Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit. 085

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit. 086

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red. 087

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours. 088

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant. 090

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathological! 094

Moth.

If she be made of white and red, 095

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred, 097

And fears by pale white shown:

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know; 100

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? 105

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. 110

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. 114

Moth. [Aside] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. 115

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love. 117

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past. 120

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well. 122
123
125

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate. 130

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face? 133

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say. 135

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you! 138
Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away! [*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*] 139
Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be 140
 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 fellows, for they are 145
 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. 148
Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison. 150
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 155
 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 160
 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? 163
 Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love.
 Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet 165
 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 cause will not 169
 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 170
 men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager
 is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of 171
 rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen;
 for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*] 173
 174

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* 000

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, LLL II.
BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants. 1

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits: 001
 Consider who the king your father sends; 002
 To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor 005
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
 Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace.
 As Nature was in making graces dear, 010
 When she did starve the general world beside,
 And prodigally gave them all to you.
Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, 013
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
 Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine. 019
 But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, 020
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame 021
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall outwear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court:
 Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course, 025
 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, 030

On serious business, craving quick dispatch,	032
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:	033
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,	034
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.	035
<i>Boyet.</i> Proud of employment, willingly I go.	036
<i>Prin.</i> All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.	[Exit Boyet. 037]
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,	037
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?	038
<i>First Lord.</i> Lord Longaville is one.	039
<i>Prin.</i> Know you the man?	040
<i>Mar.</i> I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,	041
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir	042
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized	043
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:	044
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;	045
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:	046
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.	047
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,	048
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,	049
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;	050
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills	051
It should none spare that come within his power.	052
<i>Prin.</i> Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?	053
<i>Mar.</i> They say so most that most his humours know.	054
<i>Prin.</i> Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.	055
Who are the rest?	056
<i>Kath.</i> The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,	057
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:	058
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;	059
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,	060
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.	061
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;	062
And much too little of that good I saw	063
Is my report to his great worthiness.	064
<i>Ros.</i> Another of these students at that time	065
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.	066
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,	067
Within the limit of becoming mirth,	068
I never spent an hour's talk withal:	069
His eye begets occasion for his wit;	070
For every object that the one doth catch,	071
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,	072
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,	073
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,	074
That aged ears play truant at his tales,	075
And younger hearings are quite ravished;	076
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.	077
<i>Prin.</i> God bless my ladies! are they all in love,	078
That every one her own hath garnished	079
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?	080
<i>First Lord.</i> Here comes Boyet.	081
<i>Re-enter BOYET.</i>	
<i>Prin.</i> Now, what admittance, lord?	082
<i>Boyet.</i> Navarre had notice of your fair approach;	083
And he and his competitors in oath	084
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,	085
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:	086
He rather means to lodge you in the field,	087
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,	088
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,	089
To let you enter his unpeeled house.	090
Here comes Navarre.	091
<i>Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.</i>	
<i>King.</i> Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.	092
<i>Prin.</i> 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet:	093
the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the	094
wide fields too base to be mine.	095
<i>King.</i> You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.	096

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither. 095

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. 099

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. 100

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it. 105

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.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. 110

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured, 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? 114

Biron. I know you did. 115

Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question! 116

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis '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. 120

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! 125

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; 129
Being but the one half of an entire sum 130
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which, 134
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, 135
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied, 138
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty. 140
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid 142
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, 143
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, 144
To have his title live in Aquitaine; 145
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent, 147
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make 150
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 155
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, 158
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances 160
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.	165
<i>King.</i> It shall suffice me: at which interview	
All liberal reason I will yield unto.	167
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand	
As honour, without breach of honour, may	
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:	170
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;	171
But here without you shall be so received	
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,	
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.	174
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:	175
To-morrow shall we visit you again.	176
<i>Prin.</i> Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!	
<i>King.</i> Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!	[Exit. 178
<i>Biron.</i> Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.	179
<i>Ros.</i> Pray you, do my commendations; I would be	180
glad to see it.	
<i>Biron.</i> I would you heard it groan.	
<i>Ros.</i> Is the fool sick?	183
<i>Biron.</i> Sick at the heart.	
<i>Ros.</i> Alack, let it blood.	185
<i>Biron.</i> Would that do it good?	
<i>Ros.</i> My physic says 'ay'.	
<i>Biron.</i> Will you prick't with your eye?	
<i>Ros.</i> No point, with my knife.	189
<i>Biron.</i> Now, God save thy life!	190
<i>Ros.</i> And yours from long living!	
<i>Biron.</i> I cannot stay thanksgiving.	[Retiring. 192
<i>Dum.</i> Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?	
<i>Boyet.</i> The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.	194
<i>Dum.</i> A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.	[Exit. 195
<i>Long.</i> I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?	
<i>Boyet.</i> A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.	197
<i>Long.</i> Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.	
<i>Boyet.</i> She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a	
shame.	
<i>Long.</i> Pray you, sir, whose daughter?	200
<i>Boyet.</i> Her mother's, I have heard.	
<i>Long.</i> God's blessing on your beard!	202
<i>Boyet.</i> Good sir, be not offended.	
She is an heir of Falconbridge.	
<i>Long.</i> Nay, my choler is ended.	205
She is a most sweet lady.	
<i>Boyet.</i> Not unlike, sir, that may be.	[Exit Long. 207
<i>Biron.</i> What's her name in the cap?	208
<i>Boyet.</i> Rosaline, by good hap.	209
<i>Biron.</i> Is she wedded or no?	210
<i>Boyet.</i> To her will, sir, or so.	
<i>Biron.</i> You are welcome, sir: adieu.	212
<i>Boyet.</i> Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.	[Exit Biron. 213
<i>Mar.</i> That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:	
Not a word with him but a jest.	
<i>Boyet.</i> And every jest but a word.	215
<i>Prin.</i> It was well done of you to take him at his word.	
<i>Boyet.</i> I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.	
<i>Mar.</i> Two hot sheeps, marry.	218
<i>Boyet.</i> And wherefore not ships?	
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.	
<i>Mar.</i> You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?	220
<i>Boyet.</i> So you grant pasture for me. [Offering to kiss her.	221
<i>Mar.</i> Not so, gentle beast:	
My lips are no common, though several they be.	
<i>Boyet.</i> Belonging to whom?	
<i>Mar.</i> To my fortunes and me.	
<i>Prin.</i> Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:	224
This civil war of wits were much better used	225
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.	
<i>Boyet.</i> If my observation, which very seldom lies,	227
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,	
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.	

<i>Prin.</i> With what?	230
<i>Boyet.</i> With that which we lovers entitle affected.	
<i>Prin.</i> Your reason?	
<i>Boyet.</i> Why, all his behaviours did make their retire	233
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:	234
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,	235
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:	
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,	
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;	
All senses to that sense did make their repair,	
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:	240
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,	
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;	
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,	243
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:	244
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,	245
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.	
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,	247
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.	
<i>Prin.</i> Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.	249
<i>Boyet.</i> But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.	250
I only have made a mouth of his eye,	
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.	
<i>Ros.</i> Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.	
<i>Mar.</i> He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.	
<i>Ros.</i> Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but	255
grim.	
<i>Boyet.</i> Do you hear, my mad wenches?	
<i>Mar.</i> No.	
<i>Boyet.</i> What then, do you see?	
<i>Ros.</i> Ay, our way to be gone.	
<i>Boyet.</i> You are too hard for me. [Exeunt.]	

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.* 000

Enter ARMADO and MOTH. LLL

III. 1

<i>Arm.</i> Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.	
<i>Moth.</i> Concolinel. [<i>Singing.</i>]	
<i>Arm.</i> Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give	005
enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must	
employ him in a letter to my love.	
<i>Moth.</i> Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?	007
<i>Arm.</i> How meanest thou? brawling in French?	
<i>Moth.</i> No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the	010
tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning	011
up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the	012
throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime	013
through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with	014
your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms	015
crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your	016
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	019
complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that	020
would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do	021
you note me?—that most are affected to these.	
<i>Arm.</i> How hast thou purchased this experience?	
<i>Moth.</i> By my penny of observation.	024
<i>Arm.</i> But O,—but O,—	025
<i>Moth.</i> 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'	
<i>Arm.</i> Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?	
<i>Moth.</i> No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love	
perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?	030
<i>Arm.</i> Almost I had.	
<i>Moth.</i> Negligent student! learn her by heart.	
<i>Arm.</i> By heart and in heart, boy.	
<i>Moth.</i> And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.	035
<i>Arm.</i> What wilt thou prove?	
<i>Moth.</i> A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the	037
instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by	038
her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her;	040

and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter. [045](#)

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass. [046](#)

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go. 050

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious? [053](#)

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no. 055

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: [057](#)

Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. *[Exit.]* [060](#)

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace! [061](#)

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. [063](#)

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin. [065](#)

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin. [066](#)

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain! [067](#)
[068](#)
[069](#)

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. 070
O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for [071](#)
l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve? [073](#)

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve? 075

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain [076](#)

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain. [077](#)

I will example it: [078](#)

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three. 080

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door, 085
And stay'd the odds by adding four. [086](#)

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three. 090

Arm. Until the goose came out of door, [091](#)
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. 095

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 l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin. 100

Then call'd you for the l'envoy. [101](#)

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin? 105

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:

I Costard, running out, that was safely within, [110](#)
 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. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee. [114](#)
Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some [115](#)
 goose, in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty,
 enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, [118](#)
 captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me [120](#)
 loose. [121](#)
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu [122](#)
 thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant
 [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is [125](#)
 remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my [126](#)
 dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.
Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [128](#)

[*Exit Moth.*]
 Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the [130](#)
 Latin word for three farthings: three farthings— remuneration. [131](#)
 —'What's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you [132](#)
 a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a [133](#)
 fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of
 this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met. [135](#)
Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy
 for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration? [138](#)
Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk. [140](#)
Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee: [143](#)
 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? [145](#)
Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.
Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first. [150](#)

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this: [154](#)
 The princess comes to hunt here in the park, [155](#)
 And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
 And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
 And to her white hand see thou do commend
 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go. [*Giving him a* [159](#)
shilling.]

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a [160](#)
 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in [161](#)
 print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*]

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip; [163](#)
 A very beadle to a humorous sigh; [165](#)
 A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy;

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! [168](#)
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy; [169](#)
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid; [170](#)

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general [175](#)
 Of trotting 'paritors:—O my little heart!—

And I to be a corporal of his field, [177](#)
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife! [179](#)

A woman, that is like a German clock, 180
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame, 182
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right!
 Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all; 185
 A wightly wanton with a velvet brow, 186
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her! 190
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan: 194
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. 195 *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.* 000

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE. LLL IV.
1

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill? 002
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he. 003
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' showed a mounting mind.
 Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch: 005
 On Saturday we will return to France. 006
 Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
 That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice; 009
 A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 010
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, 011
 And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so. 013
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
 O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe! 014
015
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
 Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. 020
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
 O heresy in fair, fit for these days! 022
 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise. 023
 But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
 And shooting well is then accounted ill. 025
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't; 027
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes, 030
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part, 032
 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. 035
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
 Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
 To any lady that subdues a lord. 040
Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady? 042
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no
 heads. 045

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. 049
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit, 050
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; 055
Break up this capon.
Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
Boyet [*reads*]. By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, 060
that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than
fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration
on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua 064
set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it 065
was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothimize in the 066
vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and 067
overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: 068
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 070
conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on 071
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 075
command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat
thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles;
for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my
eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest
design of industry, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO. 080

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? 085
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter? 087
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile. 090
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport 092
To the prince and his bookmates.
Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady. 095
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. 099
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another 100
[*Exeunt Princess and train.*]
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor? 101
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. 105
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. 108
 Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the 110
 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 115
 when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching
 the hit it.

Ros.
 Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
 Thou canst not hit it, my good man. 119

Boyet.
 An I cannot, cannot, cannot, 120
 An I cannot, another can. 121 *[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.]*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it. 123

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
 Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be. 125

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin. 129

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul. 130

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to
 bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.
131 *[Exeunt Boyet and Maria.]*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
 Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
 O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit! 135
 When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
 Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man! 137
 To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
 To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear! 139
 And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit! 140
 Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit! 141
 Sola, sola! *[Shout-within.]* 142 *[Exit Costard, running.]*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL. LLL IV.
2

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a
 good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the 003
 pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the 004
 sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the 005
 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. 010

Dull. 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it
 were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication,
 or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his 015
 undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or,
 rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert
 again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus! 020

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 024
 sensible in the duller parts: 025
 And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should 026
 be, 027
 Which we of 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,	028
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:	029
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,	030
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.	
<i>Dull.</i> You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit	032
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as	
yet?	
<i>Hol.</i> Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.	034
<i>Dull.</i> What is Dictynna?	035
<i>Nath.</i> A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.	036
<i>Hol.</i> The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,	
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.	038
The allusion holds in the exchange.	
<i>Dull.</i> 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.	040
<i>Hol.</i> God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the	
exchange.	
<i>Dull.</i> And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the	044
moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a	045
pricket that the princess killed.	
<i>Hol.</i> Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the	047
death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the	048
princess killed a pricket.	049
<i>Nath.</i> Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please	050
you to abrogate scurrility.	051
<i>Hol.</i> I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.	
The preyful princess pierced and prickd a pretty pleasing pricket;	054
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.	055
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;	056
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.	
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.	058
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.	
<i>Nath.</i> A rare talent!	060
<i>Dull.</i> [<i>Aside</i>] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with	
a talent.	
<i>Hol.</i> This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish	063
extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas,	065
apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the	
ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and	066
delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in	068
those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.	
<i>Nath.</i> Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my	070
parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their	
daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member	
of the commonwealth.	
<i>Hol.</i> Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no	074
instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but	075
vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.	076
<i>Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.</i>	
<i>Jaq.</i> God give you good morrow, master Parson.	078
<i>Hol.</i> Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced,	079
which is the one?	080
<i>Cost.</i> Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a	081
hogshead.	
<i>Hol.</i> Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of	083
earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty;	085
it is well.	
<i>Jaq.</i> Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it	086
was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I	
beseech you, read it.	
<i>Hol.</i> Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra	089
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of	090
thee as the traveller doth of Venice;	
Venetia, Venetia,	092
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.	
Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves	095
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?	
<i>Nath.</i> Ay, sir, and very learned.	

<i>Hol.</i> Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.	099
<i>Nath.</i> [<i>reads</i>]	
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?	100
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!	101
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;	102
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.	103
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,	
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:	105
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,	110
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.	
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,	112
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.	113
<i>Hol.</i> You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let	115
me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but,	
for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret.	117
Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for	
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of	119
invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the	120
ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin,	
was this directed to you?	
<i>Jaq.</i> Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange	123
queen's lords.	
<i>Hol.</i> I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of	125
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	128
written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.' Sir	129
Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here	130
he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's,	
which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.	133
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	135
thy duty: adieu.	
<i>Jaq.</i> Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!	
<i>Cost.</i> Have with thee, my girl. [<i>Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.</i>]	137
<i>Nath.</i> Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very	
religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—	
<i>Hol.</i> Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.	140
But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?	
<i>Nath.</i> Marvellous well for the pen.	
<i>Hol.</i> I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine;	145
where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table	
with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the	147
foresaid child or pupil, undertake your benvenuto; where I will	148
prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of	
poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.	150
<i>Nath.</i> And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the	
happiness of life.	
<i>Hol.</i> And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [<i>To</i>	
<i>Dull</i>] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca	155
verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our	
recreation. [<i>Exeunt.</i>]	

SCENE III. *The same.* 000

Enter BIRON, with a paper. LLL IV.

3

<i>Biron.</i> The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself:	001
they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,— pitch that	002
defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so	003
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	005
a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang	006
me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her	009
eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing	010
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	012
of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my	
sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady	
hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I	015

would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one
with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [Stands aside. 017

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [Aside] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou
hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith,
secrets! 020

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 smote 024
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows: 025
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 shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee; 030
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
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 034
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep. 035
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel, 036
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. 040
What, Longaville! and reading! Listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. 043

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame! 045

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society. 049
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity. 050

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. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop. 055

Long. This same shall go. [Reads.]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument, 057

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment. 059

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: 060

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me. 062

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine, 064

Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine: 066

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise? 067

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry. 070
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way. 071

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [Steps aside. 072

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky, 075

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye. [076](#)
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish! [077](#)

Enter DUMAIN with a paper.

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [080](#)

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye! [081](#)

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie. [082](#)

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted. [083](#)

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say; [085](#)

Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [089](#)

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word? [090](#)

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ. [095](#)

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. [*reads*] [097](#)

On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May, [098](#)

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air: [100](#)

Through the velvet leaves the wind, [101](#)

All unseen, can passage find; [102](#)

That the lover, sick to death, [103](#)

Wish himself the heaven's breath. [104](#)

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow; [105](#)

Air, would I might triumph so! [106](#)

But, alack, my hand is sworn [107](#)

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn; [108](#)

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet! [110](#)

Do not call it sin in me, [111](#)

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom Jove would swear [113](#)

Juno but an Ethiopie were;

And deny himself for Jove, [115](#)

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain. [118](#)

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill, [120](#)

Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;

For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desirest society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know, [125](#)

To be o'erheard and taken napping so. [126](#)

King [*advancing*]. Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is [127](#)

such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much; [128](#)

You do not love Maria; Longaville [129](#)

Did never sonnet for her sake compile, [130](#)

Nor never lay his wreathed 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, observed your fashion, [135](#)

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries; 137
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes: 138
 You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To Long.*] 139
 And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To Dum.*] 140
 What will Biron say when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear? 142
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
 How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it! 144
 For all the wealth that ever I did see, 145
 I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. [*Advancing.*] 147
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love? 150
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears 151
 There is no certain princess that appears;
 You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not, 155
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see; 157
 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! 160
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat! 162
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig, 164
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig, 165
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, 166
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:
 A caudle, ho! 170
King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you: 172
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company 175
 With men like you, men of inconstancy. 176
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time 178
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I 179
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, 180
 A gait, 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? 185
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. 188
Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:
 Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said. 190
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the paper.*] 191
 Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio. [*Biron tears the* 195
letter.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it? 196
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.

<i>Dum.</i> It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [<i>Gathering up the pieces.</i>	199
<i>Biron.</i> [<i>To Costard</i>] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.	200
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.	201
<i>King.</i> What?	
<i>Biron.</i> 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.	204
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.	205
<i>Dum.</i> Now the number is even.	
<i>Biron.</i> True, true; we are four.	207
Will these turtles be gone?	
<i>King.</i> Hence, sirs; away!	
<i>Cost.</i> Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.	209
	[<i>Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.</i>]
<i>Biron.</i> Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!	210
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:	
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;	212
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:	
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;	214
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.	215
<i>King.</i> What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?	
<i>Biron.</i> Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,	217
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	220
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?	
<i>King.</i> What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?	225
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;	
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.	
<i>Biron.</i> My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:	
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!	
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty	230
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:	235
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,	
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.	237
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,	
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:	
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,	240
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:	
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.	
<i>King.</i> By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.	
<i>Biron.</i> Is ebony like her? O wood divine!	244
A wife of such wood were felicity.	245
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.	
<i>King.</i> O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,	250
The hue of dungeons and the school of night;	251
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.	252
<i>Biron.</i> Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.	
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,	254
It mourns that painting and usurping hair	255
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;	
And therefore is she born to make black fair.	
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,	258
For native blood is counted painting now;	
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,	260
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.	
<i>Dum.</i> To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.	262
<i>Long.</i> And since her time are colliers counted bright.	
<i>King.</i> And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.	264

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light. 265

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away. 267

King. 'Twere 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. 270

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.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread! 275

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead. 276

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn. 279

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn. 280

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. 'Tis more than need. 285

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms. 286

Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth. 289

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies. 290

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book, 293

Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you, 295

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 Promethean fire. 300

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller. 304

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 as a woman's eye? 309

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself 310

And where we are our learning likewise is
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes. 312

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 315

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? 318

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements, 325

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; 330

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 332

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:	335
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,	336
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?	
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical	338
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;	339
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods	340
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.	341
Never durst poet touch a pen to write	
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;	343
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,	
And plant in tyrants mild humility.	345
From women's eyes I derive:	
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;	
They are the books, the arts, the academes,	
That show, contain and nourish all the world:	
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.	350
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;	354
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;	355
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;	356
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,	357
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.	
It is religion to be thus forsworn,	
For charity itself fulfils the law,	360
And who can sever love from charity?	
<i>King.</i> Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!	
<i>Biron.</i> Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;	363
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,	
In conflict that you get the sun of them.	365
<i>Long.</i> Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:	
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?	
<i>King.</i> And win them too: therefore let us devise	
Some entertainment for them in their tents.	
<i>Biron.</i> First, from the park let us conduct them thither;	370
Then homeward every man attach the hand	
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon	
We will with some strange pastime solace them,	
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;	
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours	375
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.	376
<i>King.</i> Away, away! no time shall be omitted	
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.	378
<i>Biron.</i> Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;	379
And justice always whirls in equal measure:	380
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;	
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.	[<i>Exeunt.</i>]

ACT V. 000

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL. LLL V.

1

Hol. Satis quod sufficit. 001

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, 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. 002
004
005

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 thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. 008
010
011

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet. [*Draws out his table-book.*] 013

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of 015
017

orthography, as to speak dout, 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, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo. 024

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratched, 'twill serve. 025

Nath. Videsne quis venit? 026

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah? 030

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. 034

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 035

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered? 040

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning. 045

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I. 047

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u. 050

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit! 051

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure? 055

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig. 057

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn. 059

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. 060

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem. 065

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain? 066

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. 074

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 075

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, 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 important 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, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it 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, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some 083

084
085
086
090
095

delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 099
100

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 103
104
105
106

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,— 110
112

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. 115

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. 120
121

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing? 125

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow. 127

Hol. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while. 130

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee. 132

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play 133

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [Exeunt. 135

SCENE II. *The same.* 000

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA. LLL V.
2

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in: 003

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that? 005

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all, 008

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax, For he hath been five thousand years a boy. 010
011

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too. 012

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister. 013

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, 015

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might ha' been a grandam ere she died: 017

And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word? 020

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. 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. 025

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' th' 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.' 028

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd. 030

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 numbering too, 035

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. 040

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion. 041

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book. 042

Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor, 043

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O that your face were not so full of O's! 045

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows. 046

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain? 047

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam, and, moreover, 049

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, 050

A huge translation of hypocrisy, 051

Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville: 053

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart 055

The chain were longer and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so. 058

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go: 060

O that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my hests, 065

And make him proud to make me proud that jests! 066

So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state, 067

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, 070

Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool. 072

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness. 074

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note 075

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face. 079

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her Grace? 080

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are 082

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; 085

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say. 088

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore 089

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour; 090

When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions: warily 093

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear; 095

That, by and by, disguised they will be here. [096](#)
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:
 Action and accent did they teach him there;
 'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:' [100](#)
 And ever and anon they made a doubt
 Presence majestical would put him out;
 'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see; [103](#)
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
 The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil; [105](#)
 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; [110](#)
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, 'Via! we will do'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, [115](#)
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears. [118](#)
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, [120](#)
 Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess. [121](#)
 Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance; [122](#)
 And every one his love-feat will advance [123](#)
 Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
 By favours several which they did bestow. [125](#)
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, [130](#)
 And then the king will court thee for his dear;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
 And change you favours too; so shall your loves [134](#)
 Woo contrary, deceived by these removes. [135](#)
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; [139](#)
 And mock for mock is only my intent. [140](#)
 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? [145](#)
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. [148](#)
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart, [149](#)
 And quite divorce his memory from his part. [150](#)
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out. [152](#)
 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, [155](#)
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpets* [156](#)
sound within.
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [157](#)
 [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH; the King, BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta. [159](#)
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames [*The Ladies turn their* [160](#)

backs to him.

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!— 163

Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed. 164

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe 165

Not to behold—

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,

—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet; 170

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.* 173

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet: 174

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will 175

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would. 177

Boyet. What would you with the princess? 178

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? 180

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 measured many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass. 185

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass. 187

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile: if they have measured many,

The measure then of one is easily told. 190

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell

How many inches doth fill up one mile. 193

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps, 195

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 accompt. 200

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, 205

Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water. 208

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change. 209

Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange. 210

Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon. 212

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man. 215

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it. 216

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then? 220

Ros. Only to part friends:

Curtsey, 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? 224

Ros. Your absence only.

King.

That can never be. 225

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that. 229
[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. 230

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice, 232
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you. 235

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter. 237

Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady. 240

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue? 242

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask, 245
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf? 247

Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so. 251

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. 255
[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible, 257
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense; so sensible 259
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings 260
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things. 261

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff! 263

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits. 264

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits. 265
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*]

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! 269

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night? 270
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases! 273

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit. 275

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, 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.

<i>Prin.</i> Go, sickness as thou art!	280
<i>Ros.</i> Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps. But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.	
<i>Prin.</i> And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.	
<i>Kath.</i> And Longaville was for my service born.	
<i>Mar.</i> Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.	285
<i>Boyet.</i> Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear: Immediately they will again be here In their own shapes; for it can never be They will digest this harsh indignity.	289
<i>Prin.</i> Will they return?	
<i>Boyet.</i> 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.	290
<i>Prin.</i> How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.	
<i>Boyet.</i> Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud; Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown, Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.	295 296 297
<i>Prin.</i> Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do, If they return in their own shapes to woo?	
<i>Ros.</i> Good madam, if by me you'll be advised, Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised: Let us complain to them what fools were here, Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear; And wonder what they were and to what end Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd, And their rough carriage so ridiculous, Should be presented at our tent to us.	300 305 307
<i>Boyet.</i> Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.	
<i>Prin.</i> Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.	309
<i>[Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.]</i>	
<i>Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.</i>	
<i>King.</i> Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?	310
<i>Boyet.</i> Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty Command me any service to her thither?	312
<i>King.</i> That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.	
<i>Boyet.</i> I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.	<i>[Exit.]</i>
<i>Biron.</i> This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease, And utters it again when God doth please: He is wit's pedler, and retails 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.	315 316 320
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve; Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve; A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he That kiss'd his hand away 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 whale's bone; And consciences, that will not die in debt, Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.	323 324 325 328 330 331 332 333 334
<i>King.</i> A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart, That put Armado's page out of his part!	335
<i>Biron.</i> See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?	337 338
<i>Re-enter the Princess, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARIN..</i>	
<i>King.</i> All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!	
<i>Prin.</i> 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.	340
<i>King.</i> Construe my speeches better, if you may.	341
<i>Prin.</i> Then wish me better; I will give you leave.	

<i>King.</i> We came to visit you, and purpose now	343
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.	
<i>Prin.</i> This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:	345
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.	346
<i>King.</i> Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:	
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.	348
<i>Prin.</i> You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;	
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.	350
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure	
As the unsullied lily I protest,	352
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	355
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.	356
<i>King.</i> O, you have lived in desolation here,	
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.	
<i>Prin.</i> Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;	
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:	360
A mess of Russians left us but of late.	
<i>King.</i> How, madam! Russians!	
<i>Prin.</i> Ay, in truth, my lord;	
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.	
<i>Ros.</i> Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:	
My lady, to the manner of the days,	365
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.	
We four indeed confronted were with four	
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,	368
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,	
They did not bless us with one happy word.	370
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,	
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.	
<i>Biron.</i> This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,	373
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,	374
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,	375
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.	
<i>Ros.</i> This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—	379
<i>Biron.</i> I am a fool, and full of poverty.	380
<i>Ros.</i> But that you take what doth to you belong,	
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.	
<i>Biron.</i> O, I am yours, and all that I possess!	
<i>Ros.</i> All the fool mine?	
<i>Biron.</i> I cannot give you less.	
<i>Ros.</i> Which of the vizards was it that you wore?	385
<i>Biron.</i> Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?	
<i>Ros.</i> There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case	
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.	
<i>King.</i> We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.	
<i>Dum.</i> Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.	390
<i>Prin.</i> Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?	
<i>Ros.</i> Help, hold his brows! he'll swoond! Why look you pale?	392
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.	
<i>Biron.</i> Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.	
Can any face of brass hold longer out?	395
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;	396
Bruise me 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,	400
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 vizard to my friend;	404
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!	405
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,	
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,	407
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies	
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:	
I do forswear them; and I here protest,	410
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. [415](#)
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron. 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' on those three;
 They are infected; in their hearts it lies; [420](#)
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes; [421](#)
 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.
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us. [425](#)
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end. [430](#)
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
 Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
 Were not you here but even now disguised? [433](#)
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here, [435](#)
 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. [439](#)
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
 Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. [440](#)
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
 What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
 As precious eyesight, and did value me [445](#)
 Above this world; adding thereto, moreover, [446](#)
 That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
 Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth, [450](#)
 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: [454](#)
 I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. [455](#)
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. [460](#)
 I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy: [463](#)
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, [465](#)
 That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
 Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
 The ladies did change favours; and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror, [470](#)
 We are again forsworn, in will and error.
 Much upon this it is: and might not you [*To Boyet.*] [472](#)
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier, [474](#)
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye? [475](#)
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd; 478
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye 480
 Wounds like a leaden sword. 481
Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run. 482
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou part'st a fair fray. 484
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know 485
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine, 487
 For every one pursents three. 488
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
 You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we 490
 know:
 I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,— 491
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth 495
 amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes 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 parties themselves, the actors, sir, will 500
 show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they 501
 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 Pompion the Great: 504
 for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am 505
 to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

[Exit.]

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy 510
 To have one show worse than the king's and his company. 511
King. I say they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
 That sport best pleases that doth least know how: 514
 Where zeal strives to content, and the contents 515
 Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
 Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
 When great things labouring perish in their birth. 517
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet 520
 breath as will utter a brace of words. [*Converses apart with the* 521
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. 524
Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I 525
 protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain,
 too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la
 guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! 528
529

[Exit.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He 530
 presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish
 curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas
 Maccabæus:
 And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, 534
 These four will change habits, and present the other five. 535
Biron. There is five in the first show.
King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.
Biron. 'The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and

the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again [540](#)
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein. [541](#)
King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain. [542](#)

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,— [543](#)
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. [545](#)
Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—
Dum. The Great.
Cost. It is, 'Great,' sir:—
Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance, [550](#)
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France. [551](#)
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.
Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey. [553](#)
Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect:
I made a little fault in 'Great.' [555](#)
Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,— [560](#)
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.
Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling [562](#)
knight.
Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander. [563](#)
Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—
Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander. [565](#)
Biron. Pompey the Great,—
Cost. Your servant, and Costard.
Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.
Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the [570](#)
conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this:
your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be [573](#)
given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and [574](#)
afear'd to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*]
There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, [575](#)
look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, [576](#)
faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see [578](#)
how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will [579](#)
speak their mind in some other sort.
Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. [580](#)

Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH, for Hercules.

Hol. [581](#)
Great Hercules is presented by this imp, [581](#)
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis; [582](#)
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology. [585](#)

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth retires.*] [587](#)
Judas I am,—
Dum. A Judas!
Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus. [590](#)
Dum. Judas Maccabæus dipt is plain Judas.
Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas? [593](#)
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas. [595](#)
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder. 600
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring. 605
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion. 607
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 610
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-faced them all. 615
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go. 617
 And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away! 620
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may
 stumble. [Hol. retires.
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited! 623

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms. 625
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be
 merry. 626
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this. 628
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered. 630
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's. 631
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small. 633
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces. 635
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg. 638
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves. 640
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!— 642

 The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
 Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
 A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea 645
 From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
 I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint. 647
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue. 650
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, 653
 beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a
 man. But I will forward with my device. [To the Princess] Sweet 655
 royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.
Boyet. [Aside to Dum.] Loves her by the foot.
Dum. [Aside to Boyet] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,— 660
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two
 months on her way. 661
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. 665

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt
die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick
by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him. 670

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey
the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles. 675

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on!
stir them on! 677

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will
sup a flea. 680

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash;
I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again. 683

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies! 685

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey! 687

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. 688

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in
my shirt. 690

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will. 695

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for
penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen:
since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of
Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour. 699
700
701
702

Enter MARCADE.

Mar. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Marcade; 704

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment. 705

Mar. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring 706

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mar. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud. 710

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the
day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right
myself like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies. 712

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night. 715

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, 718

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, 720

The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-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 nimble tongue: 725

Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks 726

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms 728

All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides 730

That which long process could not arbitrate: 731

And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince; 734

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, 735

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost 738
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are double. 740
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief; 741
 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 745
 Even to the opposed end of our intents:
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbecoming strains; 748
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye, 750
 Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms, 751
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance:
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, 755
 Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities, 756
 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, 760
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you: 762
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin, 763
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters full of love: 765
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love; 766
 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 770
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves 771
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

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, 775
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
 Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
 If for my love, as there is no such cause, 780
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs 785
 Have brought about the annual reckoning. 786
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, 790
 But that it bear this trial, and last love;
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts, 793
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
 I will be thine; and till that instant shut 795
 My woeful self up in a mourning house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's death.
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 Neither intitled in the other's heart. 800

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest, 802
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
 Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast. 804

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me? 805

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd, [806](#)
 You are attain'd with faults and perjury: [807](#)
 Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary beds of people sick. [810](#)
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
 A wife? [812](#)
Kath. 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 [815](#)
 I'll mark no words that smooth-faced 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 ye be forsworn again. [820](#)
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; [825](#)
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
 What humble suit attends thy answer there:
 Impose some service on me for thy love. [828](#)
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron, [829](#)
 Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue [830](#)
 Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
 Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
 Which you on all estates will execute [833](#)
 That lie within the mercy of your wit.
 To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain, [835](#)
 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, [840](#)
 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. [845](#)
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 [850](#)
 Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
 Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans, [852](#)
 Will hear your idle scorns, continue then, [853](#)
 And I will have you and that fault withal;
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit, [855](#)
 And I shall find you empty of that fault,
 Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
 I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my Lord; and so I take my [860](#)
 leave.
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' courtesies
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, [865](#)
 And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—
Prin. Was not that Hector? [868](#)
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show. 870
872

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach. 877

Re-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. 880

THE SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white 882
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue 883
Do paint the meadows with delight, 884
The cuckoo then, on every tree, 885
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, 890
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, 895
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, 900
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul, 903
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit; 905
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow, 910
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note, 915
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. 917
You that way,—we this way. [Exeunt. 918

NOTES.

LLL [TOC](#)

NOTE I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ](#). Biron is spelt 'Berowne,' Longaville 'Longavill,' in Q₁ F₁ Q₂; Mercade 'Marcade,' in Qq Ff. Armado is written sometimes 'Armatho.' Mr Grant White suggests that Moth should be written 'Mote,' as it was clearly so pronounced. See [note \(vi\)](#). 'Boyet' is made to rhyme with 'debt' in V. 2. 334; 'Longaville' with 'ill' in IV. 3. 119, and with 'mile' in V. 2. 53; 'Rosaline' with 'thine,' IV. 3. 217. Costard, in the old stage directions, is called 'Clown.'

NOTE II.

Mason says, 'I believe the [title](#) of this play should be 'Love's Labours Lost,' but it is clear, from the form in which it is written in the running title of Qq F₁ F₂ 'Loves Labour's Lost,' that the full name was intended to be 'Love's Labour is Lost.' On the title pages however of Q₁ and Q₂ it is written respectively 'Loues labors lost,' and 'Loues Labours lost.' It is called by Meres (1598) 'Love Labour Lost,' and by Tofte 'Love's Labour Lost,' which is in favour of the ordinary spelling.

NOTE III.

As the [scene](#) through the play is in the King of Navarre's park, and as it is perfectly obvious when the action is near the palace and when near the tents of the French princess, we have not thought it necessary to specify the several changes.

NOTE IV.

[I. 1. 23](#). This is an instance of the lax grammar of the time which permitted the use of a singular pronoun referring to a plural substantive, and vice versa, as in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act I. Sc. 1;

'You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em.'

NOTE V.

[I. 1. 110](#). Singer says that in a copy of F₁ which he used, the reading is 'sit.'

NOTE VI.

[I. 2. 86](#). There is probably an allusion in the words, 'for she had a green wit,' to the 'green withes,' with which Samson was bound. In Shakespeare's time, 'mote' was frequently written 'moth,' as in IV. 3. 157 of this play, and in *Much Ado about Nothing* (II. 3) the same variety of spelling gives rise to an obscure pun, 'Note notes, forsooth, and nothing.' Compare, also, *As You Like It*, III. 3. 5.

NOTE VII.

[II. 1. 88](#). We have retained in this passage the reading of the first Quarto, 'unpeeled,' in preference to the 'unpeopled' of the second Quarto and the Folios, which is evidently only a conjectural emendation, and does not furnish a better sense than many other words which might be proposed. In the same way, in Act III. Sc. 1, line 61, we have followed the first Quarto in reading 'vorable' instead of 'voluble,' as it has direct reference to Moth's last words 'thump, then, and I flee,' and is in better keeping with the Euphuistic language of the speaker.

NOTE VIII.

In [II. 1. 114](#) sqq. the speakers are 'Berowne' and 'Kather.' in Q₁. This is

followed by Capell, who justifies it as follows: 'When the King and his lords enter, the ladies mask, and continue mask'd 'till they go: Biron, while the letter is reading, seeks his mistress; accosts Catharine instead of her, finds his error, and leaves her: the King's exit gives him an opportunity to make another attempt, and he then lights on the right but without knowing her; makes a third by enquiry, and is baffled in that too, for he describes Maria, and is told she is Catharine.' In this and other scenes the characters are so confused in the old copies that they can be determined only by the context, in this play a very unsafe guide.

NOTE IX.

II. 1. 212. In this line, as well as in III. 1. 140, 142, &c. and IV. 3. 279, the 'O' is superfluous and appears to have crept into the text from the last letter of the stage direction 'Bero.' In the first instance in which this occurs the first Quarto stands alone, and the error is corrected in the second Quarto and the Folios, and we have therefore ventured to make the same correction in the other cases.

NOTE X.

III. 1. 186. As 'wightly,' in the sense of 'nimble,' has no etymological connection with 'white,' we have thought it best to retain the spelling which is least likely to mislead.

NOTE XI.

IV. 2. 27. *Which we of taste and feeling are, for those...* In Qq Ff this passage stands as follows: 'which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he,' except that Q₁ F₄ put a comma after 'taste' and Q₂ omits 'do.' Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, reads, 'parts (which we taste and feel *ingradare*) that do, &c.' Hanmer is the first to print it as verse, reading,

'And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful
should be,
For those parts which we taste and feel do fructify in us more
than he.'

Johnson proposes, 'When we taste and feeling are for those parts, &c.' Tyrwhitt conjectured, 'Which we of taste and feeling are, &c.' and is followed by Collier and several modern editors. This reading appears to make the best sense with the least alteration. In Collier MS. we find 'which we having taste and feeling &c.'

NOTE XII.

IV. 2. 63, 70, 74. In Qq Ff these three speeches are incorrectly assigned to Nath., Hol. and Nath. respectively, whereas the third evidently belongs to Holofernes. Similarly the speeches beginning with lines 79, 83, 89, 99 are assigned to Nath. instead of Hol., and vice versa line 99 which properly belongs to Nath. is given to Hol. Again 115-122 and 125-129 are given to Nath. in consequence of which 'Sir Nathaniel,' in line 129, was written 'Sir Holofernes,' a title to which the pedant had no claim. The mistake probably arose from the stage direction 'Ped.' being confounded with 'Per.,' that is, Person or Parson. Besides, in line 114, the 'Ped.' of F₁ is changed in the later folios to 'Pedro.'

NOTE XIII.

IV. 3. 142. In Q₁ this line stands at the top of the page. The catch-word on the preceding page is 'Fayth,' shewing that the word omitted, whatever it be, was not the first in the line.

NOTE XIV.

IV. 3. 178. By the kind permission of the Duke of Devonshire, we have collated the copy of the first Quarto, which is in his Grace's library, with that which is in the Capell collection. Besides the important difference mentioned in the foot-note, the following are found:

- E. 3. (r) line 5, paper (Capell) p a d e r (Devonshire).
E. 3. (v) line 12, corporall (Capell) croporall (Devonshire).
I. 3. (r) line 22, then w i (Capell) then w (Devonshire).

NOTE XV.

[IV. 3. 244.](#) Theobald's note is: '*O word divine!*' This is the reading of all the editions that I have seen; but both Dr Thirlby and Mr Warburton concurred in reading (as I had likewise conjectured) *O wood divine!*

'Wood,' however, is the reading of Rowe's first edition. It was perhaps only a happy misprint, as it is altered to 'word' in the second.

NOTE XVI.

[IV. 3. 251.](#) As 'suiter' was pronounced and sometimes written 'shooter' (IV. 1. 101), so probably 'suit' was sometimes written 'shoote,' a word easily corrupted into 'schoole.'

NOTE XVII.

[IV. 3. 285.](#) Although it is not necessary to omit a syllable on account of the metre, as Mr Sidney Walker seems to have thought, we have adopted one of his conjectures for the reason mentioned in [note \(ix\)](#). A similar error, which has hitherto escaped notice, seems to occur in IV. 2. 83, where the word 'Of,' which in the original MS. was part of the stage direction 'Holof.', has crept into the text. If this hypothesis be true, it follows that the frequently recurring error of '*Nath.*' for '*Hol.*' is not due to the author himself, but to an unskilful corrector.

NOTE XVIII.

[IV. 3. 295.](#) Mr Dyce omits lines 295-300, *For when would you...true Promethean fire*; and lines 308-315, *For where is...forsworn our books*, which are repeated in substance, and, to some extent verbatim, in the latter part of the speech.

There can be no doubt that two drafts of the speech have been blended together, and that the author meant to cancel a portion of it; but as there also can be no doubt that the whole came from his pen, we do not venture to correct the printer's error. We would 'lose no drop of the immortal man.' The error is indeed a very instructive one. It goes to prove that the first Quarto was printed from the author's original MS.; that the author had not made a 'foul copy' of his work; and that he had not an opportunity of revising the proof sheets as they passed through the press.

For the same reason we have retained V. 2. 805-810.

NOTE XIX.

[IV. 3. 341.](#) We have here retained 'make,' because the inaccuracy is so natural, that it probably came from the pen of the author. It escaped correction in all the Quartos and Folios, as well as in Rowe's and Pope's editions.

NOTE XX.

[V. 1. 24, 25.](#) The reading which we have given in the text, and which had occurred to us before we discovered that Capell had hit upon nearly the same conjecture, comes nearer to the words and punctuation of the Quartos and Folios than Theobald's, which, since his time, has been the received reading. Sir Nathaniel is not represented elsewhere as an ignoramus who would be likely to say 'bone' for 'bene.' Holofernes patronizingly calls him 'Priscian,' but, pedagogue-like, will not admit his perfect accuracy. 'A little scratched' is a phrase familiar to the schoolmaster, from his daily task of correcting his pupils' 'latines.'

Capell's conjecture, given in his *Notes*, Vol. I. p. 44 of the Various Readings, is '*Nath. Laus Deo bone intelligo. Hol. Bone! bon, fort bon; Priscian.*' In his printed text he follows Theobald.

Some corruption is still left in line 22: *insanie: ne intelligis*. Perhaps we should read *insano fare: intelligis...*

NOTE XXI.

[v. 1. 110.](#) There is some corruption in this passage, which cannot with certainty be removed. In the subsequent scene five 'worthies' only are presented, viz. Hector by Armado, Pompey by Costard, Alexander by Nathaniel, Hercules by the Page, and Judas Maccabæus by Holofernes.

NOTE XXII.

[v. 2. 43.](#) Johnson says 'The former editions read *Were pencils,*' and attributes the restoration of *Ware* to Hanmer. Mr Halliwell repeats the assertion. In reality, all the editions read *Ware*.

NOTE XXIII.

[v. 2. 232.](#) Mr Sidney Walker, in his *Criticisms*, Vol. II. p. 153, remarks that, '*and if* (he means *an if*) is always in the old plays printed '*and if.*' Here is an instance to the contrary. See also Mr Lettsom's note, *l. c.* *And*, not *an*, seems to be printed in nine cases out of ten, whatever the following word be.

