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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE
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IN TWENTY VOLUMES.
Vol. V.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

REGISTERED at the Stationers', in London, on the 4th of August, 1600. Two other of Shakespeare's plays, and one of Ben Jonson's, were entered at the same time; all of them under an injunction, "to be stayed." In regard to the other two of Shakespeare's plays, the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both of them were entered again in the course of the same month, and published before the end of that year. In the case of As You Like It, the stay seems to have been kept up; perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the theatrical company unwilling to part with their interest in it.

This is the only contemporary notice of the play that has been discovered. As it was not mentioned in the list given by Francis Meres in 1598, we are probably warranted in presuming it had not been heard of at that time. The play has a line, "Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?" apparently quoted from Marlowe's version of Hero and Leander, which was published in 1598. So that we may safely conclude the play to have been written some time between that date and the date of the forecited entry at the Stationers'; that is, when the Poet was in his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year. The play was never printed, that we know of, till in the folio of 1623.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, — The Cook's Tale of Gamelyn, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works; and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled Rosalynd; Euphues' Golden Legacy. As the Tale of Gamelyn was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor indeed can much be alleged as indicating that he ever did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir John of Boundis, being
about to die, calls in his wise friends to advise him touching the
distribution of his property among his three sons. They advise
him to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest
without any thing. Gamelyn, the youngest, being his favourite
son, he rejects their advice, and bestows the largest portion upon
him. The Poet goes much more according to their advice; Or-
lando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of
his father’s estate. A few other resemblances, also, may be
traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge’s novel; though
none of them are so strong as to force the inference that Shake-
speare must have consulted the Tale.

Lodge’s Rosalynd was first printed in 1590; and its popularity
appears in that it was reprinted in 1592, and again in 1598.
Steevens pronounced it a “worthless original”; but this sweep-
ing sentence is so unjust as to breed some doubt whether he had
read it. Compared with the general run of popular literature
then in vogue, the novel has no little merit; and is very well en-
titled to the honour of having contributed to one of the most
delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt in-
deed at fine writing; pedantic in style, not a little blemished
with the elaborate euphemism of the time, and occasionally run-
ing into absurdity and indecorum; nevertheless, upon the
whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of
great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment,
and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity
quite charming.

To make a full sketch of the novel, in so far as the Poet bor-
rowed from it, would occupy too much space. Still it seems
desirable to indicate, somewhat, the extent of the Poet’s obliga-
tions in this case; which can be best done, I apprehend, by
stating, as compactly as may be, a portion of the story.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called in his
three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his
wealth among them, giving nearly a third to Rosader the young-
est. After a short period of hypocritical mourning for his father,
Saladyne went to studying how he might defraud his brothers,
and ravish their legacies. He put Fernandine to school at Paris,
and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Rosader bore this patiently
for three years, and then his spirit rose against it. While he was deep in meditation on the point, Saladyne came along and began to jerk him with rough speeches. After some interchange of angry and insulting words, Rosader "seized a great rake, and let drive at him," and soon brought him to terms. Saladyne, feigning sorrow for what he had done, then drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till he might devise how to finish him out of the way.

Now, Gerismond, the rightful King of France, had been driven into exile, and his crown usurped, by Torismond, his younger brother. To amuse the people, and keep them from thinking of the banished King, the usurper appointed a day of wrestling and tournament; when a Norman, of great strength and stature, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to dispatch Rosader, in case Rosader should come within his grasp. He then pricked his brother on to the wrestling, telling him how much honour it would bring him, and that he was the only one to uphold the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad of such an opportunity. When the time came, Torismond went to preside over the games, taking with him the Twelve Peers of France, his daughter Alinda, his niece Rosalynd, and all the most famous beauties of the Court. Rosalynd, "upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the centre of attraction, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament being over, the Norman offered himself as general challenger at wrestling. While he is in the full career of success, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents himself for a trial. He quickly puts an end to the Norman's wrestling; though not till his eyes and thoughts have got badly entangled with the graces of Rosalynd. On the other side, she is equally smitten with his handsome person and heroic bearing, insomuch that, the spectacle being over, she takes from her neck a jewel, and sends it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favour.

This outline, as far as it goes, almost describes, word for word, the course and order of events in the play. And so it is, in a
great measure, through the other parts and incidents of the plot; such as the usurper's banishment of his niece, and the escape of his daughter along with her; their arrival in the Forest of Arden, where Rosalynd's father has taken refuge; their encounter with the shepherds, their purchase of the cottage, and their adventures in the pastoral life. So, too, in the flight of Rosader to the same Forest, taking along with him the old servant, who is called Adam Spencer, his carving of love-verses in the bark of trees, his meeting with the disguised Rosalynd, and the wooing and marrying that enrich the forest scenes.

Thus much may suffice to show that the Poet has here borrowed a good deal of excellent matter. With what judgment and art the borrowed matter was used by him can only be understood on a careful study of his workmanship. In no one of his comedies indeed has he drawn more freely from others; nor, I may add, is there any one wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his wisdom as shown in what he left unused, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In that work we find no traces of Jaques, or Touchstone, or Audrey; nothing, indeed, that could yield the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It scarce need be said that these superaddings are enough of themselves to transform the whole into another nature; pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit and humour and poetry.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his usurping Brother.
AMIENS, Lords attending upon the
JAQUES, exiled Duke.
LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon
Frederick.
CHARLES, Frederick's Wrestler.
OLIVER, sons of Sir Roland de
JAQUES, Bois.
ORLANDO, Servants to Oliver.
ADAM, Lords, Pages, Foresters, and other
DENIS, Attendants.
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar

CORIN, Shepherds.
SILVIUS, William, a country Fellow, in love
with Audrey.

HYMEN.

ROSA LIN D, daughter to the exiled
Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country Wench.

Scene, at first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court,
and in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Oliver's Orchard.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—
he bequeathed me by will but poor a\footnote{Such was the usage of the time. We have like forms of speech in good my lord, sweet my cos, gentle my brother, dear my sister, and many others.—"On his blessing," in the next line, means as the condition of his blessing.} thousand crowns; and,
as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed

\footnote{Such was the usage of the time. We have like forms of speech in good my lord, sweet my cos, gentle my brother, dear my sister, and many others.—"On his blessing," in the next line, means as the condition of his blessing.}
me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques² 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,³ and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunhills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that Nature gave me his countenance⁴ 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 gentility⁵ 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.

Ori. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

[Adam retires.

² Shakespeare and other dramatists of his time use Jaques as a dissyllable, and, wherever the name occurs in their verse, the metre requires it to be pronounced so.
³ Manage was used for the training, breaking, or educating of a horse to obey the hand and voice.
⁴ Countenance, here, is treatment or entertainment. Well explained in Selden’s Table Talk: “The old law was, that when a man was fined, he was to be fined salvo contenemento, so as his countenance might be safe; taking countenance in the same sense as your countryman does when he says, if you will come to my house, I will show you the best countenance I can; that is, not the best face, but the best entertainment.”
⁵ Mines for undermines, and gentility for noble birth. So that the meaning is, “What an honourable parentage has done for me, he strives to undo by base breeding.”
SCENE I. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Now, sir! what make you here? 6
Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.
Ol. What mar you then, sir?
Orl. Marry, 7 sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.
Ol. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while! 8
Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion 9 have I spent, that I should come to such penury?
Ol. Know you where you are, sir?
Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.
Ol. Know you before whom, sir?
Orl. Ay, better than he 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. 10
Ol. What, boy!
Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. 11

6 "What make you here?" is old language for "what are you doing here?" A very frequent usage.
7 Marry was used a good deal in colloquial language as a petty oath or intensive; something like the Latin heracle and edepol. This use of marry sprang from a custom of swearing by St. Mary the Virgin.
8 Be naught, or go and be naught, was formerly a petty execration between anger and contempt, which has been supplanted by others, as be hanged, be cursed, &c.; awhile, or the while, was added merely to round the phrase.
9 The allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son is obvious enough.
10 Nearer to him in the right of that reverence which was his due.
11 The word boy naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and, with the retort of elder brother, he grasps him with
Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois; 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 pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. [Coming forward.] 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 train'd 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!

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.

[Execunt Orlando and Adam.]

firm hands, and makes him feel he is no boy. So in Lodge's story: "Though I am eldest by birth, yet, never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am youngest to perform any martial exploits."

12 Qualities here probably means pursuits or occupations; thus according with exercises a little after. The Poet often uses quality so.

13 Allottery is portion; that which is allotted.
SCENE I. AS YOU LIKE IT.

\textit{Oli.} Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,\footnote{Rankness is overgrowth, or having too much blood in him. Oliver's thought is, that Orlando is growing too big for his station, and so needs to be taken down. The Poet repeatedly uses to \textit{physic} for to \textit{heal}.} and yet give no thousand crowns neither. — Holla, Denis!

\textit{Enter Denis.}

\textit{Den.} Calls your Worship?

\textit{Oli.} Was not Charles the Duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

\textit{Den.} So, please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

\textit{Oli.} Call him in. [\textit{Exit Denis.}] — 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

\textit{Enter Charles.}

\textit{Cha.} Good morrow to your Worship.

\textit{Oli.} Good morrow, Monsieur Charles. What's the new news at the new Court?

\textit{Cha.} There's no news at the new 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.

\textit{Oli.} Can you tell if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

\textit{Cha.} O, no; for the new 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\footnote{To stay is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, or like the Latin gerund, and so is equivalent to by or from staying. The usage is very frequent in Shakespeare, and sometimes makes his meaning obscure. See vol. i., page 207, note 12.} 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.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I 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 loth 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.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou

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16 Ardenne was a large forest in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.

17 This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's Reliques is an old ballad entitled Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne, showing how his praises were wont to be sung. His character and mode of life are well delivered in Scott's Ivanhoe.

18 Carelessly is used elegantly here, in the sense of freedom from care.

19 Of this fabled golden age,—an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed,—some notion is given in Gonzalo's Commonwealth, The Tempest, Act ii., scene i.

20 Shall for will. The two were often used indiscriminately. "Will have to do his best" is the meaning. Him for himself, of course.
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 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 villainous 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 villainous this day
living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anato-
mize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and
thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he
come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go
alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God
keep your Worship!

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 school'd, 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

21 That is, "get himself honour or reputation at your expense."
22 To anatomize, as the word is here used, is to unfold, explain, or expose
a thing thoroughly. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy is a capital instance
in point. The same sense survives in the technical use of the word in Med-
ical Science.
23 Payment for punishment. The verb to pay is often so used.
24 Gamester was used very much as our phrase sporting character, or of
one sowing his wild oats.
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\textsuperscript{25} the boy thither; which now I’ll go about. [Exit.

\textbf{Scene II. — A Lawn before the Duke’s Palace.}

\textbf{Enter Rosalind and Celia.}

\textit{Cel.} I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

\textit{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.

\textit{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 temper’d as mine is to thee.

\textit{Ros.} Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

\textit{Cel.} You know my father hath no child but I,\textsuperscript{1} 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.

\textit{Ros.} From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

\textsuperscript{25} Spur him on. So in \textit{Macbeth}: “That, trusted home, might yet enkindle you unto the crown.”

\textsuperscript{1} In the unsettled grammar of Shakespeare’s time, such a misplacing of the cases, as compared with present usage, was quite common even with the best-educated people.
CEL. Marry, I pr'ythee, 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.

ROS. What shall be our sport, then?

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,² that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROS. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

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.

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?

Enter Touchstone.

ROS. Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural³ the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit! whither wander you?

² That is, drive her from it with gibes and flouts.
³ Natural was used, as it still is, like innocent, for a veritable fool. The application of fool to the professional clown gave rise to many quibbles.
Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, Fool?

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.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

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.

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 by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old 5 Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation 6 one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that Fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

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4 Naught is simply bad, as in our word naughty. It must not be confounded with nought.

5 Old is here merely a term of familiarity, such as Fools were privileged to use to and of all sorts of people.

6 It was the custom to whip Fools when they used their tongues too freely. Taxation is censure, satire. So in ii. 7, of this play: "Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein tax any private party?"
Cec. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little 
wit that Fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise 
men have makes a great show. — Here comes Monsieur Le 
Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.
Cec. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.
Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.
Cec. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.—

Enter Le Beau.

Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?
Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.
Cec. Sport! of what colour?  
Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?
Ros. As wit and fortune will.
Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.
Cec. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.  
Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—
Ros. Thou losest 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 ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to 
do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.
Cec. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.
Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—
Cec. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

7 Celia glances, apparently, at La Beau's affected or dandified pronunciation of sport, he having got it nearer to spot than to sport.
8 This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy, or to lay it on thick. If a man flatter grossly, it is common to say, he lays it on with a trowel. The Destinies shape the speech of those who have not sense enough to shape it for themselves.
Le Beau. — three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks; —
Ros. Be it known unto all men by these presents.
Le Beau.—the eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old 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.
Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time 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 feel this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

9 Proper is handsome or fine-looking. Commonly so in Shakespeare.
10 Bills were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their necks, not on their shoulders. There is a quibble on the word bills, in the next speech, referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents."
11 What sort of music was meant by this phrase, has been much in doubt. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, says the phrase "means what we now term a string band." But he has since changed his opinion, and his later explanation, given to Mr. W. A. Wright, Editor of the "Clarendon Press Series," is as follows: "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a consort. If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a consort but broken music." The expression occurs in *Henry V*, v. 2: "Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy
Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully. 12

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! 13 are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. 14 Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by. [The Duke goes apart.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the Princesses call for you.

English broken." And Bacon, Essay xxxvii.: "I understand it, that the Song be in Quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken Musick."—The implied comparison of broken ribs to broken music appears to be but a whimsical fancy, with no link of connection but a verbal one suggested by broken.

12 "Looks successful," or as one likely to succeed. The Poet has repeated instances of adverbs thus used as adjectives, as also vice versa.

13 Cousin was used indifferently of nephews, nieces, and grandchildren, as well as for what we mean by the term. Shakespeare is full of instances in point. Rosalind is niece to Frederick.

14 This phrase has occurred just before, and of course means "will not yield to entreaty," or "will not be prevailed upon."
Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.
Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?
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.
Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.
Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.
Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing: but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the 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.
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!

16 Misprised is prized amiss, that is, undervalued. So, in the first scene, Oliver, muttering to himself of his brother's virtues and popularity, shows his envy by saying, "I am altogether misprised."
16 To deny is another gerundial infinitive, and so is equivalent to in denying. See page 11, note 15.
17 Never in grace, or in favour; never looked upon favourably.
Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Ori. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Ori. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Charles and Orlando wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Charles is thrown. Shout.

Duke F. No more, no more.

Ori. 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. — [Charles is borne out.

What is thy name, young man?

Ori. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

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:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

---

18 Well breathed is well exercised. Orlando means that he is not yet fairly warm with his work. The verb to breathe often occurs in this sense.