NOTE XXIV.

[v. 2. 247.](#) 'Dutchman' here, as usual, means 'German.' The word alluded to is 'Viel,' a word which would be likely to be known from the frequent use which the sailors from Hamburg or Bremen would have cause to make of the phrase 'zu viel' in their bargains with the London shopkeepers.

NOTE XXV.

[v. 2. 312.](#) Mr Collier says that in some copies of Q₁ 'thither' is omitted.

NOTE XXVI.

[v. 2. 528.](#) The modern editors who have followed Hanmer's reading 'della,' in preference to Theobald's 'de la,' have forgotten that Armado is a Spaniard, not an Italian.

Linenotes-*Love's Labour's Lost*

Love's Labour's Lost, I, 1.

SCENE I. The king...park] See [note \(iii\)](#).

Biron] F₂ F₃ F₄. Berowne Qq F₁ and passim.

3: *And...death*] Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.

13: *Academe*] Q₂ F₂. *Achademe* Q₁ F₁. *Academy* F₃ F₄.

18: *schedule*] *sedule* Q₁. *scedule* Q₂ Ff.

23: *oaths*] *oath* Steevens. See [note \(iv\)](#).

keep it too] *keepe it to* Qq F₁ *keep them to* F₂. *keep them too* F₃ F₄.

27: *bankrupt quite*] *bancrout quite* Q₁. *bankerout* Ff. *banquerout* Q₂. *quite* restored by Pope, and again rejected by Theobald.

29: *these*] *this* Collier MS.

31: *pomp*] *pome* Q₁.

62: *feast...forbid*] Theobald. *fast...forbid* Qq Ff. *fast...fore-bid* Theobald conj.

65: *hard a keeping*] *hard-a-keeping* Hanmer.

67: *thus*] Qq Ff. *this* Pope.

72: *Why*] Pope. *Why?* Qq Ff. *but*] Q₁. *and* Ff Q₂.

77: *of light*] Qq F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.

83: *it was*] *was it* Steevens.

87: *base*] *bare* S. Walker conj.

others] *other* Rowe (ed. 1).

92: *nought but fame*;] *nought: but feign*; Warburton. *nought but shame*; Id. conj.

103: *any*] Qq Ff. *an* Pope.

106: *in*] *on* Capell.

new-fangled] *new-spangled* Grey conj.

shows] F₃ F₄. *showes* Qq F₁ F₂. *earth* Theobald. *mirth* S. Walker conj. Malone supposes a line to be lost after line 103.

108: *So you, to study*] *Go you to study*, Anon. conj. *But you'll to study*, Lettsom conj.

to study] *by study* Collier MS.

109: *Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate*] Q₁ *That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate* Ff Q₂. *Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate* Collier MS. *That were to climb the house o'er to unlock the gate* Grant White.

110: *sit*] Qq F₂ F₃ F₄. *fit* F₁. *set* Malone conj. See [note \(v\)](#).

114: *I'll keep what*] *I'll keep to what* Collier MS.

swore] F₂ F₃ F₄. *sworne* Qq F₁.

117: *strict'st*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *strictest* Qq F₁.

123: *this penalty?*] *this?* Steevens, reading *On...this?* as a verse.

127: Biron] Theobald. Qq Ff continue this line to Longaville.

gentility] *gentletie* Q₁. *garrulity* Theobald conj. *scurrility* Staunton conj.

130: *can possibly*] Pope. *can possible* Q₁. *shall possibly* Ff Q₂.

136: *bedrid*] *bedred* Q₁.

138: *hither*] *rather* Collier MS.

146: *She*] *We* Capell.

147: *us all*] *us both* Q₂.

151: *speak*] Q₁. *break* Ff Q₂. *plead* Collier MS.

153: [Subscribes.] Subscribes and gives back the paper. Capell.

156: *Other*] Q₁. *others* Ff Q₂.

158: *will last*] *last will* S. Walker conj.

161: *refined*] Qq F₁. *conceited* F₂ F₃ F₄.

162: *world's*] *world's* Qq F₁. *world* F₂ F₃ F₄.

world's...planted] *world-new fashions flaunted* Collier MS.

164: *One whom*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *on who* Q₁. *one who* F₁ Q₂.

176: *fire-new*] *fire, new* F₁.

178: *is*] *are* Pope.

Enter.....Costard] Malone. Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter. Qq Ff.

179: *Duke's*] Qq Ff. *King's* Theobald.

182: *tharborough*] *farborough* Q₁.
191: *heaven*] *having* Theobald. *haven* Jackson conj. *hearing* Collier MS.
193: *laughing*] Capell. *hearing* Qq Ff.
194: *and*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
197: *climb*] F₃ F₄. *clime* Qq F₁ F₂. *chime* Collier MS.
199: *with the manner*] *with the manor* Hanmer. *in the manner* Warburton.
205: *it is*] Qq F₁. *is* F₂ F₃ F₄. *in* Rowe (ed. 2).
220: *true, but so*] *true: but so* Qq Ff. *true, but so, so* Hanmer.
237: *minnow*] Qq Ff. *minion* or *minim* Anon. conj.
239, 241, 243: *Me?...Me?...me?*] Ff Q₂. *Mee?...Mee?...mee*. Q₁. *Me...Me...me*. Hanmer.
242: *vassa*] *vessel* Collier MS.
247: *which*] *with*, Theobald.
251: *sweet*] Qq F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
252: *meed*] *need* Warburton.
253: *thy*] Qq F₁. *the* F₂ F₃ F₄.
257: *keep*] Qq F₂ F₃ F₄. *keeper* F₁.
 vesse] *vassal* Theobald.
260: *Adriano*] Qq. *Adriana* Ff.
271: *I...I*] *It...I* F₂.
272, 273, 274: *damse*] Q₁, except in line 241 *demsel*. *damosell* Ff Q₂.
287: [Exeunt...] Exeunt. F₂ F₃ F₄. om. Qq F₁.
288: *good man's hat*] *man's good hat* Capell conj. *goodman's hat* Anon. conj.
290: Given to Constable in Collier MS.
293: *prosperity*] *prosperie* Q₁.
294: *till then, sit thee*] Q₁. *untill then sit* Ff Q₂. *untill then set thee* Collier MS.

Love's Labour's Lost, I, 2.

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.

The same. Armado's house. Pope. See [note \(III\)](#).

Enter Armado...] Enter Armado a Braggart... F₂.

10, 11, 16: *senior*] *signeor* Q₁. *signeur* F₁.

13: *epitheton*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *apethaton* Q₁. *apathaton*. F₁ Q₂.

22: *Little pretty*] *Little! pretty* Theobald.

23: *apt*] om. Q₂.

27: *ingenious*] Q₁ F₄. *ingenuous* F₁ Q₂ F₂ F₃.

33: [Aside.] Hanmer.

the mere contrary] Qq F₁. *the clean contrary* F₂ F₃ F₄. *contrary* Hanmer.

36: *Duke*] *King* Theobald.

40: *fitteth*] Q₁ *fits* Ff Q₂.

48: *do*] Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.

51: *here is*] Q₁. *here's* Ff Q₂.

ye'll] *Ye* Q₁. *You'll* Ff Q₂.

51, 52: *it is*] *is it* Warburton.

55: [Aside. Hanmer.

86: *green wit*] See [note \(VI\)](#).

87: *My*] *Me* Q₂.

88: *maculate*] Q₁ *immaculate* Ff Q₂.

94: *pathetical*] *poetical* Collier MS.

97: *blushing*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *blush-in* Qq F₁.

107: *very guilty*] Qq Ff. *guilty* Rowe.

114: *rational*] *irrational* Hanmer.

115: [Aside.] Hanmer.

116: *master*] *master deserves* Hanmer.

117: *love*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *loue* Qq. *ioue* F₁.

120: Enter...] Enter Clown, Constable, and Wench. Qq Ff. Enter C., D., J. and Maid. Rowe.

122: *suffer him to*] Q₁. *let him* Ff Q₂.

123: *a*] Q₁. *hee* F₁ Q₂. *he* F₂ F₃ F₄.

- 125: [Exit. Ff Q₂. om. Q₁.
133: *that*] Q₁ F₂ F₃ F₄. *what* F₁ Q₂.
138: Dull.] Theobald. Clo. Qq F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
 [Exeunt D. and J.] Exeunt. Qq Ff.
139: Arm.] Ar. Q₁. Clo. F₁. Brag. Q₂. Con. F₂ F₃ F₄.
148: *will fast*] *will be fast* F₂ F₃ F₄.
155: *not*] om. Q₂.
too] Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.
words] *wards* Johnson conj.
163: *was Samson*] *was Sampson* Q₁. *Sampson was* Ff Q₂.
165: *Solomon*] F₃ F₄. *Salomon* Qq F₁ F₂.
169: *duello*] *duella*. Q₁.
171: *manager*] *Armiger* Collier MS.
173: *sonnet*] Ff Qq. *sonneteer* Hanmer. *sonneteer* Capell. *a sonnet* Amyot conj.
sonnet-maker Collier MS. *sonnets* Grant White.
174: [Exit.] Q₁. Exit Finis actus primus. F₁ Q₂. Finis actus primi. F₂ F₃ F₄.

Love's Labour's Lost, II, 1.

- ACT II.] om. Q₁. Actus secunda F₁ F₂. Actus secundus. Q₂ F₃ F₄.
 Enter...] Rowe. Enter the Princesse of France with three attending Ladies and three Lords. Qq Ff.
1: *dearest*] *clearest* Collier MS.
2: *who*] Qq F₁. *whom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
13: Prin.] F₂ F₃ F₄. Queen. Qq F₁.
Lord] L. Qq Ff.
beauty, though] *thought* Q₂.
19: *your wit in the praise*] Qq F₁. *thus your wit in praise* F₂ F₃ F₄.
21: *You ...*] Prin. *You ...* F₁ Q₂.
25: *to 's seemeth*] Qq Ff. *to us seemeth* Rowe (ed. 2). *to us seems* Pope.
32: *Importunes*] *Importuous* Q₁.
34: *visaged*] Ff Q₂. *visage* Q₁.
36: [Exit B.] Dyce. Exit. Q₁ F₁ (after line 34).
37, 38: Printed as prose in Qq Ff. First as verse by Rowe (ed. 2).
39: First Lord. *Lord Longaville*] Capell. Lor. *Longavill*. Qq Ff.
you] *ye* Warburton.
40: Mar.] Rowe. 1 Lady. Qq Ff. Lord. Hanmer.
I know] *I knew* F₂ F₃ F₄.
40-43: *madam: at...solemnized In*] Capell. *madam at...solemnized. In* Qq Ff.
43: *In Normandy,*] Mar. *In Normandy* Hanmer.
44: *of sovereign parts*] Ff Q₂. *of soveraigne peerelsse* Q₁. *of— sovereign, peerless* Malone conj. *a sovereign pearl* Steevens conj. *of his sovereign peerless* Jackson conj.
45: *Well fitted in arts*] Qq F₁. *Well fitted in the arts* F₂ F₃ F₄. *In arts well fitted* Grant White conj.
47, 48: *gloss...gloss*] *glose ...glose* Q₁.
51: *none spare*] *spare none* Rowe (ed. 2).
52: *merry mocking*] *merry-mocking* Rowe.
55: *Who...rest?*] omitted by Rowe (ed. 1).
58: *power to do most*] *powerful to do* Hanmer.
60: *he*] *she* F₁ Q₂.
61: *Alençon's*] *Alansoes* Qq F₁. *Alanzoes* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Alanson's* Rowe.
64: *these*] *the* Q₂.
65: *if*] Q₁. *as* Ff Q₂.
if...a truth] *as...a youth* Theobald conj.
69: *his wit*] Qq F₁. *wit* F₂ F₃ F₄.
76: *voluble*] *valuable* Rowe (ed. 2).
80: First Lord.] Lord. Q₁. Ma. Ff Q₂.
84: *much*] om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
88: *unpeeled*] Q₁. *unpeopled* Ff Q₂. See [note \(vii\)](#).
89: [The Ladies mask. Capell.

- 90: SCENE II. Pope.
King.] Navar. Qq Ff.
...and Attendants] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
- 93: *wide*] *wild* Reed (ed. 1803).
- 99: *it; will*] Capell. *it will*, Qq Ff. *it's will*, Rowe (ed. 2).
- 105: *And sin*] *Not sin* Hanmer.
- 105, 106: *And...sudden-bold*] As one line in Q₁.
- 114: Ros.] Rosa. Ff Q₂. Kather. Q₁. See [note \(VIII\)](#).
- 115-117: As two verses ending *then,...quick*. in Capell.
- 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126: Ros.] Rosa, Ff Q₃. Kath. Q₁.
- 129: *a*] *one* Rowe (ed. 1)
- 134: *the which*] *which* Capell.
- 138: *unsatisfied*] *but satisfied* Q₂.
- 142: *repaid*] *repaie* F₁ Q₂.
- 143: *A*] Q₁. *An* Ff Q₂.
demands] *remembers* Rowe.
- 144: *On*] Theobald. *One* Qq Ff.
a] Q₁ F₁ F₂ F₃. *an* Q₂ F₄.
- 147: *father*] *fathers* Q₂.
- 158: *And if*] *An if* Delius conj.
- 167: *I will*] Q₁. *would I* Ff Q₂.
- 171: *in*] Ff Q₂. *within* Q₁.
- 174: *fair*] Q₁. *farther* Ff Q₂. *free* Collier MS.
- 176: *shall we*] Q₁. *we shall* Ff Q₂.
- 178: [Exit.] Qq Ff. [Exeunt King and his train. Capell.
- 179: *mine own*] Q₂. *my none* Q₁. *my own* Ff. *my* Capell.
- 179, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190: Biron.] Ber. Q₁. Boy. Ff Q₂.
- 180: *Pray*] *Now, pray* Capell, reading as verse.
- 183-192: Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
- 183: *fool*] *foole* Q₁. *soule* F₁ Q₂ F₂. *soul* F₃ F₄.
- 189: *No point*] *No poynt*, (in italics) Qq Ff. *No*, (rom.) *point*, (ital.) Capell.
- 192: Biron.] Ber. Qq F₁. Bir. F₂ F₃ F₄.
[Retiring.] Capell. [Exit. Qq Ff.
Enter Dumaine. Qq Ff.
- 194: *Katharine*] Singer (Capell conj.). *Rosalin* Qq Ff.
- 195: Enter Longavile. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 197: *sometimes*] *sometime* Q₂.
an] *and* Q₁. *if* Ff Q₂.
- 197-203: *A woman.....offended*.] Put in the margin by Pope.
- 202: *on your*] Qq. *a your* Ff.
- 205: *Nay, my choler is ended*] omitted by Pope.
- 207: Enter Berowne. Qq Ff.
- 208-226: *What's ... abused*] Put in the margin by Pope.
- 209: *Rosaline*] Singer (Anon. N. and Q. conj.). *Katherine* Qq Ff.
- 212: *You*] Ff Q₂. *O you* Q₁. See [note \(IX\)](#).
- 213: [Exit Biron.] Q₁. [Exit. Ff Q₂. [The Ladies unmask. Capell.
- 218: Mar. *Two hot sheeps, marry*. Boyet. *And...ships?*] Rowe (ed. 2). Lady Ka. *Two hot sheeps marie*. Bo. *And...shipps?* Q₁. La. Ma. *Two hot sheeps marie: And wherefore not ships?* Ff Q₂. See [note \(VIII\)](#).
- 221: [Offering...] Capell.
- 224: *but, gentles, agree*] Theobald. *but gentles agree* Qq Ff.
- 227, 229: Punctuated as in Theobald, *observation (which...eyes. Deceave... Q₁. observation (which...eyes) Deceive* Ff Q₂.
- 230-252: Prin. *With-what?...lie*.] Put in the margin by Pope.
- 233: *did*] Q₁. *doc* Ff Q₂.
their] *the* Q₂.
- 234: *thorough*] *through* Q₂.
- 240: *feel only*] *feed on by* Jackson conj.
- 243: *where*] Q₁. *whence* Ff Q₂.
- 244: *point you*] Q₁. *point out* Ff Q₂.

245: *quote*] Q₂. *coate* Q₁ F₁ F₂. *coat* F₃ F₄.

247: *and*] om. Q₂.

249: *disposed.*] *disposed*— Warburton.

Love's Labour's Lost, III, 1.

ACT III.] Actus Tertius. F₁ Q₂. Actus Tertia. F₂ F₃ F₄. om. Q₁.

SCENE I.] Rowe. SCENE II. Capell, following Theobald, who continues Act I.

Enter Armado and Moth.] Enter Braggart and his boy. Q₁. Enter Braggart and Boy: Song. Ff Q₂.

7: *Master*] Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.

11: *your*] Q₁. *the* Ff Q₂.

12: *eyelids*] Q₁. *eye* Ff Q₂.

sometime] *something* Rowe (ed. 1). *sometimes* Pope.

13: *as if*] Theobald. *if* Qq Ff.

singing love, sometime] Theobald. *singing love sometime* Q₁. *singing, love sometime* Ff Q₂.

14: *through the nose*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *through: nose* Qq F₁.

16, 17: *thin-belly*] F₃ F₄. *thinbellies* Q₁. *thinbellie* F₁ Q₂. *thinebelly* F₂.

thin-belly doublet] *thin belly-doublet* Steevens. *thin belly's doublet* Collier.

19 *compliments*] *'complishments* Hanmer.

21: *them men of note—do you note me?—that*] Hanmer. *them men of note: do you note men that* Qq Ff. *the men of note: do you note men, that* Theobald. *them men of note (do you note men?) that* Malone.

24: *penny*] Hanmer. *penne* Q₁ F₁ F₂. *pen* Q₂ F₃ F₄. *paine* Collier MS. *ken* Becket conj.

37: *and this,*] Theobald, (*and this*) Qq Ff.

without] *out of* Pope.

38, 39: *by heart...by her*] omitted by Rowe.

45: Arm.] Boy. Q₂.

46: *message*] *messenger* Collier MS.

53: *The*] Q₁. *Thy* Ff Q.

ingenious] *ingenuous* Q₂.

57: *so*] *so, so soon* Johnson conj.

60: *flee*] *fly* Rowe.

61: *volable*] Q₁. *voluble* Ff Q₂.

free] *fair* Collier MS.

63: *Most rude*] *moist-eyed* Collier MS.

65: SCENE II. Pope.

65-121: Moth. *A wonder...loose*] Put in the margin by Pope.

66: *come, thy*] Qq F₁. *no* F₂ F₃ F₄.

66, 67: *l'envoy; begin*] Capell. *l'envoy begin* Qq Ff.

67, 68: *in the mail*] *in thee male* Qq F₁. *in the male* F₂ F₃ F₄. *in the vale* Johnson conj. *in the matter* Capell. *à the mal* Becket conj. *in them all* Knight (Tyrwhitt conj.).

68: *O*] Q₁ F₃ F₄. *Or* F₁ Q₂ F₂.

plain] *pline* Q₁.

69: *no salve*] Qq F₁. *or salve* F₂ F₃ F₄.

71: *my lungs*] *thy lungs* Edd. conj.

73: *word*] Qq F₁. *world* F₂ F₃ F₄.

76: *page*] *Moth* Rowe (ed. 1).

77: *sain*] *saine* Q₁. *faine* F₁ Q₂ F₂. *fain* F₃ F₄.

78-86: *I will...four*] omitted in Ff Q₂.

86, 92: *adding*] *making* Collier MS.

91: Arm.] Qq F₁ Pag. F₂ F₃ F₄.

101: *the*] *a* F₃ F₄.

110: *I Costard*] *Costard* Warburton.

114: *Sirrah Costard*] *Marry, Costard* Knight conj. *Sirrah Costard, marry,* Collier MS.

118: *immured*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *emured* Qq F₁.

121: *loose*] *be loose* Collier MS.

122: *set thee from*] *set thee free from* Collier MS.

- [126](#): *honour*] Q₁. *honours* Ff Q₂.
- [128](#): *Jew*] *jewel* Warburton.
- [131](#): *inkle*] *yncle* Qq Ff.
One penny] *i. d.* Qq F₁ F₂. *i. de.* F₃ F₄. *Five farthings* Rowe (ed. 1). *A penny* Rowe (ed. 2).
- [132](#), [133](#): *carries it. Remuneration!*] Theobald, *carries it remuneration* Qq F₁ F₂. *carries it's remuneration* F₃ F₄.
- [133](#): *French*] Q₁. *a French* Ff Q₂.
- [135](#): SCENE III. Pope.
- [138](#): *What*] *O what* Q₁.
- [140](#): *three-farthing worth*] Q₁. *three farthings worth* Ff Q₂.
- [140](#), [142](#), [146](#), [148](#), [163](#): Each of these lines begins with *O* in Qq Ff. See [note \(ix\)](#).
- [143](#): *win*] om. Q₂.
- [150](#): *know*] *know it* F₃ F₄.
- [154](#): *princess*] *princes* Q₂.
- [159](#): [Giving ...shilling] Edd.
- [161](#): *a 'leven-pence*] *a levenpence* Qq Ff. *elevenpence* Rowe.
- [162](#): *in print*] *in point* Anon. conj. ap. Halliwell.
Gardon] Qq F₁. *guerdon* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- [163](#)-[168](#): Q₁ prints as three lines ending *whip...constable...magnificent*; Ff Q₂ as six lines ending *love...whip...criticke...constable...boy...magnificent*.
- [165](#): *a humorous*] *an amorous* Hanmer.
- [168](#): *so*] *more* Rowe.
- [169](#): *wimpled*] *whimp'ring* Hanmer.
- [170](#): *senior-junior*] Hanmer (Anon. conj. apud Theobald), *signior Junios* Qq Ff. *signior Juno's* Rowe (ed. 2). *signior Junio* Pope. *Signior Julio's* Upton conj.
dwarf] *dwarfe* F₁.
Dan] Q₁. *Don* Ff Q₂.
- [177](#): *field*] *file* Theobald (Warburton).
- [179](#): *What! I love! I sue!*] *What? I love! I sue! what?* Hanmer. *What? what? I love! I sue!* Johnson. *What? I! I love! I sue!* Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.).
- [180](#): *German clock*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Jermene Cloake* Q₁. *Germane Cloake* F₁.
Germaine Cloake Q₂.
- [182](#): *aright*] *right* Capell.
being a] Qq F₁. *being but* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- [186](#): *wightly*] Edd. *whitley* Qq F₁ F₂. *whitely* F₃ F₄. *witty* Collier MS. *whiteless* Porson conj. See [note \(x\)](#).
- [194](#): *sue and groan*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *shue, grone* Q₁ F₁. *sue grone* Q₂. *sue, watch, groan* Lettsom conj.

Love's Labour's Lost, IV, 1.

- [ACT IV.\]](#) ACT III. Theobald.
enter...] Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladyes, and her Lordes. Qq Ff.
- [2](#): *uprising*] *unrising* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- [3](#): *Boy.*] Ff Q₂. For. Q₂.
- [6](#): *on*] *ore* Q₁.
- [9](#): *Hereby*] *Hardby* Hanmer.
coppice] *copse* S. Walker conj.
- [11](#)-[40](#): *I thank...lord*] Put in the margin by Pope.
- [13](#): *madam*] om. F₃ F₄.
- [14](#): *and again*] Q₁ *and then again* F₁ Q₂. *then again* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- [22](#): *fair*] *faith* Collier MS.
- [23](#): *fair*] *the* F₃ F₄.
- [27](#): *do't*] *doote* Q₁.
- [32](#): *for praise*] *to praise* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- [35](#): *deer's*] *Deere* F₂.
that] *tho'* Warburton conj.
- [40](#): *a*] *her* Rowe.
- [42](#)-[52](#): *God...will*] Put in the margin by Pope.
- [49](#), [50](#): *your waist...my wit...your waist*] *my waste...your wit...my waste* Warburton.

- 49: *my wit*] *your wit* Johnson conj.
- 64: *illustrate*] *illustrious* Q₂.
- 65: *Zenelophon*] *Penelophon* Collier.
- 66: *annothanize*] Qq F₁. *anatomize* F₂ F₃ F₄. *annotanize* Knight.
- 67: *videlicet*] *is* Capell.
saw] F₂ F₃ F₄. *see* Qq F₁.
saw] Rowe. *see* Qq Ff.
- 68: *overcame*] Q₂ F₃ F₄. *covercame* Q₁ F₁ F₂.
- 70: *who overcame he?*] Qq Ff. *who overcame him?* Rowe (ed. 1). *whom overcame he?* Hanmer.
- 71: *the king's*] Q₂ F₃ F₄. *the king* Q₁ F₁.
captive] *captivitie* Q₂.
- 80: *Adriano*] Q₂. *Adriana* Q₁ Ff. *Armado*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Armatho* Qq F₁.
- 87: *feathers*] *feather* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 92: *phantasime*] Qq F₁. *phantasme* F₂ F₃ F₄. *phantasma* Capell conj.
Monarcho] *monorcho* Q₂.
Monarcho] *mammuccio* Hanmer. {Transcriber's Note: this linenote has been copied to this location from the original book's ADDENDA.}
- 99: *lords*] *ladies* Johnson conj.
- 100: *Exeunt...*] *Exeunt*. Ff Q₂. om. Q₁.
- 101-142: *Who is... sola.*] Put in the margin by Pope.
- 101: *suitor...suitor*] Steevens (Farmer conj.). *shooter* Qq Ff.
- 108: *the*] om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 119: [Exit. Q₁.
- 120: *An*] *And* Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.
- 121: [Exeunt R. and K.] Capell. [Exit. Ff. Q₂.
- 123: *hit it*] F₄. *hit* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 129: *pin*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *is in* Qq F₁.
- 137: *Armado o' th' one*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Armatho ath toothen* Q₁. *Armathor ath to the* F₁ Q₂. *Armado ath to* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Armado o' th' to* Grant White.
- 139: After this line Collier MS. inserts *Looking babies in her eyes his passion to declare*.
- 140: *o' t' other*] *at other* Qq Ff.
of wit] *of small wit* Collier MS.
- 141: *a most*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *most* Qq F₁.
- 142: [Shout within.] F₄. Shot within. Q₁. Shoote within. F₁. Shoote with him. Q₂. Showte within. F₂.

Love's Labour's Lost, IV, 2.

- 3: Hol.] Ped. Qq Ff.
sanguis, in blood] *in sanguis, blood* Capell.
- 4: *the*] Q₁. *a* Ff Q₂.
- 24: *animal*] *animal, not to think* Collier MS.
- 26, 27: Printed as prose in Qq Ff, first as verse by Hanmer.
- 27: *Which we of taste and feeling are, for those...*] See [note \(xi\)](#).
do] Q₁ Ff. om. Q₂.
- 28: *indiscreet*] *indistrell* Q₁.
- 29: *see*] *set* Collier MS.
- 32: *me*] Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.
- 34: *Dictynna*] Rowe. *Dictisima* Q₁ F₁ F₂ F₃. *Dictissima* Q₂ F₄.
Doctissime...Dictynna Collier MS.
- 35: *Dictynna*] *Dictinna* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Dictima* Qq F₁.
- 36: *title*] *tittle* F₂.
- 38: *raught*] *rought* Q₁. *wrought* Ff Q₂.
- 44: *pollusion*] Q₂ F₃ F₄. *polusion* Q₁ F₁ F₂. *pollution* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 47: *epitaph*] *epigram* Capell conj. MS.
- 48: *ignorant*] *ignorault* Q₁.
- 49: *call I*] Edd. *call'd* Qq Ff. *I have call'd* Rowe. *I will call* Singer. *I call* Collier MS.
a] *the* Q₂.

- 51: *scurrility*] *squirilitie* Q₁.
- 54: *preyful*] *prayfull* Qq F₁. *praysfull* F₂.
- 54-59: Printed as twelve lines in Qq Ff.
- 56, 58: *L*] *ell* Qq Ff.
- 56: *jumps*] *jumpt* Pope.
- 58: *one sorel*] Edd. *o sorell* Q₁. *O sorell* Q₂ Ff. *of sorel* Warburton. *O sore L* Capell.
- 63: Hol.] Nath. Qq Ff. See [note \(xii\)](#).
- 66, 67: *pia mater*] Rowe. *primater* Qq Ff.
- 68: *in whom*] *whom* Q₁.
- 70: *my*] *our* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 74: *ingenuous*] Q₂ F₃ F₄. *ingenous* Q₁. *ingennous* F₁ F₂. *ingenious* Capell.
- 76: *sapit*] Q₂ F₂ F₃ F₄. *sapis* Q₁ F₁.
- 78: *parson*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *person* Qq F₁.
- 79: *pers-on*] *pers-one* Steevens.
- 79-85: Put in the margin by Pope.
- 81: *likest*] Ff Q₂. *liklest* Q₁.
- 83: *Piercing*] Edd. *Of persing* Qq Ff. See [note \(xvii\)](#).
lustre] *cluster* F₃ F₄.
- 86: *Parson*] Qq Ff.
- 89: *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Facile precor gellida quando pecas omnia* Q₁ F₁. *Facile precor gleida quando peccas omnia* Q₂.
- 92, 93: *Venetia,.....ti.....ti pretia*] Edd. (from Florio's 'Second Frutes.')
Vinegia...te...ei non te pregiat Theobald. *Vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche* Q₁ F₁. *Vemchie, vencha...perroche* Q₂. *Vemchie, vencha...piaech* F₂ F₃ F₄, Rowe, Pope.
- 95: *loves thee not*] Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.
- 99: *stanze*] F₁ Q₂. *stauze* Q₁. *stanza* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 101: *Ah*] *O 'Passionate Pilgrim.'*
- 102: *faithful*] *constant* Ib.
- 103: *were*] *like* Ib.
- 105: *would*] *can* Ib.
- 110: *bears*] *seems* Ib.
- 112: *pardon love this*] *do not love that* Ib.
- 113: *That sings*] *To sing* Ib. *That sings the* S. Walker conj.
- 115: *canzonet*] Theobald. *cangenet* Qq Ff.
- 115-122: *Here...you*] Theobald continues to Holofernes. In Qq Ff they are given to Nathaniel.
- 117: *caret*] *caerent* Nicholson conj.
- 119: *invention? imitar*] Theobald. *invention imitarie* Qq Ff. *invention? imitating* Collier MS.
- 120: *tired*] *tyred* Qq Ff. *try'd* Theobald. *'tired* Capell. *trained* Heath conj.
- 123, 124: *one of the strange queen's lords*] *to one of the strange queen's ladies* Theobald.
- 125-129: *I will...Biron*] given to Nathaniel in Qq Ff. See [note \(xii\)](#).
- 128: *writing*] Rowe. *written* Qq Ff.
- 129: *in*] *it* Q₂.
Sir Nathanie] Capell. *Sir Holofernes* Qq Ff. om. Theobald.
- 129-135: Given to Dull by Rowe.
- 133: *royal*] om. Ff Q₂.
- 137: [Exeunt...] *Exit*. Qq Ff.
- 145: *before*] Q₁. *being* Ff Q₂.
repast] *request* Heath conj.
- 147: *or*] Qq F₁ F₂. *and* F₃ F₄.
- 148: *ben venuto*] Rowe (ed. 2). *bien venuto* Q₁ F₂ F₃ F₄. *bien vonuto* F₁ Q₂.
bien venu too Edd conj.

Love's Labour's Lost, IV, 3.

[SCENE III.](#)] SCENE IV. Pope. ACT IV. Capell.

1: *he*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).

2: *a pitch*] *pitch* Hanmer.

3: *set*] Qq Ff. *sit* Hanmer.

5: *and I the fool*] *and ay the fool* Grant White, *am I the fool* Anon. conj.

- 6: *I a sheep*] *ay a sheep* Grant White.
- 9: *love her*] *love* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 12, 13: *melancholy*] *mallichollie* Qq Ff.
- 17: [Stands aside.] [retiring. Capell, and at line 21 [Gets up into a tree. id.
- 24: *smote*] *smot* Qq Ff.
- 25: *night of dew*] Qq Ff. *dew of night* Singer (Musgrave conj.).
- 34: *wilt*] *will* Q₁.
- 36: *dost thou*] Qq Ff. *thou dost* Singer (Collier MS.).
- 43: *perjure*] *perjurd* F₂.
- 49: *triumvir]* Rowe (ed. 2). *triumphery* Qq F₁ F₂. *triumphry* F₃ F₄. *triumvirate* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 55: *slop*] Theobald. *shop* Qq Ff. *shape* Egerton MS.
- 57: *cannot*] *could not* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
- 59: *deserve*] *deserves* Q₂.
- 62: *earthly*] *earthy* F₃ F₄.
- 64: *Vows are but breath*] *My vow was breath* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
- 65: *which on my earth dost*] *that on this earth doth* Ib.
- 66: *Exhalest*] *Exhale* Ib.
- 67: *If broken then,*] Q₁ Ff. *If broken, then* Q₂ 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
- 69: *lose*] F₄. *loose* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *breake* 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
- 71: *idolatry*] *ydotarie* Q₁.
- 72: *God amend!*] *God amend us!* Collier MS.
[Enter Dumaine. Qq Ff.
- 76: *fools*] *souls*' S. Walker conj.
- 77: [Enter Dumaine, with a paper.] Dyce.
- 81: *wonder*] *woonder* Q₁.
in] Q₁. *of* Ff Q₂.
- 82: *not, corporal*] *but corporal* Theobald. *most corporal* Collier MS.
- 83: *hairs*] *hair* Capell conj.
for foul...quoted] *fourfold...coated*] Jackson conj.
hath] *have* Rowe.
quoted] *coted* Qq Ff.
- 85, 86: *Stoop...child*. As one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Theobald.
- 89: *I*] Johnson. om. Qq Ff.
- 97: [reads] reads his sonnet Qq Ff.
- 98: *month is ever May*] Q₁. *month is every May* Ff Q₂. *every month is May* Anon conj.
is] *was* 'England's Helicon.'
- 101: *velvet leaves the*] *velvet, leaves the* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *velvet leaves, the* F₄.
- 102: *can*] *'gan* Theobald, *gan* 'England's Helicon' and 'the Passionate Pilgrim.'
- 103: *lover*] *shepherd* 'England's Helicon.'
- 104: *Wish*] Qq F₁. *wish'd* F₂ F₃ F₄. 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
- 105: *may blow*] *to blow* F₃ F₄.
- 106: *Air.*] *Ah!* Johnson conj.
- 107: *alack*] *alas* 'Passionate Pilgrim,' and 'England's Helicon.'
is] *hath* Ib.
- 108: *thorn*] Rowe (ed. 2) (from 'England's Helicon'), *throne* Qq Ff, 'Passionate Pilgrim.'
- 111, 112: *Do...thee*] om. 'Passionate Pilgrim,' and 'England's Helicon.'
- 113: *Thou*] *Thee* Singer.
whom Jove] *whom ev'n Jove* Rowe (ed. 2). *whose love Jove* S. Walker conj. (withdrawn). *whom great Jove* Collier MS.
- 118: *fasting*] *fest'ring* Theobald conj. *lasting* Capell.
- 126: *o'erheard*] *ore-hard* Q₁.
- 127: *you blush;*] *do, blush;* Capell conj. *blush you:* Collier MS. *your blush:* S. Walker conj.
- 128: *chide*] *chid* F₂.
- 129: *Maria:*] *Maria?* Qq F₁ F₂. *Maria,* F₃ F₄.
- 137: *Ay*] *Ah* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 138: *One, her*] *One her* Q₁. *On her* F₁ Q₂. *Her* F₂ F₃ F₄. *One's* S. Walker conj.
- 139: [To Long.] Johnson.
- 140: [To Dum.] Johnson.

- 142: *Faith*] Qq F₁. *A faith* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Of faith* or *Faith so*, or *Such faith* S. Walker conj. *Faiths* Delius conj. See [note \(xiii\)](#).
zeal] *a zeal* F₂.
- 144: *leap*] *geap* Warburton.
- 145: *I*] *eye* Capell conj.
- 147: [Advancing.] Coming from his tree. Capell.
- 150: *art*] Qq F₁. *are* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 151: *coaches; in*] Hanmer. *coaches in* Rowe (ed. 2). *couches in* Qq Ff. *loaches in* Grey conj.
- 157: *mote...mote*] Rowe. *moth...moth* Qq Ff.
- 162: *gnat*] *knot* Theobald. *sot* Johnson conj. *knott* Collins conj. *quat* Becket conj.
- 164: *to tune*] Q₁. *tuning* Ff Q₂.
- 166: *toys*] *toyles* Q₂.
- 170: *caudle*] Q₁. *candle* Ff Q₂.
- 172: *to me...by you*] Capell. *by me...to you* Qq Ff. *by me...by you* Theobald.
- 176: *men like you, men of inconstancy*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *men like men of inconstancy* Qq F₁. *men, like men of strange inconstancy* F₂ F₃ F₄ (*strang* F₂). *vane-like men of strange inconstancy* Hanmer (Warburton). *moon-like men of strange inconstancy* Steevens (Mason conj.). *men, like men of such inconstancy* Tieck conj. *men-like women of inconstancy* Collier conj. *men like you, men all inconstancy* Lettsom conj. *men like women for inconstancy* Anon. conj.
- 178: *love*] *Love* Q₁. (Duke of Devonshire's copy). *Ione* Q₁. *Ioane* Qq F₁ F₂. *Joan* F₃ F₄. See [note \(xiv\)](#).
- 179-182: *In pruning.....limb?*] Printed as prose in Qq Ff, corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).
- 185: *present*] *presentment* Singer. *peasant* Collier MS.
[Offering a paper. Capell.
- 188: *away*] om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 190: *parson*] *person* Qq Ff.
'twas] Q₁. *it was* Ff Q₂.
- 191: [Giving...paper.] Capell. [He reads the letter. Qq Ff.
- 195: [Biron...letter.] Capell.
- 196: *is in*] Qq F₁ F₂. *mean* F₃ F₄.
- 199: [Gathering...] Capell.
- 201: *lord*] *liege* Capell (corrected in MS.).
- 204: *and you, and you*] *and you* Reed (1803).
- 207, 208: *True...gone?*] Printed as one line in Qq Ff.
- 209: [Exeunt...] Exit. F₂. om. Q₁ F₁.
- 212: *show*] *shew* Q₁. *will shew* Ff Q₂.
- 214: *were*] Q₁ F₃ F₄. *are* F₁ Q₂ F₂.
- 217: *quoth you*] om. Capell.
- 220: *strucken*] F₄. *strooken* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 237: *then*] *and* Capell.
- 244: *wood*] Rowe (ed. 1). *word* Qq Ff. See [note \(xv\)](#).
- 250: *Black is*] *Black as* F₃ F₄.
- 251: *school*] F₃ F₄. *schoule* Qq F₁. F₂. *scowl* Theobald (Warburton). *stole* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *soul* Thirlby conj. *soil* Dyce conj. *shade* Collier MS. *scroll, shroud, or seal* Halliwell conj. *suit* Edd. conj. See [note \(xvi\)](#).
- 252: Given to Biron by Hanmer.
crest] *dress* Hanmer. *crete* Warburton. *craye* Edwards conj. *cresset* Becket conj. *best* Collier MS.
- 254: *brows*] *brow* F₄.
- 255: *and*] F₄. om. Qq F₁. *an* F₂ F₃.
usurping] *usurped* Hanmer.
- 258: *the days*] *these days* Collier MS.
- 262: *black*] *blake* Q₁.
- 264: *crack*] Q₂ F₃ F₄. *crake* Q₁ F₁ F₂.
sweet] *swart* Anon. conj.
- 267: *their*] *her* Q₂.
- 276: *lies*] *lyes?* Qq Ff.
- 279: *Nothing*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *O nothing* Qq F₁. See [note \(ix\)](#).
- 285: *'Tis*] S. Walker conj. *O* Id. conj. *O tis* Qq Ff. See [note \(xvii\)](#).

- 286: *affection's men*] *affections men* Qq F₁ F₂. *affections, men* F₃ F₄.
- 289: *'gainst*] *against* Q₂.
- 293: *have*] *hath* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 295: See [note \(xviii\)](#).
- 301: *prisons*] Theobald. *poysons* Qq Ff.
- 304: *sinewy*] *sinnowy* Qq Ff.
- 309: *beauty*] *duty* Warburton. *learning* Collier MS.
- 312, 313: *eyes, Do*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *eyes With our selves Do* Qq F₁.
- 318: *numbers*] *notions* Hanmer.
- 319: *beauty's*] *beautis* Q₁. *beauties* Ff. Q₂. *beauteous* Hanmer.
- 332: *head*] *hand* Griffith conj. *heed* Anon. conj.
theft] *thrift* Theobald.
- 335: *dainty Bacchus*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *dainty, Bacchus* Qq. F₁.
- 336: *valour*] *savour* Theobald. *flavour* Griffith conj.
- 338: *Sphinx*] *a Sphinx* F₃ F₄.
- 339: This line printed twice in F₂.
- 340: *speaks,.....gods*] *speaks (the voice of all) the gods* Tyrwhitt conj.
- 340, 341: *the voice.....heaven*] *the voice makes all the gods Of heaven* Farmer conj.
- 341: *Make*] *Makes* Hanmer. *Mark*, Theobald (Warburton). *Wakes drowsy heaven* Becket conj. *Wakes heaven, drowsy* Jackson conj. See [note \(xix\)](#).
the] *its* Steevens conj.
- 343: *sighs*] *tears* Griffith conj.
- 345: *humility*] *humanity* Griffith conj.
- 354: *that loves all men*] *that moves all men* Hanmer. *all women love* Warburton. *that joyes all men* Heath conj. *that leads all men* Mason conj.
- 355: *men's*] *man's* Anon. conj.
authors] Capell. *author* Qq Ff.
women] *words* Farmer conj.
- 356: *Or*] *For* Warburton conj. transposing lines 355, 356.
women's] *womans* F₄.
- 357: *Let us*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Lets us* Q₁. *Let's* F₁ Q₂.
- 357, 358: *lose...lose*] F₄. *loose...loose* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 363: *standards*] *standars* Q₁.
- 365: *conflict*] *conflish* F₂.
- 376: *her*] *his* Capell conj.
- 378: *betime*] Rowe (ed. 2) *be time* Qq Ff. *betide* Staunton conj.
- 379: *Allons!* *allons*] Theobald (Warburton). *Alone, alone* Qq Ff.

Love's Labour's Lost, V, 1.

- ACT v.] Actus Quartus Ff Q₂.
- 1: *quod*] Rowe. *quid* Qq Ff.
- 2: *sir*] om. Q₂.
- 4: *affection*] Qq F₁. *affectation* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 8: *hominem*] F₃ F₄. *hominum* Qq F₁ F₂.
tanquam] *tanquem* Rowe.
- 11: *picked*] *piqued* Becket conj.
- 13: [Draws...] F₃ F₄. Draw... Qq F₁ F₂.
- 17: *orthography*] *ortagriphie* Q₁ F₁. *ortographie* Q₂. *ortagrify* F₂. *ortagraphy* F₃ F₄.
- 21: *he*] *we* F₃ F₄.
abominable] Q₁. *abominable* F₁ F₂. *abominable* F₃ F₄.
- 22: *me*] Qq Ff. *to me* Hanmer. *men* Farmer conj. *one* Collier MS.
insanie] Theobald (Warburton conj.). *infamie* Qq Ff. *insanity* Warburton.
insanire S. Walker conj. *insania* Collier MS.
ne] *nonne* Johnson conj.
- 22: *make*] *be mad* Johnson conj. *wax* Dyce conj.
- 24: *bene*] *bone* Theobald.
- 25: *Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian!*] Edd. *bome boon for boon prescian*; Qq Ff.
Bone?—bone for bene; Priscian Theobald. See [note \(xx\)](#).
scratched] *scratcht* Qq F₁. *scarch* F₂ F₃. *search* F₄. *scratch* Pope.
- 26: SCENE II. Pope.

- 34: *stolen*] *stole* F₂ F₃ F₄.
the] om. Q₂.
- 47: *third*] Theobald. *last* Qq Ff.
- 51: *wave*] *wane* Q₁.
- 57: *disputest*] F₄. *disputes* Qq F₁. *disputes't* F₂ F₃.
- 59: *circum circa*] Theobald. *unum cita* Qq Ff. *manu cita* Anon. conj.
- 66, 67: *dunghill...dunghill*] *dungil...dunghel* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *dunghil...dunghel* F₄.
- 68: *preambulate*] Edd. *preambulat* Qq Ff. *prœambula* Theobald.
singuled] Q₁. *singled* Ff Q₂.
- 70: *charge-house*] *church-house* Theobald conj. *large house* Collier MS.
- 74: *most*] om. Q₂.
- 80: *chose*] Qq F₂. *choise* F₂. *choice* F₃ F₄.
you] om. Q₂.
- 83: *very*] *my very* Rowe.
- 84: *remember*] *refrain* Capell. *remember not* Malone.
thy] *my* Jackson conj.
- 86: *important*] *importunt* Q₁. *importunate* Ff Q₂.
- 95: *secrecy*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *secretie* Q₁. *secrecie* F₁ Q₂. *secretly* Rowe.
- 99: *breaking out*] *breakings-out* Capell.
- 103: *Sir*] Rowe. *Sir Holofernes* Qq Ff. *Sir* [To Nathaniel.] Hanmer. *Sir Nathaniel* Capell.
- 104: *rendered*] *rended* Q₁.
assistants] Qq Ff. *assistance* Heath conj.
- 105: *at*] om. Qq F₁. *at* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 106: *gentleman*] *gentleman's* Capell conj.
- 110: *myself and*] om. Rowe. *myself or* Capell. *myself David* Nicholson conj. See [note \(xxi\)](#).
gentleman] *man* Theobald.
- 112: *pass*] *pass for* Capell. *pass as* Edd. conj.
the page] *and the page* Rowe.
- 121: *do*] *know* Hanmer.
- 127: *antique. I beseech you*] *antick, I beseech you, to* Collier MS.
- 132: *Allons*] *alone* Qq Ff.
- 133, 134: Printed as verse first by Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
- 133: *or I will*] *or will* F₃ F₄.

Love's Labour's Lost, V, 2.

- [SCENE II.\]](#) SCENE III. Pope. ACT V. SCENE I. Capell.
- 3, 4: These two lines to be transposed. S. Walker conj.
- 3: *A lady*] *All ladies* Lettsom conj.
- 8: *o'*] *a* Q₁. *on* Ff Q₂.
- 11: *years*] *yeare* Q₁.
- 12: *shrewd*] *shrowd* Q₁.
- 13: *ne'er*] *neare* Q₁.
- 17: *ha'*] *a* Qq F₁ F₂. *have* F₃ F₄.
a grandam] *Grandam* Q₁.
- 28: *cure...care*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *care...cure* Qq Ff.
- 41: *as*] om. Rowe.
- 42: *B*] R Collier MS.
- 43: *'Ware*] See [note \(xxii\)](#).
pencils] Rowe. *pensalls* Q₁. *pensals* F₁. *pensils* Q₂ F₂ F₃ F₄.
ho!] Hanmer. *How?* Qq Ff.
- 45: *not so*] Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.
- 46: *Kath.*] Theobald. Prin. QQ Ff.
]] om. Capell.
beshrew] *beshrow* Q₁.
- 47: *Katharine,*] om. S. Walker conj.
to you from fair] *you from* Ritson conj.
- 49: *moreover*] *sent moreover* Capell.
- 51: *hypocrisy*] *apocrypha* Warburton conj. (withdrawn).

- 53: *pearls*] *pearle* Q₁.
- 58: *mock...so*] *make...sport* Anon. conj.
so] *for't* Theobald.
- 65: *wholly to my hests*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.). *wholly to my device* Qq F₁. *all to my behests* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 65, 66: *hests...jests*] *behest...jest* Capell conj. MS.
- 66: *that*] Qq F₁. *with* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 67: *pertaunt-like*] Q₁. *pertaunt-like* Ff Q₂. *pedant-like* Theobald. *portent-like* Hanmer. *pageant-like* Capell. *scoffingly* Douce conj. *potent-like* Singer. *potently* Collier MS. *persaunt-like* Grant White. *pert-taunt-like* Anon. conj.
- 70: *fool:*] Q₁ F₄. *foole?* F₁ Q₂ F₂ F₃.
- 72: *own*] *one* Q₂.
- 74: *wantonness*] F₃ F₄. *wantonesse* F₂. *wantons be* Qq F₁.
- 79: *is*] Q₁. om. Ff Q₂.
- 80: *stabb'd*] *stable* Q₁.
- 82: *encounters*] *encounterers* Collier MS.
- 88: *their breath*] *the breach* Collier MS.
- 89: *sycamore*] *siccamone* Q₁.
- 93: *companions: warily*] Ff Q₂. *companions warely*, Q₁.
- 96: *they*] *thy* Q₁.
- 103: *shalt*] *shall* F₂.
- 118: *folly, passion's solemn*] Theobald. *follie pashions solembe* Q₁. *folly passions solemne* F₁ Q₂. *folly passions, solemne* F₂ F₃ F₄. *folly, passions, solemne* Pope. *folly with passion's solemn* Hanmer. *folly, passions sudden* Collier MS. *folly's passion, solemne* Staunton conj.
- 120: After this line S. Walker thinks a line may have been lost.
- 121: *as*] Qq F₁. *or* F₂. *and* F₃ F₄.
- 122: *parle, to*] Capell. *parlee, to* Qq F₁ F₂. *parlee* F₃ F₄.
- 123: *love-feat*] Q₁ Ff. *love-seat* Q₂. *love-suit* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
- 134: *you*] Q₁. *your* Ff Q₂.
too] *two* Q₁.
- 139: *mocking merriment*] Ff Q₂. *mockerie merement* Q₁.
- 148: *her*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *his* Qq F₁.
- 149: *speaker's*] Q₁. *keepers* Ff Q₂.
- 152: *ne'er*] *ne're* F₂ F₃ F₄. *ere* Qq F₁.
- 156: *Trumpets...*] Sound Trom. Q₁. Sound. Ff Q₂.
- 157: *Enter...*] Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy with a speach, and the rest of the Lords disguysed. Qq Ff.
- 159: *Boyet.*] Theobald. *Berow.* Q₁. *Ber.* F₁ Q₂. *Bir.* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 160: *The Ladies...*] This stage direction, printed in Roman type, comes after line 162 in Qq Ff.
- 163: *ever*] *even* Q₁.
- 164: *Boyet.*] Qq F₁. *Bir.* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 165: *spirits*] Qq F₁. *spirit* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 170: *Boyet.*] Qq F₁. *Bir.* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 173: [Exit *Moth.*] *Moth* withdraws. Capell. om. Qq Ff.
- 174: *strangers*] *stranges* Q₁.
- 175: *they*] *thy* F₂.
- 177: *would.*] Pope. *would?* Qq Ff.
- 178: *princess*] F₄. *princes* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 181, 182: These two lines omitted in Rowe (ed. 1).
- 185: *her on this*] Q₁. *you on the* Ff Q₂.
- 187: *this*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 193: *doth*] *do* Johnson.
- 208: *request'st*] Theobald. *requests* Qq Ff.
- 209: *do but vouchsafe*] Q₁. *vouchsafe but* Ff Q₂.
- 212: *Not yet! no dance!*] *Not yet no dance:* Qq Ff. *Not yet? no dance?* Pope. *Not yet? no dance:* Hanmer.
- 215: *King. Yet...man*] omitted by Capell (Theobald conj.).
the man] *to man it* Jackson conj.
- 216: *The music...*] given to Rosaline in Qq Ff, corrected by Theobald.

- 220: we] Q₁. you Ff Q₂.
- 224: *Prize*] F₄. *Prize* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *Price* Rowe (ed. 1).
you yourselves] Q₁. yourselves F₁ Q₂. yourselves then F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 229, 237, 241: [They converse apart.] Capell.
- 232: an] Q₁ F₁. and Q₂ F₂ F₃ F₄. See [note \(xxiii\)](#).
- 237: *Gall! bitter*] *Gall, bitter* Q₁ Ff. *Gall bitter* Q₂. *Gall's bitter* Hanmer.
- 240: *Take that*] Q₁. *take you that* Ff Q₂.
- 242, 244, 247, 248, 249, 253, 255: Kath.] Rowe. Mar. Qq Ff.
- 247: *Veal*] See [note \(xxiv\)](#).
- 251: *butt*] *but to* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 257: *invisible*] *invincible* Theobald.
- 259: *sense; so sensible*] Punctuated thus by Pope. *sence so sensible*, Q₁ *sence so sensible*: Ff Q₂.
- 261: *bullets*] om. Capell.
- 263: *pure*] *pure pure* Capell.
- 264: *Farewell*] *Adieu* Capell.
- 265: Exeunt...] Exeunt. F₁, after line 264. om. Q₁.
- 269: *wit, kingly-poor*] *wit, kingly poor* Qq Ff. *wit, kill'd by pure* Collier MS. *wit, stung by poor* Singer. *wit, poor-liking* Staunton conj.
- 273: O] F₂ F₃ F₄. om. Qq F₁ I (for Ay) Edd. conj.
- 275: *suit*] *sooth or truth* Grey conj.
- 289: *digest*] Qq F₁ F₄. *disgest* F₂ F₃.
- 295: *their*] *the* Warburton.
- 296, 297: *Dismask'd...blown*] *Or angel-veiling clouds: are roses blown, Dismaskt,...shewn* Theobald (Warburton conj.). *Or angels veil'd in clouds;...shewn* Warburton.
- 297: *Are...blown*] *Are angels, (val'd the clouds)...blown* Becket conj. *Are angels veil'd in clouds of roses blown* Peck conj.
vailing] Ff Q₂. *varling* Q₁.
- 307: *tent*] *tents* Capell conj.
- 309: *roes run o'er*] *roes runs ore* Q₁. *roes runnes ore* F₁ Q₂ F₂. *roes runs ore the* F₃. *roes run o'er the* F₄. *roes run over* Steevens.
- SCENE VII. Pope. ACT V. Theobald.
- Re-enter...] Enter the King and the rest. Qq Ff.
- 312: *thither*], Q₁. om. Ff Q₂. See [note \(xxv\)](#).
- 315: *pecks*] Q₁. *pickes* Ff Q₂.
pigeons] *pigeon* Rowe.
- 316: *God*] Q₁. *Jove* Ff Q₂.
- 323: A] A Q₁. *He* Ff Q₂.
- 324: *his hand away*] Q₁. *away his hand* Ff Q₂.
- 328: *meanly*] *manly* Rowe (ed. 2). *mainly* Pope.
- 331: *flower that*] *fleerer* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
- 332: *whale's*] *whales* Qq F₁. *whale his* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 333: *not*] om. F₄.
- 334: *due*] Q₁. *dutie* F₁. *duty* Q₂. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 337: *it*] *he* Collier MS.
- 337-342: *See...leave*] Put in the margin by Pope.
- 338: *madman*] *man* Theobald.
- 341: *Construe...speeches*] *Consture...spaches* Q₁.
- 343: SCENE VIII. Pope.
came] *come* Pope.
- 346: *delights*] *delight* Rowe.
- 348: *must break*] *makes break* Hanmer. *made break* Warburton conj.
- 350: *men's*] F₃ F₄. *mens* Q₁. *men* F₁ Q₂ F₂.
- 352: *unsullied*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *unsallied* Qq F₁.
- 356: *oaths*] *oath* Q₂.
- 365: *the days*] *these days* Collier MS.
- 368: *Russian*] Q₁ F₂ F₃ F₄. *Russia* F₁ Q₂.
- 373: *Fair*] F₂ F₃ F₄. om. Qq F₁.
- 374: *wit makes*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *wits makes* Qq F₁. *wits make* Anon. conj.
- 379: *for*] *but* Capell conj.

- 385: *was it*] *what it* F₁.
- 390: Dum.] Duman. Q₁. Du. F₁ Q₂. Duk. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 392: *swound*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *sound* Qq F₁. *swoon* Pope.
- 396: *I: lady*] *I, lady* Qq F₁ F₂. *I, lady*, F₃ F₄. *I, lady*: Capell.
- 404: *vizard*] Qq F₁ F₂. *vizards* F₃ F₄.
- 405: *rhyme*] *rime* Qq Ff. *time* Rowe.
- 407: *affectation*] Rowe. *affection* Qq Ff.
- 415: *sans*] *sance* Q₁ (ital.).
- 421: *it*] om. Q₂.
- 433: *not you*] Q₁. *you not* Ff Q₂.
- 439: *mine*] *my* F₄.
- 446: *thereto*] Qq F₁. *there* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 454: *the*] *to th'* F₃ F₄.
- 463: *slight zany*] *sleight saine* Q₁.
- 465: *smiles his*] *smiles, his* Q₁. *smites his* Jackson conj.
years] *jeers* Theobald. *fleers* Hanmer. *tears* Jackson conj.
- 472: *Much...and*] Boyet. *Much...Biron. And* Johnson conj.
it is] F₂ F₃ F₄. *tis* Qq F₁.
[To Boyet.] Rowe.
- 474: *not you*] *you not* Q₂.
squier] Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *square* F₄. *squire* Capell.
- 478: *allow'd*] F₃ F₄. *aloude* Q₁. *alowd* F₁ Q₂. *allowd* F₂.
- 481: *merrily*] *merely* Q₁.
- 482: *Hath this brave manage*] Theobald. *hath this brave nuage* Q₁. *hath this brave manager* Ff Q₂. *Brave manager, hath this* Pope.
- 484: *part'st*] *prat'st* F₃ F₄. *partest* Pope.
- 487: *vara*] *very* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 488: *pursents*] *presents* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 490: *beg*] *bag* Becket conj.
- 491: *hope, sir*] *hope* F₃ F₄.
- 501: *they*] *thy* Q₁.
parfect] Q₁. *perfect* Ff Q₂. *persent* Collier. *pursent* Grant White (S. Walker conj.).
in] *e'en* Malone.
- 504: *Pompion*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Pompey* Qq Ff.
- 510, 511: Printed as verse in Q₁, as prose in Ff Q₂.
- 511: *king's*] *king* F₃ F₄.
- 514: *least*] Ff Q₂. *best* Q₁.
- 515, 516: *contents Dies...presents*] Qq Ff. *content Dies...presents* Rowe (ed. 1).
content Dies in the zeal of that it doth present Hanmer. *contents Die in the zeal of him which them presents* Johnson conj. *contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents* Steevens. *discontent Dies in the zeal of them which it present* Staunton. *content Lies in the zeal of those which it present* Mason conj. *contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents* Malone.
contents Lie in the fail of that which it presents Singer. *contents Dyes with the zeal of that which it presents* Keightley conj.
- 517: *Their*] *There* Capell. *The Knight*.
- 521: [Converses...] Capell.
- 524: *He*] Ff Q₂. A Q₁.
God's] Ff Q₂. *God his* Q₁.
- 525: *That is*] Q₁. *That's* Ff Q₂.
- 528: *de la guerra*] Theobald. *delaguar* Qq Ff. *della guerra* Hanmer. See [note \(xxvi\)](#).
- 529: *couplement*] *complement* Q₂.
- 534, 535: Printed as prose in Qq Ff, as verse in Rowe (ed. 2).
- 540: *Abate*] Qq F₁. *A bare* F₂ F₃ F₄. *A fair* Heath conj. *Abate a* Malone. *A bait* Jackson conj.
novum] *novem* Hanmer.
- 541: *pick*] Q₁. *prick* Ff Q₂.
in his] Q₁. *in's* Ff Q₂.
[Seats brought forth.] Capell.
- 542: Flourish. Enter, arm'd and accouter'd, his Scutcheon born before him,

- Costard for Pompey. Capell.
- 543: [Costard prostrates himself. Staunton conj. Boyet] F₂ F₃ F₄. Bero. Q₁. Ber. F₁ Q₂.
- 551: [Does his obeisance to the Princess. Capell.
- 553: Prin.] F₂ F₃ F₄. Lady. Q₁. La. F₁ Q₂.
- 562: *this*,] *his* Q₁. *this* Ff Q₂.
- 563: *Alexander*] *Alisander* Capell.
- 573: *afeard*] Q₁. *afraid* Ff Q₂.
- 574: [Nath. retires.] Capell.
- 576: *faith*] Q₁. *insooth* Ff Q₂.
- 578: *'tis*,] Johnson. *'tis* Q₁ Ff. *it's* Q₂.
- 579: [Exit Curat. Q₁. Exit Cu. F₁ Q₂. Exit Clo. F₂ F₃ F₄ (after line 580).
- 580: Prin.] Quee. Q₁. Qu. F₁ Q₂. Clo. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 581: *Hercules is*] *Hercules' S*. Walker conj.
- 582: *canis*] Rowe. *canus* Qq Ff.
- 587: [Moth retires.] Exit Boy. Qq Ff. [Moth does his obeisance and retires. Capell.
- 593: *proved*] F₂. *proud* Q₁. *prou'd* F₁ Q₂.
- 600: *out of*] Q₁ Ff. *of* Q₂.
- 607: *falchion*] *fauchion* Q₁. *faulchion* Ff Q₂.
- 617: *as he is an ass*,] Q₂ F₃ F₄. *as he is, an ass*, Q₁ F₁ F₂.
- 623: *hath he*] *he hath* Pope.
- 626: *by*] *to* Hanmer.
- 628: *Troyan*] Qq Ff. *Trojan* Rowe, and line 664.
- 631: *Hector's*] Q₁. *Hector* Ff Q₂.
- 633: *in*] *with* F₃ F₄.
- 638: *A gilt nutmeg*] Ff Q₂. *A gift nutmeg* Q₁ *Gift! a nutmeg* Capell.
- 642: *Peace!*] om. Ff Q₂.
- 645: *fight; yea*] Qq Ff. *fight ye*, Rowe (ed. 2).
- 647: *mint*] *pink* Capell conj.
- 653, 654: *when he breathed...man*] Q₁ om. Ff Q₂.
- 655: [Biron steps to Costard and whispers him. Capell.
- 661: *The party is gone*] Printed in italics as a stage direction by Qq Ff.
- 677: *on! stir*] Rowe. *or stir* Qq Ff.
- 683: *bepray*] Q₁. *pray* Ff Q₂.
- 687: [stripping. Capell.
- 688: [coming up to Arm. and whispering him. Capell.
- 699: Boyet.] Moth. (to the lords aside). Capell.
- 701: *a' wears*] *a wears* Q₁. *he wears* Ff Q₂.
- 702: Marcade.] Qq Ff. Macard. Rowe. Mercade. Capell.
- 704: *Marcade*] *good Mercade* Capell, reading 703, 704 as a verse.
- 705: *interrupt'st*] *interruptest* Q₁. *interruptest* Ff Q₂.
- 705-707: Printed as prose in Qq Ff.
- 706, 707: *bring Is heavy in*] *bring; 'Tis heavy on* Capell.
- 712: *day*] *days* Warburton's note.
wrong] *right* Warburton.
- 718: *entreat*,] *entreat*: Q₁. *entreats*: Ff. *intreats*: Q₂.
- 725: *not*] *but* Collier MS.
a nimble] Theobald, *a humble* Qq F₁. *an humble* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 726: *too short*] Q₁. *so short* Ff Q₂.
- 728: *parts...forms*] *parts...form* Rowe (ed. 1). *past...forms* Theobald.
haste...forms Singer. *dart...forms* Staunton conj. *parting time expressly forms* Collier MS.
- 731: *process*] *process of time* F₃ F₄.
- 734: *it would*] *would it* Johnson conj.
- 738: *wholesome-profitable*] *holdsome profitable* Q₁.
- 740: *are double*] Qq Ff. *are deaf* Capell. *are dull* Collier MS. *hear dully* Staunton conj.
- 740-742: Prin. *I...double*. Biron. *Honest...And by...*] Prin. *I...grief*. King. *And by...* Johnson conj.
- 741: *ear*] *care* Q₁. *ears* F₁. *eares* Q₂ F₂. *cares* F₃ F₄.

- 748: *strains*] *strangeness* Collier MS.
- 751: *strange*] Capell. *straying* Qq Ff. *stray* Coleridge conj.
- 756: *Have*] *'T hath* Capell.
misbecomed] *misbecombd* Q₁. *misbecom'd* Ff. *misbecomm'd* Q₂.
- 762: *make*] *make them* Pope.
- 763: *a sin*] *so base* Collier MS.
- 766: *the*] om. Q₁.
- 770: *this in our*] Hanmer. *this our* Q₁. *these are our* Ff Q₂. *these are your* Tyrwhitt conj. *this (save our...)* Warburton.
- 771: *been*] *seen* Tyrwhitt conj.
- 786: *the*] Q₁. *their* Ff Q₂.
- 793: *me by*] *by* F₃ F₄.
- 795: *instant*] Ff Q₂. *instance* Q₁.
- 800: *intitled*] F₁ F₂ F₃ Q₂. *intiled* Q₁. *intituled* F₄.
- 802: *flatter*] *fetter* Hanmer (Warburton).
- 804: *Hence ever*] Ff. *Hence herrite* Q₁.
- 805–810: Included in brackets by Theobald at the suggestion of Thirlby and Warburton, and omitted by Hanmer. See [note \(xviii\)](#).
- 806: *rack'd*] *rank* Rowe. *reck'd* Becket conj.
- 807: *faults*] *fault* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 812: *A wife?...*] Dyce. Kath. *A wife? a beard, faire health, and...* Qq Ff. Kath. *A wife, a beard (fair youth) and...* Theobald. Kath. *No wife: a beard, fair health, and...* Hanmer.
- 828: *thy*] Q₁. *my* Ff. Q₂.
- 829: *have*] *had* Collier MS.
- 833: *estates*] *estetes* Q₁.
execute] *exercise* Collier MS.
- 835: *fruitful*] *fructful* Q₁.
- 852: *dear*] *dere* Johnson conj. *drear* Jackson conj. *dire* Collier MS.
- 853: *then*] *them* Collier MS.
- 860: [To the King] Breaking Converse with the King and curtsyng. Capell.
- 868: *not*] om. Q₂.
- 872: *years*] *yeare* Q₁. *year* Capell.
- 877: Re-enter...] Enter all. Qq Ff.
- 882, 883: Theobald. In Ff Qq the order is 883, 882.
- 883: *cuckoo-buds*] *cowslip-buds* Farmer conj. *crocus-buds* Whalley conj.
- 884: *with delight*] *much-bedight* Warburton.
- 903: *foul*] *full* Q₁.
- 905, 906: *Tu-whit; Tu-who*] Qq Ff. *Tu-who; Tu-whit, tu-who* Capell.
- 917: Arm.] Brag. Ff Q₂. om. Q₁.
- 917, 918: *The words...Apollo*] In Q₁ printed in larger type.
- 918: *You that way,—we this way.*] om. Q₁.
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A
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

[TOC](#)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

EGEUS, father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, " " " "

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus

QUINCE, a carpenter.

SNUG, a joiner.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.

TITANIA, queen of the fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASEBLOSSOM, fairy.

COBWEB, "

MOTH, "

MUSTARDSEED, "

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus
and Hippolyta.

SCENE—*Athens, and a wood near it.*

FOOTNOTE:

1: DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] first given by Rowe.

A
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of THESEUS.*

000

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

MSND

I. 1

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

004

005

006

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
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.

007

008

010

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

[Exit Philostrate.]

015

019

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

020

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,

024

This man hath my consent to marry her.

025

Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

027

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,

And interchanged love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,

030

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stolen the impression of her fantasy

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

035

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,

038

Be it so she will not here before your Grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

040

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.

045

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;

One that composed your beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted and within his power

050

To leave the figure or disfigure it.

051

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.

055

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement 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, 060
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
 But I beseech your Grace that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure 065
 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, 069
 You can endure the livery of a nun; 070
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
 Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage; 075
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd, 076
 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 080
 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke 081
 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,— 085
 Upon that day either prepare to die
 For disobedience to your father's will, 087
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
 Or on Diana's altar to protest
 For aye austerity and single life. 090

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. 094

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
 And what is mine my love shall render him. 095
 And she is mine, and all my right of her
 I do estate unto Demetrius. 098

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
 As well possess'd; my love is more than his; 100
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius'; 101
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be, 102
 I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
 Why should not I then prosecute my right? 105
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena, 107
 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me, 115
 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,— 120
 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 125
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. 127

[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale? [128](#)
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well [130](#)
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes. [131](#)

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read, [132](#)
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,— [135](#)

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low. [136](#)

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young. [138](#)

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,— [139](#)

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. [140](#)

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound, [143](#)
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night, [145](#)
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth, [146](#)
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up: [148](#)
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, [150](#)
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, [154](#)
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers. [155](#)

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; [159](#)
And she respects me as her only son. [160](#)
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town, [165](#)
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May, [167](#)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander! [168](#)
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head, [170](#)
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves, [172](#)
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke, [175](#)
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away? [180](#)

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay. [182](#)
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear.
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear. [185](#)
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so, [186](#)
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go; [187](#)
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, [190](#)
The rest I'd give to be to you translated. [191](#)
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

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

most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver. 015

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. 019

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to 020
022

make all split. 024

The raging rocks 025

And shivering shocks 026

Shall break the locks

Of prison-gates;

And Phibbus' car

Shall shine from far, 030

And make and mar

The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. 035

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you. 037

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming. 040

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 Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!' 045

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 050

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted. 055
056

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study. 059

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 060

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. 065
066

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

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. 070
073

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, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus. 075

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in? 080

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. 084
085

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-

morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not. 090
Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu. 091
Quin. At the duke's oak we meet. 095
Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt. 096

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.* 000

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK. MSND
 II. 1

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai.

Over hill, over dale, 003
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire, 005
 I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere; 007
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green. 009
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be: 010
 In their gold coats spots you see; 011
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dewdrops here, 014
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 015
 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 to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 020
 Because that she as her attendant hath
 A lovely boy, stolen 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; 025
 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 starlight sheen,
 But they do square, that all their elves for fear 030
 Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, 032
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite 033
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he 034
 That frights the maidens of the villagery; 035
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern, 036
 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, 040
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright; 042

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, 045
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal; 046
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale. 050
 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; 054

And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;	055
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear	056
A merrier hour was never wasted there.	
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.	058
<i>Fai.</i> And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!	059
<i>Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other,</i>	
<i>TITANIA, with hers.</i>	
<i>Obe.</i> Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.	060
<i>Tita.</i> What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:	061
I have forsworn his bed and company.	
<i>Obe.</i> Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?	
<i>Tita.</i> Then I must be thy lady: but I know	
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,	065
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 steppe of India?	069
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,	070
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,	
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come	
To give their bed joy and prosperity.	
<i>Obe.</i> How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,	
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,	075
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?	
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night	077
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?	078
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,	079
With Ariadne and Antiopa?	080
<i>Tita.</i> These are the forgeries of jealousy:	
And never, since the middle summer's spring,	082
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,	
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,	
Or in the beached margent of the sea,	085
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,	090
Have every pelting river made so proud,	091
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:	095
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,	
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;	097
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;	
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,	099
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:	100
The human mortals want their winter here;	101
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:	
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,	
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,	105
That rheumatic diseases do abound:	106
And thorough this distemperature we see	107
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts	
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;	
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown	109
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds	110
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,	
The childing autumn, angry winter, change	112
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,	113
By their increase, now knows not which is which:	114
And this same progeny of evils comes	115
From our debate, from our dissension;	
We are their parents and original.	
<i>Obe.</i> Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:	
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?	
I do but beg a little changeling boy,	120
To be my henchman.	

Tita. Set your heart at rest: 122
 The fairy land buys not the child of me. 123
 His mother was a votaress of my order: 125
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side; 127
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait 130
 Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,— 131
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; 135
 And for her sake do I rear up her boy; 136
 And for her sake I will not part with him.
Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
 If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
 And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away! 144
 We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. 145
[Exit Titania with her train.]
Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
 Till I torment thee for this injury.
 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest 149
 Since once I sat upon a promontory, 150
 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.
Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not, 155
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took 157
 At a fair vestal throned by the west, 158
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: 160
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft 162
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon, 163
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: 165
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees. 172
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league. 175
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [Exit.]
Obe. Having once this juice, 177
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes. 179
 The next thing then she waking looks upon, 180
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape, 181
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight, 183
 As I can take it with another herb,
 I'll make her render up her page to me. 185
 But who comes here? I am invisible;
 And I will overhear their conference.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not. 188
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood; 191
And here am I, and wode within this wood, 192
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; 195
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw, 197
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 200
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you? 201
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more. 202
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me, 205
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, 206
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,— 208
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog? 210
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself 215
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 220
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, 225
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed: 230
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: 235
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, the field, 238
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: 240
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo. [Exit Dem. 242
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, 243
To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit. 244
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove, 245
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love. 246

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer. 247
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me. 249
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, 249
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows; 250
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, 251
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night, 253

Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight; [254](#)
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, [255](#)
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in: [256](#)
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, [257](#)
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love [260](#)
 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 [265](#)
 More fond on her than she upon her love: [266](#)
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [268](#) [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.* [000](#)

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.* [MSND](#)
 II. 2

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence; [002](#)
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings, [005](#)
 To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders [007](#)
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fir. Fairy. [009](#)
 You spotted snakes with double tongue. [010](#)
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody [013](#)
 Sing in our sweet lullaby; [014](#)
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby: [015](#)
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

Fir. Fairy.
 Weaving spiders, come not here; [020](#)
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence! [021](#)
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Sec. Fairy.
 Hence, away! now all is well: [025](#)
 One aloof stand sentinel. [026](#)

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON, *and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love take;
 Love and languish for his sake:
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, [030](#)
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear [032](#)
 When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
 Wake when some vile thing is near. [034](#) [*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood; 035
 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. 038
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed; 039
 For I upon this bank will rest my head. 040
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
 Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence! 045
 Love takes the meaning in love's conference. 046
 I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit, 047
 So that but one heart we can make of it: 048
 Two bosoms interchained with an oath; 049
 So then two bosoms and a single troth. 050
 Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
 For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
 Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
 If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied. 055
 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
 Lie further off; in human modesty, 057
 Such separation as may well be said
 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
 So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend: 060
 Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
 And then end life when I end loyalty!
 Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! 065

[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone, 067
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence.—Who is here? 070
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground. 075
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy. 077
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe.
 When thou wakest, let love forbid 080
 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
 So awake when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius. 084
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus. 085
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [Exit.] 087
Hel. 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; 090
 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: 095
 Therefore no marvel though Demetrius 096
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! [100](#)
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake. [104](#)
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art, [105](#)
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart. [106](#)
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content. 110
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love: [113](#)
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd; 115
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; [118](#)
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book. [122](#)
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man, 125
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye, [127](#)
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*]
Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there: 135
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings, [138](#)
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive, [140](#)
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might [143](#)
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*]
Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best 145
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here! [147](#)
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. [150](#)
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear. [154](#)
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh: 155
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*] [156](#)

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.* [000](#)

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING. MSND
III. 1

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for [002](#)
our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-
brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it [005](#)
before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby

that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that? 010

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear. 012

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. 015

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. 018

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight. 020

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion? 023

Star. I fear it, I promise you. 025

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. 027

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion. 030

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. 040

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight. 041

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play? 045

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine. 047

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. 049

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall. 050

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom? 055

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; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper. 058

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. 060

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here, So near the cradle of the fairy queen? 068

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor; 070

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause. 071

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,— 073

Quin. Odours, odours. 074

Bot. — odours savours sweet: 075

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear. 076

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile, 077

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [Exit.] 079

Flu. Must I speak now? 080

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again. 081

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue, 085

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.' 090

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire. 092

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine. 093

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help! [*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*] 095

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, 096
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier: 097
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, 099
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; 100
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, 100
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*] 101

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

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? 104
105

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*]

Re-enter QUINCE.

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

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*] 110
113

The ousel cock so black of hue, 114
With orange-tawny bill, 115
The throstle with his note so true, 117
The wren with little quill; 117

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, 120
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: 125
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; 127
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: 130
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 glee upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful. 135

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: 140
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: 145
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed! 148

First Fai. Ready. 149
Sec. Fai. And I.
Third Fai. And I.
Fourth Fai. And I.
All. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman; 150
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, 154
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs, 155
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. 160
First Fai. Hail, mortal! 161
Sec. Fai. Hail!
Third Fai. Hail!
Fourth Fai. Hail!
Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your 165
worship's name.
Cob. Cobweb.
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master 168
Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, 170
honest gentleman?
Peas. Peaseblossom.
Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, 174
and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I 175
shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech
you, sir?
Mus. Mustardseed. 176
Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that 177
same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a 180
gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made 181
my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good
Master Mustardseed.
Tita. 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, 184
Lamenting some enforced chastity. 185
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. 186 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.* 000

Enter OBERON. MSND
III. 2

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity. 003

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit! 004
What night-rule now about this haunted grove? 005
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love. 006
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, 010
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, 013
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake: 015
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nolle I fixed on his head: 017
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy, 019
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 020

Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort, 021
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; 025
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. 030
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise. 035
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes 036
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed. 040

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian. 041
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, 045
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, 048
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day 050
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon 052
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease 054
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes. 055
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim. 057
Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I, 058
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear, 060
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds. 064
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds 065
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake! 068
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake, 069
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch! 070
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue 072
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood: 074
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood; 075
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so: 080
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; 085
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down and sleeps.] 087
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite, 088

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:	090
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue	
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.	
<i>Puck.</i> Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,	
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.	
<i>Obe.</i> About the wood go swifter than the wind,	094
And Helena of Athens look thou find:	095
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,	
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:	097
By some illusion see thou bring her here:	
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.	099
<i>Puck.</i> I go, I go; look how I go,	100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.	[Exit. 101
<i>Obe.</i>	
Flower of this purple dye,	
Hit with Cupid's archery,	
Sink in apple of his eye.	
When his love he doth espy,	105
Let her shine as gloriously	
As the Venus of the sky.	
When thou wakest, if she be by,	
Beg of her for remedy.	109
<i>Re-enter PUCK.</i>	
<i>Puck.</i>	
Captain of our fairy band,	110
Helena is here at hand;	
And the youth, mistook by me,	
Pleading for a lover's fee.	
Shall we their fond pageant see?	
Lord, what fools these mortals be!	115
<i>Obe.</i>	
Stand aside: the noise they make	
Will cause Demetrius to awake.	
<i>Puck.</i>	
Then will two at once woo one;	
That must needs be sport alone;	
And those things do best please me	120
That befall preposterously.	
<i>Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.</i>	
<i>Lys.</i> Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?	122
Scorn and derision never come in tears:	123
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,	
In their nativity all truth appears.	125
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,	
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?	
<i>Hel.</i> 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?	130
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.	
<i>Lys.</i> I had no judgement when to her I swore.	
<i>Hel.</i> Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.	135
<i>Lys.</i> Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.	
<i>Dem.</i> [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!	137
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?	
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show	
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!	140
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,	
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow	
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss	143
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!	144
<i>Hel.</i> O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent	145
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?	150

If you were men, as men you are in show, [151](#)
 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; [155](#)
 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 [160](#)
 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, [164](#)
 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part; [165](#)
 And yours of Helena to me bequeath, [166](#)
 Whom I do love, and will do till my death. [167](#)
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone. [170](#)
 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd, [171](#)
 And now to Helen is it home return'd, [172](#)
 There to remain. [173](#)
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. [175](#)
 Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes, [177](#)
 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompense. [180](#)
 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound. [182](#)
 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? [185](#)
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. [188](#)
 Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? [190](#)
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! [195](#)
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
 To bait me with this foul derision?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, [199](#)
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time [200](#)
 For parting us,—O, is all forgot? [201](#)
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence? [202](#)
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Have with our needles created both one flower, [204](#)
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, [205](#)
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet an union in partition, [210](#)
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; [211](#)
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, [213](#)
 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? [215](#)
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, [218](#)
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words. [220](#)
 I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other love, Demetrius,
 Who even but now did spurn me with his foot, [225](#)
 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, [230](#)
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
 But miserable most, to love unloved?
 This you should pity rather than despise. [235](#)

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks, [237](#)
 Make mouths upon me when I turn my back; [238](#)
 Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. [240](#)
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners, [241](#)
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault; [243](#)
 Which death or absence soon shall remedy. [245](#)

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse: [246](#)
 My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. [250](#)
 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. [255](#)

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope! [257](#)

Dem. No, no; he'll . . . [258](#)
 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, [260](#)
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

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

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
 Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence! [264](#)

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you. [265](#)

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. [270](#)

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate? [271](#)
 Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love! [272](#)
 Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
 I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
 Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me: [275](#)
 Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
 In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
 And never did desire to see thee more.
 Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt; [279](#)
 Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest [280](#)
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom! [282](#)

You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith! 285
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game. 289
Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage, 292
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low? 295
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen, 299
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself, 304
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again. 305
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310
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, 315
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius. 320
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena. 321
Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd! 323
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce. 325
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 hindering knot-grass made; 329
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it. 335
Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena. 337
Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I, 340
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.* 344
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest, 345

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully. [346](#)

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man [349](#)
By the Athenian garments he had on? [350](#)
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, [351](#)
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes; [352](#)
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night; [355](#)
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron; [357](#)
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, [360](#)
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus.
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep: [365](#)
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might, [368](#)
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision [370](#)
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, [374](#)
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy; [375](#)
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, [379](#)
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [380](#)
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone; [385](#)
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light, [386](#)
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport; [389](#)
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, [390](#)
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, [392](#)
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams. [393](#)
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay: [394](#)
We may effect this business yet ere day. [395](#) *[Exit.*

Puck.
Up and down, up and down, [396](#)
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one. [400](#)

Re-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. *[Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? [405](#)
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head? [406](#)

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled 410
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: 413
When I come where he calls, then he is gone. 414
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I: 415
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly; 416
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day! 418
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.* 420

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not? 421

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now? 425

Puck. Come hither: I am here. 425

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear, 426
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.* 430

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night, 431
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east, 432
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye, 435
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Lies down and sleeps.* 436

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more; 437
Two of both kinds makes up four. 438
Here she comes, curst and sad: 439
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe; 442
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. 445
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! 447

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Puck.

On the ground
Sleep sound: 449
I'll apply 450
To your eye, 451
Gentle lover, remedy. [*Squeezing the juice on* 452
Lysander's eyes.
When thou wakest,
Thou takest 454
True delight 455
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: 460
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit.* 463

SCENE I. *The same.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA
lying asleep.

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH,
 MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON *behind*
unseen. MSND IV. 1

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom? 005

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur
 Cobweb? 007

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your
 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the
 top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do
 not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good
 mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth
 to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's
 Mounsieur Mustardseed. 010 015

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you,
 leave your courtesy, good mounsieur. 018

Mus. What's your will? 020

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to
 scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; 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. 021 022 023 024

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? 025

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the
 tongs and the bones. 026 027

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest 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. 030

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
 The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts. 032 033

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. 035

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt Fairies.*] 038

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle 039

Gently entwist; the female ivy so 040

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this
 sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
 For, meeting her of late behind the wood, 045

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool, 046

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 050

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes, 052

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, 055

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent 057

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes: 060

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep; 125
 And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena; 127
 I wonder of their being here together. 128
The. No doubt they rose up early to observe 130
 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. 135
 [*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake*
 and start up.
 Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past: 136
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
The. I pray you all, stand up.
 I know you two are rival enemies:
 How comes this gentle concord in the world, 140
 That hatred is so far from jealousy, 141
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
 Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
 I cannot truly say how I came here; 145
 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, 149
 Without the peril of the Athenian law. 150
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
 I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
 They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
 Thereby to have defeated you and me,
 You of your wife and me of my consent, 155
 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 following me. 160
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
 But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia, 162
 Melted as the snow, seems to me now 163
 As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon; 165
 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: 169
 But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food; 170
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, 172
 And will for evermore be true to it.
The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met: 175
 Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
 Egeus, I will overbear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by, with us
 These couples shall eternally be knit:
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside. 180
 Away with us to Athens! three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
 Come, Hippolyta. 183 [Exeunt *The., Hip., Ege., and train.*
Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable, 184
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. 185
Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.
Hel. So methinks:
 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, 188
 Mine own, and not mine own. 189
Dem. Are you sure
 That we are awake? It seems to me 190

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

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

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;

And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince!
Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's
my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream
it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.
Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was.
—and methought I had,—but man is but a 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 heart to report, what my dream was. I
will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be
called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing
it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to
make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens.* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

MSND

IV. 2

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet? 001

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported. 003

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not
forward, doth it? 005

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. 010

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour
for a sweet voice. 011

Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a
thing of naught. 013
014

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there
is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had
gone forward, we had all been made men. 015

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day
during his life; he could not have scaped 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. 019
020

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour! 025

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what;
for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing,
right as it fell out. 027
028

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 Thisby have clean linen; and let not
him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for
the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic,
for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear
them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens.* The palace of THESEUS.

000

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

MSND

V. 1

<i>Hip.</i> 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.	
<i>The.</i> 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 supposed a bear!	005 006 010 012 014 015 016 019 020 021
<i>Hip.</i> But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigured so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy; But, howsoever, strange and admirable.	025
<i>The.</i> Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.	
<i>Enter</i> LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, <i>and</i> HELENA.	
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts!	029
<i>Lys.</i> More than to us Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!	030 031
<i>The.</i> Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have, To wear away this long age of three hours Between our after-supper and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.	033 034 035 038
<i>Phil.</i> Here, mighty Theseus.	
<i>The.</i> Say, what abridgement have you for this evening? What masque? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?	040
<i>Phil.</i> There is a brief how many sports are ripe: Make choice of which your highness will see first. [<i>Giving a paper.</i>]	042 043
<i>The.</i> [<i>reads</i>] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung By an Athenian eunuch to the harp. We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules. [<i>Reads</i>] The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage. That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror. [<i>Reads</i>] The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning, late deceased in beggary. That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony. [<i>Reads</i>] A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth. Merry and tragical! tedious and brief! That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow. How shall we find the concord of this discord?	044 045 050 055 058 059 060
<i>Phil.</i> 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:	061 065

And tragical, my noble lord, it is; 066
 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. 070
The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
 Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
 And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
 With this same play, against your nuptial. 075
The. And we will hear it. 076
Phil. 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, 079
 Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain, 080
 To do you service.
The. I will hear that play; 081
 For never any thing 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'ercharged, 085
 And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
 Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: 090
 And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect 091
 Takes it in might, not merit. 092
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, 095
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; 100
 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. 105

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd. 106
The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.] 107

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will. 108
 That you should think, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider, then, we come but in despite.
 We do not come as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight, 114
 We are not here. That you should here repent you, 115
 The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.
The. This fellow doth not stand upon points. 118
Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not 120
 the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to 120
 speak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a 122
 recorder; a sound, but not in government. 123
The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but 124
 all disordered. Who is next? 125

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present [130](#)
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder; [131](#)
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know, 135
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, [138](#)
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, [139](#)
Did scare away, or rather did affright; [140](#)
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall, [141](#)
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain: [144](#)
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade, [145](#)
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade, [147](#)
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain. [150](#)

[*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall; [155](#)

And such a wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a crannied hole or chink,

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, [158](#)

Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show [160](#)

That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord. 165

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night! alack, alack, alack, 170

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

And them, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, [172](#)

That stand'st between her father's ground and mine! [173](#)

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

Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [*Wall holds up* [175](#)
his fingers.]

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

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again. 180

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's [183](#)

cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You [184](#)

shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes. 185

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. [189](#)

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink, [190](#)

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. [191](#)
Thisby!
This. My love thou art, my love I think. [193](#)
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still. [195](#)
This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill. [196](#)
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. 200
Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay. [202](#)

[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.]