19 Shouldst in the sense of wouldst. The auxiliaries could, should, and would in Shakespeare's time were used interchangeably, and he has many instances of such use. In Rosalind’s second speech below, we have it again: “That could give more”; could for would.
Hadst thou descended from another House.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Fred., Train, and Le Beau.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Roland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,²⁰
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious²¹ disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits²² with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
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,²³ a mere lifeless block.

²⁰ Would have given him tears in addition to entreaties.
²¹ In the Poet's time, envy and envious were generally used for malice and malicious. So in the English Bible. See vol. iii., page 180, note 41.
²² Out of suits is out of favour; thrown off or discarded by fortune.
²³ A quintain was a figure set up for tilters to run at, in a mock tournament. The form was a post with a cross-bar fixed to the top, turning on a pivot,
SCENE II.

ROSALIND. 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.

CELIA. Will you go, coz?

ROSALIND. Have with you. — Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

ORLANDO. 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.

Re-enter Le Beau.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you 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. The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed, More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

ORLANDO. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,— Which of the two was daughter of the Duke, That here were at the wrestling?

Having a broad board at one end, and a bag full of sand at the other. In the sport, if the figure were struck on the shield, the quintain turned on its pivot and hit the assailant with the sand bag. The skill consisted in striking the quintain dexterously so as to avoid the blow. Orlando is talking to himself in this speech, the ladies having withdrawn.

24 Orlando has not called them back: why, then, does Rosalind say this? Perhaps she wants to talk further with him.

25 This word occurs very often in the sense of temper or disposition. So, in The Merchant, i. 2, Portia says of the Moorish Prince, who comes to woo her, "If he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieve me than wive me."

26 Humorous here is capricious, moody, crotchety, or going by fits and starts. A frequent usage.
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
Th' other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this, 27
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.—

[Exit Le Beau.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother; 28
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit.

Scene III. — A Room in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; — Cupid have mercy!
— not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon
curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with
reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one
should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

27 Probably meaning "in a better state of things than the present."
28 That is, from bad to worse. A proverbial phrase, apparently.
SCENE III. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Cel. But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.
Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.
Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
Ros. 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 earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?
Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.
Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.
Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?
Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.
Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

1 A quibble is probably intended between falling in love and falling by a wrestler's hand.
2 In Shakespeare's time, it was just as correct to speak of hating dearly as of loving dearly; of a dear foe as of a dear friend. So in Hamlet, i. 2:
   "Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven, or ever I had seen that day."
3 Celia here speaks ironically, her meaning apparently being, "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, by your reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"
Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public Court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—
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 purgation⁴ did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

⁴ Purgation is proof of innocence; clearing themselves of the matter charged.
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;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse: 5
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;
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

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.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

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.

[Execunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

5 Remorse, as usual, for pity or compassion.
Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sunder’d? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
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.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I’ll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber⁶ smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were’t not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtie-axe⁷ upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman’s fear there will⁸ —
We’ll have a swashing⁹ and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have

⁶ Umber was a dusky, yellow-coloured earth, from Umbria in Italy.
⁷ This was one of the old words for a cutlass, or short, crooked sword.
It was variously spelt, curtles, courtles, curtils.
⁸ That is, “Whatever hidden woman’s fear lies in my heart.”
⁹ Swashing is dashing, swaggering. So in Fuller’s Worthies of England:
“A ruffian is the same with a swaggerer, so called, because endeavouring to
make that side swag or weigh down, whereon he engageth. The same also
with swash-buckler, from swashing or making a noise on bucklers.”
That do outface it with their semblances.

_Cel._ What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

_Ros._ I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

_Cel._ Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

_Ros._ But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

_Cel._ He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the 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.  

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Arden.

_Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and other Lords, in the dress of
Foresters._

_Duke S._ Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious Court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.¹

¹ The curse, or penalty, denounced upon Adam was, "In the sweat of thy
face shalt thou eat bread." This is what the Duke and his co-mates do not
The seasons' difference, and the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind, —  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
This is no flattery, — these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:  
I would not change it.

Ami.  
Happy is your Grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

feel: "they fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."  
The Duke then goes on, consistently, to say what they do feel.

2 The using of both the relative and the personal pronouns, in relative clauses, as which and it in this passage, was not uncommon with the best writers.  
See vol. iii., page 133, note 25.

8 The real toadstone, as known to the ancients, was apparently so called from its resemblance to the toad or frog in colour.  
Pliny says, (trans. Holland,) "The same Coptos sendeth other stones unto us besides, to wit, those which be called Batrachitae; the one like in colour to a frog, a second unto ivory, the third is of a blackish red."  
Besides this slight reference to the Batrachites, says Mr. King in his Natural History of Gems and Decorative Stones, "No further notice of this stone can be traced in the other writers of antiquity.  
But this singular epithet, primarily intended only to denote the peculiar colour of the stone, furnished later times with the foundation for a most marvellous fable, which long obtained, as the number of examples still preserved attest, universal credit throughout Europe.  
Understanding the ancient term as implying the natural production of the animal according to the analogy of other similar names, as the Saurites, Echites, &c., doctors taught that the 'toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'"  
— WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
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,
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,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

4 The verb to irk is now seldom used, but its sense in the adjective irksome is common. To irk is to grieve, vex, or annoy.

5 Some question has been made as to what these were. Roger Ascham, in his Toxophilus, appears to settle the matter; describing two kinds of arrow-heads as follows: "The one having two points or barbs, looking backward to the steel and feathers, which surely we call in English a broad arrow-head or a swallow-tail; the other having two points stretching forward, and this Englishmen do call a forkhead." And again: "Commodus the Emperor used forked heads, whose fashion Herodian doth lively and naturally describe, saying that they were like the shape of a new moon, wherewith he would smite off the head of a bird, and never miss."

6 Drayton in the thirteenth song of his Poly-Olbion has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up thus:
**Duke S.** But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into th' needless stream;

Poor deer, quoth he, thou makest a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which hath too much: then, being alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;

'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part

The flux of company: anon, a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, Court,

Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up,

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

**Duke S.** And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

**Duke S.** Show me the place:

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[Exeunt.]

---

He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,

Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

And in a note upon the passage he adds, "The hart weepeth at his dying:

his tears are held precious in medicine."

---

7 *Needless for not needing.* Shakespeare abounds in similar language.

8 *What* for the indefinite pronoun *whatever.* A frequent usage.

9 "Kill them up" is old language for "kill them off," or kill them.
SCENE II. — A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Attendants.

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.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreated of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewomen,
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,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother's; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail.

To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

1 Roynish properly means mangy or scurvy. From the French ronger, to
know, eat, or corrode. Used here as a general term of reproach.

2 To quail is to grow faint, to slacken, give over. — Inquisition is inquiry,
investigation.
SCENE III. — Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master! O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No 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!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:

8 Memory for memorial or remembrancer. A frequent usage. So in the
Communion Service of the Episcopal Church: "A perpetual memory of that
his precious death," &c.

4 "What are you doing here?" See page 9, note 6.

6 "Why would you be so foolish as to overcome?" Such was the more
common meaning of fond in the Poet's time. And he often omits as in such
cases.—Priser is prise-fighter, or contender for prizes. Here, as before,
humorous has the sense of moody or capricious. See page 23, note 26.

6 The Poet is fond of thus mixing incongruous words, in order to express
certain complexities of thought. In like sort, even so grave a writer as Rich-
ard Hooker has the expression heavenly fraud, in a thoroughly good sense.
—Envenoms, second line after, means poisons; not that which makes a man
venomous, but that which acts like venom upon him.

7 Roof for house; the common figure of putting a part for the whole.
Scene III. As You Like It.

Your brother — (no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son — I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

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;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
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;
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;

8 Place here means residence or home; sometimes used so still.—Practices, line before, is plotings, treacherous devices.
9 Blood turned out of its natural course. Blood here stands for affection.
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty Winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Ori. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweats for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: 'tis not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And, 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.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here liv'd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week: Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

10 Kindly in the sense of natural, and therefore healthy. See vol. iv., page 220, note 2.
11 Because their promotion makes them too proud to serve.
12 In return for; as always in Shakespeare. See vol. i., page 200, note 9.
13 A week put for an indefinite period.
SCENE IV. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in Boy’s clothes, Celia drest like a Shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

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 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 can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,1 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 home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here;

A young man and an old in solemn2 talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew’st how I do love her.

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

1 In Shakespeare’s time certain English coins had a cross stamped on one side, and hence were called crosses. This gave occasion for frequent puns. So Scott, in Woodstock, chap. iii.: “No devil so frightful as that which dances in the pocket where there is no cross to keep him out.” See, also, vol. ii., page 17, note 2.

2 In old language, solemn is often used in the sense of serious or earnest.
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh’d upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne’er love so heartily!
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,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress’ praise,
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.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I
broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him3 take that for
coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing
of her batlet,4 and the cow’s dugs that her pretty chapp’d
hands had milk’d: and I remember the wooing of a peascod5
instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her
them again, said with weeping tears, Wear these for my sake.
We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is
mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal6 in folly.

3 The imaginary rival for whose visits to Jane the stone was held vicari-
ously responsible.
4 An instrument with which washers beat clothes.
5 That is, from the peascod as representing his mistress. Cod was for-
merly used for the shell of peas, what we now call the pod. Pea-pods seem
to have been worn sometimes for ornament.
6 Mortal is said to be used in the Craven dialect as a general intensive,
SCENE IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Ros. Thou speak'st 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.
Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
    Is much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
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.
Ros. Peace, I say.—Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I pr'ythee, 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,
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,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to Heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:

or with the sense of excessive. So I have often heard such phrases as "mortal great" and "mortal tall."

7 Desert was used of any wild or uninhabited place.
8 Little cares. The sense of reck appears in our word reckless.
Besides, his cote,⁹ his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our shepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice ¹⁰ 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,
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,
And willingly could waste ¹¹ my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful factor be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.  [Exeunt.

Scene V. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

⁹ That is, cot or cottage; the word is still used in its compound form, as shepcote in the next line.
¹⁰ “As far as my voice has the power to bid you welcome,”
¹¹ Waste for pass or spend. See vol. iii., page 184, note 3.
SCENE V.    AS YOU LIKE IT.    41

_Jaq._ More, more, I pr'ythee, more.
_Ami._ It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
_Jaq._ I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.
_Ami._ My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.
_Jaq._ I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?
_Ami._ What you will, Monsieur Jaques.
_Jaq._ Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?
_Ami._ More at your request than to please myself.
_Jaq._ Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that 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 you that will not, hold your tongues.
_Ami._ Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will 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 disputable for my company: I think of as many matters

1 In Latin, _nomina facere_ means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the _names_ of the parties, are entered. Cicero uses _nomina facere_ for to lend money, and _nomen solvere_ for to pay a debt; and in Livy we have _nomen transcribere in alium_ for to transfer a debt to another.

2 Dog-apes are dog-faced baboons.

3 Cover refers to the forthcoming banquet, and seems to be an order for setting out and preparing the table. Accordingly, at the close of the scene, we have "his banquet is prepared." See vol. iii., page 188, note 5.

4 The Poet repeatedly uses _look_ thus as a transitive verb; equivalent to _look for_. So in the _The Merry Wives_, iv. 2: "Mistress Page, I will look some linen for your head." See vol. iv., page 82, note xi.

5 Disputable for _disputations_; according to the indifferent use of active and passive forms then so common. See vol. i., page 235, note 28; also vol. iv., page 193, note xi.
as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

**Song.**

*All.* Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

**Jaq.** I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention. 6

**Ami.** And I'll sing it.

**Jaq.** Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass*
*That any man turn ass,*
*Leaving his wealth and ease*
*A stubborn will to please,*

**Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme:**  7
*Here shall he see gross fools as he,*
*An if he will come to me.*

**Ami.** What's that **ducadme**?

**Jaq.** 'Tis a Greek invocation, 8 to call fools into a circle.

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6 *Note* is here put for **tune.**—"In despite of my invention" probably means "in despite of my lack of invention." Such elliptical expressions are not uncommon in Shakespeare. So in iii. 2, of this play: "He that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding"; which evidently means "may complain of want of good breeding."

7 **Ducadme** is three Latin words, *duc ad me*, compressed into one, and means *bring him to me.*

8 The invocation is Latin, not Greek. Of course the Poet knew this. Perhaps Mr. White explains it rightly: "That the cynical Jaques should pass off his Latin for Greek upon Amiens, is but in character."
I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.  

_Ami._ And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.  

_[Exeunt severally._

**Scene VI. — Another Part of the Forest.**

_Enter Orlando and Adam._

_Adam._ Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

_Orl._ Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit ¹ is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! ⁴ thou look'st cheerily; 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._

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9 A proverbial expression for high-born persons.
1 _Uncouth_ properly means _unknown_; hence _strange, wild, or savage._
2 _Conceit,_ as usual, for _conception, thought, or apprehension._
3 _Be comfortable_ for _be comforted, or take comfort._ The Poet has many like instances of the endings _-able_ and _-ed_ used indiscriminately.
4 _Well said_ was a common colloquial phrase for _well done._
SCENE VII. — The Same as in Scene V.

A Table set out. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform’d into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,¹ grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.²
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter Jaques.

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;³ — a miserable world! —
As I do live by food, I met a Fool;
Who laid him down and bask’d him in the sun,
And rail’d on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley Fool.
Good morrow, Fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.⁴

¹ Composed or made up of discords. See vol. iii., page 76, note 2.
² If things are going so contrary to their natural order, the music of the spheres will soon be untuned. See vol. iii., page 212, note 9.
³ So called because the professional Fool wore a patch-work or parti-coloured dress. The old sense of motley still lives in mottled. See vol. i., page 104, note 6.
⁴ "It will be time enough to call me fool, when I shall have got rich." So in Ray’s Collection of English Proverbs: "Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck." And Ben Jonson in the Prologue to The Alchemist: "Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours we wish away."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,\(^5\)
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't: and in his brain, —
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit\(^6\)
After a voyage, — he hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. — O, that I were a Fool!

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\(^5\) *Poke* is *pocket* or *pouch.* — The Poet repeatedly uses *dial* for what we call a *watch*, as here; also sometimes for *clock*.

\(^6\) So Ben Jonson in the Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour*:
"And now and then breaks a *dry biscuit jest*, which, that it may more easily be chew'd, he steeps in his own laughter." And Batman upon Bartholome has the following, quoted by Mr. Wright: "Good disposition of the brain and evil is known by his deeds, for if the substance of the brain be soft, thin, and clear, it receiveth lightly the feeling and printing of shapes, and likenesses of things. He that hath such a brain is swift, and good of perseverance and teaching. When it is contrary, the brain is not soft: he that hath such a brain receiveth slowly the feeling and printing of things: but nevertheless, when he hath taken and received them, he keepeth them long in mind. And that is sign and token of dryness," &c.
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

_Duke S._ Thou shalt have one.

_Jaq._ It is my only suit;\(^7\)

Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,\(^8\)
To blow on whom I please; for so Fools have:
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The _why_ is plain as way to parish church:\(^9\)
He that a Fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob:\(^9\) if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances\(^10\) 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 th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

_Duke S._ Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

_Jaq._ What, for a counter,\(^{11}\) would I do but good?