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [204](#) *[Exit.]*
The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours. [205](#)
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to
hear without warning. [208](#)
Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard. [209](#)
The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. 210
Hip. 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. [214](#)
[215](#)

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. [220](#)
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am [221](#)
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life. [223](#)
The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw. 225
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 is well: leave it to his discretion, and
let us listen to the moon. [230](#)
[232](#)
Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—
Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the
circumference. [235](#)
Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be. [238](#)
The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be
put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon? 240
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is
already in snuff.
Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change! [244](#)
[245](#)
The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the
wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time. [246](#)
Lys. Proceed, Moon.
Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is
the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush;
and this dog, my dog. 250
Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are
in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe. [253](#)

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love? [255](#)
Lion. *[Roaring]* Oh— [256](#) *[Thisbe runs off.]*
Dem. Well roared, Lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. 260
[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well moused, Lion. 261

Dem. And then came Pyramus. 262

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; 265
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams, 266
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. 267
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here! 270
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear! 273
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood! 275
Approach, ye Furies fell! 276
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad. 280

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

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear: 284
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame 285
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap, 290
Where heart doth hop: 291 *[Stabs himself.]*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky: 295
Tongue, lose thy light; 296
Moon, take thy flight: 297 *[Exit Moonshine.]*
Now die, die, die, die, die. 298 *[Dies.]*

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

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing. 300

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass. 303

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover? 304
305

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

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. 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 warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us. 310
311

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

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:— 314

This.
Asleep, my love? 315
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes. 320
These lily lips, 321
This cherry nose, 322
These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone: 325
 Lovers, make moan:
 His eyes were green as leeks.
 O Sisters Three,
 Come, come to me,
 With hands as pale as milk;
 Lay them in gore, 330
 Since you have shore
 With shears his thread of silk. 332
 Tongue, not a word:
 Come, trusty sword;
 Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [Stabs herself. 335
 And, farewell, friends;
 Thus Thisby ends:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.
Dem. Ay, and Wall too. 340
Bot. [Starting up] No, I assure you; the wall is down that 341
 parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to
 hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?
The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. 345
 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 347
 hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine 348
 tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, 350
 come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [A dance. 351
 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
 I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd. 355
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels and new jollity. [Exeunt.

Enter PUCK.

Puck.

Now the hungry lion roars, 360
 And the wolf behowls the moon; 361
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone. 363
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, 365
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite, 370
 In the church-way paths to glide: 371
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream, 375
 Now are frolic: not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door. 379

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train.

Obe.

Through the house give glimmering light, 380
 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. 385

Tita.

First, rehearse your song by rote, 386
 To each word a warbling note:
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place. [*Song and dance.* [389](#)
Obe. Now, until the break of day, [390](#)
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate. [395](#)
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, hare lip, nor scar, [400](#)
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be. [403](#)
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait; [405](#)
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest, [408](#)
And the owner of it blest. [410](#)
Trip away; make no stay; [411](#)
Meet me all by break of day. [411](#)

[*Exeunt 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. [415](#)
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, [420](#)
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. [425](#)
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

NOTES.

MSND [TOC](#)

NOTE I.

[I. 2. 45.](#) It may be questioned whether the true reading is not 'thisne, thisne;' that is, 'in this manner,' a meaning which 'thissen' has in several dialects. See Halliwell's *Arch. Dict.* 'So-ne' is used in the same way in Suffolk.

NOTE II.

[III. 1. 2.](#) Capell appears to have considered the reading 'marvailles' of Q₁ as representing the vulgar pronunciation of 'marvellous,' and he therefore printed it 'marvels,' as in [IV. 1. 23.](#)

NOTE III.

[III. 2. 257, 258.](#) In this obscure passage we have thought it best to retain substantially the reading of the Quartos. The Folios, though they alter it, do not remove the difficulty, and we must conclude that some words, perhaps a whole line, have fallen out of the text.

NOTE IV.

[III. 2. 337.](#) We retain the reading of the old copies in preference to Theobald's plausible conjecture. A similar construction occurs in *The Tempest*, [II. 1. 27](#), 'which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?'

NOTE V.

[III. 2. 204.](#) Although Pope's reading of this line was followed by all editors down to Capell it is rendered extremely improbable by the occurrence of the word 'Have' at the beginning of the line in all the old copies, and could only have been suggested by what Pope considered the exigencies of the metre. 'Needles' may have been pronounced, as Steevens writes it, 'neelds;' but, if not, the line is harmonious enough.

NOTE VI.

[IV. 1. 1.](#) Johnson says, 'I see no good reason why the fourth Act should begin here when there seems no interruption of the action;' but he does not alter the arrangement of the Folios, which, in the absence of any good reason to the contrary, we also follow.

NOTE VII.

[IV. 1. 8, &c.](#) We have retained throughout this scene the spelling of the old copies 'Mounseieur,' as representing a pronunciation more appropriate to Bottom, like 'Cavalery' a few lines lower down. We are aware, however, that the word was generally so spelt.

NOTE VIII.

[V. 1.](#) In the Folios the stage direction is 'Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords,' and the speeches which properly belong to Philostrate as master of the revels are assigned to Egeus, with the exception of that beginning 'No, my noble lord, &c.' In line 38 the Quartos correctly read 'Philostrate' where the Folios have 'Egeus.' The confusion may have arisen, as Mr Grant White suggests, from the two parts having been originally played by the same actor.

NOTE IX.

[V. 1. 44-60.](#) We have followed the Quartos in assigning this speech to Theseus alone. In the Folios Lysander is represented as reading the 'brief' and Theseus as commenting upon it. Theobald first restored the arrangement

of the Quartos.

NOTE X.

[v. 1. 125](#). The stage direction of the Folios is 'Tawyer with a trumpet before them,' Tawyer being generally understood to be the name of the trumpeter; but Mr Collier, on the strength of a note in the corrected Folio 'Enter Presenter,' interprets 'Tawyer' as the name of the actor who filled the part of Presenter and introduced the characters of the play.

NOTE XI.

[v. 1. 160](#). In the Variorum edition of 1821 'lime' is given as the reading of the Folios, and 'lome' of the Quartos, the fact being that F₁ F₂ read 'loame,' and F₃ F₄ 'loam.'

NOTE XII.

[v. 1. 390-411](#). This speech, which in the Folios is made 'The Song,' was restored by Johnson to Oberon, following the Quartos. He adds, 'But where then is the song?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two songs are lost. The series of the scene is this: after the speech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a song, which song is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another song which is indeed lost like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon dismisses his fairies to the despatch of the ceremonies. The songs, I suppose, were lost, because they were not inserted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.'

NOTE XIII.

[v. 1. 408, 409](#). The difficulty in these two lines is at once removed by transposing them, as was suggested by C. R. W. a correspondent in the Illustrated London News. Mr Staunton was at one time inclined to think that 'Ever shall' was a corruption of 'Every hall,' but he now adheres to the solution above given. Malone incorrectly attributes to Pope the reading which he himself adopts, 'E'er shall it in safety rest,' Pope's reading being 'Ever shall in safety rest' as in Rowe's second edition.

Linenotes-A *Midsummer Night's Dream*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, I, 1.

- Sc. 1. Enter...] Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others. Qq Ff.
4: *wanes*] *waues* Q₁.
6: *withering out*] *wintering on* Warburton. *lithering out* Becket conj.
7: *night*] Q₁. *nights* Q₂ Ff.
8: *nights*] Q₁ Ff. *daies* Q₂.
10: *New-bent*] Rowe. *Now bent* Qq Ff.
15: [Exit Ph.] Theobald.
19: *revelling*] *revelry* Holt White conj.
24, 26: *Stand forth, Demetrius...Stand forth, Lysander*] Printed in Qq Ff as stage directions. Corrected by Rowe.
27: *This man hath bewitch'd*] Qq F₁. *This hath bewitch'd* F₂ F₃ F₄.
bewitch'd] *witch'd* Theobald.
38: *harshness*] *hardness* Collier MS.
51: *leave*] *'leve* Warburton. *lave* Becket conj.
69: *if you yield not*] *not yielding* Pope.
76: *earthlier happy*] *earlier happy* Pope conj. *earthly happier* Capell.
81: *whose unwished*] Qq F₁. *to whose unwished* F₂ F₃. *to whose unwish'd* F₄.
87: *your*] *you* F₂.
94: *Hermia's*] *Hermia* Tyrwhitt conj.
98: *unto*] *upon* Hanmer.
101: *fortunes*] *fortune's* Rowe.
102: *Demetrius*] Pope. *Demetrius* Qq Ff.
107: *Nedar's*] *Nestor's* S. Walker conj.
125: *nuptial*] Qq F₁. *nuptials* F₂ F₃ F₄.
127: [Exeunt...] Exeunt. Manet L. and M. Qq Ff.
128: SCENE II. Pope.
130: *which I could*] *yet could I* Becket conj.
131: *my*] Qq. *mine* Ff.
132: *Ay me! for aught that I could ever*] *Eigh me; for ought that I could ever* Qq. *For ought that ever I could* F₁. *Hermia for ought that ever I could* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Ay me! for aught that ever I could* Dyce.
136: *low*] Theobald. *love* Qq Ff.
too...low] *to be enthrall'd! too high, too low* Becket conj.
138: *to young*] *too young* F₄.
139: *friends*] Qq. *merit* Ff. *men* Collier MS.
140: *eyes*] Qq. *eie* F₁. *eye* F₂ F₃ F₄.
143: *momentany*] Qq. *momentary* Ff.
146: *spleen*] *shene* Becket conj.
148: *do*] *to* F₃ F₄.
154: *due*] *dewe* Q₁.
159: *remote*] Qq. *remov'd* Ff.
167: *observance to a*] Qq. *observance for a* Ff. *observance to the* Pope.
168-178: Her. *My good.....with thee*] Her. *My good Lysander!* Lys. *I swear...spoke*. Her. *In that...with thee* Warburton.
172: *loves*] Q₁. *love* Q₂ Ff.
180: SCENE III. Pope.
182: *your fair*] Qq. *you fair* Ff. *you, fair* Rowe (ed. 2).
186: *so*] Qq Ff. *so!* Theobald.
187: *Yours would*] Hanmer. *Your words I* Qq F₁. *Your words Ide* F₂ F₃ F₄.
191: *I'd*] Hanmer. *ile* Q₁. *Ile* Q₂ F₁ F₂. *I'le* F₃ F₄.
200: *folly, Helena, is no fault*] Q₁. *folly, Helena, is none* Q₂ Ff. *fault, Oh Helena, is none* Hanmer. *fault, fair Helena, is none* Collier MS.
205: *as*] Q₁. *like* Q₂ Ff.
206: *do*] *must* Collier MS.
207: *unto a*] Q₁. *into* Q₂ Ff.
213: *gates*] Qq F₁ F₂. *gate* F₃ F₄.
216: *sweet*] Theobald. *sweld* Qq Ff.

- 219: *stranger companies*] Theobald. *strange companions* Qq Ff.
 225: *dote*] Qq. *dotes* Ff.
 229: *do*] Qq. *doth* Ff.
 237: *haste*] *hast* F₄.
 239: *he is so oft*] Q₁ *he is oft* Q₂. *he is often* F₁. *he often is* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 240: *in game themselves*] *themselves in game* F₃ F₄.
 244: *this*] Q₁ Ff. *his* Q₂.
 245: *So*] *Lo*, Capell.
 248: *this*] Qq. *his* Ff.
 249: *a dear expense*] *dear recompense* Collier MS.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, I, 2.

- SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.
 Quince's house.] Capell. Changes to a cottage. Theobald.
 3: *according to*] Q₁ Ff. *according* Q₂.
 6: *the duchess*] *duchess* Pope (ed. 2).
 8, 9: *grow to a point*] Qq. *grow on to a point* F₁ F₂ F₃. *grow on to appoint* F₄.
go on to a point Warburton. *go on to appoint* Collier MS.
 19: *gallant*] Qq. *gallantly* Ff.
 22: *storms*] *stones* Collier MS.
 24: *cat*] *cap* Warburton.
in, to] *in two* ed. 1661.
 25-32: Printed as prose in Qq Ff.
 26: *And*] *With* Farmer conj.
 37: *Flute*] Q₁. om. Q₂ Ff.
 45: See [note \(1\)](#).
 56: *and, I hope, here*] Qq. *and I hope there* Ff. *I hope there* Rowe (ed. 2).
 59: *it be*] *be* F₁.
 66: *An*] *And* Q₁. *If* Q₂ Ff.
 70: *friends*] *friend* F₄.
if] Qq. *if that* Ff.
 73: *roar you*] Qq. *roar* Ff.
 84: *colour*] Qq. *colour'd* Ff.
perfect] Ff. *perfit* Qq.
 91: *will we*] Q₁. *we will* Q₂ Ff.
 95: *most*] Q₁. *more* Q₂ Ff.
obscenely] *obscurely* Grey conj. (withdrawn).
 96: *Take...adieu*] given by Singer to Quince.
pains] Qq F₁. *paine* F₂ F₃ F₄.
perfect] Ff. *perfit* Qq.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, II, 1.

- [Scene i. Enter...] Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow at another. Qq Ff.
 3, 5: *Thorough...thorough, Thorough...thorough*] Q₁. *Through...through, Through...through* Q₂ Ff.
 7: *moon's sphere*] *moony sphere* Grant White (Steevens conj.).
 9: *orbs*] *herbs* Grey conj.
 10: *tall*] *all* Collier MS.
 11: *coats*] *cups* Collier MS.
 14: *here*] *here and there* Capell.
 30: *square*] *jar* Peck conj. *sparre* Id. conj.
 32: *Either*] *Or* Pope.
 33: *sprite*] Q₁. *spirit* Q₂ Ff.
 34: *not you*] Q₁. *you not* Q₂ Ff.
 35: *frights*] *fright* F₃ F₄.
villagery] *villageree* Q₁. *villagree* Q₂ F₁ F₂ F₃. *vilagree* F₄.
 36-39. *Skim...labour...make...make...Mislead*] Qq Ff.
Skims...labours...makes...makes...Misleads Collier.
 42: *Thou*] *I am—thou* Johnson. *Fairy, thou* Collier (Collier MS.).
speak'st] *speakest* Q₁. *speakest me* Capell.

- 46: *filly*] Q₁. *silly* Q₂ Ff.
- 50: *dewlap*] Rowe (ed. 2). *dewlop* Qq Ff.
- 54: *taylor*] *rails or* Capell. *tail-sore* Anon. ap. Capell conj.
- 54, 55: *cough...laugh*] *coffe...loff* Qq Ff.
- 56: *waxen*] *yexen* Singer (Farmer conj.).
- 58: *room*] *make room* Pope.
fairy] *faëry* Johnson conj.
room, fairy! here] *fairy, room, for here* Seymour conj.
- 59: *he*] Qq F₁. *we* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 60: SCENE II. Pope.
Enter...] Enter the King of Fairies at one door with his traine, and the Queen at another with hers. Qq Ff.
- 61: *Fairies, skip*] Theobald. *Fairy, skip* Qq Ff. *Fairies, keep* Harness conj. *Fairies, trip* Dyce conj.
- 65: *hast*] Qq. *wast* Ff.
- 69: *steppe*] Q₁. *steepe* Q₂ Ff.
- 77: *through the glimmering*] *glimmering through the* Warburton.
- 78: *Perigenia*] *Perigune* Theobald. *Perigyne* Hanmer. *Perigouna* Grant White (North's Plutarch).
- 79: *Ægle*] Rowe. *Eagles* Qq Ff.
- 80: *Antiopa*] *Atiopa* F₁.
- 82: *the*] *that* Hanmer (Warburton).
- 85: *in*] *on* Pope.
pelting] Qq. *petty* Ff.
- 91: *Have*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Hath* Qq Ff.
- 95: *his*] *its* Pope.
- 97: *murrion*] *murrain* Warburton.
- 99: *in*] *on* Collier MS.
- 101: *want...here;*] *want;...here*, Knight (Anon. conj.). *chant,—...here;* Grant White conj.
winter here] F₃ F₄. *winter heere* Qq F₁ F₂. *winter chear* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *winters heryed* Warburton. *wonted year* Johnson conj. *winter gere Brae* conj.
- 101-114: Johnson proposes to arrange in the following order: 101, 107-114, 102-104, 106, 105.
- 106: *thorough*] Q₁ F₂ F₃. *through* Q₂ F₁ F₄.
- 107: *hoary*] Q₁ F₃ F₄. *hoared* Q₂ F₁ F₂.
- 109: *thin*] Halliwell (Tyrwhitt conj.). *chinne* Qq F₁ F₂. *chin* F₃ F₄. *chill* Grey conj.
- 112: *childing*] *chiding* Pope.
- 113: *mazed*] *amazed* Rowe.
- 114: *increase*] *inverse* Hanmer. *inchase* Warburton.
- 115: *evils comes*] F₂ F₃. *evils, Comes* Qq F₁. *evil comes* F₄.
- 122: *The fairy*] *Thy fairy* Collier MS.
- 123: *votaress*] *votresse* Qq Ff.
- 127: *on*] Qq F₁ F₂. *of* F₃ F₄.
- 131: *Following,—her...squire,—*] *Following (her womb...squire)* Qq Ff. (*Following...squire*) Steevens (Kenrick conj.). *Follying (her...squire)* Theobald (Warburton). *Her following womb...* Becket conj.
rich] *ripe* Collier MS.
- 136: *do I*] Q₁. *I do* Q₂ Ff.
- 144: *fairy*] om. Steevens (Farmer conj.).
Fairies] *Elves* Pope.
- 149: *once*] Qq F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄. *that* Rowe.
- 155: *saw*] Q₁. *say* Q₂ Ff.
- 157: *all arm'd*] *alarm'd* Theobald (Warburton).
- 158: *the*] Ff. om. Qq.
- 160: *should*] *would* F₄.
- 162: *Quench'd*] *Quench* F₃ F₄.
- 163: *votaress*] *votresse* Qq Ff.
- 172: *it sees*] *is seen* Collier MS.
- 175: *I'll*] *I'd* Collier MS.
round] Q₁. om. Q₂ Ff.
- 177: *when*] *whence* Q₂.

- 179: *then*] Q₁. *when* Q₂ Ff. *which* Rowe.
- 181: *on meddling*] or *meddling* Rowe.
- 183: *from off*] *from of* Q₁ *off from* Q₂ Ff.
- 188: SCENE III. Pope.
- 190: *slay.....slayeth*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *stay...stayeth* Qq Ff.
- 191: *unto*] Qq. *into* Ff.
- 192: *wode...wood*] Hanmer. *wodde...wood* Q₁. *wood...wood* Q₂ Ff.
- 197: *you*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 201: *nor*] Ff. *not* Qq. *and* Pope.
- 202: *you*] Q₁. *thee* Q₂ Ff.
- 206: *lose*] *loathe* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
- 208: *can*] *can can* F₂.
- 210: *use*] Qq. *do* Ff. *do use* Reed.
- 220, 221: *privilege: for that It is*] Qq Ff. *privilege for that. It is* Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.).
- 235: *questions*] *question* Steevens conj.
- 238: *the field*] Q₁. *and field* Q₂ Ff.
- 242: [Exit Dem.] om. Qq Ff. Demetrius breaks from her and exit. Capell.
- 243: *I'll Ile* Qq. *I Ff*.
- 244: [Exit] Q₂ Ff. om. Q₁.
- 245: SCENE IV. Pope.
- 246: Re-enter Puck] Enter Pucke. Qq Ff (after line 247).
- 247: *Hast thou...wanderer*] *Welcome wanderer; hast thou the flower there*] Jackson conj.
- 249: *where*] *whereon* Pope.
- 250: *oxlips*] Q₁. *oxslips* Q₂ Ff. *the oxslips* Rowe. *oxslip* Pope. *oxlip* Theobald. *oxlips...violets*] *violets...ox-lip* Keightley conj.
- 251: *Quite*] om. Pope. *over-canopied*] *overcanopi'd* Q₁. *overcanoped* Q₂. *over-cannoped* Ff. *O'er canopy'd* Pope. *luscious*] Ff. *lushious* Qq. *lush* Steevens (Theobald conj.).
- 253-256: Keightley proposes to arrange, 255, 256, 253, 254, and would insert a line after 254, e.g. '*Upon her will I steal there as she lies*'.
- 253: *sometime*] *some time* Rowe.
- 254: *flowers*] *bowers* Grant White (Collier MS.). *with*] *from* Hanmer.
- 256: *wrap*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *wrappe* Q₁. *rap* Q₂ F₁.
- 257: *And*] *There* Hanmer.
- 266: *fond on*] *fond of* Rowe.
- 268: [Exeunt.] Qq. [Exit. Ff.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, II, 2.

- SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope. SCENE III. Steevens.
- 2: *for*] *fore* Theobald. *in* Heath conj. *a minute*] *the midnight* Warburton.
- 7: *spirits*] *sports* Hanmer (Warburton).
- 9: Fir. Fairy.] Capell. Fairies sing. Qq Ff.
- 13, 24: CHORUS.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
- 14: *in our*] Qq. *in your* Ff. *now your* Collier MS.
- 20: Fir. Fairy.] 1. Fai. Q₁. 1. Fairy. Q₂. 2. *Fairy* Ff.
- 21: *spinners*] Q₁ Ff. *spinders* Q₂.
- 25: Sec. Fairy.] 2. Fai. Qq. 1. Fairy. Ff.
- 26: [Exeunt Fairies.] Rowe. om. Qq Ff. *Titania sleeps.*] *Shee sleepes.* F₁. om. Qq. *Enter...eyelids.*] Capell. *Enter Oberon.* Qq Ff.
- 32: *that*] *what* Pope.
- 34: [Exit.] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
- 35: SCENE VI. Pope. *wood*] Q₁. *woods* Q₂ Ff.
- 38: *comfort*] *comfor* Q₁.
- 39: *Be it*] Q₂ Ff *Bet it* Q₁. *Be 't* Pope.
- 45, 46: *innocence!...conference*] *conference!...innocence* Warburton.

- 46: *takes*] *take* Tyrwhitt conj.
conference] *confidence* Collier MS.
- 47: *is*] *it* Q₁.
- 48: *we can*] Qq. *can you* Ff. *can we* Capell.
- 49: *interchained*] Qq. *interchanged* Ff.
- 57, 119: *human*] F₄. *humane* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 65: [They sleep.] Ff. om. Qq.
- 67: *found*] Q₁. *find* Q₂ Ff.
- 77: *Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy*] *Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy* Pope. *Near to this kill-courtesy* Theobald. *Near to this lack-love kill-courtesy* Warburton. *Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy* Steevens. *Nearer this lack-love, this kill-courtesy* S. Walker conj.
- 84: SCENE VII. Pope.
Stay] Qq F₁. *Say* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 87: [Exit.] Exit Demetrius. Ff. om. Qq.
- 96: *marve*] *mavaile* F₂.
- 100: *Lysander!* Capell. *Lysander* Qq Ff.
- 104: *Helena*] *Helen* Pope.
Nature shows] *Nature shewes* Qq. *Nature her shewes* F₁. *Nature here shews* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Nature shews her* Singer (Malone conj.).
- 105: *thy heart*] *my heart* S. Walker conj.
- 106: *is*] Qq F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 113: *I love*] Q₁. *now I love* Q₂ Ff.
- 118: *ripe not*] *not ripe* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 122: *Love's stories*] *Love-stories* S. Walker conj.
- 127: *Demetrius*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Demetrius* Qq Ff. *Demetrius's* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 138: *the stomach*] Qq F₁. *a stomach* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 140: *they*] Qq. *that* Ff.
- 143: *your*] *their* Collier MS.
- 147: *Ay me*] *Ah me* Capell.
- 150: *you*] Qq. *yet* Ff.
- 154: *swoon*] *swoune* Q₁. *swound* Q₂ F₂ F₃ F₄. *sound* F₁.
- 156: *Either*] *Or* Pope.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, III, 1.

- SCENE I. Titania lying asleep.] om. Qq Ff.
Enter...] Enter the Clowns. Qq Ff.
- 2: *Pat, pat*] Qq F₁. *Par, pat* F₂ F₃ F₄.
marvellous] *marvailles* Q₁. *marvels* Capell. See [note \(11\)](#).
- 12: *By'r lakin*] *Berlakin* Q₁. *Berlaken* Q₂ Ff.
- 15: *device*] *devise* Q₁.
- 18: *the more better*] *the better* Rowe (ed. 2). *more better* Pope.
- 23, 24: *eight and eight*] *eighty eight* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. MS.
- 25: *afear*] *afraid* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 27: *yourselves*] Ff. *your selfe* Qq.
- 30: *to 't*] *toote* Q₁. *to it* Q₂ Ff.
- 35: *defect*] *deffect* Q₂.
- 41: *them*] Qq. *him* Ff.
- 45: Snout.] Sn. Qq F₁. Snug. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 47: Enter Pucke. Ff.
- 49: Bot.] Cet. Q₁.
- 49, 50: *great chamber window*] *great-chamber* Anon. conj.
- 58: Snout.] Sno. Q₁. Sn. Q₂ F₁. Snu. F₂. Snug. F₃ F₄.
- 61: *loam*] *lime* Collier MS.
- 62: *and*] Delius (Collier MS.). *or* Qq Ff.
- 68: SCENE II. Pope.
Enter Puck behind.] Enter Robin. Qq Ff.
- 71: *too perhaps*] *to perhappes* Q₁.
- 73, 75, 93: Bot.] Pir. Qq Ff.
- 73: *flowers*] *flower* Pope.
of] *have* Collier (Collier MS.).

- savours] *savour's* Rowe.
- 74: *Odours, odours*] Ff. *Odours, odorous* Qq.
- 76: *hath*] *that* Rowe (ed. 1). *doth* Rowe (ed. 2).
Malone supposes two lines to be lost here.
- 77: *awhile*] *a whit* Theobald.
- 79: Puck.] Ff. Quin. Qq.
[Exit.] Capell.
- 80, 83, 92: Flu.] This. Qq Ff.
- 81, 88, 94: Quin.] Pet. Qq Ff.
- 85: *juvenal*] *juvenile* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 92: Re-enter...head.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
- 93: *were fair, Thisby*] *were, fair Thisby* Collier (Malone conj.).
- 95: [Exeunt.....] om. Qq. The Clownes all Exit. F₁. The Clowns all Exeunt. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 96: *about*] *'bout* S. Walker conj.
- 97: *Through bog,*] *Through bog, through mire* Johnson conj. *Through bog, through burn* Ritson conj.
- 99: *headless*] *heedless* Delius conj.
- 101: Enter Pirus with the Asse head. Ff. om. Qq.
- 104, 105: *see on thee?*] *see on thee? an ass's head?* Johnson conj.
- 113: *I will*] *will* F₃ F₄.
- 114: *ouse*] *woosel* Qq Ff.
- 117: *with little*] Qq. *and little* Ff.
- 127-129: As in Q₁. In Q₂ Ff line 129, *On the first view, &c.* precedes 127, *So is mine eye...*
- 130: *mistress*] *mistresse* Qq F₁. *maistresse* F₂ F₃. *maistress* F₄.
- 145: *dost*] *doth* F₃ F₄.
- 148: *Peaseblossom...Mustardseed!*] Qq. Enter Pease-blossom...Mustardseede and foure fairies. Ff (as a stage direction).
Moth] *Mote* Grant White.
- 149: SCENE III. Pope.
Enter...] Enter foure Fairyees. Q₁ (Fairies) Q₂.
First Fai. *Ready...* All. *Where shall we go?*] Capell. Fairies. *Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?* Qq Ff. 1. Fai. *Ready*. 2. Fai. *And I*. 3. Fai. *And I*. 4. Fai. *Where shall we go?* Steevens (Farmer conj.).
- 154: *The honey-bags*] *Their honey-bags* Collier MS.
- 161-164: First Fai. *Hail, mortal...* Fourth Fai. *Hail!*] Capell. 1. Fai. *Haile, mortall, haile*. 2. Fai. *Haile*. 3. Fai. *Haile* Qq Ff.
- 168: *you of*] Qq Ff. *of you* Rowe.
- 174: *you of*] Qq. *of you* Ff.
- 176: After this line F₁ inserts Peas. Pease-blossome (in italics): omitted in F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 177: *your patience*] *your parentage* Hanmer. *your passions* Farmer conj. *you passing* Mason conj.
- 180: *hath*] *have* Capell conj.
- 181: *your more*] F₃ F₄. *you more* Qq F₁ F₂. *more of your* Rowe. *you, more* Capell. *you of more* Collier MS.
- 184: *weeps, weeps*] Q₁. *weepes, weepe* Q₂ Ff.
- 186: *love's*] Pope. *lovers* Qq Ff.
love's tongue,] *lover's tongue and* Collier MS.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, III, 2.

SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.

- Enter Oberon.] Enter King of Fairies and Robin Goodfellow. Qq. Enter King of Fairies (Pharies F₁), solus Ff.
- 3: Enter Puck.] Ff. om. Qq.
- 4: *spirit*] *sprite* Pope.
- 5: *haunted*] *gaunted* F₁.
- 6, 7: *love. Near...bower,*] Rowe. *love, Neare...bower.* Q₁ *love, Neere...bower,* Q₂ Ff.
- 13: *thick-skin*] *thick-skull* Hanmer.
- 17: *nole*] *nowl* Johnson.
- 19: *mimic*] *Mimmick* F₁ F₂ F₃. *Mimick* F₄. *Minnick* Q₁. *Minnock* Q₂. *mammock* Ritson conj.
- 21: *russet-pated*] Q₁ F₄. *russet-pated* Q₂ F₁ F₂ F₃.

- 25: *our stamp*] *a stump* Johnson (Theobald conj.).
- 30: *yielders*] F₃ F₄. *yeelders* Qq F₁ F₂.
- 36: *latch'd*] *latcht* Q₁ F₃ F₄. *lacht* Q₂ F₁ F₂. *lech'd* Hanmer. *laced* Anon. conj.
- 40: *waked*] *wak't* Qq Ff. *wakes* Pope.
- 41: SCENE V. Pope.
- 48, 49: *Being...too*] Printed as one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).
- 48: *the deep*] *knee deep* Phelps (Coleridge conj.).
- 52: *From*] *Frow* Q₁.
- 54: *displease*] *disease* Hanmer.
- 55: *with the*] *i' th'* Warburton.
- 57: *dead*] *dread* Pope.
- 58: *murder'd*] *murthered* Q₁. *murdered* Q₂. *murderer* Ff.
- 60: *look*] *looke* Qq. *looks* Ff.
- 64: *I had*] Q₁. *Ide* Q₂. *I'de* Ff. *I'd* Rowe. *I'ad* Pope.
- 65: *bounds*] *bonds* Q₂.
- 68: *tell true, tell true*] Q₁. *tell true* Q₂ F₁. *tell true, and* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 69: *have*] Qq. *a* Ff.
- 70: *touch*] *tutch* Qq Ff.
- 72: *An*] *And* F₂.
- 74: *on*] *in* Steevens conj.
on a misprised mood] *in a misprised flood* Collier MS.
- 80, 81: *part I so: See me no more, whether*] Pope. *part I: see me no more; Whether* Qq Ff.
- 85: *sleep*] Rowe. *slippe* Q₁. *slip* Q₂ Ff.
- 87: [Lies down and sleeps.] Collier. [Ly doune. Q₁. [Lie doune. Q₂ Ff.
- 88: SCENE VI. Pope.
- 94: *Obe.*] *Ob.* Qq F₁ F₃ F₄. *Rob.* F₂.
- 97: *costs*] Qq Ff. *cost* Hanmer.
- 99: *do*] Qq. *doth* Ff.
- 100: *look*] *look, master,* Hanmer.
- 101: [Exit] Q₂ Ff. om. Q₁.
- 109: *her*] *her,* Q₁.
- 122: SCENE VII. Pope.
- 123: *come*] Qq. *comes* Ff.
- 137: [Awaking.] om. Qq. *Awa.* Ff (at the end of line 136).
- 143, 144: *O...white, this*] *This...white—O* Becket conj.
- 144: *princess*] *pureness* Hanmer. *impress* Collier MS.
- 145: *all are*] Qq. *are all* Ff.
- 150: *you must join in souls*] *you must join in flouts* Hanmer. *must join insolents* Warburton. *you must join in soul* Mason conj. *you must join, ill souls,* Tyrwhitt conj.
- 151: *were*] Qq. *are* Ff.
- 164: *here*] *heare* Q₁.
- 166: *of*] *in* Collier (Collier MS.).
- 167: *will do*] *will love* Edd. conj.
till] Q₁. *to* Q₂ Ff.
- 171: *to her*] *with her* Johnson.
- 172: *is it*] Q₁. *it is* Q₂ Ff.
- 173: *There*] *There ever* Pope.
Helen,] Q₁. om. Q₂ Ff.
- 175: *aby*] Q₁. *abide* Q₂ Ff.
dear] *here* S. Walker conj.
- 177: SCENE VIII. Pope.
- 182: *thy*] Qq. *that* Ff.
- 188: *oes*] *orbs* Grey conj.
- 190: *bear*] F₄. *bare* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 199: *sisters*] *sisters* Qq Ff. *sister* Capell.
- 201: *O, is all*] Qq F₁. *O, and is all* F₂ F₃ F₄. *O, is all now* Malone. *O, now is all* Reed. *O, is it all* Spedding conj.
- 202: *school-days*] *school-day* Capell.
childhood] *childhoods* F₃ F₄.

- 204: *Have...created both*] *Created with our needles both* Pope. See [note \(v\)](#).
needles] *needls* Steevens.
- 210: *yet*] om. F₃ F₄.
an] Qq F₄. *a* F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 211: *lovely*] *loving* Collier MS.
- 213: *first, like*] Theobald (Folkes conj.). *first life* Qq Ff.
 213, 214: Omitted in Collier MS.
- 215: *rent*] *rend* Rowe.
- 218: *for it*] *for't* S. Walker conj.
- 220: *I am amazed at your passionate words*] Ff. *I am amazed at your words* Qq.
Helen, I am amazed at your words Pope.
- 237: *Ay, do, persever*] *I do, persever* Q₂ Ff. *I doe. Persever* Q₁. *Ay, do, persevere* Rowe.
- 238: *Make mouths*] *Make mows* Steevens.
- 241: *have*] *had* Collier (Collier MS.).
- 243: *my*] Q₁. *mine* Q₂ Ff.
- 246: *my life*] Qq F₁. omitted in F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 250: *prayers*] Theobald. *praise* Qq Ff. *prays* Capell (Theobald conj.).
- 257: *Ethiope*] *Ethiope you* Heath conj.
- 257, 258: *No, no; He'll...Seem to break loose*] Edd. *No, no; heele Seeme to breake loose* Q₁. *No, no, hee'l seeme to breake loose* (as one line) Q₂. *No, no, sir, seem to break loose* (as one line) Ff. *No, no he'll seem To break away* Pope. *No, no; he'll not come.—Seem to break loose* Capell. *No, no; he'll—sir, Seem to break loose* Malone. *No, no; sir:—he will Seem to break loose* Steevens. *No, no, he'll not stir: Seem to break loose* Jackson conj. See [note \(iii\)](#).
- 258: *you*] *he* Pope.
- 260: *burr*] *bur* Qq F₁. *but* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 264: *hated*] Pope. *O hated* Qq Ff.
potion] Q₁. *poison* Q₂ Ff.
- 271: *hate*] *harm* F₄.
- 272: *news*] *means* Singer (Collier MS.)
- 279: *of doubt*] *doubt* Pope. om. Anon conj.
- 282: *juggler! you*] *jugler, you! you* Capell.
- 289: *why so?*] Qq Ff. *why, so:* Theobald.
way goes] *ways go* Rowe.
- 292: *tall personage*] *tall parsonage* Q₂.
- 299: *gentlemen*] *gentleman* Q₁.
- 304: *she is*] Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *she's* F₄.
- 320: Hel.] Her. F₁ F₂.
- 321: *shall*] *will* F₄.
Helena] *Helen* Anon. conj.
- 323: *she's*] Q₂ Ff. *she is* Q₁.
- 329: *You minimus*] *You minim, you* Theobald conj.
- 335: *aby*] Q₁. *abie* Q₂. *abide* Ff.
- 337: *Of*] *Or* Theobald. See [note \(iv\)](#).
Of...mine] *Of mine or thine* Malone conj.
- 340: *you, I*] *you* Rowe (ed. 1).
- 344: *I...say*] omitted in Ff.
 [Exit.] Exit pursuing Helena. Malone.
- 345: SCENE IX. Pope.
 Enter Oberon and Puck. Ff.
- 346: *wilfully*] Qq. *willingly* Ff.
- 349: *had*] Q₁. *hath* Q₂ Ff.
- 351: *'nointed*] *nointed* Qq Ff.
- 352: *so did*] *did so* Rowe.
- 357: *fog*] *fogs* Warburton.
- 368: *his*] *its* Rowe.
- 374: *employ*] *imploy* Q₁ F₄. *apply* Q₂. *imply* F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 379: *night's swift*] Q₁. *night swift* Q₂. *night-swift* F₁. *nights-swift* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 386: *exile*] *exil'd* Theobald conj., making Oberon's speech begin with this line.
- 389: *morning's love*] Qq F₁. *morning love* F₂ F₃ F₄. *morning-love* Rowe (ed. 1).
morning-light Id. (ed. 2).

- 392: *fair blessed*] *far-blessing* Hanmer (Warburton).
 393: *salt green*] *sea-green* Grey conj.
 394: *notwithstanding*] Q₁. *not-withstanding* Q₂ Ff.
 396, 437, 448: Puck.] Puck [sings]. Anon. conj.
 406: *Speak! In some bush?*] Capell. *Speak in some bush*. Qq. *Speak in some bush*: Ff.
 413: Re-enter...] om. Qq Ff.
 414: *calls, then he is*] Q₁. *call's then he's* Q₂ F₁. *calls me, then he's* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 416: [Shifting places. Ff.
 418: [Lies down.] Lie down. Ff. om. Qq.
 420: [Sleeps.] Capell.
 421: *Ho, ho, ho!*] *Ho, ho; ho, ho!* Capell.
 425: *now*] Q₁. om. Q₂ Ff.
 426: *buy*] Qq Ff. *'by* Collier (Johnson conj.).
 430: [Lies...] Capell.
 431: SCENE X. Pope.
 432: *Shine comforts*] Q₂ Ff. *Shine comforts*, Q₁. *Shine, comforts*, Theobald.
 435: *sometimes*] Qq F₃ F₄. *sometime* F₁ F₂.
 436: [Lies...] Sleep. Qq Ff.
 437: *three?*] *three here?* Hanmer.
 438: *makes*] Qq F₁ F₂ F₄. *make* F₃.
 439: *comes*] *cometh* Hanmer.
 442: Re-enter...] Enter H. after line 440. F₁ F₂.
 447: *Heavens*] *Heaven* Anon. conj.
 [Lies...] om. Qq Ff.
 449: *Sleep*] *Sleep thou* Capell. *Sleep you* Seymour conj.
 451: *To your eye*] Rowe. *your eye* Qq Ff.
 452: [Squeezing...] Rowe.
 454: *Thou*] *Then thou* Seymour conj. *See thou* Tyrwhitt conj.
 takes!] Qq F₁ F₄. *rak'st* F₂ F₃.
 463: *well*] *still* Steevens conj.
 [They sleep all the Act. Ff.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, IV, 1.

- ACT IV.] See [note \(vi\)](#).
 Enter...] Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clown, and Fairies, and the King behind them. Qq Ff.
 7: *Mounsieur*] Qq Ff. *Monsieur* Rowe. See [note \(vii\)](#).
 10: *get you*] Q₁. *get* Q₂ Ff.
 18: *your*] *thy* Pope.
 neaf] *neafe* Qq F₁. *newfe* F₂. *newse* F₃. *news* F₄.
 Mustardseed] Qq F₁ F₂. *Mustard* F₃ F₄.
 21: *Cavalery*] Qq F₁. *Cavalero* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 22: *Cobweb*] *Peas-blossom* Grey conj.
 23: *marvellous*] *marvailles* Q₁ *marvels* Capell. See [note \(ii\)](#).
 24: *do*] *doth* Rowe (ed. 2).
 25: *some*] *some some* Q₂.
 26: *Let's*] Q₁. *Let us* Q₂ Ff.
 27: *tongs*] *tongues* F₂.
 Musick Tongs, Rural Musick. Ff. om. Q₁.
 32, 33: Printed in Q₂ Ff as three lines ending *fairy...hoard...nuts*.
 33: *hoard*] Q₂ Ff. om. Q₁.
 thee] *thee thence* Hanmer. *thee the* S. Walker conj.
 38: *all ways*] Theobald. *alwaies* Qq F₁. *alwayes* F₂ F₃. *always* F₄. *a while* Hanmer.
 all ways away] *away—away* Upton conj. *always i' th' way* Heath conj.
 39: Qq and Ff punctuate *woodbine,...honisuckle,...entwist;*
 woodbine] *woodrine* Upton conj. *weedbind* Steevens conj.
 40: *entwist; the female*] *entwist the maple*; Warburton conj.
 40, 41: *entwist;.....Enrings*] *entwist,...Enring*, Capell.
 46: *favours*] Q₁ F₄. *savours* Q₂ F₁ F₂ F₃.

- 52: *flowerets*] *flouriets* Qq Ff.
 57: *fairy*] Qq Ff. *fairies* Dyce.
 62: *this*] *the* Johnson.
 63: *other*] *others* Rowe.
 68: *Be*] Qq. *Be thou* Ff.
 70: *o'er*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *or* Qq Ff.
 76: *do*] Q₁ F₂ F₃ F₄. *doth* Q₂ F₁.
 his] Q₁. *this* Q₂ Ff.
 77: *this*] Qq. *his* Ff.
 79: *sleep of all these five*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *sleep: of all these, fine* Qq F₁ F₂. *sleep; of all these find* F₃ F₄. *sleep. Of all these fine* Rowe (ed. 2).
 80: *ho!*] *howe* Q₁.
 81: *Now, when thou wakest*] Q₁. *When thou wak'st* Q₂ F₁. *When thou awak'st* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 87: *fair prosperity*] Q₁. *fair posterity* Q₂ Ff. *far posterity* Hanmer.
 88: *the*] Qq F₁. *these* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 90: *Fairy*] Qq. *Faire* F₁ F₂. *Fair* F₃ F₄.
 92: *sad*] *fade* Theobald.
 93: *the night's*] Rowe. *the nights* Q₂ Ff. *nights* Q₁.
 98: After this line Ff give the stage direction [Sleepers lye still.
 99: [Horns.....within.] [Winde horne. Q₁. [Winde hornes. Q₂ Ff.
 100. SCENE II. Pope.
 104: *let them*] om. Pope.
 110: *bear*] Qq Ff. *boar* Hanmer.
 113: *fountains*] *mountains* Anon. ap. Theobald conj.
 114: *Seem'd*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Seeme* Qq F₁.
 119: *Thessalian*] *Thessalonian* F₄.
 125: *is*] om. Q₁.
 127: *Nedar's*] *Nestor's* S. Walker conj.
 128: *of their*] Q₁. *of this* Q₂ Ff. *at their* Pope.
 130: *rite*] Pope. *right* Qq Ff.
 136: [He and the rest kneel to Theseus. Capell.
 141: *is*] *is is* F₁.
 149, 150: *might,...law.*] *might...lawe*, Q₁. *might be...law.* Q₂ Ff. *might,...law,—* Dyce. *might Be without peril...law.* Hanmer.
 160: *following*] Q₁. *followed* Q₂ Ff.
 162-164: Qq and Ff end the lines at *love...snow...gaud*.
 163: *Melted as*] *Is melted as* Pope. *Melted as doth* Capell. *All melted as* Anon. conj.
 169: *saw Hermia*] Steevens. *see Hermia* Qq Ff. *did see Hermia* Rowe (ed. 1). *Hermia saw* Rowe (ed. 2).
 170: *in sickness*] Steevens (Farmer conj.). *a sickness* Qq Ff.
 172: *I do*] Q₁. *do I* Q₂ Ff.
 175: *more will hear*] Q₁. *will hear more* Q₂. *shall hear more* Ff.
 183: *Come, Hippolyta*] *Come, my Hippolyta* Capell.
 184: Dem.] Lys. Capell conj.
 [Exeunt...] Exit Duke and Lords. Ff.
 188: *like*] om. Hanmer.
 jewel] *gemell* Theobald (Warburton).
 189, 190: *Are you sure That we are awake?*] Qq. omitted in Ff. *But are you sure That we are well awake* Capell. *But are you sure That we are now awake* Steevens conj. *Are you sure That we are now awake* Malone conj. *Are you sure That we are yet awake* Anon. conj.
 194: *did bid*] Q₁. *bid* Q₂ Ff.
 195, 196: Printed as prose in Qq Ff, as verse in Rowe (ed. 2).
 196: *let us*] Q₂ Ff. *lets* Q₁.
 197: SCENE III. Pope.
 [Awaking] Bottom wakes. Ff. om. Qq.
 201: *I have had a dream*] Qq. *I had a dream* Ff.
 203: *to*] om. Q₁.
 205: *a patched*] Ff. *patcht a* Qq. {Transcriber's Note: this linenote has been copied to this location from the original book's ADDENDA.}
 212: *a play*] *the play* Hanmer. *our play* S. Walker conj.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, IV, 2.

SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.

1: Enter...] Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, and the rabble. Qq. Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snout, and Starveling. Ff.

3: Star.] Ff. Flute. Qq.

5, 6: *goes not]* Qq F₁ F₂. *goes* F₃ F₄.

11: Quin.] Snout. Halliwell conj.

13: Flu.] Quin. Anon. conj.

14: *naught]* F₂ F₃ F₄. *nought* Qq F₁.

19: *scaped]* *scraped* Grey conj.

27: *no]* Ff. *not* Qq.

28: *right]* Qq. om. Ff.

30: *All that]* *all* Rowe.

34: *preferred]* *proffered* Theobald conj.

38, 39: *doubt but]* Qq F₁ F₂. *doubt* F₃ F₄.

40: *go, away!]* *go away* Qq Ff.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, V, 1.

Enter...] see [note \(VIII\)](#).

5, 6: *apprehend More than]* Theobald. *apprehend more Than* Qq Ff.

5-8: Printed in Q₁ as three lines, ending *more...lunatic...compact*.

6: *cool]* *cooler* Pope.

10: *That is, the madman:] The madman. While* Pope.

12, 13: Q₁ ends these lines with *glance...and as*, Q₂ F₁ with *glance...heaven*.

14-18: These five lines printed as four in Qq Ff, ending *things...shapes...habitation...imagination*.

16: *shapes]* *shape* Pope.

airy] Q₂. *ayery* Q₁. *aire* F₁ F₃. *ayre* F₂. *air* F₄.

19: *if it would]* *if he would* Rowe (ed. 2).

21: *Or]* *So* Hanmer.

21, 22: *Or...bear!]* Grant White conjectures that these lines are interpolated.

29: *days of love]* F₂ F₃ F₄. *days Of love* Qq F₁.

30, 31: *More.....bed!]* Printed as prose in Qq F₁, as verse first in Q₂.

31: *Wait in]* *Wait on* Rowe.

33, 34: The lines end *between...manager* in Q₁. Corrected in Q₂.

34: *our]* Ff. *or* Qq.

38: *Philostrate]* Qq. *Egeus* Ff.

38, 42, 61: Phil.] Qq. Ege. Ff.

42: *There]* *Here* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.

ripe] Q₁. *rife* Q₂ Ff.

43: [Giving a paper.] Theobald.

44: The. [reads] The. Qq. Lys. Ff. See [note \(IX\)](#).

Centaur] *centaur* F₄.

58-60: Printed as prose in Qq Ff.

59: *That is...snow]* omitted by Pope.

ice] *Ise* Q₁.

and wondrous strange snow] *and wond'rous scorching snow* Hanmer. *a wondrous strange shew* Warburton. *and wondrous strange black snow* Capell (Upton conj.). *and wondrous strong snow* Mason conj. *and wondrous seething snow* Collier (Collier MS.). *and wondrous swarthy snow* Staunton conj. *and wondrous staining snow* Nicholson conj.

61: *there is]* *it is* Hanmer. *this is* Collier (Collier MS.).

66-70: Qq F₁ end the lines *Pyramus,...saw...water...laughter...shed*. Corrected in F₂.

75: *nuptial]* Qq F₁. *nuptials* F₂ F₃ F₄.

76, 77: Qq Ff end these lines *hear it...heard*. Corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).

79: Johnson supposes a line to be lost after *intents*.

80: *conn'd]* *penn'd* Kenrick conj.

81, 82: *I...thing]* As one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Rowe (ed. 2).

91: *poor duty]* *poor willing duty* Theobald. *poor duty meaning* Spedding conj.

do] *do aright* Seymour conj. *do, yet would* Coleridge conj.

- 91, 92: *noble respect Takes*] *Noble respect takes* Theobald.
- 92: *it in might, not*] *not in might, but* Johnson conj. *it in mind, not* Spedding conj.
- 105: Re-enter...] Enter... Theobald. Enter Philomon. Pope.
- 106: Phil.] Qq. Egeus. Ff.
- 107: Flourish of trumpets.] Flor. Trum. Ff. om. Qq.
- 108: SCENE II. Pope.
Enter Quince for the Prologue] Rowe. Enter the Prologue. Qq. Enter the Prologue. Quince. F₁ F₂. Enter Prologue. Quince. F₃ F₄.
- 114-117: Pope alters the punctuation here.
- 118: *points*] *his points* Collier (Collier MS.).
- 120: *A good*] Dem. *A good* Edd. conj.
- 122: *his*] Ff. *this* Qq.
- 123: *a recorder*] Qq F₁. *the recorder* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 124: *chain*] *skein* Anon. conj.
- 125: *next*] Qq F₁. *the next* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 125: [Tawyer with a trumpet before them. Ff. See [note \(x\)](#).
Enter...] Enter... as in dumb show. Capell.
- 130: *lime*] *loam* Capell conj. MS.
- 131: *that*] Qq F₁. *the* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 138: *grisly*] *grizy* F₁.
Lion hight by name] *by name Lion hight* Theobald.
- 139: Malone conjectures that a line has been lost after *night*.
- 141: *did fall*] *let fall* Pope.
- 144: *trusty*] Qq. om. F₁. *gentle* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 147: *And Thisby, tarrying*] Qq Ff. *And, Thisby tarrying* Malone.
in] *in the* F₃ F₄.
- 150: [Exeunt...] Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moonshine. Qq (after line 153). Exit all but Wall. Ff (which repeat the stage direction of Qq).
- 155: *Snout*] Ff. *Flute* Qq.
- 158: *Pyramus*] *Pyr'mus* Theobald.
Thisby] *This-be* Theobald.
- 160: *loam*] F₃ F₄. *lome* Qq. *loame* F₁ F₂. *lime* Reed. See [note \(xi\)](#).
- 172: *O sweet, O*] Qq. *thou sweet and* Ff. *O sweet and* Pope.
- 173: *stand'st*] Q₁. *stands* Q₂ Ff.
- 175: [Wall...fingers.] Capell.
- 183: *now*] Qq. om. Ff.
- 184: *it will fall pat...comes* Enter Thisbe.] Qq. *it will fall*. [Enter Thisbie.] *Pat...comes* Ff.
- 189: *hair*] *hayire* Q₁.
up in thee] Ff. *now againe* Qq.
- 190: *see*] Qq F₁. *heare* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 191: *hear*] Qq F₁. *see* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 193: *love thou art, my love*] Qq Ff. *love! thou art, my love*, Theobald.
- 195: *Limander*] *Limandea* Pope.
- 196: *I*] Qq F₂. om. F₁ F₃ F₄.
- 202: [Exeunt P. and T.] Dyce.
- 204: [Exit.] Exit Clow. Ff. om. Qq. [Exeunt Wall, P. and T. Capell.
- 205: The.] Duk. Qq Ff.
mural down] Pope (ed. 2). *Moon used* Qq. *morall downe* Ff. *mure all down* Hanmer. *wall down* Collier MS.
- 208: *hear*] *rear* Hanmer (Warburton). *disappear* Heath conj.
- 209: Hip.] Dutch. Qq Ff.
ever] Q₁. *ere* Q₂ Ff.
- 214: *come*] Qq. *com* F₁. *comes* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 215: *beasts in, a man*] Rowe (ed. 2). *beasts, in a man* Qq Ff. *beasts—in a moon* Theobald conj. *beasts in, a moon-calf* Farmer conj. *beasts in, a man in a lion* Jackson conj.
- 220: *one*] Ff. *as* Qq.
- 221: *A lion-fell*] Singer. *A lion fell* Qq Ff. *No lion fell* Rowe. *A lion's fell* Dyce (Barron Field conj.).
- 223: *on*] Qq. *of* Ff. *o'* Capell conj. MS.
my] *your* Collier MS.

- 232: *listen*] Q₁. *hearken* Q₂ Ff.
moon] *man* Anon. conj.
- 235: *no*] *not* Collier (Collier MS.).
- 238: *do*] Qq. *doth* Ff.
- 244: *awearry*] Q₁. *weary* Q₂ Ff.
- 246: *his*] *this* Pope.
- 253, 254: *for all these*] Q₁. *for they* Q₂ Ff.
- 255: *old...tomb*] *ould...tumble* Q₁.
Where is] *wher's* Q₂.
- 256: [The Lion roares, Thisby runs off. Ff. om. Qq.
- 260: *a*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).
[The Lion.....exit.] Capell. om. Ff Qq.
- 261: *moused*] *mouz'd* Qq Ff. *mouth'd* Rowe.
- 262, 263: *And then...vanished*] *and so...And then the moon vanishes* Steevens (Farmer conj.). Mr Spedding conjectures that these lines should be transposed.
- 266: *gleams*] Staunton (Knight conj.). *streams* F₂ F₃ F₄. *beames* Qq F₁.
- 267: *take*] Qq. *taste* Ff.
Thisby] Qq. *Thisbies* Ff.
- 273: *dear*] *deare* Qq. *Deere* F₁ F₂. *Deer* F₃ F₄.
- 276: *ye*] Qq. *you* Ff.
- 280, 281: Printed as verse in Ff, ending *friend...sad*.
280: *and*] *on* Collier MS.
- 284: *dear*] *deare* Qq. *deere* F₁ F₂. *Deer* F₃ F₄.
- 291: [Stabs himself.] om. Qq Ff.
- 296: *Tongue*] *Sun* Halliwell conj.
lose] Q₂ Ff. *loose* Q₁.
- 297: [Exit M.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
- 298: [Dies.] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
- 303: *and prove*] Q₂ Ff. *and yet prove* Q₁.
- 304: *Moonshine*] *the Moon-shine* F₃ F₄.
before Thisbe] Rowe. *before? Thisby* Qq Ff.
- 310: *mote*] Steevens (Heath conj.). *moth* Qq Ff.
- 311, 312: *he for a man...God bless us*] Qq. omitted in Ff.
311: *warrant*] *warnd* Qq.
- 314: *means*] Qq Ff. *moans* Theobald.
- 320: *thy*] *my* F₃ F₄.
- 321, 322: *These...nose*] *These lips lily, This nose cherry* Farmer conj. *This lily lip, This cherry tip* Collier (Collier MS.).
321: *lips*] *brows* Theobald.
- 322: *nose*] *nip* Grant White conj.
- 330: *Lay*] *Love* Theobald.
- 332: *his*] *this* F₃ F₄.
- 335: [Stabs herself.] om. Qq Ff.
- 341: Bot.] Ff. Lyon. Qq.
[Starting up] Capell.
- 347: *need*] *be* Capell conj.
Marry] *Mary* Q₁.
- 348: *hanged*] Qq. *hung* Ff.
- 351: [A dance.] A dance and exeunt clowns. Capell. om. Qq Ff. Here a dance of clowns. Rowe.
- 360: SCENE II. Capell. SCENE III. Pope.
lion] Rowe. *lions* Qq Ff.
- 361: *behovls*] Theobald (Warburton). *beholds* Qq Ff.
- 363: *fordone*] *foredoone* Q₁. *foredone* Q₂ Ff.
- 365: *screech-owl*] *scriech-owle* Q₁. *scritch-owle* Q₂ Ff.
- 371: *church-way*] *churhyard* Poole's Eng. Parnassus.
- 379: Enter...] Enter King and Queene of Fairies with all their traine. Q₁.
Enter... with their traine. Q₂ Ff.
- 380: *Through*] *Though* Grant White.
the] *this* Warburton.
the house give] *this house in* Johnson conj.

386: *your*] Q₁. *this* Q₂ Ff.

389: [Song and dance.] Capell.

390-411: Given to *Oberon* in Qq. Called *The Song* in Ff and printed in italics.
Restored to *Oberon* by Johnson. See note [\(xii\)](#).

403, 404: *be. With...consecrate,*] Qq Ff. *be, With...consecrate.* Collier MS.

408: *Ever shall in safety*] Qq Ff. *Ever shall it safely* Rowe (ed. 2). *E'er shall it in safety* Malone. See [note \(xiii\)](#).

408, 409: These lines are transposed by Staunton.

410: *away;*] *away, then* Hanmer.

411: Exeunt...] Capell. om. Qq Ff.

415: *these*] *this* Q₂.

420: *I am*] *I'm* Capell.

an] om. F₃ F₄.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

The DUKE OF VENICE.

The PRINCE OF MOROCCO², suitor to Portia.

The PRINCE OF ARRAGON, " "

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.

SALANIO, friend to Antonio and Bassanio.

SALARINO, " " "

GRATIANO, " " "

SALERIO³, " " "

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHASAR⁴, servant to Portia.

STEPHANO, " "

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE 5—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

FOOTNOTES:

1: DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] First given in Q₃. See [note \(1\)](#).

2: THE.....MOROCCO] Morochus, a Prince. Q₃ Q₄. Morochius, a Moorish Prince. Rowe.

3: SALERIO] See [note \(ix\)](#).

4: BALTHASAR] Theobald, om. Q₃ Q₄.

5: SCENE...] Rowe.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

000

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

TMOV
I. 1

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;

005

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
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.

010

013

Salan. 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
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

015

019

020

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

024

025

027

030

033

035

040

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.

045

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

046

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 framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

047

048

050

054

055

056

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:

058

We leave you now with better company.	
<i>Salar.</i> I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,	060
If worthier friends had not prevented me.	
<i>Ant.</i> Your worth is very dear in my regard.	
I take it, your own business calls on you,	
And you embrace the occasion to depart.	
<i>Salar.</i> Good morrow, my good lords.	065
<i>Bass.</i> Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?	
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?	
<i>Salar.</i> We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.	<u>068</u>
	<i>[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]</i>
<i>Lor.</i> My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,	<u>069</u>
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,	070
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.	
<i>Bass.</i> I will not fail you.	<u>072</u>
<i>Gra.</i> You look not well, Signior Antonio;	
You have too much respect upon the world:	
They lose it that do buy it with much care:	075
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.	
<i>Ant.</i> I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;	
A stage, where every man must play a part,	<u>078</u>
And mine a sad one.	
<i>Gra.</i> Let me play the fool:	
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;	080
And let my liver rather heat with wine	
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.	<u>082</u>
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,	
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?	<u>084</u>
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice	085
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—,	
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—	<u>087</u>
There are a sort of men, whose visages	
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;	<u>089</u>
And do a wilful stillness entertain,	090
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion	
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;	
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,	<u>093</u>
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'	
O my Antonio, I do know of these,	<u>095</u>
That therefore only are reputed wise	
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,	<u>097</u>
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,	<u>098</u>
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.	
I'll tell thee more of this another time:	100
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,	
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.	<u>102</u>
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:	<u>103</u>
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.	
<i>Lor.</i> Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:	105
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,	
For Gratiano never lets me speak.	
<i>Gra.</i> Well, keep me company but two years moe,	<u>108</u>
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.	
<i>Ant.</i> Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.	<u>110</u>
<i>Gra.</i> Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable	
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.	<u>112</u>
	<i>[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.]</i>
<i>Ant.</i> Is that any thing now?	<u>113</u>
<i>Bass.</i> Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more	
than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains	<u>115</u>
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.	
<i>Ant.</i> Well, tell me now, what lady is the same	<u>119</u>
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,	120
That you to-day promised to tell me of?	
<i>Bass.</i> 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,	
How much I have disabled mine estate,	
By something showing a more swelling port	<u>124</u>
Than my faint means would grant continuance:	<u>125</u>
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 gaged. To you, Antonio, 130
 I owe the most, in money and in love;
 And from your love I have a warranty
 To unburden all my plots and purposes
 How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; 135
 And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
 Within the eye of honour, be assured,
 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, 140
 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, 143
 I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence. 145
 I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please 146
 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, 150
 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 155
 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. 160

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes 163
 I did receive fair speechless messages: 164
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued 165
 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 temples like a golden fleece; 170
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond, 171
 And many Jasons come in quest of her. 172
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift, 175
 That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Neither have I money, nor commodity 178
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do: 180
 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. [Exeunt. 185

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.* 000

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA. TMOV

I. 2

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awearry of this great world. 001

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. 005
 006

<i>Por.</i> Good sentences, and well pronounced.	010
<i>Ner.</i> They would be better, if well followed.	010
<i>Por.</i> 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 divine 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 meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?	013 015 019 020 022
<i>Ner.</i> Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,— will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?	025 028 029 030
<i>Por.</i> I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.	032
<i>Ner.</i> First, there is the Neapolitan prince.	035
<i>Por.</i> Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.	036 037 038 039
<i>Ner.</i> Then there is the County Palatine.	040 040 042
<i>Por.</i> He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!	045
<i>Ner.</i> How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?	049
<i>Por.</i> God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! —why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.	050 051 054 055
<i>Ner.</i> What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?	058 059 060
<i>Por.</i> You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumbshow? 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 every where.	063 064 065
<i>Ner.</i> What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?	069
<i>Por.</i> 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.	070 071
<i>Ner.</i> How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?	075
<i>Por.</i> Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely 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 fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.	079 080
<i>Ner.</i> 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.	
<i>Por.</i> 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 any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.	085 087
<i>Ner.</i> You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords:	090

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. 093

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 wooers 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. 095
099

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? 100
101

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called. 103

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 105

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news? 109

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. 110

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a 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 shrive me than wive me. 114
115

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before. 118

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. 120

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

TMOV
I. 3

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well. 003

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound. 005

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound. 010

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, 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 Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-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. 014
015
018
019
020
021

Bass. Be assured you may. 025

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink 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 029
030

will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here? 033
034

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio. 035

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. 040
 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, 045
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him!
Bass. Shylock, do you hear? 047
Shy. I am debating of my present store;
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross 050
 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? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths. 055
Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking nor by giving of excess, 056
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, 058
 I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd 059
 How much ye would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats. 060
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so. 062
 Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you; 063
 Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow 064
 Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it. 065
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
 This Jacob from our holy Abram 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? 070
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
 Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
 When Laban and himself were compromised 073
 That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied 074
 Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank, 075
 In the end of autumn turned to the rams; 076
 And when the work of generation was 077
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,
 The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands, 079
 And, in the doing of the deed of kind, 080
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time 082
 Fall parti-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. 085
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served 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? 089
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams? 090
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast: 091
 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; 095
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart: 096
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! 097
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
 Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate— 099
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you? 100
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me 102
 About my moneys and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. 105

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, [106](#)
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine, [107](#)
 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 [110](#)
 'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so; [111](#)
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say [115](#)
 'Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or [117](#)
 Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,— [120](#)
 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time [121](#)
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies [122](#)
 I'll lend you thus much moneys'?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, [125](#)
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. [126](#)
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; for when did friendship take [128](#)
 A breed for barren metal of his friend? [129](#)
 But lend it rather to thine enemy; [130](#)
 Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty. [132](#)
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 [135](#)
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
 This is kind I offer. [137](#)
Bass. This were kindness. [138](#)
Shy. This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport, [140](#)
 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 [145](#)
 In what part of your body pleaseth me. [146](#)
Ant. Content, i'faith: I'll seal to such a bond, [147](#)
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew. [148](#)
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity. [150](#)
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 Abram, what these Christians are, [155](#)
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect [156](#)
 The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
 If he should break his day, what should I gain
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man [160](#)
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttuns, 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. [165](#)
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 [170](#)
 Of an unthrifty knave; and presently [171](#)
 I will be with you. [172](#)
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [173](#)
 The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind. [173](#)

[Exit Shylock.]

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind. [174](#)
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay; 175
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.* [000](#)

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train: TMOV
PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending. II. 1

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun, [002](#)
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born, [004](#)
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, 005
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 010
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue, [011](#)
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led [013](#)
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny 015
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself [018](#)
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 020
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets.
To try my fortune. By this scimitar [024](#)
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince 025
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look, [027](#)
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, [030](#)
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while! [031](#)
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; [035](#)
And so may I, blind fortune leading me.
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong, 040
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance. [043](#)

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! 045
To make me blest or cursed'st among men. [046](#) [Cornets, and exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.* [000](#)

Enter LAUNCELOT. TMOV
II. 2

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this [001](#)
Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying [003](#)
to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good 005
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 [008](#)

courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, 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 incarnal; 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 command; I will run.

009
010

015

019
020

023
024
025
027

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

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

028

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.

030
032

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

Laun. Turn up on 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.

035
038

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

039
040

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

045
046

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

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

050

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

052

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

055
057

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

060

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

062

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

065

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, at the length, truth will out.

070
071
072
073

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

075

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.

080

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

085

on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail. 087
Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: 090
 I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when 093
 I last saw him. 095
Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy 098
 master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now? 100
Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my 101
 rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My 103
 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 105
 ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters
 delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come 107
 anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.]
Laun. To him, father.
Gob. God bless your worship!
Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me? 110
Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—
Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would,
 sir,—as my father shall specify,—
Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve, 115
 —
Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and
 have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—
Gob. 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 120
 me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old 122
 man, shall frutify unto you,—
Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your
 worship, and my suit is,—
Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your 125
 worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it,
 though old man, yet poor man, my father.
Bass. One speak for both. What would you?
Laun. Serve you, sir.
Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir. 130
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. 135
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 speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son. 139
 Take leave of thy old master and inquire 140
 My lodging out. Give him a livery
 More guarded than his fellows': see it done.
Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a 143
 tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table 144
 which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. 145
 Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: 146
 alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a 148
 simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, 149
 and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here 150
 are simple scapes. 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. 153
[Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.]
Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this: 155
 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. 157
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master? 159
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit. 160]
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you. 162
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont. 163
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano: 165
 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; 168
 But where thou art not known, why, there they show
 Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain 170
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
 I be misconstrued in the place I go to, 173
 And lose my hopes. 174
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
 If I do not put on a sober habit, 175
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; 177
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen;'
 Use all the observance of civility, 180
 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 gauge me
 By what we do to-night. 185
Bass. No, that were pity:
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment. But fare you well: 188
 I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest: 190
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.* 000

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT. TMOV
II. 3

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so: 001
 Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
 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 005
 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. 009
Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,
 most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get 010
 thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do 011
 something drown my manly spirit: adieu. 013
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [Exit Launcelot.] 015
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be ashamed to be my father's child! 017
 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, 020
 Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.* 000

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO. TMOV
II. 4

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-bearers. 005
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,

And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

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.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, 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, *[Exit Launcelot.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. 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 Salan.*

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 it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

TMOV

II. 5

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,

As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

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

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

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath 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: 027
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, 029
Clamber not you up to the casements then, 030
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 035
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all 039
this; 040

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit. 042

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder; 045
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day 046
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: 050
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you: 052
Fast bind, fast find, 053
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit. 055
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost, 055
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit. 055

SCENE VI. *The same.* 000

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued. TMOV
II. 6

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo 002
Desired 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 005
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont 006
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast 010
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal 014
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, 015
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return, 017
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails, 018
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter. 020

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; 024
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within? 025

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 030
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains. 033
 I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
 For I am much ashamed of my exchange: 034
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit;
 For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 040
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 obscured.
Lor. So are you, sweet, 044
 Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. 045
 But come at once;
 For the close night doth play the runaway,
 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 above. 050
Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew. 051
Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily; 052
 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 proved herself; 055
 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! 058
 Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. 059
 [Exit with Jessica and Salarino.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? 060
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest? 061
 'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
 No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
 Bassanio presently will go aboard: 065
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you. 066
Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight 067
 Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.* 000

*Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, TMOV
 and their trains.* II. 7

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
 The several caskets to this noble prince.
 Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;' 005
 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? 010
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal. 012
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
 I will survey the inscriptions back again.
 What says this leaden casket? 015
 '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 018
 Do it in hope of fair advantages:
 A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 020

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail: 006
 But there the Duke was given to understand
 That in a gondola were seen together 008
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica: 009
 Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 010
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! 015
 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, stolen from me by my daughter!
 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, 020
 Stolen 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.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day, 025
 Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught: 030
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him. 034
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth. 035
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio, 039
 But stay the very riping of the time;
 And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love: 042
 Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts 043
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there:' 045
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wondrous sensible
 He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for him. 050
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
 And quicken his embraced heaviness 052
 With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.* 000

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor. TMOV
II. 9

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. 003

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 am contain'd, 005
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord, 007
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoind by oath to observe three things:
 First, never to unfold to any one 010
 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: 013

Lastly,	
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,	015
Immediately to leave you and be gone.	
<i>Por.</i> To these injunctions every one doth swear	
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.	
<i>Ar.</i> And so have I address'd me. Fortune now	019
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.	020
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'	
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.	022
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	025
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,	026
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;	
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,	028
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,	
Even in the force and road of casualty.	030
I will not choose what many men desire,	
Because I will not jump with common spirits,	
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.	033
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;	
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:	035
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'	
And well said too; for who shall go about	
To cozen fortune, and be honourable	
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume	039
To wear an undeserved dignity.	040
O, that estates, degrees and offices	
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour	042
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!	
How many then should cover that stand bare!	
How many be commanded that command!	045
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd	046
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour	
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,	048
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:	049
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'	050
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,	051
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. [<i>He opens the silver</i>	052
<i>casket.</i>	
<i>Por.</i> Too long a pause for that which you find there.	
<i>Ar.</i> What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,	
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.	055
How much unlike art thou to Portia!	
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!	057
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'	058
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?	
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?	060
<i>Por.</i> To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,	
And of opposed natures.	
<i>Ar.</i> What is here? [<i>Reads</i>]	062
The fire seven times tried this;	
Seven times tried that judgement is,	064
That did never choose amiss.	065
Some there be that shadows kiss;	
Such have but a shadow's bliss:	
There be fools alive, I wis,	068
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.	
Take what wife you will to bed,	070
I will ever be your head:	
So be gone: you are sped.	072
Still more fool I shall appear	073
By the time I linger here:	
With one fool's head I came to woo,	075
But I go away with two.	
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,	
Patiently to bear my wroth. [<i>Exeunt Arragon and train.</i>]	078
<i>Por.</i> Thus hath the candle singed the moth.	079
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,	080
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.	081

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy, 083
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny. 084
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord? 085
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath, 090
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord. 095
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard 096
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee, 097
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. 100
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [Exeunt. 101

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

TMOV
III. 1

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a
ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I
think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where 005
the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my 006
gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.
Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever 008
knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the 010
death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of
prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good 012
Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough
to keep his name company!—
Salar. Come, the full stop.
Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a 015
ship.
Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.
Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my 019
prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants? 020
Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my 021
daughter's flight.
Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made
the wings she flew withal.
Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was 025
fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the 026
dam.
Shy. She is damned for it.
Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.
Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel! 030
Salar. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years? 031
Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood. 032
Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than 035
between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is 036
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 bankrupt, a prodigal, 037
who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was 038
used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he 039
was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont 040
to lend money for a Christian 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; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled 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 villany 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. 065

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. 067

[*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter? 068

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 070

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 on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,— 085

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck? 086

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is't true, is't true? 088

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 090

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa? 091
092

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats. 093

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats. 095

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. 099

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it. 100
101

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; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. 105

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee 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, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.* 000

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. TMOV

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
 Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
 I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile. 001
 There's something tells me, but it is not love, 003
 I would not lose you; and you know yourself, 005
 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 010
 How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me; 015
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours. 016
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, 017
 And so all yours! O, these naughty times 018
 Put bars between the owners and their rights! 019
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 020
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. 021
 I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time, 022
 To eke it and to draw it out in length, 023
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
 For as I am, I live upon the rack. 025

Por. 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 030
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak any thing. 033

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,' 035
 Had been the very sum of my confession:
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them: 040
 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, 044
 Fading in music: that the comparison 045
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream, 046
 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 050
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love, 054
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem 055
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 060
 Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay 061
 I view the fight than thou that makest the fray. 062

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred, 063
 Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourished? 065
 Reply, reply. 066
 It is engender'd in the eye, 067
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell; 070
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell. 071
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
 The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt, 075
 But, being seasoned 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? 080
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes 081
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts: 082
 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; 085
 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 purchased by the weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature, 090
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, 093
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head, 095
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore 097
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, 099
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on 100
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold, 101
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee; 102
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge 103
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught, 105
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here choose I: joy be the consequence! 106
Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air, 108
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! 110
 O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy; 111
 In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess! 112
 I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
 For fear I surfeit! 114
Bass. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*
 Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god 115
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, 117
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar 119
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs 120
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men, 122
 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 125
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far 126
 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. 130

[*Reads*]

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 new.
If you be well pleased with this, 135
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;
I come by note, to give and to receive. 140
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 144
Whether those peals of praise be his or no; 145
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, 149
Such as I am: though for myself alone 150
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times 154
More rich; 155
That only to stand high in your account, 156
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross, 159
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised; 160
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, 162
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit 164
Commits itself to yours to be directed, 165
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord 168
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, 169
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now, 170
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring; 172
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you. 175

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear 180
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence: 185
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead! 186

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady, 190
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too. 195

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one. 197
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission. 200
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

Your fortune stood upon the casket there, [202](#)
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again, [204](#)
And swearing till my very roof was dry [205](#)
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal. [210](#)

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats. [215](#)

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel? [220](#)

What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio? [221](#)

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, 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, [225](#)
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:

They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way, [230](#)
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord; [232](#)

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*] [234](#)

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth. [235](#)

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [238](#)

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome. [239](#)

Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice? [240](#)

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.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost. [244](#)

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper, [245](#)

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek: [246](#)

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, [250](#)

And I must freely have the half of any thing [251](#)

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, [255](#)

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 [260](#)

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have engaged myself to a dear friend,

Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady; [265](#)

The paper as the body of my friend, [266](#)

And every word in it a gaping wound,

Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio? 269
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit? 270
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
 And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch 272
 Of merchant-marring rocks?
Saler. Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew, 275
 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, 280
 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. 285
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
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him: and I know, my lord, 290
 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 295
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honour more appears
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more? 300
 Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description 303
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault. 304
 First go with me to church and call me wife, 305
 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. 310
 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: 314
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear. 315
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. [*reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my 317
 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 320
 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, dispatch all business, and be gone! 323
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste: but, till I come again, 325
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
 No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt. 327]

SCENE III. *Venice. A street.* 000

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler. TMOV
III. 3

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis: 001
 Gaoler, look to him. 002
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. 005
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause; 006
 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. 010
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak. 011
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
 I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield 015
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
 I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [Exit.]
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
 That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 020
 He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures 022
 Many that have at times made moan to me;
 Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the Duke 024
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 025
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law: 026
 For the commodity that strangers have 028
 With us in Venice, if it be denied, 029
 Will much impeach the justice of his state;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city 030
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
 These griefs and losses have so bated me, 032
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
 Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come 035
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.* 000

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHASAR. TMOV
III. 4

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence, 001
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly 003
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour. 005
 How true a gentleman you send relief, 006
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good, 010
 Nor shall not now: for in companions 011
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love, 013
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit; 015
 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 020
 From out the state of hellish misery! 021
 This comes too near the praising of myself;
 Therefore no more of it: hear other things. 023
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands 024
 The husbandry and manage of my house 025
 Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow 027
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return: 030
 There is a monastery two miles off;
 And there will we abide. I do desire you 032

Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you. 035
Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself. 040
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content. 043
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased 044
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica. 044
[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.]

Now, Balthasar, 045
As I have ever found thee honest-true, 046
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this 049
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario; 050
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry 053
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words, 054
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee. 055
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. *[Exit.]*
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, 060
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager, 062
When we are both accoutred like young men, 063
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two, 065
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, 070
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I'll repent, 072
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 075
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! 080
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device 081
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.* 000

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA. TMOV
III. 5

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be 002
laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was 003
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 005
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, 010
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 Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways. 014
015

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

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money. 019
020

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes. 024

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners. 025

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 a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 030

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. 034

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. 035
036

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. 040

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner. 043

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word. 045

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: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 048
050

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. 055
[Exit.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! 056

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 tricky word 060

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, 061

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife? 063

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet 065

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 068

In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match 070

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 074

Hast thou of me as she is for a wife. 075

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; 079

Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things 080

I shall digest it. 081

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A court of justice.

000

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.*

TMOV
IV. 1

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.

003

005

006

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.

007

010

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

015

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 thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose 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,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

020

022

024

025

029

030

031

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;

035

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:

036

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

040

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:

042

But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?

043

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

045

To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

046

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;

Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

049

Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

050

Mistress 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;

055

Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force

056

Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended;

058

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing

060

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?	
<i>Bass.</i> This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,	
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.	
<i>Shy.</i> I am not bound to please thee with my answers.	065
<i>Bass.</i> Do all men kill the things they do not love?	066
<i>Shy.</i> Hates any man the thing he would not kill?	
<i>Bass.</i> Every offence is not a hate at first.	
<i>Shy.</i> What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?	
<i>Ant.</i> I pray you, think you question with the Jew:	070
You may as well go stand upon the beach,	
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;	
You may as well use question with the wolf,	073
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;	074
You may as well forbid the mountain pines	075
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,	076
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;	077
You may as well do any thing most hard,	
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—	079
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,	080
Make no more offers, use no farther means,	
But with all brief and plain conveniency	
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.	
<i>Bass.</i> For thy three thousand ducats here is six.	
<i>Shy.</i> If every ducat in six thousand ducats	085
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,	
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.	
<i>Duke.</i> How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?	
<i>Shy.</i> What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?	090
You have among you many a purchased slave,	091
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,	092
You use in abject and in slavish parts,	093
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,	
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?	095
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.	100
If you deny me, fie upon your law!	
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.	
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?	
<i>Duke.</i> Upon my power I may dismiss this court,	
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,	105
Whom I have sent for to determine this,	
Come here to-day.	
<i>Saler.</i> My lord, here stays without	107
A messenger with letters from the doctor,	
New come from Padua.	
<i>Duke.</i> Bring us the letters; call the messenger.	110
<i>Bass.</i> 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.	
<i>Ant.</i> I am a tainted wether of the flock,	115
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit	116
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:	
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,	118
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.	
<i>Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.</i>	
<i>Duke.</i> Came you from Padua, from Bellario?	119
<i>Ner.</i> From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.	120
[<i>Presenting a letter.</i>]	
<i>Bass.</i> Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?	122
<i>Shy.</i> To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.	123
<i>Gra.</i> Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,	124
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,	125
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness	
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?	
<i>Shy.</i> No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.	127

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog! [128](#)
 And for thy life let justice be accused.
 Thou almost makest me waver in my faith, 130
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter, [134](#)
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, 135
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam, [136](#)
 Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
 Are wolvis, bloody, starved and ravenous. [138](#)
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: 140
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless ruin. I stand here for law. [142](#)
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court. [144](#)
 Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by, 145
 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 [150](#)
 your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in [153](#)
 loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is 155
 Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew
 and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is
 furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the
 greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my
 importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let
 his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for
 I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your 160
 gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.
Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
 And here, I take it, is the doctor come. [163](#)

Enter PORTIA for BALTHASAR.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario? [164](#)
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place. 165
 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
 Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth. 170
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. [174](#)
 You stand within his danger, do you not? [175](#)
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven 180
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest; [181](#)
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 185
 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; 190
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's [191](#)

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; 195
 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 199
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. 200
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;
 Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, 205
 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, 209
 Wrest once the law to your authority: 210
 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, 215
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
 O wise young judge, how I do honour thee! 219
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond. 220
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee. 222
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 No, not for Venice. 225
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
 Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour. 230
 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 judgement: by my soul I swear 235
 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 judgement.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife. 240
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge! 245
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
 So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
 'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh 250
 The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death. 253
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond? 254
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that? 255
 'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say? 258

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared. 260
 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 263
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 265
 An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
 Of such misery doth she cut me off. 267
 Commend me to your honourable wife:
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
 Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death; 270
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love. 272
 Repent but you that you shall lose your friend, 273
 And he repents not that he pays your debt;
 For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 275
 I'll pay it presently with all my heart. 276
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: 280
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all 281
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
 If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love: 285
 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.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter; 290
 Would any of the stock of Barrabas
 Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.* 292
 We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it. 295
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
 The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else. 300
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
 The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:' 301
 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh; 303
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods 305
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assured 310
 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice, 313
 And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft! 315
 The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more 320
 But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more 321
 Or less than a just pound, be it but so much 322
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance, 323
 Or the division of the twentieth part 324
 Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn 325
 But in the estimation of a hair,
 Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

<i>Gra.</i> A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!	329
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.	330
<i>Por.</i> Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.	330
<i>Shy.</i> Give me my principal, and let me go.	
<i>Bass.</i> I have it ready for thee; here it is.	
<i>Por.</i> He hath refused it in the open court:	
He shall have merely justice and his bond.	334
<i>Gra.</i> A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!	335
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.	
<i>Shy.</i> Shall I not have barely my principal?	337
<i>Por.</i> Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,	
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.	339
<i>Shy.</i> Why, then the devil give him good of it!	340
I'll stay no longer question.	341
<i>Por.</i> Tarry, Jew:	
The law hath yet another hold on you.	
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,	
If it be proved against an alien	344
That by direct or indirect attempts	345
He seek the life of any citizen,	
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive	
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half	348
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;	349
And the offender's life lies in the mercy	350
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.	
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;	
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,	
That indirectly, and directly too,	
Thou hast contrived against the very life	355
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd	
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.	357
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.	
<i>Gra.</i> Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:	
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,	360
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;	
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.	
<i>Duke.</i> That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,	363
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:	
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;	365
The other half comes to the general state,	
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.	
<i>Por.</i> Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.	
<i>Shy.</i> Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:	
You take my house, when you do take the	370
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,	
When you do take the means whereby I live.	
<i>Por.</i> What mercy can you render him, Antonio?	
<i>Gra.</i> A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.	374
<i>Ant.</i> So please my lord the Duke and all the court	375
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,	376
I am content; so he will let me have	
The other half in use, to render it,	
Upon his death, unto the gentleman	379
That lately stole his daughter:	380
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,	384
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.	385
<i>Duke.</i> He shall do this, or else I do recant	
The pardon that I late pronounced here.	
<i>Por.</i> Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?	
<i>Shy.</i> I am content.	
<i>Por.</i> Clerk, draw a deed of gift.	
<i>Shy.</i> I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;	390
I am not well: send the deed after me,	
And I will sign it.	
<i>Duke.</i> Get thee gone, but do it.	
<i>Gra.</i> In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:	393
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,	
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.	395

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner. [396](#)
Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon: [397](#)
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. 400
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[Exeunt Duke and his train.]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend [403](#)
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, 405
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied; 410
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary. [413](#)
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 415
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you, [418](#)
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield. 420
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake; *[To Ant.]* [421](#)
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you *[To Bass.]:* [422](#)
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! 425
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. [429](#)
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, [430](#)
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. 435
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman, 440
And know how well I have deserved the ring, [441](#)
She would not hold out enemy for ever, [442](#)
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 445
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment. [446](#)
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. *[Exit Gratiano.]* [449](#)
Come, you and I will thither presently; 450
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.* [000](#)

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA. TMOV
IV. 2

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: 005

My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be: 009
His ring I do accept most thankfully: 010
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. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old 015
swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house. 000

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA. TMOV
V. 1

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this, 001
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, 004
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents, 005
Where Cressid lay that night. 006

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 010
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 011
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 Æson.

Lor. In such a night 015
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 017
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night 020
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew, 021
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? 025

Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I 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 030
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours. 032

Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid. 034
I pray you, is my master yet return'd? 035

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. 037
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! 040
Lor. Who calls? 040
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, 041
sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here. 045
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. 049
And yet no matter: why should we go in? 050
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you, 051
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Stephano.* 053
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music 055
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold: 059
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st 060
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins; 062
Such harmony is in immortal souls; 063
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. 065

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn! 066
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.* 068
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: 070
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, 075
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 079
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods; 080
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature. 082
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; 085
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus: 087
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams! 090
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle. 092
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 095
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house. 098
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam. 101
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, 105
When every goose is cackling, would be thought 106
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, 109
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.* 110
Lor. That is the voice, 110
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo, 112
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths, 114
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words. 115
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; 120
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.* 121
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet: 122
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, 125
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, 130
And never be Bassanio so for me: 131
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord. 132
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound. 135
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, 140
Therefore I scant 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. 145
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was 148
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.' 150
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you, 152
That you would wear it till your hour of death, 153
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, 155
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge, 157
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it. 158
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, 162
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thysself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him. 165
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you, 166
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger 169
 And so riveted with faith unto your flesh. 170
 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, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief: 175
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off, 177
 And swear I lost the ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed 180
 Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
 And neither man nor master would take aught
 But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
 Not that, I hope, which you received of me. 185
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 truth. 189
 By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 190
 Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours
 Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring, 195
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring, 200
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to contain the ring, 201
 You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleased to have defended it 205
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
 I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul, 209
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 210
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me, 211
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him, 213
 And suffered him to go displeas'd away; 214
 Even he that did uphold the very life 215
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady;
 I was enforced 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, 220
 Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor. 222
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
 Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me, 225
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I'll not deny him any thing I have,
 No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
 Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus: 230
 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. 233
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
 How you do leave me to mine own protection. 235

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

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding. 239

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong; 240
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; 244
In each eye, one: swear by your double self, 245
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; 249
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, 250
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. 255

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; 258
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me. 260

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; 262
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 264
In summer, where the ways are fair enough: 265
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
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 270
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet 272
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon; 275
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not? 280

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. 285

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road. 288

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee. 290
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, 295
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in; 297
And charge us there upon inter'gatories, 298
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory 300
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.

303

305

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

TMOV [TOC](#)

NOTE I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ](#). 'The Actors Names' were first given in the third Quarto, and repeated in Q₄. A new list was given by Rowe. The spelling of the name Salanio varies between 'Salanio' and 'Solanio;' that of Salarino between 'Salerino,' 'Saleryno,' 'Salirino,' 'Salino' and 'Solarino.' The preponderance of authority seems to favour the spelling given in our text, and we have not thought it worth while to mention each variation as it occurs. Antonio is spelt throughout 'Anthonio,' Balthasar 'Balthazar' or 'Balthazer,' and Launcelot 'Launcelet,' in the old editions. See [note \(ix\)](#).

NOTE II.

[I. 3. 129](#). *A breed for barren metal*. Pope says in a note: 'The old editions (two of 'em) have it, *A bribe of barren metal*.' This reading is not found in any copy that we have seen of Quarto or Folio, or of either edition of Rowe.

NOTE III.

[II. 2. 52](#). Mr Knight remarks 'this sentence is usually put *interrogatively*, contrary to the punctuation of all the old copies, which is not to be so utterly despised as the modern editors would pretend.' Mr Grant White follows Mr Knight, and has a long note justifying the punctuation. Mr Dyce's remark that the sentence is a repetition of the preceding interrogation, at line 42, seems conclusive as to the sense. Nothing is more frequent than the omission of the note of interrogation in the older editions, apparently from a paucity of types.

NOTE IV.

[II. 7. 77](#). The Folios have '*Flo. Cornets*' at the beginning of the next scene after '*Enter Salarino and Solanio*.' Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson (ed. 1765) omitted all notice of this stage direction. Capell transferred it to the beginning of Scene 7. Mr Dyce added '*Cornets*' at the end of the scene also. We have adopted the suggestion, as the Prince's leaving the stage would naturally be accompanied with the same pomp as his entrance.

NOTE V.

[II. 8. 42](#). In the copy of Capell's edition which he gave to Trinity College Library, he has put a comma after 'mind' in red ink. Johnson marked the passage with an asterisk as probably corrupt.