_Duke S._ Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

\(^7\) A quibble, of course, between _petition_ and _dress._

\(^8\) "The wind bloweth where it listeth." _Charter_ was often used for _liberty_; perhaps from the effect of _Magna Charta_ in guarding English freedom.

\(^9\) _Bob_ is _blow, thrust, or hit_. See vol. i., page 124, note 3.

\(^10\) _Squandering glances_ are _random_ or _scattering thrusts_ or _shots_. See vol. iii., page 128, note 4.

\(^11\) About the time when this play was written, the French _counters_, pieces of false money used in reckoning, were brought into use in England.
And all th' 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,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost —
Thinking that I mean him — but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
Where then? how then? what then? let's see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes here?

Enter Orlando 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?

12 Embossed is protuberant, or come to a head, like boils and carbuncles. So, in King Lear, ii. 4: "Thou art a boil, a plague sore, an embossed carbuncle." The protuberant part of a shield was called the boss. See vol. ii., page 141, note 9.

13 Of lowest or meanest calling or occupation; that is, a tailor, or one whose "soul is his clothes."

14 Bravery is fine showy dress or equipage. See vol. ii., page 142, note 13.
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
Of bare distress hath ta’en me from 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 answeréd.
Jaq. An you will not be answer’d with reason, I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; so let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
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,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look’d on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll’d to church;

16 This doubling of the preposition was not uncommon in the Poet’s time.
He has many instances of it. Thus, a little later in this play: “The scene
wherein we play in.” So, too, in Coriolanus, ii. i: “In what enormity is
Marcius poor in?” And in Romeo and Juliet, Act i, Chorus: “That fair
for which love groan’d for.”
16 Nurture is education, culture, good-breeding. So in Prospero’s de-
scription of Caliban: “A devil, a born devil, on whose nature nurture can
never stick.”—Inland, the commentators say, is here opposed to upland,
which meant rude, unbred. I am apt to think the use of the word grew
from the fact, that up to the Poet’s time all the main springs of culture and
civility in England were literally inland, remote from the sea.
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
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.

_Duke S._ True is it that we have seen better days;
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 [17] what help we have,
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
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
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 bless'd for your good comfort!

_[Exit._

_Duke S._ Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

_Jaq._ All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;

[17] "Take as you may choose to order, at your will and pleasure." In Lodge's tale we have it thus: "Gerismond tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and not onely to eat his fill, but be lord of the feast."
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. As, first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms:  
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
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 the soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon’s mouth: And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
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 youthfull hose, well saved, a world too wide

18 Totus mundus agit histrionem, an observation occurring in one of the fragments of Petronius, is said to have been the motto over Shakespeare’s theatre, the Globe, and was probably a familiar apothegm in his day. The division of human life into certain stages, or epochs, had also a classical origin. In some Greek verses attributed to Solon, — and, whether written by him or not, certainly as old as the middle of the first century, — the life of man is divided into seven ages of seven years each. Other Greek authors distributed it into seven parts, and Varro the Roman into five. A Hebrew doctor of the ninth century, and a Hebrew Poet of the twelfth, have made a similar distribution.

19 Pard is one of the old names for leopard.

20 Saws are sayings; often so used. Modern is trite, common, familiar. Men may still be seen overflowing with stale, threadbare proverbs and phrases, and imagining themselves wondrous wise. Instances, here, is examples, illustrations, anecdotes, such as many an official wiseacre is fond of repeating on all occasions.

21 The pantaloon was a stereotyped character in the old Italian farces: it represented a thin, emaciated old man, in slippers.
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
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,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

_Re-enter Orlando, with Adam._

_Duke S._ Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
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.

_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._ Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art foreseen,
Although thy breath be rude.

_Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

_Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:"

22 His for its, the latter not being then in use.
Though thou the waters warp, 23
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you are the good Sir Roland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you are,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd 24 and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I'm the Duke,
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.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not seen him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But, were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument 1

23 In the Poet's time the verb warp was sometimes used for weave,—a
sense now retained only in the substantive. Thus in Sternhold's version of
the Psalms: "While he doth mischief warp," and "Such wicked wiles to
warp"; where we should say weave. In Hickes' Thesaurus is found a
Saxon proverb, "Winter shall warp water." And Propertius has a line
containing the same figure: "Africus in glaciem frigore nectit aquas." The
appropriateness of the figure may be seen in the fine network appearance
which water assumes in the first stages of crystallization.
24 Limn'd is lined, or depicted. — It is hardly needful to say that effigies is
the same in sense as image.
1 Argument was used in a good many senses: here it means object.
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this 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,
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;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expeditiously, and turn him going. [Exeunt.

_Scene II._ — The Forest of Arden.

_Enter Orlando, with a paper, which he hangs on a tree._

_Orl._ Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night,
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

2 *Quit* here is *acquit*. The Poet has it repeatedly in that sense. So in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1: “Thou'rt condemn'd: but, for those earthly faults, I quit them all.” And in *Henry V*, ii. 1: “God quit you in His mercy!”

8 A law phrase, thus explained by Blackstone: “The process hereon is usually called an *extent* or *extendi facias*, because the Sheriff is to cause the lands, &c., to be appraised to their full *extended* value, before he delivers them to the plaintiff.”

4 *Expediency* for *expeditiously*. So the Poet uses *expedient* for *expeditions*.

5 Luna Queen of Night, Proserpine Queen of Hades, and Diana the Goddess of Chastity, were all three sometimes identified in classical mythology; hence the epithet *thrice-crowned*. In Chapman's *Hymns to Night* and to
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive\(^6\) she.

*Exit.*

*Enter Corin and Touchstone.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*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?

*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 fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the

*Cynthia,* which were doubtless well known to Shakespeare, we have the following highly poetical passage:

Nature's bright *eye-sight,* and the night's fair soul,
That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
Earth, seas, and hell.

\(^6\) *Inexpressible* she; the active form with the passive sense. So Milton in his *Hymn on the Nativity*:

Harping, in loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.
Scene II.

As You Like It.

Sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope, —

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Master 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.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

7 In Jonson's Sad Shepherd, Lionel says of Amie: "She's sick of the young shepherd that bekist her;" sick for want of him. The usage occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare. See page 42, note 6.

8 Natural being a common term for a fool, Touchstone puns on the word.

9 Parlous is an old form of perilous; sometimes used with a dash of humour, as appears to be the case in this instance.

10 But you kiss here means without kissing. The Poet elsewhere uses but in this way. So in Hamlet, i. 3: "Do not sleep but let me hear from you." Here the meaning clearly is, "Do not sleep without letting me hear from you." See vol. iv., page 82, note 1.

11 Hides or skins; as in Jonson's Discoveries: "A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flea his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their fells."
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.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

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.

Cor. You have too courtely a wit for me: I'll rest.


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.

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

\[12\] Comparatives, and superlatives too, were thus doubled by all writers and speakers in Shakespeare's time.

\[13\] In respect of is in comparison with. Often so. See vol. ii., page 102, note 67. Also vol. iv., page 212, note 3.

\[14\] Perpend is consider, or weigh mentally.

\[15\] Alluding, apparently, to the practice of surgeons, who used cuttings and burnings for the healing of a disease called the simples; a quibble being implied withal between simples and simpleton. His being raw is the reason why incision should be made, in Touchstone's logic. Bear in mind that raw is used in the double sense of green and sore, and perhaps this will render the passage clear enough.
thou be'st not damn'd for this, the Devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, Fool!

Touch. For a taste:
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,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

16 Lined is delineated or drawn.
17 The jog-trot pace of dairy-women going to market is now all out of date, so that we have no chance of witnessing it.
This is the very false gallop\textsuperscript{18} of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull Fool! I found them on a tree.

*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 bear the earliest fruit\textsuperscript{19} 'i the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

 occurred present 

\textit{Enter Celia, reading a paper.}

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Celia.* [Reads.] \textit{Why should this a desert be? For\textsuperscript{20} it is unpeopled? No; Tongues I'll hang on every tree, That shall civil\textsuperscript{21} sayings show: Some, how brief the life of man Runs his erring pilgrimage, That the stretching of a span Buckles in his sum of age; Some, of violated vows 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend: But upon the fairest boughs,}

\textsuperscript{18} So in Nashe's \textit{Pierce Penniless}, 1593: "I would trot a \textit{false gallop} through the rest of his ragged \textit{verses}, but that, if I should retort the rime doggerel aright, I must make my verses (as he doth) run \textit{hobbling}, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

\textsuperscript{19} The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being \textit{uneatable} till the end of November. Moreover, though the \textit{latest} of fruits to \textit{ripen}, it is one of the \textit{earliest} to \textit{rot}. Does Rosalind mean that when the tree is graffed with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever?

\textsuperscript{20} \textit{For} was often used where we should use \textit{because}.

\textsuperscript{21} \textit{Civil} is here used in the same sense as when we say, \textit{civil} wisdom and \textit{civil} life, in opposition to a solitary state.
SCENE II.  AS YOU LIKE IT.

Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little\textsuperscript{22} show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;\textsuperscript{23}
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches\textsuperscript{24} 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!

Cel. How now! back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little:
—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable re-

\textsuperscript{22} In little means in miniature.
\textsuperscript{23} The commentators have been a good deal puzzled to make out what
this better part really was. It must have been that wherein Atalanta sur-
passed the other ladies mentioned. Now she seems to have been the
nimblest-footed of all the ancient girls; so fleet, that she ran clean away
from all her lovers, till one of them hit upon the device of throwing golden
apples in her way. This would infer exquisite symmetry and proportion of
form; and Orlando must of course imagine all formal, as well as all mental
and moral graces, in his "heavenly Rosalind."
\textsuperscript{24} Touches is traits or qualities, or both.
treat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

_Cel._ Didst thou hear these verses?

_Ros._ O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

_Cel._ That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

_Ros._ Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

_Cel._ But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

_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,²⁵ which I can hardly remember.

_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?

_Ros._ I pr'ythee, who?

_Cel._ O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.²⁶

_Ros._ Nay, but who is it?

_Cel._ Is it possible?

_Ros._ Nay, I pr'ythee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

_Cel._ O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful won-

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²⁵ This romantic way of killing rats in Ireland is mentioned by Jonson and other writers of the time. So in the _Poetaster_: “Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes.”

²⁶ In Holland's Pliny, Shakespeare found that “two hills removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retiring again with a most mighty noise.”
derful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping! 27

Ros. Good my complection, 28 dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery: 29 I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceald man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thank-ful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

27 To whoop or hoop is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment. Out of all cry seems to have been a similar phrase for the expression of vehement admiration.

28 "Good my complection" is merely a common inversion for "my good complection," like "good my lord," "dear my brother," "gentle my sister," &c. The phrase here means, no doubt, "my good wrapper-up of mystery"; as Celia has been tantalizing Rosalind "with half-told, half-withheld intelligence." Complection for complicator. For this explanation I am indebted to Mr. A. E. Brae. See Critical Notes.

29 Here we have a tale of questions falling as thick as hail upon the devoted Celia. See how many things she is called upon to discover; and then say whether she has not incurred a laborious and vexatious duty by her delay in answering the first question. How plain it is that her inch of delay has cast her upon a South Sea—a vast and unexplored ocean—of discovery. The more Celia delays her revelation as to who the man is, the more she will have to reveal about him. Why? Because Rosalind fills up
Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid. 30
Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.
Ros. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? 31 What makes he here? 32 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: 33 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?
Cel. It is as easy to count atomies 34 as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.
Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit.
Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

the delay (increases it, in fact) with fresh interrogatories, whereby Celia becomes lost in a South Sea of questions. — Ingleby.

30 Speak with a serious countenance, and as a true virgin.
31 "How was he dressed?"
32 "What makes he here?" is "What is he doing here?" or "What is his business here?" just as before, in the first scene, note 6.
33 Gargantua is the name of a most gigantic giant in Rabelais, whoforks five pilgrims, staves and all, into his mouth in a salad, and afterwards picks them out from between his teeth; not swallows them, as White says.
34 "An atomie is a mote flying in the sun. Any thing so small that it cannot be made less." Bullokar's English Expositor, 1616.
Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes
the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets
unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st
me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I
must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind retire.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

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's sake,
I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b' wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-
songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading
them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was
christen'd.

35 This was a term by which the rider restrained and stopped his horse.
36 A quibble between hart and heart, then spelt the same.
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 conn'd them out of rings?  
Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.
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.
Orl. I will chide no breath in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
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 drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.
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.
Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit Jaques. Celia and Rosalind come forward.]

37 The meaning is, that goldsmiths' wives have given him the freedom of their husbands' shops, where he has committed to memory the mottoes inscribed on their rings and other jewels.
38 To answer right painted cloth is to answer sententiously. Painted cloth was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which was cloth painted with various devices and mottoes. The verses, mottoes, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in old writers. See vol. ii., page 99, note 60.
39 The nimble-footedness of Atalanta has been referred to before, note 23.
SCENE II.

Ros. [Aside to Celia.] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

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.

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.

Orl. I pr’ythee, who doth he trot withal?

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.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot 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.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

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40 Hardly any thing is so apt to make a short journey seem long, as riding on a hard-trotting horse, however fast the horse may go. On the other hand, to ride an ambling horse makes a long journey seem short, because the horse rides so easy. It were hardly needful to say this, but that some have lately proposed to invert the order of the nags in this case.
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?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.  

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 touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming most monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

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

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41 Kindled, here, is altogether another word than our present verb to kindle. It is from kind, which, again, is from a word meaning to bring forth. The word has long been obsolete.

42 Removed is sequestered, solitary, or lonely; without neighbours.

43 Courtship is the practice of Courts; courtliness.
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 44 of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*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 a prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye 45 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: 47 —then your hose should be ungar't, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbotton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-devise 48 in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love. 

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you

44 *Quotidian* was the name of an intermittent fever, so called because the fits came on every day. In like manner, *tertian* and *quartan* were applied to those that came on once in three and once in four days.

45 Not blue in our sense of the phrase; but with blueness about the eyes, such as to indicate hunger or dejection. Blue eyes were called *gray* in the Poet's time.

46 A reserved, unsociable spirit, the reverse of that in *Hamlet*: "Thou comest in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee."

47 Under the law of primogeniture, a younger brother's revenue was apt to be small. Orlando is too young for his *having* in beard to amount to much.

48 That is, *precise, exact*; dressed with finical nicety.
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?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

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 punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part 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 loving 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

49 This shows how lunatics were apt to be treated in the Poet's time. But then lunacy was often counterfeited, as it still is, either as a cover to crime or as an occasion for charity.

50 As changeable as the Moon.

51 Merely, here, is entirely or absolutely. The Poet often has it thus. And so mere, in a former scene: "Second childishness and mere oblivion."
me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep’s heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in’t.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

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?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

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?

52 The liver was supposed to be the seat of the passions and affections, especially of love and courage. Shakespeare very often speaks of it so.

1 Apace is quickly or fast. — Audrey is a corruption of Etheldreda; the saint of that name being so styled in ancient calendars.

2 In explanation of this passage, Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me as follows: “Mr. W. Wilkins, of Trinity College, Dublin, has recently pointed out that feature formerly meant a literary work, a poem, a drama, &c., just as we now call such a work a composition; being from the Latin verb facere, to make. Ben Jonson uses the word in this sense when he says of his creation, the play of Volpone, that two months before it was no feature:

To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was two months since no feature;
And, though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
’Tis known, five weeks fully penn’d it.

Various other examples of the use of this word in the sense of a literary production have been discovered, even as far back as the time of Pliny, who, in the Preface to his Natural History, speaks of his work as ‘libri nati apud me
Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.³

Jag. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited, — worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!⁴

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.⁵ — Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

proxima fetura.⁶ Then, referring to the passage in the text, Mr. Crosby continues: "From the context we find that Touchstone calls himself 'a poet,' and is nettled because his verses 'cannot be understood,' and laments that the gods had not made his rustic adorer 'poetical.' Here, instead of asking, as the question is commonly supposed to signify, 'How does my intelligent countenance strike you now?' it is evident that, being a clown of brains and observation, he had been making love, as he had seen it done 'at Court,' by sending 'good Audrey' a poetical billet-doux; and his question means, 'How are you pleased with my love-ditty?' He tells us elsewhere that he 'could rhyme you eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted'; and no wonder he felt chagrined that his 'simple feature,' as he modestly terms his love-rhymes, was unregarded, and his 'good wit' thrown away, 'not being seconded with the forward child, understanding.' It was not his good looks that the clever and sharp-witted fellow was sensitive about: Audrey could have had no trouble to understand them: it was the non-appreciation of his gallant poetical 'feature' that disgusted him, and struck him 'more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.'"

³ Shakespeare remembered that caper was Latin for goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a quibble between goats and Goths.

⁴ We have already had disputable for disputacious, and unexpressive for inexpressible. So here we have ill-inhabited for ill-inhabiting; that is, ill-lodged. An old classical fable represents that Jupiter and Mercury were once overtaken by night in Phrygia, and were inhospitably excluded by all the people, till at last an old poor couple, named Philemon and Baucis, who lived in a thatched house, took them in, and gave them the best entertainment the house would afford. See page 54, note 6.

⁵ Rabelais has a saying, that "there is only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that is between the calling for a reckoning and the paying it." A heavy bill for narrow quarters is apt to dash the spirits of
Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside.] A material Fool!  

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

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 tavern mirth. There is, as Singer remarks, "much humour in comparing the blank countenance of a disappointed poet or wit, whose effusions have not been comprehended, to that of the reveller who has to pay largely for his carousing."

6 A material Fool is a Fool with matter in him. — Honest and honesty are here used for chaste and chastity. So in i, 2, of this play: "Those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured."

7 Audrey uses foul as opposed to fair; that is, for plain, homely. She has good authority for doing so. Thus in Thomas's History of Italy: "If the maiden be fair, she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be foul, they advance her with a better portion."

8 Sir was in common use as a clerical title in Shakespeare's time, and long before. He has several instances of it; as, Sir Hugh, the Welsh parson.
Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

_Jaq._ [Aside.] I would fain see this meeting.

_Aud._ Well, the gods give us joy!

_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’d 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 given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.⁹ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall’d town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.¹⁰ Here comes Sir Oliver.—

_Engine 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?

_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.

_Jaq._ [Coming forward.] 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 ’ild¹¹ you for your

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⁹ _Rascal_, as an epithet of deer, means _lean_ and _out of season._

¹⁰ A quibble between _horn_ as meaning the ornament which bachelors never have, and the same word as meaning the “horn of plenty.” See vol. ii, page 47, note 11.

¹¹ That is, “God _yield you_”; an old phrase for “God _reward you_.”
last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be cover'd.\textsuperscript{12}

\textit{Jaq.} Will you be married, Motley?

\textit{Touch.} As the ox hath his bow,\textsuperscript{13} sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

\textit{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.

\textit{Touch.} [\textit{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.

\textit{Jaq.} Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

\textit{Touch.} Come, sweet Audrey: We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—Farewell, good Master Oliver:—not,

\begin{quote}
\textit{O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,}

\textit{Leave me not behind thee;}—
\end{quote}

but,

\begin{quote}
\textit{Wend away; be gone, I say,}

\textit{I will not to wedding with thee.}\textsuperscript{14}
\end{quote}

[\textit{Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.}]

\textsuperscript{12} Jaques is supposed to be standing with his hat off, out of deference to the present company. See vol. ii., page 74, note 9.

\textsuperscript{13} His \textit{yoke}, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns.

\textsuperscript{14} The ballad of \textit{"O sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee"}, and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing, \textit{not} that part of the ballad which says, \textit{"Leave me not behind thee"}; \textit{but} that which says, \textit{"Be gone, I say,"} probably part of the answer.
Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.
Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.
Ros. But have I not cause to weep?
Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.
Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.
Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.
Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.
Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.
Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana: a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.
Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?
Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.
Ros. Do you think so?
Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but, for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a 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.

1 Judas was represented in old paintings and tapestry, with red hair and beard. So in The Insatiate Countess: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas."
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 confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he ask'd me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. 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 puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. — Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly 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.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:

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2 So the ancient proverb, "At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs."
3 Question, here, is talk or conversation. See vol. iii., page 193, note 18.
4 An allusion to tilting, where it was held disgraceful for a knight to break his lance across the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point. See vol. iv., page 238, note 12.
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I prove a busy actor in their play. [Exit.

SCENE V. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: 1 will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops? 2

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:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes — that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies —
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

1 It was customary for the executioner to kneel down and ask pardon of
the victim, before striking him. — Here, again, but begs means without beg-
ging. See page 55, note 10.
2 This is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old writers, and seems to
have been a common hysteron-proteron for to live and die. Its meaning
has been somewhat disputed. One explanation is, "subsist from the cra-
dle to the grave"; another, "being constant to a thing to the end." I pre-
fer the explanation given by Dr. Sebastian Evans to Dr. C. M. Ingleby:
"It means of course, to make the thing a matter of life and death. The
profession or calling of a man is that by which he dies and lives; that is, by
which he lives, and failing which he dies."
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,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever — as that ever may be near-
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come 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. [Coming forward.] And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

8 Cicatrice is scar, or skin-mark. Capable impressure is sensible impression. So the Poet has incapable for insensible or unconscious; Hamlet, iv. 4: “As one incapable of her own distress.”
4 The use of fancy for love is very frequent in Shakespeare.
6 Rosalind knows that to tell Phebe she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her the prouder; she therefore tells her she
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! —
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
’Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer\(^8\) man
Than she a woman: ’tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour’d children:
’Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
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:
Cry the man mercy;\(^9\) love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.\(^{10}\) —
So, take her to thee, shepherd: — fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

ought not to be proud because she lacks it. The best way to take down
people’s pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think
they have any thing to be proud of.

\(^6\) Meaning, apparently, work made for the general market, and not to
particular order or for any special purpose or purchaser.

\(^7\) A petty oath; ’Od’s being a diminutive or disguise of God’s.

\(^8\) Proper, again, for handsome. See page 18, note 9.

\(^9\) To cry one mercy is to ask his pardon. A frequent usage.

\(^{10}\) To be is another instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So that
the meaning is, the ugly are most ugly when they add further ugliness by
being scoffers. See page 80, note 16.
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: — if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. —
Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard. —
Come, sister. — Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.11 —
Come, to our flock. [*Execut Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, —

**Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?**12

*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:
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.

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11 "If all men could see you, none but he could be so deceived as to think you beautiful." To abuse often has that sense.

12 This line is from Marlowe's translation of *Hero and Leander*, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further 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,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

  Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

  Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot\(^\text{13}\) once was master of.

  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,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

\(^{13}\) Churl, carle, and carlot are all words of the same origin and meaning. The same person has already been described as "of a churlish disposition."
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.\textsuperscript{14}
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels\textsuperscript{15} as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?\textsuperscript{16}
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omitance is no quittance.\textsuperscript{17}
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou Silvius?

\textit{Sil.} Phebe, with all my heart.

\textit{Phe.} \hspace{1cm} I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

\textit{[Exeunt.}
ACT IV.

Scene I. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

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.

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; 2 nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, 3 extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

1 Modern, again, for common or ordinary. See page 50, note 2o. — Extremity, in the line before, is excess or too much.

2 Nice here means fastidious, dainty, or squeamish. Repeatedly so.

3 Simples is the old word for herbs; here it has the sense of elements.
SCENE I.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

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!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in blank-verse!

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. [Exit Jaques.]

— 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.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd 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

4 Disable in the sense of disparage, detract from, or depreciate.
5 In Shakespeare's time, Venice was the common resort of travellers, as much as Paris is now. And of course all who went to Venice sailed or "swam in a gondola."
you can make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

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.

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.

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 gravell'd 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.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

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.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

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6 Prevents in its old sense of anticipates. The word literally means goes before. — "The slander of his wife" is the slander caused by his wife.

7 Leer is complexion, colour, or look; much used in old metrical romances.

8 This use of to gravel probably sprang from horses being lamed, as they sometimes are, by getting gravel-stones into their hoofs.
SCENE I. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney.\(^9\) The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, \textit{videlicet}, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd 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 drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.\(^10\) But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest,\(^11\) her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition;\(^12\) and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

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 say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

\(^9\) That is, by \textit{deputy} or \textit{substitute}. A man's \textit{attorney} is one who represents him or stands for him in his cause.

\(^10\) Found, brought in, a verdict of drowned himself for love of Hero. The report of the old chroniclers or historians is \textit{implicitly} compared to the finding of a coroner's inquest.

\(^11\) \textit{Protest}, both verb and noun, is used for a strong affirmation.

\(^12\) A disposition more facile, ready, and encouraging.
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?
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?
Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say, I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
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.
Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.
Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you
have possess'd 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're 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 Bar-
bary 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 dis-

13 That is, your authority to perform the marriage ceremony.
14 Goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding
to her anticipating what should be said first by Celia.
15 Figures, and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through
them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in The City
posed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen,\textsuperscript{16} and that
thou art inclined to sleep.

\textit{Orl.} But will my Rosalind do so?

\textit{Rosl.} By my life, she will do as I do.

\textit{Orl.} O, but she is wise.

\textit{Rosl.} Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the
wiser, the waywarder: make the doors\textsuperscript{17} 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.

\textit{Orl.} A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might
say, \textit{Wit, whither wilt?}\textsuperscript{18}

\textit{Rosl.} Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met
your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

\textit{Orl.} And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

\textit{Rosl.} 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,\textsuperscript{19} let her never nurse her child
herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

\textit{Orl.} For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

\textit{Rosl.} Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

\textit{Orl.} I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I
will be with thee again.

\textit{Rosl.} Ay, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you
would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought

\textit{Match:} "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamen-
tations." Such an image of Diana, "with water \textit{prilling} from her naked
breast," was set up at the cross in Cheapside in 1596, according to Stowe.
\textsuperscript{16} The bark of the hyæna was thought to resemble a loud laugh.
\textsuperscript{17} \textit{Bar} the doors, make them \textit{fast}.
\textsuperscript{18} "\textit{Wit, whither wilt?}" is an old proverbial saying often met with in the
early English writers.
\textsuperscript{19} This, if it be the right text, must mean "represent or make out that her
husband was the occasion of her fault." See Critical Notes.
no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

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 pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [Exit Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.  

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, 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 tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando:

20 Pathetical sometimes had the sense of impassioned. Rosalind seems to be using it playfully, or with mock-seriousness.

21 Referring to the old proverb, "'Tis an ill bird that fouls her own nest."
I’ll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

_Cel._ And I’ll sleep.  

_[Exeunt._

**Scene II. — Another Part of the Forest.**

*Enter Jaques and Lords in the habit of Foresters, with a dead deer.*

_Jaq._ Which is he that killed the deer?

_1 Lord._ Sir, it was I.

_Jaq._ Let’s present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer’s horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

_2 Lord._ Yes, sir.

_Jaq._ Sing it: ’tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

**Song.**

_2 Lord._ What shall he have that kill’d the deer?

_His leather skin, and horns to wear._

_[They sing him home, the rest bearing this burden._

*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:*

*It was a crest ere thou wast born;*

*Thy father’s father wore it,*

*And thy father bore it:*

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorn._

_[Exeunt._

23 Shadow for shade or shady place. So in The Tempest, iv. 1: “And thy brown groves, whose shadow the dismiss’d bachelor loves,”
Scene III. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

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.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [Giving a letter.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

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;
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:
Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think

1 Much is used ironically here; as we still say, “A good deal you will,” meaning “No you won’t.”
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife'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.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
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? —*  

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? —*  

Did you ever hear such railing? —

[Reads.]  
*While the eye of man did woo me,*  
*That could do no vengeance to me.—*  

Meaning me a beast. —

[Reads.]  
*If the scorn of your bright eyne*  
*Have power to raise such love in mine,*  
*Alack, in me what strange effect*  
*Would they work in mild aspect!*  
*While you chid me, I did love;*  
*How, then, might your prayers move!*
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.

_Sil._ Call you this chiding?
_Cel._ Alas, poor shepherd!
_Ros._ Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false 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._

_Enter Oliver._

_Oli._ Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
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.  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
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,_

2 "Seal up your answer, and send it back by him."
8 _Kind_, again, in its radical sense of _nature_. See page 36, note 10.
SCENE III. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Of female favour, but bestows himself. Like a right forester; the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owners of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask’d, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin; — are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain’d.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss’d with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o’ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath’d itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach’d
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink’d itself,
And with indented glides did slip away

4 "Bestows himself" is bears himself, behaves, or appears. See vol. i.,
page 203, note 7.
5 Napkin and handkerchief were often used interchangeably.
6 To chew the cud was a common phrase, meaning to ruminate, or revolve
in the mind. — The epithets sweet and bitter are in accordance with the old
custom of describing love by contraries; and we have many instances of
fancy used for love.
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead. 7
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render 8 him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and 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 hurling 9
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

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

7 The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished
noblemen together in the Forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical
license, which the critics have not failed to notice. I suspect the Poet knew
well enough what he was about. The matter, however, was taken from
Lodge's tale.

8 Render here means report or represent. The Poet has it repeatedly in
this sense, or in senses near akin to this. See vol. iv., page 34, note 23.

9 That is, jostling or clashing encounter. In Julius Caesar we have "The
noise of battle hurlied in the air."
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 recountsments had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place; —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother’s love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp’d himself; and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover’d him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
   Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
   [Rosalind faints.
   Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
   Cel. There is more in it. — Cousin! — Ganymede!¹⁰
   Oli. Look, he recovers.
   Ros. I would I were at home.
   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.

¹⁰ In her sudden fright, Celia is betrayed out of her assumed character,
and calls out “Cousin,” then instantaneously corrects herself, lest she should
start some suspicion as to what she or Rosalind is.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sìrrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. — Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. — Will you go?