NOTE VI.

[II., 9. 68](#). Mr Staunton in a note to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. Sc. 1, mentions, on Sir F. Madden's authority, that 'I wis' is undoubtedly derived from the Saxon adverb 'gewis,' but in the thirteenth century 'ge' was changed to 'y' or 'i,' and in the latter end of the fifteenth it was probably held to be equivalent to the German 'Ich weiss.' There can be no doubt that Shakespeare spelt it 'I wis' and used it as two words, pronoun and verb.

NOTE VII.

[III. 2. 61](#). Mr Halliwell says that Roberts's Quarto reads *then* for *thou*. It is not so in our copy.

NOTE VIII.

[III. 2. 66](#). Johnson follows Hanmer in reading 'Reply' as a stage direction. It is true that the words 'Reply, reply' stand in the margin of the old copies, but they are printed like the song in italics, and seem to be required as part of it by the rhythm and (if we read *eye* with the Quartos) by the rhyme also. Capell prefixes 1 v. to 'Tell me, &c.' and 2 v. to 'It is engender'd...' He says that "the words 'reply, reply' show it to be a song in two parts or by two voices,

followed by a chorus of divers assistant voices which 'all' indicates."

NOTE IX.

[III. 2. 221](#). We have retained here and throughout the scene the name 'Salerio,' which is so spelt consistently in all the old copies. Rowe altered it to 'Salanio;' and if the punctuation means anything, the editor of the third Quarto seems to have doubted about the name.

Capell, not Steevens as Mr Dyce says, restored 'Salerio' in the text, supposing Shakespeare to have used it as an abridgement of 'Salerino,' which he put in the stage direction. Mr Dyce thinks with Mr Knight that it is altogether unlikely that Shakespeare would, without necessity and in violation of dramatic propriety, introduce a new character, 'Salerio,' in addition to Salanio and Salerino. Tried by this standard Shakespeare's violations of dramatic propriety are frequent indeed, and it is no part of an Editor's duty to correct them.

In the next scene Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ have 'Salerio,' altered in the Folios to 'Solanio;' for clearly it cannot be the same person as the messenger to Belmont; and in IV. 1. 15 the same Quartos make 'Salerio' the speaker, while Q₁ and the Folios have merely 'Sal.'

NOTE X.

[III. 4. 72](#). *I could not do withal*. In Florio's *Giardino di Ricreatione*, p. 9, ed. 1591, the Italian 'Io non saprei farci altro' is rendered into English 'I cannot doo with all;' and the phrase occurs several times in the same book, meaning always 'I cannot help it.'

NOTE XI.

[IV. 1. 50](#). Mr Knight attributes the reading 'Mistress of...' to Steevens from the conjecture of Waldron. It was really first adopted by Capell from the conjecture of 'the ingenious Dr Thirlby.'

Mr Staunton says that in line 51 F₁, omits 'it;' but this is not the case in our copy.

NOTE XII.

[IV. 1. 56](#). We have retained the reading '*woollen*' as it gives a meaning not altogether absurd. In an illuminated copy of an *Office de la Vierge* in the library of Trinity College there is a representation of a bagpipe which appears to be of sheepskin with the wool on. We incline however to think that Capell's conjecture 'wawling' approaches nearest to the truth.

NOTE XIII.

[IV. 1. 74](#). In the Duke of Devonshire's copy of Heyes's Quarto (our Q₂) the passage runs thus:

'well use question with the Woolfe,
the Ewe bleake for the Lambe.'

Lord Ellesmere's copy agrees with Capell's *literatim*, and reads, not 'bleat,' as Mr Collier says, but 'bleake.'

Mr Halliwell says that line 74, *Why...lamb*, is omitted in one copy of Heyes's Quarto which he has seen, but that it is found in three other copies.

NOTE XIV.

[IV. 1. 209](#). Warburton has claimed this conjecture in a MS. note to our edition of Theobald, but he did not adopt it in his own text.

NOTE XV.

[IV. 1. 303](#). Mr Knight incorrectly says that this line is first found in the Folio of 1623. It is in all the quartos.

Linenotes-*The Merchant of Venice*

The Merchant of Venice, I, 1.

[Enter...Salanio](#)] See [note \(1\)](#).

[5, 6](#): So printed in Q₃ Q₄: as one line in Q₁ Q₂ Ff.

[10](#): *on*] *of* Steevens (Capell conj.).

[13](#): *curt'sy*] *cursie* Q₁ Q₂.

[19](#): *Peering*] *Piering* Q₁. *Piring* Q₂. *Prying* Q₃ Q₄.

[24](#): *at sea might do*] *at sea, might do* Q₁. *might doe at sea* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

[27](#): *Andrew dock'd*] Rowe. *Andrew docks* Qq Ff. *Arg'sy dock'd* Hanmer. *Andrew's decks* Collier conj. *Andrew, decks* Delius.

[33](#): *her*] *the* Q₁. *my* Anon. conj.

[46](#): *Why, then you are*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *Then y'are* Q₁.

fie!] *fie, away!* Hanmer.

[47](#): *neither?*] Q₁. *neither:* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄. *neither!* F₂ F₃ F₄.

let us] *let's* Pope.

[48](#): *and*] om. Pope.

[54](#): *other*] *others* Pope.

[56](#): Enter...] om. Q₁. Dyce after line 64.

[58](#): *Fare ye well*] Q₃ Q₄ F₃ F₄. *Faryewell* Q₁ Q₂ F₁ F₂. *Fare you well* Capell.

[68](#): [Exeunt...] om. Rowe.

[69](#): Lor.] Lord. F₂. Sola. Rowe.

you have] *you've* Pope.

[72](#): [Exit. Q₁.

[78](#): *man*] *one* Q₁.

[82](#): *heart*] *heat* F₂ F₃.

[84](#): *alabaster*] Pope. *alablaster* Qq Ff.

[87](#): *it is*] Ff. *tis* Qq.

[89](#): *cream*] *dreame* Q₁.

[93](#): *am Sir*] Qq. *am Sir an* Ff.

[95](#): *these*] *those* Q₁.

[97](#): *when*] *who* Rowe.

I am] *I'm* Pope.

[98](#): *would*] *'twould* Collier (Collier MS.).

damn] F₄. *dam* Q₁ Q₂. *damme* F₁ F₂ F₃. *dant* Q₃ Q₄.

[102](#): *fool*] *fool's* Pope.

[103](#): *Fare ye well*] *farwell* Q₁.

[108](#): *moe*] *more* Rowe.

[110](#): *Farewell*] *Farwell* Q₁. *Far you well* Q₂ F₁. *Fare you well* F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃ F₄.

gear] *jeer* Chedworth conj. *fear* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.

[112](#): [Exeunt G. and L.] Exeunt Qq Ff.

[113](#): *Is...now?*] Rowe. *It is...now.* Qq Ff. *It is that:—any thing now.* Collier.

now] *new* Johnson conj.

[115](#): *as*] om. Ff.

[119](#): *the*] *this* Hanmer.

[124](#): *something showing*] *shewing something* Pope.

[125](#): *continuance*] *continuance of* Chedworth conj.

[143](#): *the other forth*] *the other, forth* Hanmer. *the first* Seymour conj. *him forth* Lloyd conj.

[146](#): *wilful*] *witless* Warburton. *wileful* Becket conj. *wasteful* Collier MS.

wilful youth] *prodigal* Lansdowne version.

[155](#): *do me now*] Qq. *doe* F₁. *do to me* F₂ F₃ F₄.

[160](#): *unto it*] *to serve you* Mason conj.

[163](#): *sometimes*] *sometime*, Theobald.

[164](#): *messages*] *messengers* Mason conj.

[171](#): *strond*] *strand* Johnson.

[172](#): *come*] *comes* Q₁.

[175](#): *presages me such*] *which so presages* Seymour conj.

[178](#): *Neither*] *Nor* Pope.

SCENE II. Belmont...house.] Capell. Three caskets are set out, one of gold, another of silver, and another of lead. Rowe.

Enter...] Enter P. with her waiting woman N. Qq Ff (wating. Q3 Q4).

1: *awear]* *weary* F3 F4.

6, 7: *It is no mean happiness, therefore]* Qq. *It is no small happiness therefore* F1 F2 F3. *therefore it is no small happiness* F4. *therefore it is no mean happiness* Theobald.

13: *It]* *He* Pope.

15: *than be]* Ff. *then to be* Qq.

19: *reasoning]* Qq. *reason* Ff.

in] om. Mason conj.

the fashion] Qq. *fashion* Ff.

20, 21: *whom...whom]* Ff. *who...who* Qq.

22: *Is it]* *it is* F1.

28: *will, no doubt, never]* Q2 Ff Q3 Q4. *no doubt you wil never* Q1.

29: *who]* Q1. *who you* Q2 Ff Q3 Q4. *whom you* Pope.

32, 84: *pray thee]* *prethee* Q1.

36: *colt]* *dolt* Theobald.

37: *appropriation to]* *appropriation unto* Q1. *aprobation of* Collier (Collier MS.).

38: *him]* om. Q1.

39: *afeard]* Qq. *afraid* Ff.

40: *there is]* Q1. *is there* Q2 Ff Q3 Q4.

40, 52: *Palatine]* Q1. *Palentine* Q2 Ff Q3 Q4.

42: *if]* Q1. & Q2. *and* Ff Q3 Q4.

45: *be]* Qq. *to be* Ff.

49: *Bon]* *Boune* Qq F1 F2. *Boun* F3 F4.

51: *a sin]* Qq F1. *sin* F2 F3 F4.

54: *throstle]* Pope, *trassell* Qq F1. *tarssell* F2. *tassell* F3 F4.

58: *shall]* Qq. *should* Ff.

59: *you]* om. Capell (corrected in MS.).

63: *will]* *may* Pope.

64: *the English]* *English* Rowe.

69: *Scottish]* Qq. *other* Ff. *Irish* Collier MS.

71: *swore]* *sworne* F2.

79: *an the worst]* *and the worst* Qq Ff. *and, the worst* Hanmer.

87: *I'll]* *ile* Q1. *I will* Q2 Ff Q3 Q4.

90: *determinations]* *determination* Rowe.

93: *your]* *you* F2.

99: *I pray God grant them]* Qq. *I wish them* Ff. *wish them* Rowe.

101: *a scholar]* *scholler* Q1.

103: *he was so]* Q1. *so was he* Q2 Ff Q3 Q4.

109: *How now! what news?]* Qq. omitted in Ff.

110: *seek for you]* Qq. *seek you* Ff.

114: *a]* Q1. om Q2 Ff Q3 Q4.

118, 119: Printed as prose in Qq Ff; first as verse by Knight.

120: *gates]* Q1. *gate* Q2 Ff Q3 Q4.

3: *months]* *mouths* F2.

14: *Ho,...no]* Qq F1. *No, no, no, no, no* F2. *No, no, no, no* F3 F4.

18: *Rialto]* *Ryalta* Qq F1. *Ryalto* F2 F3. *Royalto* F4.

19: *hath, squandered]* Theobald. *hath squandred* Qq Ff.

21: *land-rats]* *lands rats* F2.

water-thieves and land-thieves] *land thieves and water thieves* Singer (Eccles conj.).

29, 30: *to eat...into.]* omitted by Johnson.

33: *Rialto]* Q3 Q4. *Ryalto* Q1 Q2 F2 F3 F4. *Ryalta* F1.

34: *is he]* om. Rowe.

- 45: *well-won*] Q₁ Q₃ Q₄. *well-wone* Q₂. *well-worne* F₁ F₂ F₃. *well-worn* F₄.
- 47: *Shylock*] *Shyloch* Q₁.
- 56: *although*] Q₁ *albeit* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
- 58: *ripe*] *rife* Johnson conj.
- 59, 60: *Is...would?*] Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *are you resolv'd How much he would have* Q₁. *is he yet possess How much he would* Ff. *Is he yet possess, How much you would* Theobald. *are you yet possess'd How much he would* Collier MS. *Is he yet possess'd How much we would* S. Walker conj.
- 62: *you told*] *he told* Hanmer.
- 63: *and let*] *but let* F₃ F₄.
- 64: *Methought*] Q₁ Q₃ Q₄. *Me thoughts* Q₂ Ff.
- 73: *were*] *was* Q₃ Q₄.
compromised] *compremyzd* Q₁ Q₂ F₁. *comprimyz'd* F₂ F₃. *compremyz'd* Q₃ Q₄. *comprimis'd* F₄.
- 74: *eanlings*] *eanelings* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *euelings* F₄. *ewelings* Rowe. *yeanelings* Pope.
- 76: *In the end*] *In th' end* Q₁. *In end* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
- 77: *And*] *Then* Hanmer.
- 79: *peel'd*] *pyld* Q₁ Q₂. *pil'd* Ff. *pyl'd* Q₃ Q₄.
- 82: *eaning*] *yeaning* Rowe.
- 89: *inserted*] *inferred* Collier MS.
- 91: *breed*] *breeds* F₂.
- 96: A] *Or* Johnson conj. (who would place line 97 before 94).
- 97: *goodly outside*] *godly outside* Rowe. *goodly outside's* Warburton.
- 99: *then, let me see; the rate—*] Edd. (Lloyd conj.). *then let me see the rate.* Qq Ff.
- 100: *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.
- 102: *In*] *On* Collier (Capell conj.)
- 106: *call*] *call'd* Collier MS.
- 107: *spit*] F₃ F₄. *spet* Qq F₁ F₂.
- 111: *moneys*] *money* Q₁.
- 117: *can*] Qq. *should* Ff.
- 120, 121: *Say...last*] As one line in Qq Ff.
- 121: *spit*] Pope. *spet* Qq Ff. *spat* Rowe (ed. 2).
on Wednesday last] *on wendsday last* Q₁ Q₂. *last Wednesday* Pope.
Wednesday last Capell.
- 122: *You*] *Your* F₂.
day; another] Ff. *day another* Qq.
- 126: *spit*] Rowe. *spet* Qq Ff.
- 128: *friends*] Qq F₁. *friend* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 129: *breed for*] Qq. *breed of* Ff. See [note \(ii\)](#).
barren] *bearing* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *sordid* Lansdowne version.
- 132: *penalty*] Q₁ Q₃ Q₄. *penaltie* Q₂. *penalties* Ff.
- 137: *This is*] *This, sure, is* Hanmer.
- 138: Bass.] Anth. Pope.
This were] *Ay, this were* Capell.
- 146: *pleaseth*] Qq. *it pleaseth* Ff. *it shall please* Pope.
- 147: *i' faith*] *i faith* Q₁. *in faith* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
- 148: *the Jew*] *thee, Jew* Capell conj. *a Jew* Id. conj.
- 156: *dealings teaches them*] Qq F₁. *dealing teaches them* F₂ F₃ F₄. *dealings teach them to* Pope.
- 170: *See*] *Look* Capell (corrected in MS.).
fearful] *fearless* Warburton.
- 172: *I will*] Hanmer. *Ile* Qq Ff.
- 173: *The*] Qq. *This* Ff. Printed as prose in Qq Ff: first as verse by Pope.
kind] *so kind* Q₁.
- 174: *terms*] *teames* F₁.

The Merchant of Venice, II, 1.

[Flourish...attending.](#)] Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa and their traine. Qq. Enter...traine. Flo. Cornets. F₁. Enter Morochius...all white...traine. Flo. Cornets. F₂ F₃ F₄.

- 2: *burnish* 'd] *burning* Collier MS.
 4: *me*] om. Q₁.
 11: *Have*] *Hath* Q₁.
 13: *solely*] Q₃ Q₄. *soly* Q₁ Q₂ F₂ F₃. *solie* F₁. *soelly* F₄.
 18: *wit*] *will* Capell (Grey conj.).
 24: *scimitar*] *semिताur* Q₁. *symitare* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄. *symitar* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 27: *outstare*] Q₁. *ore-stare* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
 30: *he*] Q₁ Ff. *a* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
 31: *thee, lady*] Rowe (ed. 2). *the lady* Qq Ff.
 35: *page*] Theobald. *rage* Qq Ff.
 43: *Come...unto*] *Therefore...to* Pope.
 unto] *to* Q₁.
 46: *blest*] *bless't* Steevens.

The Merchant of Venice, II, 2.

- Enter L.] Enter the Clown alone. Qq Ff.
 1: *will*] *will not* Halliwell.
 3, 4, 7: *Gobbo*] Q₁. *Iobbe* Q₂ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄. *Job* F₃ F₄.
 Launcelot] *Launcelet* Qq Ff.
 8: *running with*] *running; withe* Anon. ap. Steevens conj.
 courageous] *contagious* Collier MS.
 9: *Via*] Rowe. *fia* Qq Ff.
 10: *for the*] *fore the* Collier MS.
 heavens.] *heavens:* Capell. *haven* Mason conj.
 19: *well*] *ill* Q₁.
 23: *incarna*] Q₁. *incarnation* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
 24: *but*] om. Ff.
 27: *command*] Q₁ *commandment* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
 28: *young man*] *young-man* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃ F₄. *yong-man* F₁ F₂.
 32: *confusions*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *conclusions* Q₁.
 35: *up on*] Qq. *upon* Ff.
 38: *to*] *unto* Q₁.
 39: *By*] F₄. *Be* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃.
 sonties] *bonties* Jackson conj.
 46: *say it*] Q₁. *say't* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
 50: *Launcelot*] *Gobbo* Farmer conj.
 sir] Qq. om. Ff.
 52: *Launcelot?*] *Launcelet?* Q₃ Q₄ F₄. *Launcelet.* Q₁ Q₂ F₁ F₂ F₃. See [note \(III\)](#).
 57: *is*] *in* F₂.
 62: *know*] *not know* Dyce conj.
 71: *murder*] *muder* Q₂.
 72: *at the length*] Q₁. *in the end* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
 73: *will out*] Qq F₁. *will not* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 85: *might*] om. Capell (corrected in MS.).
 87: *fill-horse*] Pope (ed. 2). *pil-horse* Q₁. *philhorse* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *thill-horse*
 Theobald.
 90: *of my*] Qq F₁. F₂. *on my* F₃ F₄.
 last] *lost* Q₂ F₁.
 93: *'gree*] *gree* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *agree* Q₁.
 98: *my*] *your* Anon. conj.
 101: *not him*] Qq Ff. *him not* Rowe.
 103: Enter...] Enter B. with a follower or two. Qq Ff.
 107: [Exit...] om. Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. Exit one of his men. Q₁.
 122: *frutify*] *fortify* Lloyd conj.
 139: *speak'st*] *split'st* Warburton conj.
 143: *no;*] *no?* Rowe (ed. 2).
 have] *ha* Q₁.
 144: *head.*] *head?* Rowe (ed. 2).
 looking on his own hand. Hanmer.

head. Well,] Q₁. *head, wel:* Q₂. *head, well:* F₁ F₂. *head: well,* Q₃ Q₄. *head well:* F₃ F₄.

- 145: *doth*] Here Warburton thinks a line has been lost.
table which...book] *table (which...book)* Jackson conj. *table—why, it doth...book* Kenrick conj.
book, I] *book.—I* Johnson (Heath conj.).
- 146: *good*] *no good* Malone conj.
fortune.] *fortune,—* Tyrwhitt conj.
- 148: *a'leven*] *a leven* Q₂ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄. *a leaven* F₃ F₄. *eleven* Q₁.
- 149: *'scape*] *escape* Q₁.
- 153: *of an eye*] Q₁ om. Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
[Exeunt...] Exit Clown. Qq Ff.
- 157: *go*] Q₁. *goe* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄. *gon* F₂. *gone* F₃ F₄.
- 159: SCENE III. Pope.
[Exit.] Put after line 158 in Qq Ff.
- 162: *a*] om. Q₂.
- 163: *You must*] *Nay, you must* Hanmer, reading as verse.
- 165: *thee*] *me* Q₃ Q₄.
- 168, 169: *faults; But...known,*] Ff Q₃ Q₄. *faults, But...knowne.* Q₁. *faults But...knowne;* Q₂.
- 170: *Pray thee*] *prethee* Q₁.
- 173: *misconstrued*] *misconstred* Qq. *misconsterd* F₁ F₂ F₃. *misconsterd*'d F₄.
- 174: *hopes*] *hope* Q₃ Q₄.
- 175: *I*] om. F₂.
- 177: *pocket*] *pockets* Rowe.
- 188: *fare you well*] *faryewell* Q₁.

The Merchant of Venice, II, 3.

- SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.
Enter...] Enter J. and the Clown. Qq Ff.
- 1: *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
- 9: *in talk*] Qq. *talk* Ff.
- 11: *did*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *doe* Qq F₁.
11, 12: *did...get thee*] *do...get thee—* Steevens.
- 13: *something*] Qq. *somewhat* Ff.
- 17: *child!*] *child?* Rowe. *child,* Qq Ff.

The Merchant of Venice, II, 4.

- SCENE IV.] SCENE V. Pope.
- 5: *us yet*] *as yet* F₄.
- 8: *o'*] *a* Q₁ F₃ F₄. *of* Q₂ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄.
- 9: Enter...] Ff. Enter L. Qq.
- 10: *An it shall*] *And it shall* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *If it* Q₁.
- 10, 11: *it shall seem*] *shall it seeme.* F₁.
- 13: *whiter*] *whither* F₂.
- 14: *Is*] Qq. *I* Ff.
- 21: *Go, gentlemen*] *go. Gentlemen* Capell.
[Exit L.] Exit Clown. Qq Ff, placing it after line 23.
- 22: *you*] om. Q₁.
this] *th'* Hanmer.

The Merchant of Venice, II, 5.

- SCENE V.] SCENE VI. Pope.
Enter S. and L.] Enter the Jew and Lancelet. Q₁. Enter Jew and his man that was the Clown. Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
- 1: *shalt*] *shall* F₁ F₂.
- 7: *do*] Qq Ff. *did* Rowe.
- 8: *that*] Q₁. om. Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
8, 9: Printed in Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄ as two lines, ending *me...bidding*.
- 25: *i' the*] *in the* Q₁. *ith* Q₂ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄. *ith'* F₃. *i' th'* F₄.

- 27: *What, are there*] Q₁. *What are there* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *What are their* Ff. *What are these* Pope.
you] om. Q₁.
- 29: *squealing*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *squeaking* Q₁.
wry-neck'd] *wry-neck* Chedworth conj.
- 39: *I will go before*] *I'll go before you* S. Walker conj.
at] *at a* Q₁.
- 42: *Jewess*] Pope. *Jewes* Qq F₁ F₂. *Jew's* F₃ F₄.
- 46: *and he*] Qq. *but he* F₁. *but* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 52, 53: *Do...find*] Q₁; printed as one line in Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄; by Theobald as two lines, ending *bid you...find*.
- 52: *Do...bid you*] om. Pope.
doors] *the doors* Pope, who prints as one line *Shut...find*.
- 53: *Fast...fast*] *safe...safe* Collier Ms.

The Merchant of Venice, II, 6.

SCENE VI.] SCENE VII. Pope. Dyce makes no new scene here.

Enter...] Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino. Q₁. Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino. Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salino. Ff.

- 2: *to make*] om. Steevens.
stand] Qq. *a stand* Ff.
almost] om. Grey conj.
- 5: *pigeons*] *widgeons* Warburton.
- 6: *sea*] Qq. *steal* Ff.
- 14: *younger*] Rowe. *younger* Qq Ff.
- 17: *the*] Qq. *a* Ff.
doth she] Qq F₁ F₂. *she doth* F₃ F₄. *doth he* Steevens conj.
- 18: *over-weather'd*] *over-wetherd* Q₁ Q₂. *over-weatherd* Q₃ Q₄. *over-wither'd* Ff.
- 24: *I'll...then*] *Then will I watch as long for you* Jackson conj.
you then. Approach] *you. Come then, approach* Ritson conj.
Approach] Qq Ff. *Come, approach* Pope.
- 25: *Ho!*] *Ho*, Q₁. *Howe* Q₂. *Hoa* Ff. *Hoe* Q₃ Q₄.
who's] *whose* Qq.
- 33: *it is*] *tis* Q₁.
- 34: *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
- 41: *shames*] *shame* F₂.
- 44: *are you*] Qq. *you are* Ff.
- 45: *lovely garnish of a*] *garnish of a lovely* Collier MS.
- 50: *more*] Ff. *mo* Qq.
- 51: *Gentile*] Q₁ Q₃ Q₄ F₂ F₃ F₄. *gentle* Q₂ F₁.
- 52: *Beshrew*] Q₁ Ff. *Beshrow* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
- 58: *gentlemen*] *gentleman* Q₂.
- 59: [Exit...] Exit. Qq Ff.
- 60: *Who's there*] *Whose there* Q₂.
- 61: *Fie, fie*] *Fie* Pope.
- 66: *I...you*] omitted in Q₁.
- 67, 68: Continued to Antonio in Q₁.

The Merchant of Venice, II, 7.

SCENE VII.] SCENE III. Rowe. SCENE VIII. Pope.

[Flourish of cornets.] Flourish. Capell. om. Qq Ff. See [note \(iv\)](#).

Enter...] Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their trains. Qq Ff.

- 5: *many*] Qq. om. Ff.
- 10: *How...right?*] This line is repeated in F₁ F₂.
- 12: *withal*] *with all* Collier.
- 18: *threatens. Men*] Rowe. *threatens men* Qq Ff.
- 21: *nor give*] Qq Ff. *not give* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 24: *Morocco*] *Morrochius* Pope.
- 26: *thy*] *the* F₄.

- 29: *afeard*] *afraid* Q₃ Q₄.
 34: *deserve*] *deserve her* Collier (Capell conj.).
 41: *vasty*] Q₁. *vastie* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *vaste* F₁ F₂. *vast* F₃ F₄.
 45: *Spits*] *Spets* Qq Ff.
 51: *rib*] Q₁ Ff. *ribb* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
 57: *Stamped*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Stampt* Qq Ff.
 62: [He...casket.] om. Qq Ff.
 62-64: *O hell...scroll*] As in Capell. As two lines ending *Death ... scroll* in Qq Ff.
 64: *I'll...writing*] Qq F₁. omitted in F₂ F₃ F₄.
 69: *tombs do*] Capell (Johnson conj.). *timber do* Q₁ F₂ F₄. *timber doe* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄. *wood may* Pope.
 72: *Your*] *This* Johnson conj.
 Here Holt White would repeat line 65, *All ... gold*.
 77: [Exit...cornets.] Dyce. Exit. Qq Ff. See [note \(iv\)](#).

The Merchant of Venice, II, 8.

[SCENE VIII.](#)] SCENE IV. Rowe. SCENE IX. Pope. SCENE VII. Dyce. ACT III.
 SCENE I. Johnson conj.

- 6: *came*] Qq. *comes* Ff.
 8: *gondola*] Theobald. *gondylo* Qq. *gondilo* Ff. *gondalo* Rowe.
 9: *amorous*] *armorous* Q₁.
 20: *two stones, two*] Qq F₁. *two* F₂ F₃ F₄. *two stones*, Pope. *too—two* Collier (Collier MS.).
 34: *do not*] *do't not* Heath conj.
for] *lest* Capell (corrected in MS.).
 39: *Slubber*] Q₁ Ff. *Slumber* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
 42: *enter in...of*] *entertain...off* Jackson conj.
mind of love] *mind, of love* Bennet Langton conj. *bond of love* Staunton conj. See [note \(v\)](#).
 43: *employ*] *apply* Collier (Collier MS.).
 52: *embraced*] *enraced* Warburton. *entranced* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).
impressed Jackson conj. *unbraced* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.

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[SCENE IX.](#)] SCENE V. Rowe. SCENE X. Pope. SCENE VIII. Dyce.

- 3: Flourish of cornets.] Ff. om. Qq.
 Enter...] Enter Arragon, his traine and Portia. Qq Ff.
 7: *you*] Qq. *thou* Ff.
 13-15: *marriage: Lastly, If I do*] Edd. *marriage: Lastly, if I do* Qq Ff. *marriage: Last, if I* Pope. *marriage; lastly, If I do* Capell.
 19, 20: *me. Fortune...hope!*] *me, fortune...hope:* Qq Ff.
 22: After this line Mr Lloyd proposes to insert '*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:*' see l. 35.
 25: *desire!*] *desire*, Qq Ff.
'many' may] *may* Pope.
 25, 26: *that...By the*] *by that many may be Meant the* Grant White conj.
 26: *By the fool*] *Of the full* Pope.
 28: *pries not to the*] *prize not the* Collier MS.
 30: *road*] *rode* Qq Ff.
 33: *multitudes*] *multitude* S. Walker conj.
 39: *merit?*] Rowe. *merit*, Qq Ff.
 42: *and*] om. Pope.
 46: *peasantry*] Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *pesantry* Q₁. *pleasantry* Ff.
 46-48: *glean'd...Pick'd*] *pick'd...Glean'd* Johnson conj.
 48: *chaff*] F₄. *chaffe* Q₁ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃. *chaft* Q₂.
ruin] *rowing* or *rowen* Steevens conj.
 49: *varnish'd*] *vernish'd* Q₁. *varnist* Q₂. *vanned* Warburton.
 51: *for this*] om. Steevens (Ritson conj.).
 52: [He...casket.] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
 57: *deservings*] *deserving* F₄.
 58: *have*] Qq Ff. *get* Knight.
 60: *prize*] *price* Capell conj.
 62: *is*] om. Q₁.

- 64: judgement] *judement* Q₂.
 68: *I wis*] See [note \(vi\)](#).
 70: *wife*] *wise* Jackson conj.
 72: *be gone*] Qq F₁. *be gone sir* F₂ F₃ F₄. *farewel, sir* Capell.
 73: *Still*] Q₁. Arrag. *Still* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. Ar. *Still* Ff.
 78: *wroth*] Q₃ Q₄. *wroath* Q₁ Q₂ Ff. *wrath* Warburton. *roth* Dyce.
 [Exeunt...train.] Capell. [Exit. Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
 79: *moth*] Q₁ F₃ F₄. *moath* Q₂ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄.
 81: *the wisdom*] *their wisdom* Q₁.
 83: *goes*] *go* Hanmer.
 84: Enter a Servant.] Rowe. Enter Messenger. Qq Ff.
 85: Por.] Ner. Tyrwhitt conj.
 90: *courteous*] *curious* Q₃ Q₄.
 95: *fore-spurrer*] *fore-spurrier* Capell (corrected in MS.).
 96: *afeard*] *afraid* Pope.
 97: *Thou wilt*] *Thou'lt* Pope.
 100: *Quick Cupid's post*] *Cupid's quick post* Collier MS.
 101: *Bassanio, lord Love*] Rowe. *Bassanio Lord, love* Q₁ Q₂ F₁ F₂ F₃. *Bassanio, Lord, Love* Q₃ Q₄. *Bassanio Lord, love, F₄*.

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- 6: *gossip Report*] Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *gossips report* Q₁ Ff.
 8: *as lying a*] *as a lying* Q₁.
 12: *honest Antonio*] *honest Antho.* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 19: *my*] *thy* Theobald (Warburton).
 Enter Shylock.] Q₁. In Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄ after line 20.
 21: *knew*] *know* Q₁.
 26: *fledged*] *fledg'd* Q₁ Ff. *flidge* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *fledge* Capell.
 31: *years*] *times* Rowe (ed. 2).
 32: *blood*] Q₁ Ff. *my blood* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
 35: *rhenish*] Rowe. *rennish* Qq F₁ F₂. *rhennish* F₃ F₄.
 36: *any loss at sea*] *at losse a sea* Q₁.
 37, 38: *a prodigal*] *for a prodigal* Warburton.
 38: *dare*] *dares* Rowe (ed. 2).
 39: *was used*] *us'd* Rowe (ed. 2). *was wont* Collier MS.
 47: *half*] *of half* Warburton.
 49: *his reason*] Qq. *the reason* Ff.
 53: *means*] *medicines* Warburton conj.
 54: *winter and summer*] *summer and winter* Hanmer.
 59: *humility? Revenge*] Rowe. *humility, revenge?* Qq Ff.
 60: *by Christian*] *by a Christian* F₃ F₄.
example? Why, revenge.] F₄. *example, why revenge?* Qq F₁. *example? why revenge* F₂ F₃.
 62: Enter a Servant.] Enter a man from Anthonio. Qq Ff.
 67: [Exeunt...] Exeunt Gentlemen. Qq Ff.
 68: *Genoa*] *Genowa* Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *Geneva* F₄.
 77: *would*] *O would* Q₁.
 78: *them? Why, so:*] *them, why so:* Q₁. *them, why so?* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
 79: *what's*] *whats* Qq. *how much is* Ff.
thou] Qq F₁. *then* F₂ F₃ F₄. *there!* Lloyd conj.
 82: *lights on*] Q₁. *lights a* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *lights o'* Rowe (ed. 2).
 82, 83: *but of*] Q₁. *but a* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *but o'* Rowe (ed. 2).
 85: *heard in*] *heard, is in* Q₃ Q₄.
Genoa] *Genoway* Q₁. *Genowa* Q₂ F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃. *Genoua* F₄.
 86: *What, what, what?*] *What, what,* Rowe.
 88: *Is't, is't*] Q₁. *Is it, is it* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
 91: *thee*] *the* Q₁.
 92: *where*] Rowe. *heere* Qq. *here* Ff.
 93: *in*] Q₁. om. Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

99: *to*] *unto* Q₁.

that swear] *that swear that* Q₁.

101: *of it*] *on't* Q₁.

108: *Tuba*] om. Pope.

111: *I will. Go, go*] Pope. *I will go: go* Q₁. *I will: goe* Q₃ F₁. *I will: go* F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃ F₄.

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SCENE II. Enter... Enter B. P. G. and all their Traines. Qq. (traine. Ff.)

1: Por.] Por. [Aside to Bass. Anon. conj.]

3: *therefore*] om. Pope.

11: *I am then*] Q₁. *then I am* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

16: *half yours*] *half* F₂ F₃ F₄. *yours* Capell.

17: *if*] Qq. *of* F₁. *first* F₂ F₃ F₄.

18: *O*] Qq Ff. *Alas* Pope.

19: *Put*] F₂ F₃. *Puts* Qq F₁ F₄.

20: *not yours*] *I'm not yours* Johnson conj.

so] *not so* Capell.

21: *it, not I*] *it, not me* Hanmer. *it. Not I* Warburton. *it—Not I* Johnson.

22: *peize*] Qq Ff. *poize* Rowe (ed. 1). *peece* Rowe (ed. 2). *piece* Johnson. *pause* Collier MS.

23: *eke*] *eck* Q₁. *ech* Q₂. *ich* F₁ F₂ F₃. *eech* Q₃ Q₄. *itch* F₄.

eke it] *eche it out* Pope (ed. 2).

to draw] *draw* F₂ F₃ F₄.

it out] *out* Q₁.

30: *life*] *league* S. Walker conj.

33: *do*] *doth* F₁.

44: *Then*] [Aside] *Then* Anon. conj.

46: *proper*] *just* Pope.

54: *presence*] *prescience* Becket conj.

61: *thou*] See [note \(VII\)](#).

much much] Q₂ F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃. *much* Q₁ F₁ F₄.

62: *I*] *To* Q₁.

Music.] Here Music. Ff. om. Qq.

whilst...] *the whilst*. Qq Ff.

63: *is*] *his* Warburton.

66: *Reply, reply*] *Reply* Hanmer. See [note \(VIII\)](#).

67: *eye*] Qq. *eyes* Ff.

71: *I'll begin it*] Printed in Roman letters in Qq Ff, the rest of the song being in italics.

81: *vice*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *voice* Qq F₁.

82: *mark*] om. Q₁.

93: *make*] Pope. *maketh* Q₁ Q₂. *makes* Ff Q₃ Q₄.

97: *guiled*] Qq F₁. *guiled* F₂ F₃ F₄. *gilded* Rowe. *guilty* Warburton. *guiling* Becket conj.

99: *Indian beauty*;) *Indian dowdy*; Hanmer. *Indian; beauty's* Harness (Theobald conj.). *Indian gipsy*; S. Walker conj. *Indian: beauty*, Collier MS. *Indian favour*; Lettsom conj. *Indian Idol*; Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. *Indian visage* or *Indian feature*; Spedding conj. *Indian beldam* Edd. conj.

100: *times*] *tires* or *trims* Theobald conj.

101: *Therefore*] Q₁. *Therefore then* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄. *Then* Pope.

102: *food*] *foole* Q₁.

103: *pale*] *stale* Farmer conj.

106: *paleness*] Qq Ff. *plainness* Theobald (Warburton).

108: [Aside] Edd.

110: *shuddering*] *shyddring* Qq.

green-eyed] *green-hode* Becket conj.

111: *O...moderate*] *Be moderatee love* Hanmer.

112: *rein*] *reine* Q₃ Q₄. *range* Q₁. *raine* Q₂ F₁ F₂. *rain* F₃ F₄. *pour* Lansdowne version.

114: *surfeit*] *surfeit me* Steevens conj. *surfeit in't* or *surfeit on't* Anon. conj.

What find I] *What do I find* Hanmer. *Ha! what find I* Capell.

- [Opening...] om. Qq Ff.
- 117: *whether*] Ff Q₃ Q₄. *whither* Q₁ Q₂.
- 119: *sugar*] *sugar'd* Pope.
- 122: *to entrap*] *t' intrap* Q₁ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *tyntrap* Q₂.
- 126: *itself*] *himself*] Johnson conj. *it's self*] Jackson conj.
unfurnish'd] Qq Ff. *unfinish'd* Rowe. *half-furnish'd* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
- 144: *still...in a*] *gazing still in* Pope.
- 145: *peals*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *pearles* Q₁.
- 149: *me*] Qq. *my* Ff.
Bassanio] *Bassiano* F₁ F₂.
- 154: *ten thousand*] *ten* Lloyd conj.
- 155, 156: Printed as one line in Qq Ff.
- 156: *only*] om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 159: *sum of something,*] *summe of something:* Q₁ Q₃ Q₄. *sune of something:* Q₂. *sum of nothing:* Ff. *some of something*, Warburton.
- 162: *happier than*] *happier then* Qq F₁. *happier then in* F₂ F₃ F₄. *more happy then in* Pope. *and happier than* Steevens. *and happier in* Lloyd conj.
this,] *this, in that* Capell.
- 164: *is*] *in* Collier (Collier MS.).
- 168: *but now*] *I but now* Pope.
the lord] Qq Ff. *the lady* Rowe. *lady* Pope.
- 169: *master*] Qq Ff. *mistress* Rowe.
- 172: *lord*] *lord's* Q₂.
- 186: *Bassanio's*] Ff Q₃ Q₄. *Bassanio is* Q₁. *Bassanios* Q₂.
- 197: *have*] *gave* F₁.
- 200: *loved for intermission.*] F₃ F₄. *loved: for intermission* Theobald. *lov'd for intermission*, Q₁ Q₂ F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 202: *casket*] Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *caskets* Q₂ Ff.
- 204: *here*] *heere* Qq F₁. *heete* F₂. *heat* F₃ F₄. *herd* Rowe (ed. 1). *her* Rowe (ed. 2).
sweat] F₃ F₄. *swet* Qq F₁ F₂.
- 205: *roof*] *roofe* Q₁. *rough* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *tongue* Collier MS.
- 210: *is, so*] Qq. *is so, so* Ff.
- 221, 222, 230: *Salerio*] Qq Ff. *Salanio* Rowe. See [note \(ix\)](#).
- 221: SCENE III. Pope.
Salerio...Venice.] Q₁ Q₂ *Salerio*. Ff. *Salerio?* from Venice. Q₃ Q₄. *Salanio*. Rowe. *Salerino*. Capell.
- 225: *very*] om. Q₃ Q₄.
- 232:] Qq F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 234: [Gives...] Theobald.
- 238: [Opens the letter. Ff. [He opens the Letter. Q₁. [Open the letter. Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
- 239, 245: *yon*] Q₁. *yond* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
- 244: *I would*] Qq Ff. *Would* Pope.
- 246: *steals*] Qq Ff. *steal* Pope.
Bassanio's] *Bassiano's* F₁ F₂.
- 251: *I must freely*] Qq F₁. *must freely* F₂ F₃ F₄. *I must* Pope.
- 265: *Here is*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *Heer's* Q₁.
- 266: *as*] *is* Pope.
- 269: *Have*] Rowe. *Hath* Qq Ff.
- 270: *and*] *from* Rowe.
- 272: *scape*] *scaped* Anon. conj.
- 295: *condition'd and*] *condition'd: an* Warburton.
unwearied] *unwearied'st* Hunter conj. *most unwearied* Lansdowne version.
- 303: *this*] *his* S. Walker conj.
- 304: *Shall*] Qq Ff. *Should* Capell.
through] Qq F₁. *through my* F₂ F₃ F₄. *thorough* Collier conj.
- 314, 315: *Bid...dear*] Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
- 317: Bass. [reads] om. Qq Ff.
- 320: *you and*] Qq Ff. *you and me* Pope.
I, if...death.] *I. If...death:—* C. Kemble conj.

but see] Qq. *see* Ff.

323: Por.] om. Q₁.

327: No] Q₁. Nor Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

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SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.

Salarino] Q₁. Salerio. Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. Solanio. Ff.

1, 3: *Gaoler*] Johnson. *Jaylor* Qq F₁ F₂. *Jaylor* F₃ F₄. *Goaler* Rowe.

2: *lent*] Qq. *lends* Ff.

5: *I have*] *I've* Pope.

6: *call'dst*] *call'st* F₃ F₄.

11: *pray thee*] *prethee* Q₁.

22: *from*] Q₁ Q₂ Ff. *him* Q₃ Q₄.

24, 25: *I am sure...hold*] Printed as prose in F₂ F₃ F₄.

26: *law*:] *law*, Capell.

28: *Venice*,] *Venice*: Capell.

it] *that* Seymour conj.

29: *Will*] *'Twill* Capell.

his] Q₁. *the* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

32: *have*] Q₁ Q₂ Ff. *hath* Q₃ Q₄.

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SCENE IV.] SCENE V. Pope.

...Balthasar.] Theobald. ...a man of Portia's. Qq Ff.

1: *your*] *you* F₂.

3: *god-like*] *gold-like* Q₃ Q₄.

most] om. Pope.

6: *relief*] *relief to* Rowe.

10: *for*] *of* Pope.

11: *Nor*] *And* Pope.

13: *equal*] Q₁ Q₃ Q₄ F₃ F₄. *egall* Q₂. *egal* F₁ F₂.

15: *lineaments, of*] *lineaments of* Warburton.

21: *misery*] Q₁. *cruelty* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

23. *hear other things.*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). *heere other things* Qq F₁ F₂.
here other things, F₃ F₄. *here are other things*. Rowe.

24: *hands*] *hands*, Qq Ff.

27: *secret*] *sacred* Collier MS.

32: *will we*] Q₁. *we will* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

35: *lays*] *lay* Hanmer.

you] Q₁ Q₂ Ff. *me* Q₃ Q₄.

40: *And so farewell*] Q₁. *So fare you well* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

43: *pleased*] *'pris'd* Warburton.

44: *fare you well*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *farewell* Q₁.

45, 46: *Now...true*] Printed as one line in Qq Ff: corrected by Pope.

46: *honest-true*] Dyce (S. Walker conj.).

49: *Padua*] Theobald. *Mantua* Qq Ff.

53: *tranect*] *traject* Rowe. *crane, next* Jackson conj.

54: *words*] *word* Q₃ Q₄.

55: *thee*] *hee* F₂.

62: *that*] Qq Ff. *what* Rowe (ed. 2).

63: *accoutred*] *apparreld* Q₁.

72: *withal*] *with all* Rowe (ed. 2.) See [note \(x\)](#).

75: *I have*] *I've* Pope.

81: *my*] *my my* Q₂.

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SCENE V.] SCENE VI. Pope.

A garden.] Capell.