[Execut.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

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. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

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11 Rosalind is afraid of being discovered; that her fainting will betray her; and in her anxiety to keep up the show of a saucy, mannish youth, perhaps she slightly overacts the part in this instance.
Scene 1. AS YOU LIKE IT.

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, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.1

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even,² William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd.³ How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

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 it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

1 "Cannot restrain or hold in our wits."

2 "God give you good even;" the original salutation in the process of abbreviation into "good even," or "good evening."

3 William is standing with his hat off, in token of respect.
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.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon — which is in the vulgar leave — the society — which in the boorish is company — of this female, — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; 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 in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; ⁴ I will o'er-run thee with policy; ⁵ I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, ⁶ sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. — I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

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⁴ "Fight against thee with conspiracies."
⁵ "Circumvent thee with cunning;" the art of politicians.
⁶ "God keep you merry," or "let you continue merry."
SCENE II. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

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 perséver to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die 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.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.¹ [Exit.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

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 show'd me your handkercher?

¹ Oliver has before this learnt from Celia the whole secret of who Ganymede and Aliena are. Hence he calls Rosalind "sister" here, well knowing that Orlando will understand him as referring to the character she is sustaining in her masked courtship.
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 flight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical 2 brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, 3 or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 4

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.

Ros. Why, then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

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,—

2 Thrasonical is from Thraso, the name of a bragging, vain-glorious soldier in one of Terence's comedies.—The famous dispatch, veni, vidi, vici, which Julius Cæsar was alleged to have sent to Rome, announcing his great and swift victory in the battle of Zela in Pontus, is the matter referred to.

3 Incontinent here signifies immediately, without any stay.

4 It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "clubs, clubs," to part the combatants. It was the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices. So, in The Renegado, i. 3: "If he were in London among the clubs, up went his heels for striking of a prentice." The matter is well set forth in Scott's Fortunes of Nigel.
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.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

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. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

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5 Conceit was used of all the forms of mental action, and always in a good sense. Here it means sense, judgment, or understanding. Wit, also, was used in a similar largeness of meaning.

6 In Shakespeare’s time, the practice of magic was held to be criminal, or damnable, and was punishable with death. Rosalind means that her preceptor, though a magician, used magic only for honest and charitable ends; such a pure and benevolent magician, perhaps, as the Poet shows us in Prospero.

7 That is, Rosalind her very self, and not a mere phantom of her, conjured up by magic rites, such as it was dangerous to practise.

8 She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic, had it been serious, would have involved her.
Ros. I care not, if I have; it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
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,
All humbleness, all patience, all impatience,
All purity, all trial, all endurance;
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.
Phe. [To Ros.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 9
Sil. [To Phe.] 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?
Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of

9 "For loving you." Still another gerundial infinitive.
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 satisfy 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. — So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [Exeunt.

Scene III. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

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.¹ Here come two of the banish’d Duke’s pages.

¹ This howling was probably rather monotonous and dismal. So in Lodge’s tale: “I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phoebe thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moon.” Wolves held their ground in Ireland until a recent period. In Spenser’s View of the State of Ireland, 1596, we have the following: “Also the Scythians said, that they were once every year turned into wolves, and so is it written of the Irish: though Mr. Camden in a better sense doth suppose it was a disease, called Lycanthropia, so named of the wolf.”

¹ “To be a woman of the world” was to be a married woman, as opposed to being a woman of the Church, which implied a vow of perpetual celibacy. So we have the phrase of “going to the world,” for getting married, in contradistinction to becoming a monk or a nun. See vol. iv., page 182, note 28.
Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are only the prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. 'T'faith, 't'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time, When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, &c.

2 "Shall we strike into it directly?" Round, in the sense of downright or straightforward, occurs very often.

3 Coverdale, in the Preface to his Holy Psalms, speaks of these meaningless burdens of songs: "And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Elkanah's wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with hey nony nony, hey troly loly, and such like phantasies."

4 Ring-time is time of marriage, or of making love; probably so called from the use of rings in the plightings of troth.
SCENE IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.
1 Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi'6 you; and God mend your voices! — Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

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 to hope, and know they fear.1

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Rosl. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged. — [To the Duke.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

6 Matter here stands, apparently, for sense or meaning.

6 God b' wi' you is an old contraction of God be with you, which was used a good deal in Shakespeare's time, and has occurred twice before in this play; on page 63 and page 83. The phrase has been still further contracted into good bye.

1 The meaning appears to be, "As those that fear lest they may believe a thing because they wish it true, and at the same time know that this fear is no better ground of action than their hope." Who has not sometime caught himself in a similar perplexity of hope and fear?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [To Orlando.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [To Phebe.] 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.

Ros. [To Silvius.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promised to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter; — You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: — Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, 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.

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: 2 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician.

2 This aptly shows the danger Rosalind has been in, of being discovered notwithstanding her disguise. Doubtless, we have all found how one face will sometimes remind us of another by tricks of association too subtle for our tracing; so that we seem at the same time to know and not to know the stranger.
Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

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.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all! 3

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.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. 4 I have trod a measure; 5 I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; 6 I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up? 7

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the Seventh Cause. 8

8 Touchstone is humorsously affecting the stately manners and language of the Court.

4 “Put me under oath, make me swear to the truth of the matter.” People were often called upon or permitted to purge, that is, clear themselves of imputed guilt by thus affirming their innocence under oath. Sometimes a man got others to swear with him, who were called compurgators. See page 26, note 4.

5 The measure was a grave, solemn dance, with a slow and measured step, somewhat like a minuet, and therefore well comporting with the dignity of the Court. See vol. iv., page 173, note 5.

6 Smooth was often used in the sense of flattery. So in Richard III., i. 3: “I cannot flatter, and speak fair, smile in men’s faces, smooth, deceive, and cog.” Touchstone means to imply, that to use sharp practice on one’s friend, to cajole and beguile one’s enemy, and to bankrupt one’s tailors by running up huge accounts and leaving them unpaid, are characteristics of Courts and courtiers.

7 Taken up is made up; that is, composed, settled.

8 This means, apparently, that the quarrel had proceeded through six degrees from the original ground or starting-point, and so had come to the seventh degree, the “Lie Direct” where nothing but an if could save the par-
Jaq. How, the Seventh Cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.²⁹ I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks.³⁰ A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own;¹¹ 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.¹²

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt,¹³ sir, and such dulcet diseases.¹⁴

Jaq. But, for the Seventh Cause; how did you find the quarrel on the Seventh Cause?

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¹ This mode of speech was common. See vol. iii., page 206, note 48. — "God 'ild you" is "God reward you." See page 72, note 11.

²⁹ Blood was much used for passion or impulse. The meaning seems to be, that his being forsworn will depend on which of the two proves the strongest, his fidelity to his marriage-vows, or the temptations of his blood. Such is Heath's interpretation.

¹¹ Touchstone here just hits the very pith of the matter. It is by such strokes as this that the Poet keeps the man, Fool though he be, bound up fresh and warm with our human sympathies. Celia gives the key-note of his real inside character, when she says, i. 3, "He'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

¹² The personal pronouns were often used thus in an indefinite sense, for any or a. So in Hamlet, iii. 7: "Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service," &c.

¹³ The bolt was a short, thick, blunt arrow, for shooting near objects, and requiring little practice or skill. There was an old proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." In the line before, swift is quick-witted, and sententious is full of pithy sayings.

¹⁴ The sense of this probably lies in the circumstance of its being meant for nonsense; perhaps for what Barrow calls "acute nonsense."
Scene IV.

As You Like It.

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—bear your body more seeming,15 Audrey;—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled16 my judgment: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is call'd 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:17 I will name you the de-

15 In a more seemly or more becoming manner.
16 Disabled, again, for disqualified or disparaged. See page 83, note 4.
17 The book alluded to is entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594. The first part of which is "A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the right Understanding of Words, which here is set down." The eight following chapters are on the Lie and its various circumstances, much in the order of Touchstone's enumeration; and in the chapter of Conditional Lies, speaking of the particle if, he says, "Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words: 'if thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or if thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie.'"
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 peacemaker; 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.

Still music. Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia.

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 her bosom is.

Ros. [To the Duke.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.—
[To Orlando.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

18 A stalking-horse was a piece of stretched cloth or canvas, with a horse painted on it, which the fowler carried before him to deceive the game. See vol. iv., page 190, note 7.

19 Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

20 Accord, or agree together. This is the old sense of the phrase.
SCENE IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

    Why, then,—my love adieu!

Ros. [To the Duke.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
    [To Orlando.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
    [To Phebe.] 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.21 —

    [To Orl. and Ros.] You and you no cross shall part:—
    [To Oli. and Cel.] You and you are heart in heart:—
    [To Phebe.] You to his love must accord,
    Or have a woman to your lord:—
    [To Touch. and Aud.] You and you are sure together,

    As the Winter to foul weather.
    Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
    Feed yourselves with questioning;22
    That reason wonder may diminish,
    How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock, then, be honoured:

Honour, high honour, and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

21 Meaning, apparently, if there be truth in truth itself.

22 Questioning for conversing or conversation. So question has occurred before. See page 75, note 3.
Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter-welcome, in no less degree!

Phe. [To Sil.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address’d a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his 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;
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

23 That is, as welcome as a daughter.
24 Here, as usual, address’d is prepared or made ready.
25 " In his own conduct" is under his own leading or command.
26 Question, again, for conversation or talk. See note 22.
27 The one is Oliver, whose lands had been seized by Frederick; the other
is Orlando, who with Rosalind is to inherit the dukedom, she being the old
Duke’s only child. The sense of offer’st is continued through these two
lines.
That here were well begun and well begot;
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd\textsuperscript{28} days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.\textsuperscript{29}
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

\textit{Jaq.} Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,\textsuperscript{30}
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court?

\textit{Jaq. de B.} He hath.

\textit{Jaq.} To him will I: out of these convertites\textsuperscript{31}
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

\textit{[To the Duke.]} You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:—

\textit{[To Orl.]} You to a love that your true faith doth merit:—

\textit{[To Oll.]} You to your land, and love, and great allies:—

\textit{[To Sil.]} You to a long and well-deservèd bed:—

\textit{[To Touch.]} And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing-measures.

\textit{Duke S.} Stay, Jaques, stay.

\textit{Jaq.} To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

\textsuperscript{28} Shrewd is sharp, piercing, and was formerly applied as variously as keen is now. So in \textit{Hamlet}: “The air bites shrewdly.”

\textsuperscript{29} States for estates. The two words were used interchangeably.

\textsuperscript{30} That is, put on a monk's or hermit's dress, the badge of a religious life. So, before, “an old religious man,” meaning a member of a religious order. — Pompous, next line, is ceremonious, full of pomp.

\textsuperscript{31} Convertites for converts. So in Cotgrave's \textit{French Dictionary}: “Converts: A convertite; one that hath turned to the Faith; or is won unto religious profession; or hath abandoned a loose to follow a godly, a vicious to lead a virtuous life.”
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, 
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; 
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the pro-
logue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,32 'tis true 
that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they 
do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the 
help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am 
neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in 
the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, 
therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure 
you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O wo-
men, 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,33 I would kiss as many 
of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked 
me,34 and breaths that I defied not:35 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.

[Exeunt.

32 It was formerly the general custom in England to hang a bush of ivy at the door of a vintner: there was a classical propriety in this; ivy being sacred to Bacchus.

33 The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time. The English stage had no actresses till after 1660.

34 The Poet often uses like in the sense of please; a common usage.

35 To defy, in old English, is to renounce, to repudiate, or abjure. The Poet has it repeated in that sense. See vol. iii., page 189, note 7.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 7. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, &c. — The original prints "it was upon this fashion bequeathed me," &c.; thus leaving charged without any subject, and his without any antecedent. Doubtless the pronoun he dropped out in the printing or the transcribing. A little further on, Orlando says to Oliver, "My father charged you in his will to give me good education." Ritson's correction.

P. 9. What prodigal's portion have I spent? — The original has "What prodigall portion." Seymour's correction.

Oli. Good morrow, Monsieur Charles. What's the new news at the new Court? — So Walker. The original has "Oli. Good Mounsier Charles: what's the new newes," &c. The salutation of Charles, "Good morrow," renders it all but certain that morrow was left out of Oliver's reply by mistake.

P. 11. There's no news at the new Court, sir, but the old news. — So Lettsom, and with evident propriety. The old text omits new before Court.

P. 11. Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?
Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, &c. — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original lacks the words old and new before Duke's.

P. 13. I tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; &c. — The folio reads "Ile tell thee," &c.
ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 14. *I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?* — The third *I* is wanting in the original. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 15. *Those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.* — The original has "very illfavouredly."

P. 15. *Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when she makes, &c.* — So Dyce. The old text reads "Indeed, there is Fortune," &c.

P. 18. Le Beau. *— three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks,*

*Ros.* Be it known unto all men by these presents. — In the original the words, "with bills on their necks," begin Rosalind's speech. Farmer assigned them to Le Beau; and it is plain enough that giving them to Rosalind quite defeats the humour of the passage. See foot-note 10.

P. 18. *But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides?* — Instead of *feel*, the original has *see*, which some would change to *set*. Walker notes upon the passage, — *"Feel, surely; and so Johnson conjectures."*

P. 19. *There is such odds in the men.* — So Hanmer. The original has "such odds in the man"; which is not English, and never was, though some recent editors have tried hard to defend it.

P. 19. Le Beau. *Monsieur the challenger, the Princesses call for you.*

*Orl.* I *attend* them with *all respect and duty.* — So Theobald. The original has *Princess calls*. The plural *them* in Orlando's reply shows Theobald's reading to be probably right. It is true, only one of the ladies, Celia, has expressly called for him; but she is understood to speak for them both; and the Duke has just said, "Speak to him, ladies." The objections that have been urged against the change seem to me decidedly martinetish.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 20. If you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would, &c.—So Hanmer, Walker, and Collier's second folio. The original reads "with your eyes," and "with your judgment." Perhaps this is one of the many instances of words repeated by mistake from contextual nearness, as "your adventure." Still I am not sure but the old text may be right. Heath explains it thus: "If you would give credit to the faithful report of your own eyes, and to the cool dictates of your judgment, rather than suffer yourself to be seduced by the bold spirits of your youth." But this may be drawing the matter something too fine.

P. 20. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing: but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, &c.—The original reads "with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me," &c. This wherein evidently has no coherence with the context. Johnson thought it should be therein; and Dyce, following Mason, prints herein; but I cannot see that either of these changes helps the matter at all. The word is simply in the way; and I have hardly any doubt that this is an instance of a mistake and the correction printed together.—Since the above was written, I find that Mr. Spedding proposes the same reading.

P. 21. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before.—The original omits An. Mason proposed "If you mean," &c.; which gives the same sense. Theobald thought we ought to read "An you mean"; and the Cambridge Editors say the same reading occurred to them before they knew of either conjecture.

P. 22. If you do keep your promises in love,

But justly, as you have exceeded promise, &c.—The old text reads "have exceeded all promise," which upsets the metre to no purpose. Hanmer printed "as you've here exceeded promise," and Walker proposed "excell'd all promise." The reading in the text is Capell's.

P. 24. But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.—Instead of shorter, the original has taller, which cannot be right; as Rosalind says, in the next scene, "Because that I am something more than com-
mon tall.‖ Malone substituted smaller, which has commonly been received in preference to Rowe's shorter, which is also found in Collier's second folio. Walker suspects taller to be "a slip of Shakespeare's pen"; and adds, "The word he had in his thoughts was probably shorter, not smaller, which in this sense belongs to later English."

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 25. Cel. But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child.—So Rowe, Coleridge, and Collier's second folio. The original has "my child's father," which Singer retains, noting that "Rosalind playfully means no more than my future husband." Still I think Coleridge's objection is good, that by the old reading "a most indecent anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason."

P. 28. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one.—So Theobald. The original reads "Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one."

P. 28. And do not seek to take the charge upon you
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out.—So Singer, followed by White and Dyce. The first folio has "take your change," the second, "take your charge." The old contractions of the and your were often confounded.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 30. Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference, and the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind,—
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors, &c.—In the first of these lines, Theobald changed not into but, and has been followed by a number of editors. This puts "seasons' difference" in apposition with "penalty of Adam." To be sure, the change of seasons was of old thought to be a consequence of the Fall; but I believe it was never thought to be the special penalty denounced upon Adam: this penalty was, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." It is
also true that this curse was held to be laid upon Adam as head and representative of the race, and that the great bulk of mankind have ever been subject to it; yet, in matter of fact, there have always been some individual exceptions, as the Duke and his co-mates are in their exile. This, I think, is enough to render the propriety of Theobald’s change highly questionable, to say the least. See foot-note 1. It is but fair to add that the original has a (,) after Adam; but, in correcting many thousand pages of proof, I have found hardly any error oftener than that of a (,) for a (.)—In the second line, on the other hand, the original reads “The seasons difference, as the Icie change.” Here as can only be taken as equivalent to as, for instance; and so it is indeed often used. But I think the logic of the passage fairly requires the sense of “seasons’ difference” and of “icy fang” to be cumulative. Collier’s second folio changes as to or; and Stauton proposes, very plausibly, to substitute at, as also yet for not, thus:

Here feel we yet the penalty of Adam,
The seasons’ difference: At the icy fang, &c.

P. 30. Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
I would not change it.—In the old text, the words, “I would not change it” stand as a part of the next speech. Upton proposed the change; and Dyce notes upon it thus: “It seems strange that no one before Upton should have seen that they must belong to the Duke, and still stranger that, after the error was once pointed out, any editor should persist in retaining it.” Pretty strong, but, I suspect, about right.

P. 32. Poor deer, quoth he, thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which hath too much: then, being alone,
Left and abandon’d of his velvet friends; &c.—In the third of these lines, the original reads “that which had too must,” and “then being there alone.” Also in the last line, the original has “his velvet friend.” The several corrections have been made by different hands.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 33. Send to his brother’s; fetch that gallant hither.—The original has brother instead of brother’s. As gallant clearly refers to Orlando, and as the order is to send to Oliver’s house, brother’s is unquestionably right. Mason’s correction.
P. 33. *And let not search and inquisition quail*

*To bring again these foolish runaways.* — It is straining rather hard on the old sense of *quail*, to make it fit the context here. Lettsom thinks it ought to be *fail*.

**ACT II., SCENE 3.**

P. 34. *Why would you be so fond to overcome*

*The bony priser of the humorous Duke?* — The original reads "The bonnie priser." White retains *bonnie*, taking it "in the sense in which the Scotch use *braw.*" I can see no likelihood that Shakespeare would have used the word in that sense; while *bony* gives the sense of *strength*, and accords well with the epithet *sinewy* which is applied to Charles in the preceding scene. Warburton's correction.

P. 36. *From seventeen years till now almost fourscore*

*Here lived I.* — "From seventie years" in the original. A very palpable misprint. Corrected by Rowe.

**ACT II., SCENE 4.**

P. 37. *Ros.* *O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!*

*Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.*

— The original has "how merry are my spirits!" which some editors retain, as if the occurrence of *weary* in Touchstone's reply were not enough to correct it.

P. 37. *I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.* — So the second folio; the first, "I cannot go no further." In scene 6 Adam says, "Dear master, I can go no further."

P. 38. *Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,*

*Wearying thy bearer in thy mistress' praise.* — Instead of *Wearying*, the original has *Wearing*. Corrected in the second folio.

P. 38. *Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound.* — The first folio has "searching of *they would*"; the second, "searching of *their* wound." Corrected by Rowe.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 40. *I will your very faithful factor be,*
      *And buy it with your gold right suddenly.* — The original has
"faithful feeder be." But, surely, *feeder* has no fitness to signify any
part of the process of buying the farm, while *factor* fits the place ex-
actly, meaning *agent*, of course. The correction is Walker's.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 40. *And tune his merry note.* — The original has *turne* instead
of *tune.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 42. Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme. — The original has "*Duc-
dame, duca, ducadme*"; but, as the sense of *duc ad me* was evi-
dently intended, and as there was no conceivable reason for transposing
the letters *ad* into *da*, I concur with White in thinking the transposition
to have been accidental. Hanmer prints "*duc ad me.*"

ACT II., SCENE 7.

P. 46. *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, &c.* — So Theobald, and
most of the editors since his time; the words *Not to*, in the third line,
being omitted in the original. Collier's second folio reads "*But to*
seem senseless"; which reading, to my surprise, is preferred to Theo-
bald's by White and Dyce. I cannot imagine what meaning they
attach to *senseless*, that they should stick in such preference. Perhaps
they would avoid the repetition of *not* in the same line; but, in doing
so, they quite overthrow, as it seems to me, the sense of the passage.
For *senseless of* means the same, I take it, as *insensible to*. And the
meaning clearly is, that he who feels himself hit must seem not to feel
it; and if he does not so seem, he simply exposes himself. — Perhaps
I ought to add, that Dr. Ingleby sustains the old text; but his argu-
ment seems to me the *ne plus ultra* of overstrained refinement; run-
ning clean away from common sense in quest of a meaning that no
theatrical audience would ever begin to apprehend.

P. 47. *Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,*
      *Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?* — Instead of *wearer's,*
the original has wearie, which was a standing puzzle to the editors, till Singer hit upon the very happy correction.

P. 47. Where then? how then? what then? let's see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him.—So Lettsom. The original reads "There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein," &c. Malone, also, proposed to substitute Where for There; and the contraction of let me into let's is of course made for metre's sake.

P. 48. I almost die for food; so let me have it.—Instead of so, the old text has and; which, as Lettsom judged, was probably "an error caused by and occurring twice in the next line." Dyce proposed so.

P. 50. And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. As, first the infant,
Mewing and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining schoolboy, &c.—Instead of "As, first," the old text has "At first." Corrected by Walker. As, here, has the force of to wit or namely; a frequent usage.—In the fourth line, the original is without And, which was supplied by Rowe for obvious reasons.—Further on in the same speech the old text has "Then a soldier" instead of "Then the soldier"; a change made by Dyce at the suggestion of Mr. Robson. The expressions "the infant," "the schoolboy," "the lover," "the justice," &c., clearly approve it.

P. 51. Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art foreseen.—The original reads "Because thou art not seen"; which is to me utterly unintelligible, or rather meaningless, and which is proved to be wrong by the many strained attempts at explanation. Various changes have been proposed; that in the text is Staunton's, and is far the best.

P. 52. If that you are the good Sir Roland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you are.—The original has were — were, instead of are — are. The change was suggested by Dyce, and is also proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel. It occurred to me also before I knew of its having been proposed.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 52. Not seen him since? — So Collier's second folio and Singer. The old copies, "Not see him since?"
ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 55. *Not a whit, Master Touchstone.* — So Capell; in accordance with Corin's first speech in this scene: "And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?" The old text omits *Master.* As Dyce remarks, the letter *M.*, which often stood for *Master,* "might easily be omitted."

P. 57. *Let no face be kept in mind But the face of Rosalind.* — So Rowe, followed by Dyce. The original reads "But the faire of Rosalind."

P. 57. *It is the right butter-woman's rate to market.* — So Hanmer and Lettsom. The original has *rank* instead of *rate.* Walker observes that "at any rate *rank* is wrong." See foot-note 17.

P. 57. *Then will it bear the earliest fruit in the country.* — The original reads "Then will it be the earliest fruit." Lettsom says, "Read bear; for it refers to the tree that is to be grafted." Right, clearly.

P. 58. *Why should this a desert be.* — Here *a* is wanting in the old text, and was supplied by Rowe.

P. 59. *O most gentle pulpitier! what tedious homily of love have you, &c.* — The original has *Jupiter* instead of *pulpitier.* Corrected by Mr. Spedding, and in the Cambridge Shakespeare. The word *homily* abundantly approves the correction.

P. 61. *Good my complection, dost thou think, &c.* — So the word is spelt in the original, but is generally changed in modern editions to *complexion,* which gives a very different sense, if indeed it can be fairly explained to any sense at all. The meaning is, "My good *complicator.*" Heath notes upon the passage thus: "I am inclined to imagine that the Poet may possibly have written 'Good my coz perplexer,' that is, I pr'ythee, my perplexing coz." See foot-note 28.

P. 62. *It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit.* — The first folio reads "drops *forth* fruit"; the second, "drops *forth such* fruit." I agree with Singer that *forth* was most probably a misprint for *such.* Corrected by Capell.
P. 63. *Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr’ythee.* — The old text has "to the tongue." An erratum hardly worth noting.

P. 63. *God b’ wi’ you! let’s meet as little as we can.* — Here and in many other places the old text prints "God buy you." Also in iv. 1, of this play: "Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank-verse." And in v. 3: "God buy you; and God mend your voices." Of course it is the old contraction of "God be with you," which has been still further shortened into good bye. I marvel that our modern sticklers for archaic forms and archaic spelling, who make so much of retaining the old possessive it, and of printing it’s, wherever it occurs, for its, — I marvel that they so generally ignore this archaism. Standing on such points, where nothing either of sense or of metre or of rhyme is involved, seems to me indeed sheer pedantry, or affectation, or something worse; still I think consistency may be worth something.

P. 66. *Every one fault seeming most monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.* — So Walker. The original is without most, which seems fairly needful to the sense; and Walker points out a large number of like omissions under the heading "Omissions in consequence of Absorption."

P. 68. *I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness.* — The original reads "to a living humour of madness." Johnson proposed loving as required for the antithesis clearly intended. Walker says, "Of course, loving."

**ACT III, SCENE 3.**

P. 71. *And what they swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers, they do feign.* — So Mason and Collier’s second folio. The original omits it.

P. 72. *No assembly but horn’d beasts.* — The old text has horne-beasts. The correction is Walker’s, who cites a multitude of cases in which "final d and final e" have evidently been confounded.

P. 72. *Horns given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.* — The original reads "hornes, even so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere," &c.; which yields no sense at all, and is accepted by none of the editors. The more com-
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ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 74. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana: a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.—So the second folio. The first has "a pair of cast lips." I marvel that the editors should so generally have retained cast, with the word chastity before them in the same sentence.

P. 75. They are both the confirmers of false reckonings.—The original has confirmers instead of confirmers. Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Pope.

P. 75. As a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose.—I do not well understand this noble goose. Hanmer printed "a nose-quill'd goose," which I understand still less. Singer prints "like a notable goose," which I more than suspect to be right.

P. 76. Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say

I prove a busy actor in their play.—The original wants see, which was proposed by Jervis. And rightly, no doubt; for it is incredible that the Poet would have left such a gap in one line of a rhyming couplet.—The old text also begins the second line with "Ile prove."

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 77. The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps.—Singer and Collier's second folio change capable to palpable; perhaps rightly. See foot-note 3.—In the preceding line, the old text omits but; an error which the metre naturally corrects.

P. 77. That you insult, exult, and all at once. — It has been asked what "all at once" can possibly mean here; and Singer follows Warburton in substituting rail for all. But Staunton shows that all at once
was in common use as a sort of expletive phrase. So in *The Fisher-
man's Tale*, 1594: "She wept, she cride, she sob'd, and *all at once.*"
Also in Middleton's *Changeling*, iv. 3: "Does love turn fool, run mad,
and *all at once*?" And in *King Henry V.*, i. 1: "Nor never Hydra-
headed willfulness so soon did lose his seat, and *all at once*, as in this
King."

P. 77. *What though you have no beauty,* &c. — There has been a deal
of stumbling at this passage. Instead of *no*, Hanmer printed *some*,
and is followed by Dyce; while Malone proposed and Steevens
adopted *more*. For my part, I am quite unable to see the force of the
objections to the original reading, "*no* beauty." See foot-note 5.

P. 79. *He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love
with my anger.* — So Hanmer. The original reads "*with your foul-
ness.*" The next clause points out the correction.

P. 80. *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall.* — So Capell. The
old text has "*He is not very tall,*" thus overfilling the verse. Walker
justly includes this among the various instances, which he quotes, of
*very* interpolated.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 82. *The sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often
rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.* — Here the first
folio has "*in which by often rumination*"; the second, "*in which my
often.*" Singer and Dyce throw out the *in* altogether, and, retaining
*by*, make *which* the subject of *wraps*; thus, — "*which, by often rumi-
nation, wraps me,*" &c. The reading in the text was proposed by
Jervis.

P. 83. *A better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman.* —
So Hanmer; the original, "*than you make.*"

P. 84. *Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should
think my honesty ranker than my wit.* — If I understand this speech, I
would rather it were not in the play. Collier's second folio reads "*I
should thank my honesty rather than my wit*"; which I certainly do
not understand at all, and therefore see nothing objectionable in it
*except darkness.*
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 85. And the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.—For chroniclers Hanmer and Collier's second folio substitute coroners. Rightly, I suspect; notwithstanding Lettsom's opinion that "the plural number, and the phrase of that age, tell the other way."

P. 86. Men are April when they woo, December when they're wed. — The original reads "December when they wed." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's.

P. 87. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, &c. — Hanmer changed occasion to accusation, which Singer adopts. The change seems so apt and just, that I have had much ado to resist it; for the interpretation commonly given to the passage comes, I think, rather too hard out of the words to be fairly admissible. See foot-note 19.

P. 88. I tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando.—Here, again, the original has "Ile tell."

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 89. [They sing him home, the rest bearing this burden.] — Here the original has "Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen," all as the third line of the song, and printed in the same type as the rest. Of modern editors, some print the whole line as a stage-direction; others print the first four words, "Then sing him home," as the third line of the song, and the rest as a stage-direction. White and Dyce are among the former; Singer and Staunton among the latter. I cannot but think it rather unlike Shakespeare to break up the proper symmetry of a lyrical strain, by thrusting in such an exceptional line as the four words make in this case.