2: *ye*] Q₁. *you* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

- 3: *I fear*] *I fear* for Malone conj.
- 14: *I shun*] *you shun* Rowe.
I fall] *you fall* Rowe.
- 19: *e'en*] in Q₂.
- 24: *comes.*] *come?* Q₂.
- 34: *is*] 's Q₁.
- 36: *less*] *more* Capell conj.
- 43: *Goodly*] *Good* Pope. *Good y^e* Farmer conj. *Goodly*: Jackson conj. *Good my* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
- 48: *quarrelling with*] *quibbling*:— *what* or *quibbling without* Jackson conj.
- 56: *dear*] *clear* Lloyd conj.
suited] *sorted* Jackson conj.
- 61: *cheer'st*] Ff Q₃ Q₄. *cherst* Q₂. *far'st* Q₁.
- 63: *Bassanio's*] *Bassiano's* F₁ F₂.
- 68, 69: *mean it, then In*] *meane it, then In* Q₁. *meane it, it In* Q₂. *meane it, it Is* Ff. *meane it, In* Q₃ Q₄. *merit it, In* Pope. *moan, it is In* Staunton conj.
- 74, 75: Q₁ ends the lines at *me...wife*.
- 75: *a wife*] Ff Q₃ Q₄. *wife* Q₁ Q₂.
- 79: *pray thee*] *prithoe* Q₁.
- 80: *howsoe'er*] *howsoere* Q₁. *how so ere* Q₃ Q₄. *how so mere* Q₂. *how som ere* F₁ F₂. *howsom ere* F₃. *howsome're* F₄.
'mong] *'mongst* F₄.
- 81: *digest*] Ff. *disgest* Qq.
[Exeunt] Ff Q₃ Q₄. [Exit Q₁ Q₂.

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- SCENE I. A court...] Capell. The Senate-House. Theobald.
...Salerio, and others.] om. Qq Ff. Salanio, Salarino and others. Capell. om. Qq
Ff. Enter... and Gratiano at the bar. Theobald.
- 3: *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
- 6: *dram*] *dream* Becket conj.
- 7, 8: As three lines ending *paines...course:...obdurate*, in Q₁.
- 15: Saler.] Salerio. Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. Sal. Q₁ Ff. See [note \(ix\)](#).
- 22: *And.....penalty*] omitted by Rowe.
exact'st] Ff. *exact*s Qq.
- 24: *loose*] *lose* F₄.
- 25: *human*] *humane* Q₁ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *humaine* Q₂.
- 29: *Enow*] *Enough* Rowe.
- 30: *his state*] *this states* Q₂.
- 31: *flint*] Q₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃ F₄. *flints* Q₂ F₁.
- 36: *Sabbath*] Q₁ Ff. *Sabaoth* Q₂. *Sabbaoth* Q₃ Q₄.
- 42, 43: *I'll...it is*] *I'll now answer that By saying 'tis* Warburton.
- 43: *But, say, it*] Capell. *But say it* Qq Ff.
- 46: *baned*] *baind* Qq Ff. *brain'd* Rowe.
- 49: *bagpipe*] *big-pipe* Warburton.
- 50, 51: *urine: for affection, Mistress of*] Capell (Thirlby conj.). *urine for affection. Masters of* Qq Ff. (*Maisters* Q₂ F₂). *...affection. Masterless* Rowe. *...affection, Master of Singer* (Thirlby conj.). *...affections, Masters of* Hawkins conj. *urine for affection: Matters of* Jackson conj. *urine: for affection Masters our* Malone conj. See [note \(xi\)](#).
sways] *sway* Warburton.
- 56: *woollen*] Qq F₁ F₂ F₃. *wollen* F₄. *wooden* Johnson and Heath conj. *wawling* Capell conj. *swollen* Steevens (Hawkins conj.). *swelling* Hawkins conj. *mewling* Becket conj. *bollen* Dyce (Collier MS.). See [note \(xii\)](#).
- 58: *offend, himself*] Q₁. *offend himself* Q₂ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃. *offend himself*, F₄.
- 65: *answers*] Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *answere* Q₁. *answer* Ff.
- 66: *things*] Qq F₁. *thing* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 70: *think you*] *think, you* Warburton.
the] Qq F₁ F₂. *a*. F₃ F₄.
- 73: *You may*] Qq. *Or even* Ff.
- 74: *Why he...bleat...lamb;*] Q₃ Q₄. *Why he...bleake...lambe* Q₁ Q₂. *The ewe bleate for the lambe*: F₁. *The ewe bleate for the lambe: when you behold*, F₂ F₃ F₄. *When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb*; Hanmer. See [note](#)

(XIII).

- 75: *pin*] Ff. *of pin* Qq.
76: *no noise*] *a noise* Hanmer.
77: *fretten*] Qq. *fretted* Ff.
79: *what's harder?*] *what's harder*: Qq. *what harder?* Ff.
91: *your asses*] *you asses* F₂.
92: *parts*] Qq F₁. *part* F₂ F₃ F₄.
93: *you bought*] *your bought* F₂.
100: *'tis*] Ff. *tis* Q₁. *as* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *is* Capell.
107: *Saler.*] Q₁. *Salerio* Q₂. *Sal.* FF Q₃ Q₄. *Salan.* Knight.
110: *messenger*] Qq. *messengers* Ff.
116: *earliest*] *soonest* Capell (corrected in MS.).
and] om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
118: *dressed...clerk.*] Rowe. om. Qq Ff.
119: SCENE II. Pope.
120: *From both, my lord.*] *From both, my L.* Q₁. *From both? my L.* Q₂. *From both: my L.* Q₃ Q₄. *From both. My Lord* Ff.
[Presenting...] Capell.
122: *forfeiture*] *forfeit* Rowe (ed. 2).
123: *sole...soul*] *soule...soule* Qq. *soale...soule* F₁ F₂. *soale...soul* F₃ F₄.
124: *but*] *for* Pope.
127: *hast*] *hoast* F₂.
128: *inexecrable*] Qq F₁ F₂. *inexorable* F₃ F₄.
134: *human*] *humane* Q₁ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *humaine* Q₂.
136: *lay'st*] *lay'dst* Douce conj.
138: *starved*] *starv'd* Qq. *sterv'd* Ff.
142: *cureless*] Qq. *endlesse* Ff. *careless* Pope.
here] om. Q₃ Q₄.
144: *to*] Qq. *in* Ff.
150: *Clerk.* [reads] Capell. om. Qq Ff.
153: *acquainted*] *acquained* F₁
cause] *case* F₃ F₄.
163: *Enter...*] *Enter P. for Balthazer.* Qq Ff, after line 161 (*Balthazar* F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄. *Balthasar* F₃ F₄). *Enter P. dressed like a doctor of laws.* Rowe.
164: *Come*] Qq *Came* Ff.
174: *impugn*] *impunge* Q₁.
175: *do you not*] *doe ye not* Q₁.
181: *blest*] *blessing* Seymour conj.
191: *likest*] *lik'st* Q₁.
199: *court*] Qq. *course* Ff.
205: *twice*] *thrice* Ritson conj.
209: *truth*] *ruth* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). See [note \(xiv\)](#).
215: *precedent*] Qq. *president* Ff.
219: *I do*] Qq. *do I* Ff.
222, 229, 313: *thrice*] *twice* Spedding conj.
225: *No, not*] *Not not* Q₂.
230: *tenour*] Q₁. *tenure* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
250, 251: *It...flesh?*] As one line in Qq Ff. Corrected by Capell.
Are there...flesh?] *Are there scales and balance here To weigh the merchant's flesh?* Lloyd conj.
balance here] *ballances here* Rowe. *scales* Pope.
253: *do*] Qq. *should* Ff.
254: *Is it so...bond?*] Qq. *It is not...bond?* F₁ F₂ F₃. *It is not...bond.* F₄.
258: *You, merchant*] Qq. *Come merchant* Ff.
263: *her custom*] Qq F₁. *his custom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
267: *such*] *sordid* Lloyd conj. *so much* Edd. conj.
misery] Qq F₁. *a misery* F₂ F₃ F₄.
272: *love*] *lover* Collier MS.
273: *but*] Qq. *not* Ff.
276: *presently*] Q₁ *instantly* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.

- 281: *ay*] Pope. *I* Qq Ff. *I'd* Rowe.
285: *whom*] Ff. *who* Qq.
290: *I have*] *I've* Pope.
292: [Aside.] Rowe.
301: *jot*] *iote* Q₁ Q₂.
303: *Take then*] Qq. *Then take* Ff. See [note \(xv\)](#).
313: *this*] *his* Capell.
321: *cut'st*] Q₁. *tak'st* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
322: *be it but*] Qq. *be it* Ff. *be 't but* Pope.
323: *substance*] *balance* Collier MS.
324: *Or*] *On* Theobald.
325: *do*] om. Pope.
329: *you*] Qq. *thee* Ff.
330: *thy*] Qq Ff. *the* Pope.
334: *He*] *And* Q₁.
337: *have barely*] *barely have* Pope.
339: *so taken*] Qq. *taken so* Ff.
341: *question*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *heere in question* Q₁.
344: *an*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *any* Q₁.
348: *one*] Q₂ Ff. *on* Q₁ Q₃ Q₄.
349: *coffer*] *coster* Q₁.
355: *hast*] *had* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 against] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *gainst* Q₁.
357: *formerly*] *formally* Warburton conj.
363: *shalt*] *may'st* Pope.
 spirits] Q₁. *spirit* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
374: *God's sake*] *Godsake* Q₂.
376: *quit*] *quite* F₂.
 for] *from* Hanmer.
379: *Upon*] *Until* Hanmer.
 his] *my* Johnson conj.
384: *possess'd*] *possess'd of* Capell conj.
393: Gra.] *Shy.* Q₂.
 shalt thou] Qq. *thou shalt* Ff.
395: *not*] Q₁. *not to* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
396: *home with me*] Qq. *with me home* Ff.
 to dinner] *dinner* Q₁.
397: *do*] om. Q₁.
 Grace of] *Graces* Q₃ Q₄.
403: SCENE III. Pope.
413: *more*] *mere* Anon. conj.
418: *a fee*] Q₁ F₂ F₃ F₄. *fee* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄.
421: [To Ant.] Edd.
422: [To Bass.] Edd.
429: *depends on this than on*] *than this depends upon* Q₁.
430. *will I*] *I will* Q₁.
441: *the*] Q₁. *this* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
442: *enemy*] *enmity* Rowe.
446: *'gainst*] Qq. *against* Ff.
 wife's] Rowe. *wives* Qq Ff.
 commandment] F₄. *commandement* Q₁ F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃. *commaundement*
 Q₂.
449: [Exit G.] [Exeunt G. Q₁.

The Merchant of Venice, IV, 2.

- SCENE II.] Capell. Pope continues SCENE III.
 A street.] Street before the Court. Capell.
 Enter P. and N.] Ff. Enter N. Qq. Re-enter P. and N. Theobald.
9: *His*] *This* Q₁.

- [Avenue.....](#)] Capell. A grove or green place before P's. house. Theobald.
[1:](#) As two lines in Q₁.
[4:](#) *walls*] Qq F₁. *wall* F₂ F₃ F₄.
[6:](#) *Cressid*] Theobald. *Cressada* Q₁. *Cressed* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *Cresseid* Pope.
[11:](#) *waft*] Qq Ff. *wav'd* Theobald.
[17:](#) *In*] *And in* F₂.
17, 18: *In...Did young*] *In...did Young* Malone.
[20:](#) *In*] *And in* F₂.
20, 21: *In...Did pretty*] *In...did Pretty* Malone.
[21:](#) *shrew*] Q₁. *shrow* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
[32:](#) *wedlock*] *wedlockes* Q₁.
[34:](#) *is*] *it* F₁.
[35:](#) *we have not*] *have we yet* Rowe.
[37:](#) *us*] *us us* F₁.
[41](#), [42:](#) *Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo*] Edd. *M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo* Q₁. *M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo* Q₂ F₁. *M. Lorenzo, and M. Lorenza* F₂. *M. Lorenzo, and M. Lorenzo* Q₃ Q₄. *M. Lorenzo, and Mrs. Lorenza* F₃ F₄.
[49:](#) Lor. *Sweet soul, let's in*] Malone. Lor. *Sweet love, let's in* Rowe. *sweete soule*. Lor. *Let's in* Qq F₁. *sweet love*. Lor. *Let's in* F₂ F₃ F₄.
[51:](#) *friend*] *good friend* Capell.
Stephano] Q₁ F₂ F₃ F₄. *Stephen* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄.
I] Qq. om. Ff.
[53:](#) [Exit S.] Theobald.
[59:](#) *patines*] Malone. *pattens* Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄. *pattents* Q₁. *patterns* F₂ F₃ F₄. *patens* Warburton.
[62:](#) *cherubins*] Qq F₁ F₂. *cherubims* F₃ F₄.
[63:](#) *immortal souls*] *immortal sounds* Theobald (Warburton). *th' immortal soul* Johnson conj.
[65:](#) *it in*] Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. *in it* Q₁ Ff. *us in it* Rowe (ed. 1). *us in* Rowe (ed. 2).
Enter...] Enter Musick and domesticks of Portia. Capell.
[66:](#) *with a hymn*] *with him a hymne* Q₁.
[68:](#) [Music.] *Musicke playes* Q₁. *Play Musique*. Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
[75:](#) *but hear perchance*] Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄. *perchance but hear* Q₁.
[79:](#) *therefore*] *thus* Pope.
[80:](#) *trees*] Qq F₁. *tears* F₂ F₃ F₄.
[82:](#) *the*] om. F₁.
[87:](#) *Erebus*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Terebus* Q₁ Q₂. *Erobus* F₁. *Tenebris* Q₃ Q₄.
[92:](#) *candle*.] Q₁ Q₃ Q₄ F₄. *candle?* Q₂ F₁ F₂ F₃.
[98:](#) *your...the*] Qq Ff. *the...your* Rowe.
[101:](#) *that*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).
[106:](#) *wren*] *renne?* Q₂.
[109:](#) *ho!*] *hoa!* Malone. *how* Qq Ff. *now* Collier MS.
[110:](#) [Music ceases.] Ff. om. Qq.
[Rising. Capell.
[112](#), [113:](#) So in Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. As two lines ending *knows...voice* in Q₁; as prose in Ff.
[114:](#) *husbands' healths*] Pope. *husband health* Q₁. *husbands welfare* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
[121:](#) [A tucket sounds.] Ff. om. Qq.
[122:](#) *his*] *a* Rowe.
[131:](#) *for*] Qq F₁. *from* F₂ F₃ F₄.
[132:](#) *You are*] *y'are* Q₁.
[148:](#) *me*] *to me* Steevens conj.
148, 151: *posy*] *poesie* Q₁ Ff. *posie* Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
[152:](#) *it*] om. Q₂.
[153:](#) *your*] Qq. *the* Ff.
[157:](#) *no...judge*] Qq. *but well I know* Ff.
[158:](#) *on's*] Qq Ff. *on his* Capell.
[160:](#) *Ay*] *I* Qq F₁. *If* F₂ F₃ F₄.

- 162: 261: *scrubbed*] *stubbed* Warton conj.
- 166: *to*] Q₂ F₁ Q₃ Q₄ F₄. *too* Q₁ F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 169: *so riveted*] *riveted* Pope. *riveted so* Capell.
- 175: *a*] om. S. Walker conj.
- 177: [Aside] Theobald.
- 189: *Even*] Qq F₁. *And even* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 201: *contain*] *retain* Pope.
- 209: *my honour*] Qq. *mine honour* Ff.
- 211: *Which*] *Who* Pope.
- 213: *displeased away*] *away displeased* Q₁.
- 214: *did uphold*] Q₁. *had held up* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
- 220: *For*] Qq. *And* Ff.
- 222: *the*] *thee* F₂ F₃.
- 230: *Argus*] F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃. *Argos* Q₁ Q₂ F₁ F₄.
- 233: *that*] Qq. *the* Ff.
my] *mine* Q₂.
- 239: Printed as two lines, *Sir... You are...* in Ff.
- 244: *my*] Q₁ Q₂ F₁. *mine* F₂ Q₃ Q₄ F₃ F₄.
- 249: *his*] Qq. *thy* Ff.
wealth] *health* Becket conj.
- 250: *husband's*] *husband* Q₁.
- 258: *me*] om. Ff.
- 262: *this*] *thee* Grant White.
- 264: *where*] *when* Singer (Collier MS.).
- 272: *even but*] Qq. *but ev'n* Ff.
- 288: *road*] *Rode* Qq F₁. *Rodes* F₂. *Rhodes* F₃ F₄.
- 297: *Let us*] *Let's* Q₁.
- 298: *upon*] *on* Rowe.
inter'gatories] *intergotories* Q₁ Q₂. *intergatories* F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄.
interrogatories F₃ F₄.
- 300: *inter'gatory*] *intergotory* Q₁ Q₂. *intergatory* F₁ F₂ Q₃ Q₄. *interrogatory* F₃ F₄.
- 303: *bed now,*] Q₁ Q₃ Q₄. *bed now* Q₂. *bed, now* Ff.
- 305: *That*] Q₁. *Till* Q₂ Ff Q₃ Q₄.
doctor's] om. Q₁.
-

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, lord attending on the banished Duke.
JAQUES, " " "
LE BEAU², a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, son of Sir Rowland de Boys.
JAQUES, " " "
ORLANDO, " " "
ADAM, servant to Oliver.
DENNIS, " "
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, shepherd.
SILVIUS, "
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey³.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

FOOTNOTES:

- 1: DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] First given by Rowe.
- 2: LE BEAU] LE BEU. Rowe. See [note \(1\)](#).
- 3: WILLIAM] 'Clown in love with Audrey,' and 'William, another clown in love with Audrey.' Rowe (ed. 2).

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of OLIVER'S house.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

AYLI I.

1

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

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

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

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

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

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

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

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

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

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

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

Oli. What, boy!

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

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

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

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

Oli. Let me go, I say.

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

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

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.
Oli. Get you with him, you old dog. 075
Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth
in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have
spoke such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]
Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your
rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis! 077

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship? 080
Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with
me? 081
Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes
access to you.
Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-
morrow the wrestling is. 085

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.
Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new
court? 088
Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is,
the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke;
and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary
exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke;
therefore he gives them good leave to wander. 090
Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished
with her father? 095
Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,
being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have
followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the
court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and
never two ladies loved as they do. 098
Oli. Where will the old Duke live? 100
Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many
merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood
of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every
day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 101
Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?
Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter.
I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother,
Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try
a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes
me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother
is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil
him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of
my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either
you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace
well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and
altogether against my will. 110
Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt
find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's
purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to
dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:—it
is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an
envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous
contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy
discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger.
And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight
disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will
practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous
device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some
indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I
speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living.
I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee
as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and
wonder. 111
Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-
morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll
never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship! 115
Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir
this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I
know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never 120
125
130
135
139
140
145
147

schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts
enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the
world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I
am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler
shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither;
which now I'll go about. 150
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace.* 000

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA. AYLI I.

2

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

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and
would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget
a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any
extraordinary pleasure. 003

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I
love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy
uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I
could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst
thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered
as mine is to thee. 005

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

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to
have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he
hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again
in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let
me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be
merry. 010

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see;
what think you of falling in love? 014

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man
in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety
of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again. 015

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her
wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 020

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

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes
honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-
favouredly. 025

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's:
Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of
Nature. 030

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not
by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to
flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the
argument? 040

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when
Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit. 043

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but
Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of
such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for
always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How
now, wit! whither wander you? 044

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father. 045

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you. 048

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool? 049

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were
good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught:
now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard
was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 050

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge? 051

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear
by your beards that I am a knave. 064

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

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear 065

by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, 070
swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had
sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.
Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest? 073
Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves. 074
Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak 075
no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.
Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what 079
wise men do foolishly.
Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that 080
fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have
makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. 083
Ros. With his mouth full of news. 084
Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 085
Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.
Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. 087

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news? 088
Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport. 089
Cel. Sport! of what colour? 090
Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?
Ros. As wit and fortune will.
Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees. 093
Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.
Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,— 095
Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.
Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good
wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.
Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.
Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your 100
ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here,
where you are, they are coming to perform it.
Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.
Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—
Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale. 105
Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and 106
presence.
Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by
these presents.'
Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the 110
Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke
three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he
served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old 115
man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the
beholders take his part with weeping.
Ros. Alas!
Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have
lost?
Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of. 120
Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time 122
that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.
Cel. Or I, I promise thee.
Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his 125
sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see
this wrestling, cousin?
Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place 129
appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 130
Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it. 132

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and*
Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his 133
own peril on his forwardness.
Ros. Is yonder the man? 135
Le Beau. Even he, madam.
Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.
Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to
see the wrestling?
Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave. 140
Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is 142
such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would
fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him,

ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau. [145](#)

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you. [147](#)

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty. [149](#)

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 150

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth. [153](#)

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. 155
 You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw [157](#)
 yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement,
 the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal
 enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own 160
 safety, and give over this attempt.

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

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts;
 wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent [165](#)
 ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with
 me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that
 was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so:
 I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the 170
 world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a
 place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you. [174](#)
[175](#)

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie 180
 with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. [181](#)

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a 185
 second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked [187](#)
 me before: but come your ways. [188](#)

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the 190
 leg. [*They wrestle.*] [191](#)

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should [194](#)
 down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*]

Duke F. No more, no more. 195

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? 200

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

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
 The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
 But I did find him still mine enemy: 205
 Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
 Hadst thou descended from another house.
 But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
 I would thou hadst told me of another father. [209](#)

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this? [210](#)

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

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
 And all the world was of my father's mind: 215
 Had I before known this young man his son,
 I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
 Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
 Let us go thank him and encourage him:
 My father's rough and envious disposition 220
 Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
 If you do keep your promises in love
 But justly, as you have exceeded all promise, [223](#)

Your mistress shall be happy.
Ros. Gentleman, [*Giving him a chain from* [224](#)
her neck.
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune, [225](#)
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. [226](#)
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block. [230](#)
Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.* [235](#)
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee. [239](#)

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you [240](#)
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done. [244](#)
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed, [245](#)
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of. [246](#)
Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling? [249](#)
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners; [250](#)
But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter: [251](#)
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke, [252](#)
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. [255](#)
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues, [259](#)
And pity her for her good father's sake; [260](#)
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [*Exit Le Beau.* [265](#)
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.* [000](#)

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

AYLI I.

3

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a
word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; [005](#)
throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.
Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should [007](#)
be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.
Cel. But is all this for your father? [010](#)
Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers [011](#)
is this working-day world!
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday
foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats [015](#)
will catch them.
Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my
heart.

Cel. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.
Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections. 020
Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!
Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of
a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good 025
earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so
strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son? 026
Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.
Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son 030
dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father
hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.
Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake. 032
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well? 033
Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I
do. Look, here comes the Duke. 034
Cel. With his eyes full of anger. 035
036

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste 037
And get you from our court.
Ros. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found 039
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it. 040
Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires; 044
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,— 045
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.
Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself: 050
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. 053
Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.
Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom; 055
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much 060
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay; 065
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together, 070
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable. 072
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her. 075
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous 077
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd. 080
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die. 085

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go? 086

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. 087

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; 089

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke 090

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love 092

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: 093

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir. 095

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go and what to bear with us;

And do not seek to take your change upon you, 098

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, 100

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden 103

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! 105

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire

And with a kind of umber smirch my face; 108

The like do you: so shall we pass along

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better, 110

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will— 115

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page; 120

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd? 122

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal 125

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together; 130

Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go we in content

To liberty and not to banishment. 133

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like
foresters.

AYLI
II. 1

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile, 001

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, 005

The seasons' difference; as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, 006

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say

'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.' 010
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life exempt from public haunt 015
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
 I would not change it. 018
Ami. Happy is your Grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 020
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gored.
First Lord. Indeed, my lord, 025
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along 030
 Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord, 035
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 040
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears. 042
Duke S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes. 045
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
 'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much:' then, being there alone, 049
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
 The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 055
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court, 059
 Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse, 060
 To fright the animals and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place. 062
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer. 065
Duke S. Show me the place:
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.
First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

AYLI
II. 2

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be: some villains of my court

Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her. 005
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft 008
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. 010
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone, 015
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me; 017
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail 020
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S house.* 000

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting. AYLI
II. 3

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you? 005
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke? 008
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you
Know you not, master, to some kind of men 010
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it! 015

Orl. Why, what's the matter? 016

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof 017
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son, 020
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off. 025
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go? 029

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 030

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can; 035
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother. 037

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father, 039
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 040
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; 045
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, 049
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 050
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities. 055

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world, 057
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed! 058
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion, 060
 And having that do choke their service up
 Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield 065
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 070
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore 071
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week: 074
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 075
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.* 000

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and AYLI
TOUCHSTONE. II. 4

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits! 001
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and 005
 to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as
 doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat:
 therefore, courage, good Aliena.
Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further. 008
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: 010
 yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no
 money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.
Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at 013
 home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content. 015
Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. 016

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn
 talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her! 020
Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: 024
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,— 025
 As sure I think did never man love so,—
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily! 030
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not loved:
 Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, 034
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, 035

Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit. 040
041

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own. 045

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my
sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to 046
Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the
cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I 048
remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I
took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears
'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange 050
capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal
in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till
I break my shins against it. 055

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion 056
Is much upon my fashion. 057

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me. 058

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man 059
If he for gold will give us any food: 060
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched. 063

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend. 064

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all. 065

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her 070
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man 073
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition 075
And little recks to find the way to heaven 076
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed 078
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing 080
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile, 085
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place, 089
And willingly could waste my time in it. 090

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be 094
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt. 095

SCENE V. *The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

AYLI
II. 5

SONG.

Ami. 001
Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me, 003
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither: 005
 Here shall he see 006
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 010
Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out 011
 of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.
Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you. 014
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. 015
 Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas? 016
Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will 018
 you sing?
Ami. More at your request than to please myself. 020
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that 022
 they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and
 when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a
 penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and 025
 you that will not, hold your tongues.
Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will 028
 drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.
Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too 030
 disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I
 give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble,
 come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*] 034
 And loves to live i' the sun, 035
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see 039
 No enemy 040
 But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in
 despite of my invention.
Ami. And I'll sing it. 044
Jaq. Thus it goes:— 045

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease
 A stubborn will to please,
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame: 050
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me. 053

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?
Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go 055
 sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of
 Egypt.
Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared.
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

AYLI
 II. 6

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here 001
 lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.
Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a 004
 little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest 005
 yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for
 food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my 008
 sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will 009

here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to
eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come,
thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly,
and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I
will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a
dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The forest.*

*A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like
outlaws.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
And good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized

Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 060
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin: 064
For thou thyself hast been a libertine, 065
As sensual as the brutish sting itself; 066
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 070
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb? 073
What woman in the city do I name, 075
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not of my cost, 080
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein 083
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free, 085
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here? 087

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 090
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point 095
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die. 100
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force, 102
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table. 105
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are 109
That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast, 115
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword. 119
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days, 120
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness

And take upon command what help we have 125
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, 132
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [Exit. 135

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in. 139

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players: 140
They have their exits and their entrances; 141
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, 143
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel 145
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, 150
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, 155
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide 160
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, 161
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion, 165
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen, 167
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. 174
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind 175
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen, 178
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: 180
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly! 182
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky 184

That dost not bite so nigh 185
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not. 189
Heigh-ho! sing, &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke 195
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is. 198
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt. 200

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.* 000

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER. AYLI
III. 1

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be: 001
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument 003
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is; 005
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 010
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors; 015
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Forest.* 000

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper. AYLI
III. 2

Orl.

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books 005
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit. 010

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone? 011

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but
in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it
is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a
very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well;
but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more
plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy
in thee, shepherd? 020

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse
at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is
without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and 025

fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred. [028](#)

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? 030

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope. [033](#)

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. 035

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 040

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds. 041

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance. 045

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come. [050](#)

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come. [054](#)

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet. 055

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. [059](#)

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest. 060

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 065

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape. 070

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother. [071](#)

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Ros.

From the east to western Ind, [078](#)

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind, 080

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures fairest lined [082](#)

Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind [084](#)

But the fair of Rosalind. [085](#)

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market. [088](#)

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste: 090

If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,
 So be sure will Rosalind.
 Winter garments must be lined, [095](#)
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap must sheaf and bind;
 Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind, [099](#)
 Such a nut is Rosalind. [100](#)
 He that sweetest rose will find,
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree. [105](#)
Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.
Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar. [110](#)
Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge. [112](#)

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace! [113](#)
 Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*]
 Why should this a desert be? [115](#)
 For it is unpeopled? No;
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show:
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage, [120](#)
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age;
 Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
 But upon the fairest boughs, [125](#)
 Or at every sentence end,
 Will I Rosalinda write,
 Teaching all that read to know
 The quintessence of every sprite [129](#)
 Heaven would in little show. [130](#)
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged [131](#)
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide-enlarged:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart, [135](#)
 Cleopatra's majesty,
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devised; [140](#)
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest prized.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'! [145](#)
[147](#)

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah. [148](#)

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [150](#)
[152](#)

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses? [153](#)
Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. [155](#)

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves

without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.
Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name
should be hanged and carved upon these trees? 160
Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you
came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so
be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I
can hardly remember. 162
163
164
165
Cel. Trow you who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change
you colour? 168
169
Ros. I prithee, who? 170
Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but
mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.
Ros. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it possible? 175
Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell
me who it is. 177
Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful!
and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping! 180
Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am
caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my
disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I
prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou
couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of
thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either
too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy
mouth that I may drink thy tidings.
Cel. So you may put a man in your belly. 190
Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head
worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?
Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.
Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let
me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the
knowledge of his chin. 195
Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels
and your heart both in an instant.
Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true
maid. 200
Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.
Ros. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? 205
What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked
he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me?
Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou
see him again? Answer me in one word.
Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word
too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to
these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 210
212
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's
apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled? 215
216
Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions
of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with
good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn. 217
219
220
Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such
fruit. 221
Cel. Give me audience, good madam.
Ros. Proceed.
Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. 225
Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the
ground.
Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets
unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter. 229
230
Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. 231
Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me
out of tune.
Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must
speak. Sweet, say on. 235
Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here? 236

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.
Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief

have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society. 240

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can. 242

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks. 245

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly. 246

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name. 250

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings? 255

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions. 258
259

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery. 260

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults. 264

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love. 265

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him. 270

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love. 275

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.] 276
277

Ros. [Aside to Celia] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester? 280

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock. 285

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal. 290

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal? 294

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year. 295
297
298

Orl. Who ambles Time withal? 299

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal. 305

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal? 306

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal? 309

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves. 310

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat. 315

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled. 317

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal. 320

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women? 323

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. 324

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them. 325

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 330

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy. 331

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 335

Orl. What were his marks? 337

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other. 344

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love. 345

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 346

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he. 349

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? 350

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much. 354

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 355

Orl. Did you ever cure any so? 354

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't. 380

Orl. I would not be cured, youth. 384

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me. 385

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is. 388

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go? 390

Orl. With all my heart, good youth. 395

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? 400

[Exeunt.]

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you? 002

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features? 004

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. 005

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. 010

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing? 011

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. 017

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical? 018

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 020

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 025

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. 026

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish. 030

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 032

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us. 035

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy! 040

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns?—even so:—poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. 043
045
048
050

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel? 055

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. 060

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered. 062
063
065

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 067
068

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp. 070
075

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well;

and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. 080

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,— 083

O sweet Oliver, 084

O brave Oliver, 085

Leave me not behind thee: 086

but,— 087

Wind away, 088

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee. 090

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The forest.* 000

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA. AYLI
III. 4

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep. 005

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour. 010

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread. 012
013

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them. 014
015

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so? 020

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. 025

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father. 027
029
030

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here? 035
038
039
040

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, 043
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him? 045

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain.
 Go hence a little and I shall conduct you.
 If you will mark it. 050
Ros. O, come, let us remove:
 The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
 Bring us to this sight, and you shall say 052
 I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.* 000

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE. AYLI
 III. 5

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
 Say that you love me not, but say not so
 In bitterness. The common executioner,
 Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck 005
 But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops? 007

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 010
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, 011
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; 015
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, 017
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: 020
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush, 022
 The cicatrice and capable impressure 023
 Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, 025
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes 026
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe, 027
 If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy. 029
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible 030
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
 Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother, 035
 That you insult, exult, and all at once, 036
 Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,— 037
 As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? 040
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too! 044
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it: 045
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair, 046
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship. 048
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? 050
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
 That makes the world full of ill-favoured children: 053
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her; 054
 And out of you she sees herself more proper 055

Than any of her lineaments can show her.
 But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can: you are not for all markets: 060
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. 062
 So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo. 065

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love
 with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with
 frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so
 upon me? 066

Phe. For no ill will I bear you. 070

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
 Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard. 075
 Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,
 None could be so abused in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. *[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.]* 079

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?' 080

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be: 085
 If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
 By giving love your sorrow and my grief
 Were both exterminated.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness. 090
 Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too: 095
 But do not look for further recompense
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace, 099
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop 100
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then 102
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile? 104

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft; 105
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
 That the old carlot once was master of. 107

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
 'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
 But what care I for words? yet words do well 110
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
 It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
 But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
 He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
 Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue 115
 Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall: 117
 His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
 There was a pretty redness in his lip,
 A little riper and more lusty red 120
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him: but, for my part, 125
 I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him: 127
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me: 130
 I marvel why I answer'd not again:
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight; 135
 The matter's in my head and in my heart:
 I will be bitter with him and passing short. 137
 Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

AYLI
 IV. 1

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee. 001
Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.
Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.
Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards. 005
Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.
Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 010
Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 015
Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience. 017
Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too! 018
 020
 023
 025
 026

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!
Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*] 028
Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 029
Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 030
Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 034
Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 035
Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.
Orl. Of a snail?
Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him. 050
Orl. What's that? 051

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife. [054](#)
[055](#)

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. [060](#)

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking,—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss. [065](#)
[068](#)

Orl. How if the kiss be denied? 070

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. [075](#)

Orl. What, of my suit? [076](#)

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 080

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die. [082](#)

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 085
[086](#)

090
[091](#)
[093](#)

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 095

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 100

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou? 105

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister? 110

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 115

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when? [117](#)

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.' [119](#)
[120](#)

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. [122](#)
[123](#)
[125](#)

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever'. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his

hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep. 135
[139](#)

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so? 140

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. [144](#)
145
[146](#)

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?' [149](#)

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 150

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool! 155
[156](#)
[157](#)

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again. 160

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 165

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 170
[171](#)

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu. 175

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [179](#) *[Exit Orlando.]*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. [180](#)

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 185

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. [188](#)

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come. [193](#)
[194](#)

Cel. And I'll sleep. *[Exeunt.]* 195

SCENE II. *The forest.* [000](#)

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters. AYLI
IV. 2

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?
A Lord. Sir, it was I. [002](#)

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose? 005

For. Yes, sir. [007](#)

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For.
What shall he have that kill'd the deer? [010](#)

His leather skin and horns to wear.
 Then sing him home: 012
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*] 013
 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
 It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it, 015
And thy father bore it: 016
 The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The forest.* 000

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA. AYLI
IV. 3

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here
 much Orlando! 001
002

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath
 ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who
 comes here. 005

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
 My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: 007
 I know not the contents; but, as I guess 008
 By the stern brow and waspish action
 Which she did use as she was writing of it, 010
 It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
 I am but as a guiltless messenger. 011

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
 And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
 She says I am not fair, that I lack manners; 015
 She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
 Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
 Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: 018
 Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
 This is a letter of your own device. 020

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
 Phebe did write it. 022

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
 And turn'd into the extremity of love. 023
 I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
 A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think 025
 That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands: 026
 She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
 I say she never did invent this letter;
 This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 030

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
 A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
 Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain 033
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
 Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect 035
 Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*]

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
 That a maiden's heart hath burn'd? 040

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
 Warr'st thou with a woman's heart? 045

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
 That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne 050
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love; 054
How then might your prayers move! 055
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me: 057
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take 060
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd! 065

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love
such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false
strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for
I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if
she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never
have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence,
and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit *Silvius*. 068
070

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands 075
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place. 079
But at this hour the house doth keep itself; 080
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself 085
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you 086
The owner of the house I did inquire for? 088

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind 090
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he? 092

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where 095
This handkercher was stain'd. 096

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest, 099
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy, 100
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age 103
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, 105
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, 110
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade 112
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis 115
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother; 120
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That lived amongst men. 122
Oli. And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness? 125
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling 130
 From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued? 132
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion 135
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
 When from the first to last betwixt us two
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
 As how I came into that desert place; 140
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke, 141
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm 145
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart, 150
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth 154
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*] 155
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede! 158
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home. 160
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
 I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's
 heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this 164
 was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I 165
 counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in 168
 your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man. 170
Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw 175
 homewards. Good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse
 my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my
 counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The forest.*

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. 005
But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, 010
we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir. 015

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir. 020

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet 025
it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 029
'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 030

Will. I do, sir. 034

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned? 035

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he. 040

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,— the society,— 045
which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, 048
diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or 050
in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 052

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit. 055

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away! 056

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

AYLI
V. 2

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her? 004

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die 010

a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow:
thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you
and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

012
013
015

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*

017

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear
thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

020

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a
lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon
when he showed me your handkercher?

025

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never
any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's
thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother
and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but
they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but
they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but
they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a
pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else
be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love
and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

028
029
030

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke
to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into
happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall
I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I
shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

040

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for
Rosalind?

045

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of
me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a
gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a
good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are;
neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little
measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to
grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things:
I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician,
most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love
Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your
brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what
straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it
appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-
morrow human as she is and without any danger.

050

052

055

056

058

059

060

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

064

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a
magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends;
for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if
you will.

065

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

069

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

070

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

075

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

077

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

080

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;

082

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind. 085
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
 All adoration, duty, and observance, 089
 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, 090
 All purity, all trial, all observance; 091
 And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman. 095
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?' 099
 100
Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish
 wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To*
Phe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all
 together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and
 I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I
 satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I
 will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall
 be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To*
Sil.] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. 110
 So, fare you well: I have left you commands.
Sil. I'll not fail, if I live. 113
Phe. Nor I.
Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*] 115

SCENE III. *The forest.* 000

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY. AYLI
 V. 3

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we
 be married.
Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no
 dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come
 two of the banished Duke's pages. 005

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.
Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.
Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.
First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or
 spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to
 a bad voice? 010
Sec. Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on
 a horse. 011

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass, 015
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time, 017
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

 Between the acres of the rye, 020
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie, 022
 In spring time, &c. 023

 This carol they began that hour, 024
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, 025
 How that a life was but a flower 026
 In spring time, &c. 027

 And therefore take the present time, 028
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 For love is crowned with the prime 030

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable. 033

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time. 034
035

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Exeunt. 037

SCENE IV. *The forest.* 000

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and AYLI
CELIA. V. 4

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear. 004

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged: You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here? 005

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 010

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd? *Phe.* So is the bargain. 015

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter; You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: 020

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, 021

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me: and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [Exeunt Rosalind and Celia. 025

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 030

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician, 033

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools. 035
036

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. 040

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one. 045

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause. 048

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow. 050

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor 053
055

virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, *and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather. 130
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish. 134

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown: 135
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town! 140

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree. 142

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. 144

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two: 145
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot, 150
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted 155
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man; 160
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot: 165
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states. 169
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity, 170
And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life 175
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath; 180
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it: 181

[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage 185
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit. 190

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, 191
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [A dance. 192

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

005

006

007

010

012

014

015

020

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES.

AYLI [TOC](#)

NOTE I.

Le Beau is so called in F₁ on his first entrance, afterwards always 'Le Beau.'
The banished Duke is called Duke Senior in the stage directions.
Rosalind is spelt indifferently thus and 'Rosaline.'

Rowe, in his second edition, besides 'Touchstone' and 'William,' introduced among the [Dramatis Personæ](#) 'A clown in love with Audrey.' He was followed by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. Johnson struck it out.

NOTE II.

[I. 1. 46.](#) The correction *revenues* for *reverence* has been made in MS. by some unknown hand in Capell's copy of the third Folio. The writing somewhat resembles Warburton's.

NOTE III.

[I. 2. 79.](#) There can be no doubt that the words 'wise men' here printed as two, in obedience to modern usage, were frequently in Shakespeare's time written and pronounced as one word, with the accent on the first syllable, as 'madman' is still. See Sidney Walker's *Criticisms*, Vol. II. p. 139.

NOTE IV.

[I. 2. 147,](#) 149. It does not seem necessary to make any change in the text here. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote the prose parts of the play hastily, or it may be that Orlando, who is summoned by Celia, but whose thoughts are fixed upon Rosalind, is made to say 'them,' not 'her,' designedly.

NOTE V.

[I. 2. 187.](#) Before we were aware of Mason's conjecture, it occurred to us that the sentence would run better thus: 'An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before.' 'And,' for 'an,' is a more probable reading than 'if,' as it may have been omitted by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage direction—'Orl. and' for 'Orland.' We have since discovered that Theobald proposed 'An.'

NOTE VI.

[I. 3. 92.](#) See a discussion as to the proper punctuation and meaning of the words 'No, hath not?' in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser. Vol. VII. p. 520, and in Mr Singer's note on this passage. It may be doubted whether the passages quoted by Mr Grant White are apposite to this, where there is a double negative.

NOTE VII.

[III. 2. 317.](#) In the fourth Folio, and in Rowe's two editions, the word 'kindled' happens to be in two lines, and therefore divided by a hyphen. Pope, misled by this, printed it in his first edition as a compound, 'kind-led,' interpreting it probably with reference to the gregarious habits of the animal in question.

NOTE VIII.

[III. 3. 80-83.](#) Johnson proposes to arrange these lines as follows:
Clo.... Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live
in hawdry.
Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [*They whisper.*
Clo. Farewell, &c.

NOTE IX.

III. 4. 38. As the word 'puisny' is here used not in the modern sense of 'diminutive,' but in the now obsolete sense of 'inferior, unskilled,' we think it better to retain the spelling of the Folios.

NOTE X.

IV. 2. 12. The words 'Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen' are printed in the Folios as part of the song. Rowe and Pope made no change. Theobald first gave 'the rest shall bear this burthen' as a stage direction. Mr Knight, Mr Collier, Mr Grant White and Mr Dyce take the whole to be a stage direction, Mr Grant White reading '*They* sing him home,' for '*Then*.....' Mr Halliwell prints 'Then sing him home, the rest shall bear—This burthen.' Mr Knight gives in a note the music written for this song by Hilton, and published in 1652. In Hilton's setting, the words 'Then sing him home, &c.' are left out, but that, as Mr Knight implies, is not conclusive as to the original song.

Capell's arrangement is as follows:

1 v. *What.....deer?*

2 v. *His.....wear.*

1 v. *Thenhome.*

BOTH.

Takeborn.

1 v. *Thywore it.*

2 v. *Andbore it.*

CHO.

The horn.....scorn.

NOTE XI.

IV. 3. 164. Malone wrongly attributes the reading 'Sir' for 'Sirra' to the second Folio.

NOTE XII.

v. 3. 17. The Edinburgh MS. mentioned in our footnotes is one in the Advocates' Library (fol. 18), and the song has been reprinted from it in Chappell's *Collection of National English Airs*, ed. 1840, p. 130.

Linenotes-As You Like It

As You Like It, I, 1.

- 1: *fashion*] Ff. *my father* Hanmer (Warburton). *fashion; my father* Heath conj. *fashion. He* Malone (Blackstone conj.). *fashion he* Ritson conj.
- 2: *me by*] *me*. By Johnson.
poor a] F₁. *a poor* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 3: *charged my brother*] *my brother charged* Seymour conj.
- 7: *stays*] Ff. *stys* Warburton.
- 10: *fair*] *fat* Anon. conj.
- 15, 16: *countenance*] *discountenance* Warburton.
- 23: SCENE II. Pope.
- 25: Enter...] Ff (after line 23).
- 26: *here*] F₃ F₄. *heere* F₁. *heare* F₂.
- 31: *be naught*] *do aught* Hanmer. *be wrought* Jackson conj.
- 34: *prodigal*] *prodigal's* Seymour conj.
- 39: *him*] *he* Pope.
- 46: *reverence*] *revenues* Anon MS. conj. *revenue* Hanmer (Warburton). See [note \(ii\)](#).
- 52: *Boys*] F₁. *Boyes* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 57: *masters*] F₁. *master* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 63: *from me* Ff. *me from* Pope.
- 77: SCENE III. Pope.
grow] *growl* Anon. ap. Collier conj.
- 81: *wrestler*] *wrastler* F₁ F₃ F₄. *wrastle* F₂.
- 85: [Exit...] Johnson.
- 88: *Monsieur*] *morrow, Monsieur* S. Walker conj. *morrow*, Anon. conj.
- 96: *Duke's*] *old Duke's* Hanmer.
- 98: *Duke's*] *new Duke's* Hanmer.
- 100: *she*] F₃ F₄. *he* F₁ F₂.
- 101: *her*] F₁ F₂. *their* F₃ F₄.
- 111: *came*] *come* F₄.
- 139: *anatomize*] F₃ F₄. *anatomise* F₁ F₂.
- 145: Oli.] om. F₁.
[Exit C.] Exit. Rowe (after line 144). om. Ff.
- 147: *he*] *him* Seymour conj.