ACT IV., SCENE

P. 90. My gentle Phebe bid me give you this. — So the second folio; the first, "Phebe did bid me."

P. 93. 

The boy is fair,
Of female favour, but bestows himself
Like a right forester; the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you

The owners of the house I did inquire for? — I here adopt the reading proposed by Lettsom, with great ingenuity certainly, and, I think, with excellent judgment also. In the second line the original has and instead of but, and in the third ripe sister instead of right forester. The hole left in the verse by sister was stopped with but by the editor of the second folio, probably with no other thought than to rectify the metre. Walker remarks upon the passage that "A ripe sister seems an odd expression." Odd it certainly is, and, I think, out of keeping with the character and situation; while it were an easy gloss or corruption of right forester, when s was written long, so as to be hardly distinguishable from f. The substitution of but for and is not so clear; but the play has fifty undoubted misprints that are hardly more easy to account for. — In the last line also, the original has owner instead of owners. The context readily suggests the correction.

P. 93. Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. — The old text has food instead of cud. The correction was made by Sir Walter Scott in the Preface to Quentin Durward, and is adopted by Staunton and Dyce; the former remarking that "to chew the cud, metaphorically, to ruminate, to revolve in the mind, is an expression of frequent occurrence in our old authors."

P. 93. Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age. — The original reads "Under an old oak"; where old is palpably redundant both in sense and in metre. Even White, stickler as he is for the text of the first folio, gives up old here.

P. 95. And to give this napkin,

Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth, &c. — The original has "Died in this bloud"; this being evidently repeated by mistake from the preceding line. Corrected in the second folio.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 98. Or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee, &c. — The original prints "dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee"; the or being probably repeated once too much by mis-
take. Modern editions generally strike out the marks of parenthesis: Farmer proposed, and Steevens adopted, the erasure of or, as Dyce also does.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 101. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?—The old text has meanings. Corrected by Walker.

P. 102. All adoration, duty, and observance,
    All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
    All purity, all trial, all endurance. — In the last of these lines, the original repeats observance. Collier's second folio changes the first observance to obedience, and is followed by White and Dyce. I think Singer's change of the second observance to endurance is, on the whole, preferable.

P. 102. Who do you speak to, Why blame you me to love you?—The original reads "Why do you speak too"; which the next speech proves to be wrong. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 104. Which are only the prologues to a bad voice. — The original reads the only. The correction is Capell's.

P. 104. In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time. — The original has rang instead of ring, and also transposes the last stanza into the place of the second. Both corrections are found in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, where the song is printed from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Steevens, however, had conjectured ring before, and Thirlby the transposition of the stanzas.

P. 105. Yet the note was very untuneable. — So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The old text has untunable, which the Page's reply, "we lost not our time," shows to be wrong.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 105. As those that fear to hope, and know they fear. — So Collier's second folio. The original has "that fear they hope." Many changes in the text have been made or proposed; but this, I think, removes the most difficulty with the least change.
P. 106. Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me. — The original has "Keep you your word"; another instance of mistaken repetition from the context. Corrected by Pope.

P. 108. Jaq. How, the Seventh Cause? — The old text omits the here; but the next speech of Jaques shows that it ought not to be omitted: "But, for the Seventh Cause," &c.

P. 108. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. — So the original. Various changes have been proposed, in order to make sense of the passage; and several modes of punctuation have been tried, to the same end; but nothing satisfactory has been reached. It is not unlikely that the text may be corrupt; but I suspect it to be merely an instance of elaborate nonsense, purposely framed to the style of those who "for a tricksy word defy the matter." See vol. iii., page 189, note 7.

P. 109. And so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. — The original omits the before Lie Circumstantial. / Supplied in the second folio.

P. 110. That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is. — In both of these lines the original misprints his for her; which makes stark nonsense of the passage. Corrected by Malone.

P. 111. Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu. — In the second of these lines, the original has sight instead of shape; doubtless repeated by mistake from the line before: at all events, Phebe's speech shows sight to be an error. The correction was proposed by Johnson, but Walker seems to have hit upon it independently.

P. 112. Even daughter-welcome,—in no less degree. — So Theobald, and Walker without knowing how Theobald had printed the line. Commonly printed "Even daughter, welcome in no less degree"; which plainly inverts, or at least upsets, the meaning intended.
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P. 112. And all their lands restored to them again
    That were with him exiled. — The original has "restor'd to
    him again." The were in the next clause corrects the error.

EPilogue.

P. 114. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like
    as much of this play as please you. — I more than suspect that, instead
    of "as please you," we ought to read "as pleases them." Warburton
    thought the error proceeded further, and reformed the latter member
    of the sentence, thus: "And I charge you, O men, for the love you
    bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates
    them,) to like as much as pleases them; that between you and the
    women the play may please." Perhaps this may look too much like
    making the Epilogue "speak by the card."
TWELFTH NIGHT.

NEVER printed, so far as is known, till in the folio of 1623. No contemporary notice of the play was discovered till the year 1628, when Collier, delving among the old papers in the Museum, lighted upon a manuscript Diary, written by one John Manningham, a barrister-at-law, who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597. It seems that the benchers and members of the several law-schools in London, which were then called "Inns-of-Court," were wont to have annual feasts, and to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. So, under date of February 2d, 1602, Manningham notes: "At our feast we had a play called Twelfth Night, or What You Will, much like The Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and near to that in the Italian called Inganni." The writer then goes on to state such particulars of the action as fully identify the play he saw with the one now in hand. Which ascertains that Shakespeare's Twelfth Night was performed before the members of the Middle Temple on the old Church festival of the Purification, formerly called Candlemas; an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. The play was most likely fresh from the Poet's hand when the lawyers thus had the pleasure of it; at least, the internal marks of allusion and style accord well with that supposal. In iii. 2, it is said of Malvolio, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." This is justly explained as referring to a famous multilinear map of the world, which appeared in 1598; the first map of the world in which the Eastern Islands were included. Again, in iii. 1, we have, "But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them"; alluding, apparently, to an order issued by the Privy
Council in June, 1600, laying very tight restrictions upon the stage, and providing very severe penalties for any breach thereof.

The story upon which the more serious parts of *Twelfth Night* were founded appears to have been a general favourite before and during Shakespeare's time. It is met with in various forms and under various names in the Italian, French, and English literature of that period. The earliest form of it known to us is in Bandello's collection of novels. From the Italian of Bandello it was transferred, with certain changes and abridgments, into the French of Belleforest, and makes one in his collection of *Tragical Histories*. From one or the other of these sources the tale was borrowed again by Barnabe Rich, and set forth as *The History of Apolonius and Silla*; making the second in his collection of tales entitled *Farewell to the Military Profession*, which was first printed in 1581.

Until the discovery of Manningham's *Diary*, Shakespeare was not supposed to have gone beyond these sources, and it was thought something uncertain to which of these he was most indebted for the raw material of his play. It is now held doubtful whether he drew from either of them. The passage I have quoted from that *Diary* notes a close resemblance of *Twelfth Night* to an Italian play "called *Inganni.*" This has had the effect of directing attention to the Italian theatre in quest of his originals. Two comedies bearing the title of *Gl' Inganni* have been found, both of them framed upon the novel of Bandello, and both in print before the date of *Twelfth Night*. These, as also the three forms of the tale mentioned above, all agree in having a brother and sister, the latter in male attire, and the two bearing so close a resemblance in person and dress as to be indistinguishable; upon which circumstance some of the leading incidents are made to turn. In one of the Italian plays, the sister is represented as assuming the name of *Cesare*; which is so like *Cesario*, the name adopted by Viola in her disguise, that the one may well be thought to have suggested the other. Beyond this point, *Twelfth Night* shows no clear connection with either of those plays.

But there is a third Italian comedy, also lately brought to light, entitled *Gl' Ingannati*, which is said to have been first printed
in 1537. Here the traces of indebtedness are much clearer and more numerous. I must content myself with abridging the Rev. Joseph Hunter's statement of the matter. In the Italian play, a brother and sister, named Fabritio and Lelia, are separated at the sacking of Rome in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where a gentleman resides, named Flamineo, to whom she was formerly attached. She disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flamineo, having forgotten his Lelia, is making suit to Isabella, a lady of Modena. The disguised Lelia is employed by him in his love-suit to Isabella, who remains utterly deaf to his passion, but falls desperately in love with the messenger. After a while, the brother Fabritio arrives at Modena, and his close resemblance to Lelia in her male attire gives rise to some ludicrous mistakes. At one time a servant of Isabella meets him in the street, and takes him to her house, supposing him to be the messenger; just as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. In due time the needful recognitions take place, whereupon Isabella easily transfers her affection to Fabritio, and Flamineo's heart no less easily ties up with the loving and faithful Lelia. In her disguise Lelia takes the name of Fabio; hence, most likely, the name of Fabian, who figures as one of Olivia's servants. The Italian play has also a character called Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and another named Malevotti, of which Malvolio is a happy adaptation. All which fully establishes the connection between the Italian play and the English. As no translation of the former has been heard of, here again we have some reason for believing that the Poet could read Italian. As for the more comic portions of Twelfth Night,—those in which Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown figure so delectably,—we have no reason to suppose that any part of them was borrowed.
TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to
Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, Gentlemen attending
CURIO, on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Servants to Olivia.
A Clown,
OLIVIA, a Countess.
VIOLA, Sister to Sebastian.
MARRA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


Enter the Duke, Lords, and Curio; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall: ¹
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,

¹ The sense of dying, as here used, is technically expressed by diminutendo.
Stealing and giving odour! — Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.—
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so’er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn’d into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E’er since pursue me.—

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years hence,

2 Validity is worth, value. So in All’s Well, v. 3: “Behold this ring, whose high respect and rich validity did lack a parallel.”

3 Fancy is continually used by old writers for love. There is a play on the word here.

4 Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing.

5 Element here means the sky. So in 2 Henry IV., iv. 3: “And I, in the clear sky of fame, o’ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins’ heads to her”; cinders meaning, of course, the stars.
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season.
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,
Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The Sea-coast.

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

6 To season is to preserve. In All's Well, i. i, tears are said to be "the best brine a maiden can season her praise in."
7 The liver, brain, and heart were regarded as the special seats of passion, judgment, and affection, and so were put respectively for their supposed occupants.—One self king is equivalent to one and the same king. The Poet often uses self with the force of self-same.
1 Viola first uses perchance in the sense of perhaps; the Captain in that of by chance, accident, or good luck.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and this poor number saved with you,  
Hung on our driving boat,² I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself—  
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice  
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin’s back,³  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there’s gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know’st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours’ travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.⁴

Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

² "Driving boat" means, I suppose, boat driven before the storm.
³ Arion’s feat is worthily described in Wordsworth’s poem On the Power of sound:

Thy skill, Arion,  
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,  
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,  
Leave for one chant; — the dulcet sound  
Steals from the deck o’er willing waves,  
And listening dolphins gather round,  
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
Mid that strange audience, he bestrides  
A proud one docile as a managed horse;  
And singing, while the accordant hand  
Sweeps his harp, the master rides.

⁴ An allusion, no doubt, to the great and well-known Italian family of Orsini, from whom the name Orsino is borrowed.
He was a bachelor then.

_Cap._ And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

_Vio._ What's she?

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

_Vio._ O, that I served that lady,
And might not be deliver’d to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is! ⁵

_Cap._ That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

_Vio._ There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close-in pollution, yet of thee
I well believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:

⁶ Viola is herself a nobleman's daughter; and she here wishes that her
birth and quality — her _estate_ — may be kept secret from the world, till she
has a _ripe_ occasion for making known who she is. Certain later passages
in the play seem to infer that she has already fallen in love with Duke Orsino
from the descriptions she has had of him.
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him: 6
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.7
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A Room in Olivia’s House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

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

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights:
your cousin, 1 my lady, takes great exceptions to
your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted. 2

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

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I

6 This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a page, not as an eunuch.

7 "Will approve me worth his service"; that is, "will prove that I am worth," &c. This use of to allow for to approve is very common in old English; and Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in King Lear, ii. 4: "O Heavens, if your sweet sway allow obedience."

1 Cousin was used, not only for what we so designate, but also for nephew, niece, grandchild, and, indeed, kindred in general.

2 The Poet here shows his familiarity with the technical language of the Law; Sir Toby being made to run a whimsical play upon the old legal phrase, "those things being excepted which were before excepted."
am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

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

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboes, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quar-

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8 Sir Toby purposely misunderstands confine, taking it for refine.

4 The use of tall for bold, valiant, stout, was common in Shakespeare's time, and occurs several times in his works. Sir Toby is evidently bantering with the word, Sir Andrew being equally deficient in spirit and in stature. See vol. ii., page 222, note 4.

5 Viol-de-gamboes appears to be a Tobyism for viol da gamba, an instrument much like the violoncello: so called because it was held between the legs; gamba being Italian for leg. According to Gifford, the instrument "was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of conversation. Whoever pretended to fashion affected an acquaintance with this instrument."

6 Maria plays upon natural, which, in one of its senses, meant a fool. See page 15, note 3. — There is also an equivocation in all most, one of the senses being almost.

7 Gust is taste, from the Italian gusto; not much used now, though its sense lives in disgust.
relling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

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

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

_Sir To._ With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! _Castiliano volto_; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

_Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK._

_Sir And._ Sir Toby Belch; how now, Sir Toby Belch!

_Sir To._ Sweet Sir Andrew!

_Sir And._ Bless you, fair shrew.

_Mar._ And you too, sir.

_Sir To._ Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

_Sir And._ What's that?

_Sir To._ My niece's chambermaid.

_Sir And._ Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

_Mar._ My name is Mary, sir.

_Sir And._ Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

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8 Substractors is another Tobyism for detractors.

9 Holinshed classes coistrels among the unwarlike followers of an army. It was thus used as a term of contempt.

10 A large top was formerly kept in each village for the peasantry to amuse themselves with in frosty weather. "He sleeps like a town-top," is an old proverb.

11 Meaning, "Put on a Castilian face"; that is, grave, solemn looks.

12 Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using accost in its original sense. The word is from the French accoster, to come side by side, or to approach. Accost is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake.
Scene III.

What You Will.

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

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

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

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

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

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

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

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

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you saw canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more


14 The buttery was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments, and a dry hand was considered a symptom of debility.—The relevancy of "thought is free" may be not very apparent. Perhaps the following from Lyly's Euphues, 1581, will illustrate it: "None, quoth she, can judge of wit but they that have it. Why, then, quoth he, dost thou think me a fool? Thought is free, my lord, quoth she."
wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.\textsuperscript{15}

\textit{Sir To.} No question.

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

\textit{Sir To.} \textit{Pourquoi}, my dear knight?

\textit{Sir And.} What is \textit{pourquoi}? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the Arts!

\textit{Sir To.} Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.\textsuperscript{16}

\textit{Sir And.} Why, would that have mended my hair?

\textit{Sir To.} Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

\textit{Sir And.} But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

\textit{Sir To.} Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

\textit{Sir And.} Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count\textsuperscript{17} himself here hard by wooes her.