As You Like It, I, 2.

- SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.
Lawn...] Capell. Open walk Theobald.
- 3: *I were*] Rowe (ed. 2). *were* Ff.
- 14: *I*] *me* Hanmer.
- 36: *ill-favouredly*] *ill-favoured* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 40: *No?*] Hanmer. *No*; Ff.
- 43: *the*] F₁ F₂. *this* F₃ F₄.
- 44: *there is Fortune*] F₁ F₂. *Fortune is there* F₃ F₄.
- 48: *perceiveth*] F₁. *perceiving* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 49: *and hath*] Malone. *hath* Ff.
- 51: *the wits*] *his wits* Reed. *the wise* Spedding conj.
wit] om. Rowe.
whither] F₂. *whether* F₁ F₃ F₄.
- 64: *your*] *you* F₂.
- 73: *is't that*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *is that* F₄.
- 74: *One that old Frederick*] *One old Frederick that* Collier conj.
Frederick] *Ferdinand* Capell conj. See [note \(iii\)](#).
- 75: Cel.] Theobald. Ros. Ff.
him: enough!] Hanmer. *him enough*; Ff.
- 79: *wise men*] F₃ F₄. *wisemen* F₁ F₂. See [note \(iii\)](#).
- 83: *Le Beau*] *the Beu* F₁. *Le Beu* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 84: SCENE V. Pope.

- 87: Enter Le Beau] F₁. Enter Le Beu. F₂ F₃ F₄ (after line 83).
- 88: *Bon]* *Boon* Ff.
what's the] F₁. *what the* F₂. *what* F₃ F₄.
- 89: *good]* om. F₃ F₄.
- 90: *Sport!]* *Spot?* Collier (Collier MS.).
- 93: *decrees]* Ff. *decree* Pope.
- 106-108: Le Beau. *Three...presence.* Ros. *With...presents.]* Ff. Le Beau.
Three...presence. Ros. *With...necks.* Clo. *Be it...presents.* Warburton. Le
 Beau. *Three...necks.* Ros. *Be it...presents.* Dyce (Farmer conj.).
- 122: *breaking]* of *breaking* F₄.
- 125-127: Ros. *But.....cousin?]* Touch. *But...rib-breaking?* Ros. *Shall...cousin?*
 Anon. conj.
- 125: *see]* *set* Theobald (Warburton). *feel* Johnson conj. *get* Heath conj. *seek*
 Jackson conj.
- 129: *for the]* F₁. *for* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 132: ...Frederick...] Rowe.
- 133: SCENE VI. Pope.
- 142: *in]* *on* Anon. conj.
man] Ff. *men* Hanmer.
- 145: Cel.] Cel. and Ros. Lettsom conj.
- 147: *princess calls]* F₄. *Princesse cals* F₁. *Princesse calls* F₂ F₃. *princesses call*
 Theobald. *princess' call* Dyce (S. Walker conj.). See [note \(iv\)](#).
- 149: *them]* *her* Rowe.
- 153: *but in]* F₁. *but* F₂ F₃ F₄. *but e'en* Edd. conj.
- 157, 158: *your eyes...your judgement,]* *our eyes...our judgement* Hanmer
 (Warburton).
- 165: *thoughts; wherein]* *thoughts.* Herein Mason conj. *thoughts.* Therein
 Johnson conj. *thoughts;* Spedding conj.
guilty,] *guilty, is* Jackson conj.
- 174: *that]* om. Rowe.
- 181: *in it]* *it in* Boswell.
- 187: *You]* *An you* Theobald conj. *If you* Mason conj. See [note \(v\)](#).
- 188: *me]* om. F₃ F₄.
- 191: [They wrestle] F₃ F₄. [Wrestle. F₁ F₂.
- 194: [Shout. Charles is thrown.] Rowe. [Shout. Ff.
- 209: [Exeunt...] Capell. [Exit Duke. Ff.
- 210: SCENE VII. Pope.
- 223: *as you have exceeded all]* *as you've here exceeded* Hanmer. *as you have*
exceeded Capell. *as you have excell'd all* S. Walker conj.
promise] F₁. *in promise* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 224: [Giving...] Theobald.
- 225: *out of suits with fortune]* *out of fortune's suite* Becket conj. *out of sorts*
with fortune Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
- 226: *could]* *would* Becket conj.
means] *meane* F₂.
- 230: *lifeless]* Rowe (ed. 2). *liveless* Ff.
- 236: [Exeunt...] Exit. Ff.
- 239: Re-enter...] Enter Le Beu. Ff (after line 237).
- 244: *misconstrues]* *misconsters* Ff.
- 246: *I]* *me* Rowe.
- 249: *was]* *were* Hanmer.
- 251: *taller]* Ff. *shorter* Rowe (ed. 2). *smaller* Malone. *lower* Staunton. *lesser*
 Spedding conj.
- 252: *other is]* Ff. *other's* Pope.
- 259: *her virtues]* *virtues* F₂.
- 265: [Exit...] om. Ff.

As You Like It, I, 3.

- SCENE III.] SCENE VIII. Pope.
 A room...] Capell. An apartment... Theobald.
 Enter...] Re-enter... Pope.
- 7: *there were]* *were there* Anon. conj.
- 11: *child's father]* Ff. *father's child* Rowe (ed. 2).
- 26: *strong]* F₁ F₂. *strange* F₃ F₄.

- 32: *not*] *nor* F₂.
 33: *I not*] *I hate* Theobald conj.
 he not] F₁ F₂. *not he* F₃ F₄.
 34: SCENE IX. Pope.
 36: Enter.....] Enter Duke with Lords Ff (after line 33).
 37: *safest*] *fastest* Collier MS. *swiftest* Singer conj.
 39: *ten*] *two* Anon. conj.
 44: *mine*] *my* Rowe.
 53: *likelihood*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *likelihoods* F₁.
 66: *It...remorse*] omitted in Rowe (ed. 1).
 72: *inseparable*] *inseparate* Collier MS.
 77: *seem*] *shine* Warburton.
 86: SCENE X. Pope.
 whither] *where* Pope.
 87: *fathers*] F₁. *father* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 89: *Thou*] *Indeed, thou* Steevens conj.
 92: *No, hath not?*] Ff. *No? hath not?* Rowe (ed. 2). *No hath not?* Singer. *No 'hath not.'* Halliwell conj. See [note \(vi\)](#).
 93: *thee*] *me* Theobald (Warburton).
 am] *are* Theobald.
 98: *your change*] F₁. *your charge* F₂ F₃ F₄. *the charge* Singer conj.
 103: *in...Arden*] omitted by Steevens, reading *Why...uncle* as a verse.
 105: *forth so far*] F₁ F₃ F₄. *for farre* F₂.
 108: *smirch*] F₁. *smitch* F₂. *smutch* F₃ F₄.
 120: *worse a*] Ff. *worser* Collier MS.
 122: *be*] *by* F₁.
 133: *we in*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *in we* F₁. *away or in true* Anon. conj.

As You Like It, II, 1.

- 1: *brothers*] F₁. *brother* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 5: *but*] Theobald. *not* Ff. *yet* Staunton conj.
 6: *as*] *or* Collier MS. *at* Staunton conj.
 18: *I would not change it.* Ami. *Happy*] Dyce (Upton conj.). Amien. *I would not change it, happy* Ff.
 31: *root*] *roote* F₁. *roope* F₂. *roop* F₃ F₄.
 42: *the extremest*] *th' extremest* Ff.
 45: *into*] Ff. *in* Pope.
 49: *had*] *hath* Singer (Collier MS.).
 much] F₂ F₃ F₄. *must* F₁.
 there] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
 50: *friends*] Rowe. *friend* Ff.
 59: *the country*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *countrie* F₁. *country, of* Anon. conj.
 62: *to kill*] *kill* Collier MS.
 up] *too* De Quincy MS.

As You Like It, II, 2.

- 8: *roynish*] *roguish* Staunton conj.
 10: *Hisperia*] Ff. *Hesperia* Warburton.
 17: *brother*] *brother's* Mason conj.
 20: *quail*] *fail* Lloyd conj.

As You Like It, II, 3.

- SCENE III. [Before O.'s house](#)] Capell. O.'s house. Rowe.
 ...meeting] Capell. om. Ff.
 8: *bonny*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *bonnie* F₁. *boney* Warburton.
 10: *some*] *seeme* F₁.
 15: *bears*] *wears* Anon. conj.
 16: Or.] om. F₁.
 17: *within*] *with* F₂.
 within this] *beneath this* Capell conj.
 29: Or.] Ad. F₁.

30: *so*] F₁. *for* F₂ F₃ F₄.
37: *blood*] *proud* Collier MS.
39: *your*] F₁. *you* F₂ F₃ F₄.
41: *lie*] *be* De Quincy MS.
49: *in*] *to* Capell conj.
50: *not*] I Rowe.
57: *service*] *favour* Collier MS. *temper* Lettsom conj.
58: *service*] *servants* Anon. ap. Halliwell conj.
71: *seventeen*] Rowe. *seautie* F₁. *seventy* F₂ F₃ F₄.
74: *it...week*] *too late: it is a-weak* Becket conj.

As You Like It, II, 4.

SCENE IV...Enter...] Enter Rosaline...and Clowne, alias Touchstone. Ff.
1: *weary*] Theobald (Warburton). *merry* Ff.
8: *cannot*] F₁. *can* F₂ F₃ F₄.
13: *Arden*] *a den* Upton conj.
16, 17: S. Walker would read as verse *Ay, Be so...here; A young...talk*.
16: Enter C. and S.] Ff (after line 15).
24: *ever*] F₁. *ere* F₂ F₃ F₄.
30: *ne'er*] Rowe. *never* Ff.
34: *sat*] F₁. *sate* F₂ F₃ F₄. *spake* Collier MS.
35: *Wearing*] F₁. *Wearying* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Wear'ing* Grant White.
39: [Exit.] F₁. Exeunt. F₂ F₃ F₄.
41: *of thy wound*] Rowe. *of they would* F₁. *of their wound* F₂ F₃ F₄.
45: *a-night*] *a night* F₁. *a nights* F₂ F₃ F₄. *o' nights* Capell. *o' night* Malone.
46: *batlet*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *batler* F₁.
48: *cods*] *peas* Johnson conj.
56: *Jove, Jove*] *Love, Love* Collier (Collier MS.).
57: *much upon*] *too much on* Collier (from Collier MS).
58: After this line Collier (from Collier MS.) inserts *And begins to fail with me*.
59: *yond*] *you'd* Ff.
63: *are they very*] *they are* Rowe (ed. 1) *they are very* Rowe (ed. 2). *they're very* Hanmer.
64: *you,*] *your* F₁.
73: *shepherd*] *a shepherd* Rowe.
76: *recks*] Hanmer. *wreakes* F₁ F₂. *wreaks* F₃ F₄.
78: *cote*] Hanmer. *coate* F₁ F₂. *coat* F₃ F₄.
89, 90: Arranged as in Cappell. As three lines ending *wages...could...it* Ff. As three lines ending *wages...waste...it* Rowe (ed. 2).
89: *wages*] *wage* Lloyd conj.
94: *feeder*] *factor* W. Walker conj.

As You Like It, II, 5.

1: *Ami.*] Capell. om. Ff.
greenwood] *greenhood* F₄.
3: *turn*] F₃ F₄. *turne* F₁ F₂. *tune* Rowe (ed. 2).
6: *Here*] Cho. *Here* Capell.
he] *we* Capell (corrected in MS.).
11-13: Printed in Ff as three lines ending *more...song...more*.
14: *ragged*] *rugged* Rowe.
16: *Come, more*] *Come, come* Rowe.
stanzo...stanzos] *stanza...stanzas* Steevens (Capell conj.). *stanze...stanzes* Anon. conj.
18: *owe*] F₁. *owne* F₂. *own* F₃ F₄.
22: *compliment*] *complement* Ff.
28: *drink*] *dine* Rowe.
30-33: *And.....them*] Printed as four lines ending *him...company:...give...them*. in Ff. First as prose by Pope.
34: [All together...] Altogether... Ff. om. Rowe.
35: *live*] *lye* F₄.
39: *Here*] Cho. *Here* Capell.

39-41: *Here.....weather*] F₃ F₄. *Heere shall he see, &c.* F₁ F₂.

39: *he*] *you* Rowe.

44, 45: *Ami. And...it. Jaq. Thus it goes*] *Amy. And Ile sing it. Amy. Thus it goes.* F₁.

50, 54: *Ducdame.....ducdame*] *Duc ad me....Duc ad me* Hanmer. *Huc ad me...Huc ad me* Anon. ap. Steevens conj.

53: *to me*] *to Ami.* Steevens (Farmer conj.). *to the same* Anon. conj.

As You Like It, II, 6.

1-3: Printed as three verses ending *further...downe...master* in Ff. First as prose by Pope.

1: *I die*] *I die, I die* S. Walker conj., making three lines ending *O...down...master.*

4-16: Printed as seventeen lines in Ff. First as prose by Pope.

5: *comfort*] *comfort thee* Anon. conj.

8: *comfortable*] *comforted* Collier MS. (Caldecott).

9: *here be*] *be here* Rowe.

10: *I will*] *I'll* Pope.

12: *cheerly*] F₄. *cheerely* F₁ F₂ F₃. *cheerily* Reed.

As You Like It, II, 7.

SCENE VII. *A table set out*] Rowe.

Enter...] Enter Duke Sen. & Lord,... Ff.

10: After this line Capell inserts *And cannot have 't?*

13: *miserable world*] *miserable varlet* Hanmer (Warburton). *miserable word* Becket conj. *miserable!—well,—* Jackson conj. *miserable ort* Hunter conj.

25: *one*] *an* Reed (1803).

31: *deep-contemplative*] Reed.

34-36: *A worthy...O worthy*] *O worthy...A worthy* Anon. conj.

53: *He that*] *He whom* Pope.

54, 55: *Doth very foolishly,...Not to seem*] *Doth, very foolishly...Seem* Whiter conj.

55: *Not to seem senseless*] Theobald (Warburton). *Sceme senselesse* Ff. *But to seem senseless* Collier (Collier MS.). *Seem else than senseless* or *Seem less than senseless* Anon. conj.

56: *wise man's*] *Wise-man's* F₁ F₂ F₃. *wise-man's* F₄.

64: *sin*] *fin* F₁.

66: *sting*] *sty* Johnson conj.

73: *weary very means*] F₃ F₄. (*meanes* F₃). *wearie verie meanes* F₁ F₂. *very very means* Pope. *weary venom means* Jackson conj. *very wearing means* Collier conj. *very means of wear* Collier MS. *wearer's very means* Singer. *weary-very means* or *very-weary means* Staunton conj. *tributary streams* Lloyd conj.

83: *There then; how then? what then?*] *There then, how then, what then, Ff.* *There then; how, what then?* Capell. *Where then? how...then?* Malone conj. *what then? Let me*] *Let me then* Hanmer.

87: *any....comes*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *any man. But who come* F₁.

Enter.....drawn.] Theobald. Enter Orlando. Ff.

90: *Of what*] *What* Capell conj.

come of] *come* Rowe.

95: *hath*] F₁. *that hath* F₂ F₃ F₄.

ta'en] *torn* Johnson conj.

100, 101: Printed as verse, ending *reason...die* in Ff. First as prose by Capell. *If...not Be...die* Pope.

100: *An*] *And* Ff. *If* Pope.

answered] *answer'd* Ff.

reason] *reasons* Staunton conj.

102, 103: As three lines ending *have?...your force...gentleness* in Ff.

109: *commandment*] *command'ment* Ff.

119: *blush*] F₁. *bush* F₂ F₃ F₄.

125: *command*] *demand* Johnson conj. *commend* Collier (Collier MS.).

130: *a*] om. F₄.

132: *Oppressed....hunger*] Should follow line 129. Anon. conj.

135: [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff.

139: *Wherein we play in*] *Wherein we play* Pope. *Which we do play in* Capell conj.

Wherein... Jaq. *All*] *Wherein in we play*. Jaq. *Why, all* Steevens conj.
wherein we play. Jaq. *Ay, all* Anon. conj.

141: *exits*] *Exits* (in italics) Ff.

143: *ages*] *labours* Mason conj.

At first] *As first* Capell conj. *Act first* or *First* Anon. conj.

145: *Then*] *And then* Rowe (ed. 2). *Then there's* Anon. conj.

150: *pard*] *Pand* Anon. conj.

161: *shank*] F₃ F₄. *shanke* F₁ F₂. *shanks* Hanmer.

167, 168: *Welcome...feed*] Printed as prose in Ff.

174: *Ami.*] *Amiens sings*. Johnson. om. Ff.

175–178: As two lines in Ff.

178: *Because*] *Beside*, Becket conj.

Because...seen] *Thou causest not that teen* Hanmer. *Because the heart's not seen* Farmer conj. *Because thou art foreseen* Staunton conj.

seen] *sheen* Warburton.

182: *Then,*] Rowe. *The* Ff.

184–189: As four lines in Ff.

189: *remember'd*] *remembering* Hanmer.

198: *master*] *masters* F₁.

As You Like It, III, 1.

SCENE I. A room...] Capell.

Duke F.] Duke, F₁.

1: *see*] *seen* Singer (Collier MS.).

3: *seek*] F₁. *see* F₂ F₃ F₄.

As You Like It, III, 2.

SCENE II. Enter...paper] Capell. Enter Orlando. Ff.

11: SCENE III. Pope.

25: *good*] *pood* F₁.

28: *good*] *bad* Hanmer. *gross* Warburton.

33: *hope.*] *hope*—Rowe.

41: *Touchstone*] *Mr. Touchstone* Capell.

50: *a mutton*] F₁. *mutton* F₂ F₃ F₄.

54: *more sounder*] *sounder* Pope.

56: *courtier's*] *countiers* F₂.

59: *flesh indeed!*] *flesh indeed*: Ff. *flesh: indeed!*—Steevens.

71: *bawd*] F₁ F₂. *a bawd* F₃ F₄.

76: *Master*] *M^r* Ff.

77: SCENE IV. Pope.

Enter R....reading.] Capell. Enter Rosalind. Ff.

78: *western*] *the western* Pope.

82: *lined*] *Linde* F₁ F₂ F₃. *Lind* F₄. *limn'd* Capell.

84: *face*] *fair* S. Walker conj.

85: *the fair of*] F₁ F₂. *the most fair* F₃ F₄. *the face of* Rowe (ed. 2). *of the fair* Becket conj.

88: *rank to*] F₃ F₄. *ranke to* F₁ F₂. *rate to* Hanmer. *rant at* Grey conj.

95: *Winter*] F₃ F₄. *Wintred* F₁ F₂.

99: *nut*] F₁ F₂. *meat* F₃ F₄.

112: *forest*] *forester* Warburton.

113: SCENE V. Pope.

115: [reads] om. Ff.

a desert] Rowe. *desert* Ff. *desert silent* Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.).

129: *The*] F₁ F₂. *This* F₃ F₄.

131: *charged*] *charg'd* F₁ F₂. *chang'd* F₃ F₄.

135: *cheek*] *cheeke* F₁ F₂. *cheeks* F₃ F₄.

her] Rowe. *his* Ff.

145: *pulpiter*] Edd. (Spedding conj.). *Jupiter* Ff. *Juniper* Warburton.

147: *cried*] *cride, have your parishioners withall, and never cri'de* F₂.

148: *back, friends*] *back-friends* Theobald.

152: [Exeunt C. and T.] Exit. Ff.

- 153: SCENE VI. Pope.
- 162: *the wonder*] F₁ *wonder* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 163, 164: *palm-tree*] *plane-tree* Collier conj.
- 164: *Pythagoras*] *Pythagoras*. Ff. *Pythagoras's* Rowe.
- 168: *And*] *Ay, and* Capell.
- 169: *you*] F₁ F₂. *your* F₃ F₄.
- 177: *tell*] *till* F₂.
- 180: *hooping*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *hoping* F₄. *whooping* Theobald.
- 181: *Good my*] *Odd's my* Theobald. *Good! cry* Becket conj. *Goad my* Jackson conj. *Hood my* Staunton conj.
complexion] *coz perplexer* Heath conj.
- 182: *hose*] F₁. *a hose* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 183, 184: *South-sea of discovery*] *South-sea off discovery*. Theobald (Warburton). *South-sea Discover*, Johnson conj. *South-sea discovery*: Id. conj. *south-sea-off discovery*. Capell.
- 184: *who is it*] *who is it?* Hanmer. *who it is* Anon. conj.
- 200: *maid*] *mind* Anon. conj.
- 210: *Gargantua's*] *Garagantua's* Pope.
- 212: *in*] om. Heath conj.
- 216: *wrestled*] *wrastled* F₁ F₃ F₄. *wrasted* F₂.
- 217: *atomies*] F₁ F₂. *atomes* F₃ F₄. *atoms* Rowe.
- 219: *good*] *a good* Steevens.
- 219, 220: *a tree*] *an oak-tree* Hanmer (Warburton conj.).
- 221, 222: *drops forth such*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *droppes forth* F₁. *drops such* Capell.
- 229: *thy tongue*] Rowe. *the tongue* Ff.
- 230: *unseasonably*] *very unseasonably* Reed (1803).
- 231: *heart*] *Hart* Ff.
- 236: SCENE VII. Pope.
here] *heere* F₁. *nerre* F₂. *near* F₃ F₄.
Enter...] Ff (after line 235).
- 242: *buy*] Ff. *b'w'* Rowe.
- 246: *more*] *moe* F₁.
- 258: *you*] *your* Mason conj.
right] *right in the stile of the* Hanmer.
- 259: *your*] *you* F₂.
- 264: *most*] F₁. *no* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 276: SCENE VIII. Pope.
- 277: [Exit...] om. Ff.
- 280: [Advances. Capell.
- 290: *paces*] F₁ F₂. *places* F₃ F₄.
- 294: *who*] F₁. *whom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
doth he trot] *ambles* Time Hunter conj.
- 295: *trots hard*] *ambles* Id. conj.
- 297: *hard*] *ambling* Id. conj.
- 298: *year*] *years* F₄.
- 299: *ambles* Time] *doth he trot* Hunter conj.
- 305: *ambles*] *trots* Hunter conj.
- 306: *Who*] F₁. *Whom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 309: *Who*] F₁. *Whom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
stays it] *stands he* Collier (Collier MS.).
- 317: *kindled*] *kind-led* Pope. See [note \(vii\)](#).
- 323: *lectures*] F₃ F₄. *lectors* F₁. *lecturs* F₂.
- 324: *and*] om. F₃ F₄.
- 330: *one*] F₁ F₂. *ones* F₃ F₄.
- 331: *monstrous*] *most monstrous* S. Walker conj.
- 335: *barks*] *borkes* F₂.
- 337: *deifying*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *defying* F₁.
- 344: *are*] *art* F₁.
- 346: *blue*] *flu* Becket conj.
- 349, 350: *in beard*] F₁. *no beard* F₂ F₃ F₄.
354. *accoutrements*] Rowe. *accoustrements* Ff.

- 384: *his mad...living*] Ff. *a dying...living* Johnson conj. *a mad...loving* Id. conj.
living humour of madness] *humour of loving madness* Farmer conj.
388: *clean*] F₁. *cleare* F₂. *cleer* F₃. *clear* F₄.

As You Like It, III, 3.

SCENE III.] SCENE IX. Pope.

- ...behind.] om. Ff.
2: *how*] F₁ F₂. *now* F₃ F₄.
4: *features!...what features*] *feature!...what's feature* Farmer conj.
11: *reckoning*] *reeking* Hanmer.
17, 18: *what they...feign*] *what they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets* Johnson conj.
18: *may*] *it may* Collier (Mason conj.).
30: *foul*] *faule* F₂.
32, 33: *I am foul*] *I am full* Tyrwhitt conj. *for my foulness* Ritson conj.
41: *may*] *might* Collier MS.
43: *horn-beasts*] *horne-beasts* F₁ F₂. *horn'd beasts* S. Walker conj.
48: *Horns?.....alone?*] Theobald. *horns, even so poor men alone*: Ff. *Horns!, never for poor men alone?* Singer. *Are horns given to poor men alone?* Collier (Collier MS.). *Horns? ever to poor men alone?* Dyce. *Horns are not for poor men alone*. Spedding conj.
50: *more*] om. Pope.
62: *What-ye-call't*] *What ye call* Rowe (ed. 2).
63: *God 'ild*] Theobald. *goddild* F₁. *godild* F₂ F₃ F₄.
67: *bow*] *bough* Capell.
68: *her*] F₁ F₂. *his* F₃ F₄.
80: Johnson proposes to place this line after line 82. See [note \(VIII\)](#).
83: *Master*] *Sir Warburton*.
83, 84: *not,—O sweet*] *Not, o sweet* Capell.
84-86, 88-90: Printed as prose in Ff, as verse by Johnson (Warburton conj.).
86: *behind thee*] *behi' thee* Steevens (Farmer conj.).
87, 88: *but,—Wind*] *But wind* Capell.
88: *Wind*] *Wend* Collier (Johnson conj.).
90: *with thee*] *wi' thee* Steevens (Farmer conj.). *bind thee* Collier (Collier MS.). *with thee to-day* Johnson conj.
[Exeunt J. T. and A.] Exeunt. Ff (after line 92).

As You Like It, III, 4.

SCENE IV.] SCENE X. Pope.

- 12-16: Ros. *And...bread*. Cel. *He...them*] Ros. *And his kissing—* Cel. *Is as...them*. S. Walker conj.
13: *bread*] *beard* Theobald (Warburton).
14: *cast*] F₁. *chast* F₂ F₃ F₄.
15: *winter's*] *Winifred's* Theobald conj.
27: *a lover*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *lover* F₁.
29: *confirmer*] Ff. *confirmers* Pope.
38: *puisny*] Ff. *puny* Capell. See [note \(IX\)](#).
spurs] *spurnes* F₂.
39: *noble goose*] *nose-quill'd goose* Hanmer. *noble joust* Becket conj.
40: *guides*] *guider* F₂.
43: *Who*] F₁. *Whom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
52: *Bring us to*] Ff. *Bring us but to Pope*. *Come, bring us to* Capell. *Bring us unto* Malone.

As You Like It, III, 5.

SCENE V.] SCENE XI. Pope.

- 1: *Phebe;*] Rowe. *Phebe* F₁ F₂. *Phebe,* F₃ F₄.
7: *dies and lives*] Ff. *deals and lives* Theobald (Warburton). *lives and thrives* Hanmer. *dies his lips* Johnson conj. *daily lives* Heath conj. *eyes, and lives* Capell. *dyes, and lives* Steevens. *lives and dies* Tollet conj. *dines and lives* Collier. *kills and lives* Collier MS.
drops] *props* F₂.
...behind] om. Ff.
11: *pretty, sure*] Theobald. *pretty sure* Ff.

- 17: swoon] *swound* Ff.
 22: *but*] om. F₁.
 23: *capable*] Ff. *palpable* Singer.
 26: *Nor*] *Now* De Quincey MS.
 27: *O dear*] *O my dear* Hanmer.
 29: *meet*] F₁ *met* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 35: [Advancing. Capell.
 36: *and all at once*] *and rail at once* Theobald (Warburton). *and domineer* Hanmer. *à l'outré* Forbes conj.
 37: *have no*] *have* Theobald (L. H. conj.). *have some* Hanmer. *had more* Mason conj. *have mo* Malone.
 37, 38: *no...As*] *more... Yet* De Quincey MS.
 44: *my*] F₁. *mine* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 46: *black silk*] *black-silk* Capell.
 48: *entame*] *entraîne* Warburton conj.
 53: *makes*] *make* Pope.
 54: *flatters*] *flatter* Pope.
 62: *being foul*] *being found* Warburton.
 66-69: Printed in Ff as four lines, ending *she'll...fast...sauce...me?* as prose by Pope.
 66: *your*] *her* Hanmer.
 79: *Come, to*] F₁ F₂. *Come to* F₃ F₄.
 [Exeunt...] Exit. Ff.
 80: *Dead*] F₁. *Deed* F₂ F₃ F₄. '*Deed*, Hanmer.
 99: *I in*] F₁. *in* F₂. om. F₃ F₄.
And...grace] *And such a poverty of grace attends it* Rowe.
 102: *loose*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *lose* F₄.
 104: *erewhile*] F₄. *yerewhile* F₁ F₂ F₃.
 107: *carlot*] *Carlot* Ff (in italics).
 117: *very*] om. Capell.
 127: *I have*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Have* F₁. *Have much* Staunton conj.
 137: *and*] om. Capell.

As You Like It, IV, 1.

- 1: *be*] om. F₁.
 17: *in which my*] *and which by* Malone.
my] by F₁.
 18: *in*] *is* Steevens.
 23: *my*] om. Rowe. *me* Warburton.
 26: Enter...] Ff (after line 23).
 28: Jaq.] Orl. F₂.
buy] Ff. *b'w'y* Rowe.
 29: [Exit.] F₂ F₃ F₄. om. F₁. [Exit Jaques. Dyce, after *gondola*, line 34.
 34: *gondola*] Pope. *gundello* Ff. *gondallo* Rowe.
 42: *thousandth*] Rowe. *thousand* Ff.
 51: *make*] *can make* Hanmer.
 54: *beholding*] *beholden* Pope.
comes] F₁ F₄. *come* F₂ F₃.
in his] *against* Anon. conj.
 55: *fortune*] *forehead* Anon. conj.
 60: *leer*] *lure* Becket conj.
 65: Ros.] Orl. F₂.
 68: *warn*] *ward* Steevens conj. *warr'nt* Anon. conj.
 75: *think...ranker*] *thank...rather* Collier (Collier MS.).
 76: *of*] *out of* Collier MS.
 82: *die*] F₁ F₄. *doe* F₂ F₃.
 86: *brains*] F₁. *brain* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 91: *him*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
 93: *chroniclers*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *chronoclers* F₁. *coroners* Hanmer (Anon. conj.).
Sestos] *Cestos* F₁.
 117: *Ay*] om. F₃ F₄.

- 119: Ros.] Cel. Anon. conj.
 122: *I...commission*] Printed as a verse in Ff.
 123: *there's*] *there* Steevens (Farmer conj.). *thus* Lloyd conj.
 139: *thou art*] *you are* Rowe (ed. 2).
 sleep] *weep* Warburton.
 144: *doors*] *doors fast* Rowe (ed. 2).
 146: *'twill*] *it will* F₄.
 149: *wilt*] F₃ F₄. *wil't* F₁ F₂.
 156: *occasion*] *accusation* Hanmer. *accusing* Collier (Collier MS.). *confusion* Staunton conj.
 157: *she will...like a fool*] *she'll...a fool* Capell.
 171: *pathetical*] *atheistical* Warburton. *jesuitical* Grey conj.
 179: *try*] *try you* Collier MS.
 180: SCENE III. Pope.
 188: *it*] *in* F₁.
 193: *I'll tell*] *I tell* Edd. conj.
 194: *Orlando*] *Orland* F₂.

As You Like It, IV, 2.

SCENE II.] SCENE IV. Pope.

- Enter...] Rowe. Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters. Ff. Enter J. and Lords, in the habit of foresters. Steevens.
 2: A Lord] Lord. Ff. 1 F. Capell. 1 Lord. Malone.
 7: For.] Rowe. Lord. Ff. 2 F. Capell. 2 Lord. Malone.
 10: SONG.] Musicke, Song. Ff.
 12: *Then sing him home*] See [note \(x\)](#).
 13: *the horn*] *the horn, the horn, the horn* Theobald. *the horn, the lusty horn* Capell.
 16: *And thy father*] *And thy own father* Hanmer. *Ay, and thy* or *Ay, and his* Capell conj.

As You Like It, IV, 3.

SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope.

- 1-5: *How...here*] Printed in Ff as five lines, ending
 clock...Orlando...brain...forth...here.
 2: *and here much Orlando*] Ff. *I wonder much Orlando is not here* Pope. *and how much Orlando comes?* Capell. *and here's much Orlando* Steevens. *and here's no Orlando* Ritson conj. *and here mute is Orlando* Jackson conj.
 5: Enter...] Ff (after line 3).
 7: *bid*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *did bid* F₁.
 8: *know*] F₁. *knew* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 11: *tenour*] Theobald. *tenure* Ff.
 18: *do*] F₁. *did* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 22: *Phebe did write it*] *Phebe did write it, with her own fair hand* Mason conj.
 23: *turn'd into*] *turned in* Capell conj. *turn'd so in the Id.* conj.
 26: *on*] F₁ F₄. *one* F₂ F₃.
 33: *women's*] Ff. *woman's* Rowe.
 54: *chid*] *chide* Rowe.
 57: *this*] *that* Rowe (ed. 2).
 68: *strains*] F₁. *strings* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 70: *snake*] *sneak* Becket conj.
 79: *brings*] F₁. *bring* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 85: *and*] *but* Lettsom conj.
 86: *ripe sister*] *right forester* Lettsom conj.
 the] F₁ *but the* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 88: *owner*] *owners* Capell conj.
 92: *this*] *kis* Warbuton.
 96: *handkercher*] *handkerchief* Rowe.
 99: *an hour*] *two hours* Hanmer.
 100: *food*] *cud* Staunton.
 103: *oak*] Pope. *old oake* Ff.
 112: *which*] F₁. *whose* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 122: *amongst*] *'mongst* Rowe (ed. 2).

132: *Was't you he rescued*] *Was't...rescu'd* Ff. *Was it...rescu'd* Warburton.

140: *As how*] *As, how* Reed. After this line Capell supposes two lines to be lost, e.g. *How, in that habit; what my state, what his; And whose the service he was now engag'd in.*

141: *In*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *I* F₁.

154: *his*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *this* F₁.

155: [R. swoons.] om. Ff.

158: *There is more in it*] F₁ F₂. *There is no more in it* F₃ F₄. *There is no more in 't* Pope.

Cousin Ganymede!] *Cosen Ganimed.* Ff. (*cosin* F₄). *Cousin—Ganymed!* Johnson.

160: *I would*] *Would* Pope.

164: *sirrah*] *sirra* Ff. *sir* Pope. See [note \(xi\)](#).

168: *a passion*] F₁. *passion* F₂ F₃ F₄.

As You Like It, V, 1.

29: *wise man*] *wiseman* Ff. See [note \(iii\)](#).

34: *sir*] *sit* F₁.

48: *or, to wit*] *to wit* Steevens (Farmer conj.).

52: *policy*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *police* F₁.

56: *seeks*] F₃ F₄. *seekes* F₁ F₂. *seek* Rowe.

As You Like It, V, 2.

4: *persever*] F₁ F₂. *persevere* F₃ F₄.

7: *nor her*] Rowe. *nor* Ff.

12–15: Printed as five lines ending *consent...I...followers...you...Rosalinda* in Ff.

13: *all's*] Ff. *all his* Pope.

15: Enter R.] Ff (after line 11).

17: *And you*] *And you, and your* Johnson conj.
[Exit.] Capell. om. Ff.

25: *swoon*] *sound* F₁ F₂ F₃. *swound* F₄.
handkercher] *handkerchief* F₄.

28: *fight*] *sight* F₄.

29: *overcame*] *overcome* F₁.

52: *I say*] (*I say*) Ff.

56: *year*] F₃. *yeare* F₁ F₂. *years* F₄.

58: *cries it*] *crieth* Capell conj.

59: *shall you*] F₁ F₂. *you shall* F₃ F₄.

64: *meanings*] *meaning* S. Walker conj.

69: SCENE III. Pope.

75: *Look...you*] *Look on him, love him, for he worships you* Anon. conj.

77: *all made*] F₁ F₂. *made all* F₃ F₄.

82: *all made*] Ff. *made all* Rowe.

89: *observance*] F₁ F₃ F₄. *obserbance* F₂. *obedience* Dyce (Collier MS.).

91: *observance*] Ff. *obeisance* Ritson conj. *obedience* Malone conj.
perseverence Heath conj. *endurance* Harness conj. *deservance* Nicholson conj.

99: *Who...to*] Rowe. *Why...too* Ff. *Whom...to* Singer.

103, 108, 110: To Sil.] Pope. om. Ff.

104, 105: To Phe.] Pope. om. Ff.

105: *all together*] F₄. *altogether* F₁ F₂ F₃.

106, 110: To Orl.] Pope. om. Ff.

107: *satisfied*] *satisfy* Douce conj.

113–115: Printed as a verse by Reed.

As You Like It, V, 3.

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.

11: *the only*] *only the* Capell conj. *your only* Grant White.

17: *In the*] Ff. *In Knight* (Edinburgh MS.). See [note \(xii\)](#).

the only...ring] Edinburgh MS. and Steevens conj. *the onely...rang* Ff. *the pretty spring* Rowe (ed. 2). *the only...rank* Johnson (ed. 2). *the pretty ring* Steevens conj. *the only...range* Whiter conj. *the only...spring* Harness conj.

- 22: *folks*] *fools* Edin. MS.
 would] *did* Edin. MS.
- 23: *In*] F₁ F₂ and Edin. MS. *In the* F₃ F₄.
- 24: *This*] F₁ F₂ and Edin. MS. *The* F₃ F₄.
- 26: *a life*] Ff and Edin. MS. *life* Hanmer.
- 27: *In*] F₁ F₂ and Edin. MS. *In the* F₃ F₄.
- 28-31: Placed after line 19 in Ff. Transferred by Johnson (Thirlby conj.); so in Edin. MS.
- 28: *And...time*] *Then prettie lovers take the tym*. Edin. MS.
- 33: *untuneable*] *untunable* Ff. *untimeable* Theobald.
- 34, 35: *time...time*] *tune...tune* S. Walker conj.
- 37: *buy you*] Ff. *b' w' you* Rowe.

As You Like It, V, 4.

SCENE IV.] SCENE V. Pope.

Celia.] Colia. F₂.

4: *that fear*] *that think* Hanmer.

fear they hope...they fear] *fear their hap...their fear* Warburton. *fear with hope and hope with fear* Johnson conj. *fear, they hope, and now they fear* Id. conj. *fear their hope, and know their fear*. Capell (Heath conj.). *feign they hope, and know they fear*. Blackstone conj. *fear, then hope; and know, then fear* Musgrave conj. *fearing hope, and hoping fear* Mason conj. *hope they fear, then know they fear* Becket conj. *fear the hope, and know the fear* Jackson conj. *fear may hope, and know they fear* Harness conj. *fear; they hope, and know they fear* Delius (Henley conj.). *fear to hope and know they fear* Collier MS.

5: *urged*] *heard* Collier MS.

21: *your*] Pope. *you your* Ff.

25: *even*.] *even—even so* Collier (Collier MS.)
 [Exeunt R. and C.] Exit Ros. and Celia. Ff.

33: *Whom*] F₁ F₂. *Who* F₃ F₄.

Enter T. and A.] Enter Clowne and Audrey. Ff (after line 33).

35: SCENE VI. Pope.

36, 37: *very strange*] *unclean* Hanmer (Warburton).

48: *was*] *was not* Johnson conj.

50: *seventh*] F₁ F₂. *the seventh* F₃ F₄.

53: *you of*] *of you* Warburton.

55, 56: *binds...breaks*] *bids...bids break* Warburton.

61: *fool's*] F₄. *fooles* F₁ F₃. *foles* F₂.

and such] *in such* Farmer conj.

61, 62: Touch. *According...diseases*.] Jaq. *According.....sir*. Touch.
And...diseases— S. Walker conj.

62: *diseases*] *discourses* Johnson conj. *phrases* Mason conj. *discords* Anon. conj.

76: *I lie*] *I ly'd* Capell.

76, 77: *so to the*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *so ro* F₁. *so the* Rowe.

93: *take up*] *make up* De Quincey MS.

98: *as*] om. Rowe.

104: *Atone*] *Attone* Ff.

108: *her hand*] F₃ F₄. *his hand* F₁ F₂.

109: *his bosom*] *her bosom* Malone.

113: *sight*] *shape* Johnson conj.

114, 115: Printed as one line in Ff.

134: *these things*] *thus we* Collier MS.

140: *of*] *in* Collier MS.

142: *daughter, welcome*.] F₄. *daughter welcome*, F₁ F₂ F₃. *daughter-welcome* Theobald.

144: Enter Jaques de Boys.] Rowe. Enter Second Brother. Ff.

158: *them*] Rowe. *him* Ff.

161: *brothers*] Capell. *brothers* F₁ F₂ F₃. *brother's* F₄. *brothers*, Reed.

169: *states*] *'states* Collier.

180, 182, 183, 184, 185: Stage directions not in Ff.

181: *deserves*] *deserve* Pope.

191: *we will*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *wee'l* F₁.

192: *As*] *And* Reed.

trust they'll end, in] Pope. *trust, they'l end in Ff.*

[A dance.] Capell. Exit. F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.

EPILOGUE.] Warburton. Seymour supposes what follows to be spurious.

6: *then*] *tho'* Kenrick conj.

7: *cannot*] *can* Pope.

12: *please you*] F₁ F₂. *pleases you* F₃ F₄. *pleases them* Hanmer (Warburton).
please them Steevens.

and I] *and so I* Steevens (Farmer conj.).

14: *hates*] *hate* Pope.

them] *them*) *to like as much as pleases them* Hanmer (Warburton).

20: [Exeunt.] F₂ F₃ F₄. [Exit. F₁.

ADDENDA.

Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 92. *Monarcho] mammuccio* Hanmer.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream, iv. 1. 205. *a patched] Ff. patcht a Qq.*

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TRANSCRIBER'S ENDNOTES.

[TOC](#)

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Preface

[Section 4.](#), *The Merchant of Venice*: the phrase "July 22, 1598. James Roberts) A booke" was changed to "July 22, 1598. (James Roberts) A booke".

Much Ado About Nothing

[II. 3. 100](#): the printed line number was misplaced, one down; moved it up.

Love's Labour's Lost

[V. 2. 917](#): the linenotes printed for lines 912 and 913 actually refer to lines 917 and 918; the text herein has been altered to this effect.

Midsummer-Night's Dream

[III. 2. 204](#): the original linenote here erroneously said "See note III", but is herein corrected to Note v.

[IV. 1. 1](#): the linenote here erroneously said "See note (v)", herein altered to vi.

[IV. 1. 7-8](#): the linenote is changed from "See note vi" to "See note vii".

[V. 1. 0](#): the linenote "Enter... see note (viii)." was originally indented under linenote 40 of IV. 2 (the last linenote of the scene), but clearly refers to the beginning of V. 1, where it has been placed.

[V. 1. 105](#): the line number was misplaced, up one line. It has been moved to the line "In least speak...".

[V. 1. 139](#): the linenote said "conjectures th a line"; herein changed "th " to "that".

[Play Note II](#): "andhe" changed to "and he".

[Play Note XIII](#): the reference is to lines V. 1. 408, 409, changed from "406, 407".

Merchant of Venice

[IV. 1. 74](#): in the printed linenote there is a smudge and something missing between "bleat" and "the" in Hanmer's rendering. Furthermore, the presumed "t" in "bleat" is not clearly printed and may be something else, perhaps a "c". The transcriber renders this phrase "*When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb; Hanmer.*", but there is significant doubt about it.

[Play Note XIV](#): the reference is changed from IV. 1. 210 to IV. 1. 209.

As You Like It

[Play Note V](#): "I. 2. 181" changed to "I. 2. 187".

Addenda

[These two linenotes](#) have been copied to their appropriate locations amongst the linenotes.

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