\textit{Sir To.} She'll none o' the Count: she'll not match above

\textsuperscript{15} So in \textit{The Haven of Health}, 1584: "Galen affirmeth that biefe maketh grosse bloude and engendreth melancholie, especially if it is much eaten, and if such as doe eat it be of a melancholy complexion."

\textsuperscript{16} Sir Toby is quibbling between \textit{tongues} and \textit{tongs}, the latter meaning, of course, the well-known instrument for \textit{curling} the hair. The two words were often written, and probably sounded, alike, or nearly so. So in the introduction to \textit{The Faerie Queene}: "O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong." Here the word rhymes with \textit{long} and \textit{wrong}. For this explanation, which is not more ingenious than apt and just, I am indebted to a private letter from Mr. Joseph Crosby.

\textsuperscript{17} The titles \textit{Duke} and \textit{Count} are used indifferently of Orsino. The reason of this, if there be any, is not apparent. The Poet of course understood the difference between a duke and a count, well enough. White suggests that in a revival of the play he may have concluded to change the title, and then, for some cause, left the change incomplete.
her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't,\textsuperscript{18} man.

\textit{Sir And.} I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

\textit{Sir To.} Art thou good at these kickshawses,\textsuperscript{19} knight?

\textit{Sir And.} As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with a nobleman.

\textit{Sir To.} What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

\textit{Sir And.} Faith, I can cut a caper.

\textit{Sir To.} And I can cut the mutton to't.\textsuperscript{20}

\textit{Sir And.} And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

\textit{Sir To.} Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?\textsuperscript{21} why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?\textsuperscript{22} My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in

\textsuperscript{18} Equivalent to "there is hope in it." It was a phrase of the time.

\textsuperscript{19} A Tobyism, probably, for kickshaws, an old word for trifle or knickknacks; said to be a corruption of the French quelque chose.

\textsuperscript{20} A double pun is probably intended here; the meaning being, "If you can do the man's part in a galliard, I can do the woman's." Mutton was sometimes used as a slang term for a woman.

\textsuperscript{21} Mistress Mall was a very celebrated character of the Poet's time, who played many parts (not on the stage) in male attire. Her real name was Mary Frith, though commonly known as Moll Cutpurse. In 1610 a book was entered at the Stationers, called \textit{The Madde Prankes of Merry Moll of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose}, by John Day. Middleton and Dekker wrote a comedy entitled \textit{The Roaring Girl}, of which she was the heroine. Portraits were commonly curtailed to keep off the dust.

\textsuperscript{22} Galliard and coranto are names of dances: the galliard, a lively, stirring dance, from a Spanish word signifying cheerful, gay; the coranto, a quick dance for two persons, described as "traversing and running, as our country dance, but having twice as much in a strain."
a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form’d under the star of a galliard.

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

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

Sir And. Taurus! that’s sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. [Sir And. dances.] Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—An Apartment in the Duke’s Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in Man’s attire.

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

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

23 Sink-a-pace was a popular corruption of cinque-pace; a dance, the steps of which were regulated by the number five. See vol. iv., page 173, note 6.

24 “A flame-colour’d stock” is a pretty emphatic sort of stocking.—“Indifferent well” is tolerably well. A frequent usage.

25 Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacs. Both the knights are wrong; the zodiacal sign Taurus having reference to the neck and throat. The point seems to be that Sir Toby is poking fun at Sir Andrew’s conceit of agility: “I can cut a caper.”
SCENE IV. WHAT YOU WILL.

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all;¹ I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait² unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited³ return.

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

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith!
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious;⁴ thy small pipe

¹ That is, "no less than all." This use of but with the force of than is quite frequent in Shakespeare. In As You Like It, v. 2, page 100, we have five instances of it in one speech: "Your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked "; &c.

² The meaning is, "direct thy course," or thy steps. The Poet often uses to address in the sense of to make ready or prepare; and here the meaning is much the same. See page 112, note 24.

³ Unprofited for unprofitable. Shakespeare often uses the endings -able and -ed indiscriminately. So he has detested for detestable, unnumbered for innumerable, unavoided for unavoidable, and many others.

⁴ Rubious is red or rosy. This sense lives in ruby and rubicund.
Is as the maiden’s organ, shrill in sound;
And all is semblative a woman’s part.
I know thy constellation\(^5\) is right apt
For this affair.—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

\(^{Vio.}\) I’ll do my best
To woo your lady: — [Aside.] yet, a barful strife!\(^6\)
Whoe’er I woo, myself would be his wife. \([Exeunt.\]

SCENE V. — A Room in Olivia’s House.

Enter Maria and the Clown.

\(^{Mar.}\) Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will
not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of
thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

\(^{Clo.}\) Let her hang me: he that is well hang’d in this
world needs to fear no colours.\(^1\)

\(^{Mar.}\) Make that good.

\(^{Clo.}\) He shall see none to fear.

\(^{Mar.}\) A good lanten answer.\(^2\) I can tell thee where that
saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

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\(^5\) An astrological allusion. A man’s constellation is the star that was in
the ascendant at his birth, and so determined what he had a genius for.

\(^6\) A strife or undertaking full of bars or impediments.

\(^1\) Both the origin of this phrase and the meaning attached to it, notwithstanding Maria’s explanation, are still obscure. Colours is still used for flag; and probably it is here to be taken in a figurative sense for enemy.

\(^2\) Probably a short or spare answer; like the diet used in Lent. Lenten might be applied to any thing that marked the season of Lent. Thus Taylor the water-poet speaks of “a lanten top,” which people amused themselves with during Lent; and in Hamlet we have, “what lanten entertainment the players shall receive from you.”
SCENE V. WHAT YOU WILL.

_Clo._ Where, good Mistress Mary?

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

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

_Mar._ Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

_Clo._ Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

_Mar._ You are resolute, then?

_Clo._ Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

_Mar._ That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall. ³

_Clo._ Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

_Mar._ Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

_Clo._ Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus?⁴ _Better a witty fool than a foolish wit._ —

_Enter_ Olivia_ and Malvolio._

God bless thee, lady!

_Oli._ Take the Fool away.

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

³ Maria quibbles upon _points_. _Gaskins_ was the name of a man's nether garment, large hose, or trousers; and the points were the tags or laces which, being tied, held them up. See vol. ii., page 193, note 4.

⁴ _Quinapalus_ is an imaginary author. To invent or to coin names and authorities for the nonce, seems to be a part of this Clown's humour.
Oli. Go to, you're a dry Fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the dry Fool drink, then is the Fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. — The lady bade take away the Fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non factit monachum;⁵ that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

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

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

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

Clo. I think his soul is in Hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in Heaven, Fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in Heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this Fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

⁵ A common proverb; literally, "a hood does not make a monk." Shakespeare has it elsewhere.
MAL. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of Fools, to be no better than the Fools' zanies. 6

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts 7 that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd Fool, 8 though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

6 The zany in Shakespeare's day was the attenuated mime of the mimic. He was the servant or attendant of the professional clown, who accompanied him on the stage or in the ring, attempting to imitate his tricks, and adding to the general merriment by his ludicrous failures and comic imbecility. It is this characteristic, not merely of mimicry, but of weak and abortive mimicry, that gives its distinctive meaning to the word, and colours it with a special tinge of contempt. This feature of the early stage has descended to our own times, and may still be found in the performances of the circus. We have ourselves seen the clown and the zany in the ring together; the clown doing clever tricks, the zany provoking immense laughter by his ludicrous failures in attempting to imitate them.—Edinburgh Review, July, 1869.

7 Bird-bolts were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds. See page 108, note 13.

8 An allow'd Fool was the domestic or court Fool, like Touchstone in As You Like It; that is, the jester by profession, who dressed in motley;
Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of Fools!

Re-enter Maria.

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

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: lie on him! [Exit Maria.]—Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, do dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a Fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.10

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

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

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

with whom folly was an art; and whose functions are so admirably set forth by Jaques in the play just mentioned, ii. 7.

9 The Clown means, that unless Olivia lied she could not “speak well of Fools”; therefore he prays Mercury to endue her with leasing. Leasing was about the same as our jibbing. As Mercury was the God of cheats and liars, the Clown aptly invokes his aid.

10 The membrane that covers the brain; put for the brain itself.
Scene V. What You Will.

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! 11 — How now, sot! 12

Clo. Good Sir Toby! —

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

Sir To. Lechery! I defy 13 lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the Devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

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

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink,—he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the Fool shall look to the madman. [Exit.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

11 Pickled herrings seem to have been a common relish in drunken sprees. Gabriel Harvey says of Robert Greene, the profligate dramatist, that he died "of a surfett of pickle herring and Rennishe wine."

12 Sot is used by the Poet for fool; as in The Merry Wives Dr. Caius says, "Have you make-a de sot of us?"

13 To defy was often used for to renounce, or abjure. See page 114, note 35.
Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.
Mal. 'Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your
door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench,
but he'll speak with you.
Oli. What kind o' man is he?
Mal. Why, of man kind.
Oli. What manner of man?
Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you
or no.
Oli. Of what personage and years is he?
Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough
for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling
when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing
water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and
he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's
milk were scarce out of him.
Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter Maria.

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

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?
Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

14 The Sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors on which
proclamations and placards were affixed.
15 A codling, according to Gifford, means an involucrum or bell, and
was used by our old writers for that early stage of vegetation, when the fruit,
after shaking off the blossom, begins to assume a globular and determinate
shape. The original of squash was used of such young vegetables as were
eaten in the state of immaturity.
16 Shrewishly is sharply, tartly; like a shrew. So, of old, shrewd meant
keen or biting. See page 113, note 28.
Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn: I am very compitible even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

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

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

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

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

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

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of Moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

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

\[17\text{ Comptible is susceptible, or sensitive. The proper meaning of the word is accountable.}\]
Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.
—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

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

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

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhood: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

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

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

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

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

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

---

18 To hull is a nautical term, probably meaning to haul in sails and lay-to, without coming to anchor. Swabber is also a nautical term, used of one who attends to the swabbing or cleaning of the deck.

19 Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant, alluding, ironically, to the small stature of Maria.

20 Viola's being a messenger implies that it is not her own mind, but that of the sender, that she is to tell.

21 Comfortable for comforting; the passive form with the active sense. Often so. See vol. iv., page 15, note 15.
SCENE V.

WHAT YOU WILL.

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

[Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

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

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

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

Vio. I see you what you are,—you are too proud;
But, if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adoration, with fertile tears.

22 It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued; the meaning being, "behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment."

23 "Indifferent red" is tolerably red. See page 148, note 24.

24 Blue eyes were called gray in the Poet's time. See page 67, note 45.

25 To appraise me, or set a value upon me; referring to the inventory she has just given of her graces.

26 Fertile appears to be used here in the sense of copious. Shakespeare has fruitful in a like sense. So in Hamlet, i. 2: "No, nor the fruitful river in the eye."
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn’d, and valiant;
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

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

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

27 Meaning, perhaps, well spoken of, well voiced in the public mouth; or it may mean well reputed for knowledge in the languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet’s time.
28 Cantons is the old English word for cantos.
29 A Shakespearian expression for echo.
SCENE V.          WHAT YOU WILL.          161

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

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

[Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage? —

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman. I’ll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon. — Not too fast; —
Soft, soft! —
Unless the master were the man.30 — How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth’s perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What, ho, Malvolio?

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish31 messenger,
The County’s man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I’ll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I’ll give him reasons for’t. Hie thee, Malvolio.

[Exit.

80 Soft! was in frequent use, as here, for stay! not too fast! Olivia
means, apparently, that her passion is going ahead too fast, unless Orsino
were its object, who is Viola’s master.

81 Peevish was commonly used for foolish or childish; hence, perhaps,
the meaning it now bears of fretful. It may have either meaning here, or
both.
Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. 32
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; 33
What is decreed must be,—and be this so!

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go
with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over
me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper
yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may
bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love,
to lay any of them on you.

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

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extrava-
gagancy. 1 But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of
modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing 2
to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to

32 She fears that her eyes have formed so flattering an idea of Cesario,
that she will not have the strength of mind to resist the impression.

33 We are not our own masters; we cannot govern ourselves. Owe for
own, possess, or have; as usual.

1 "The purpose of my voyage ends with the voyage itself," or, "I am
travelling merely for the sake of travel." Extravagancy is used in the Latin
sense of going at large; as in Hamlet, i, r: "Th' extravagant and erring
spirit hies to his confine."

2 Willing in the sense of choosing, wishing, or preferring.
express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the Heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

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

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so

---8 To declare or unfold myself. Sebastian holds himself the more bound to give the information, inasmuch as Antonio's delicacy keeps him from asking, or from being inquisitive.

---4 The meaning is, "Though I could not, when compared with a person of such admirable beauty, over-far believe that I resembled her."

---5 This may refer to what is thus delivered by Sir Walter Scott in The Pirate: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce the pedler says to him,— "Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived.
near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court: farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's Court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II. — A Street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

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

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

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardly to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.¹

Vio. She took no ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,² For she did speak in starts distractedly.

¹ "Receive it so" is understand it so. Take is still used in the same way.
² Her eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue, and let it run as if it were divided from her judgment.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so,—as 'tis,—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant\(^3\) enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false\(^4\)
In woman's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For, such as we are made of, such we be.\(^5\)
How will this fadge?\(^6\) my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster,\(^7\) fond as much on him,
As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now, alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie!

\(^3\) Pregnant is quick-witted, cunning.
\(^4\) Proper is here used in the sense of handsome: the meaning of the passage being, "How easy it is for handsome deceivers to print their forms in the waxen hearts of women." Such compounds as proper-false are not unusual in Shakespeare. Beauteous-evil occurs in this play.
\(^5\) Such evidently refers to frailty in the preceding line; the sense being, "Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail."
\(^6\) Fadge, meaning fit or suit, was a polite word in Shakespeare's time, and moved, without question, in the best circles.
\(^7\) Viola calls herself monster from the fact of her being, in a manner, both woman and man.
Scene III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes: and diluculo surgere, thou know'st,—

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

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfille'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

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

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar: let us therefore eat and drink. —Maria, I say! a stoup of wine!

Sir And. Here comes the Fool, i' faith.

Enter the Clown.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of We Three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the Fool has an excellent breast.

1 Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est. This adage is in Lily's Grammar. It means, "To rise betimes is very wholesome."

2 The four elements referred to are earth, water, air, and fire; the right mixing of which was supposed to be the condition of health in body and mind.

3 Stoup is an old word for cup; often used by the Poet.

4 Alluding to an old common sign representing two fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, "We three loggerheads be"; the point of the joke being, of course, that the spectator was the third.

5 Breast was often used for voice in the Poet's time. Thus we have the phrase, "singing men well-breasted." This use of the word grew from the form of the breast having much to do with the quality of the voice.
I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has.—In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigromogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus: 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

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

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

_Sir To._ Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

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

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

_Sir To._ A love-song, a love-song.

_Sir And._ Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

_Song._

_Clo._ _O_ mistress mine, where are you roaming?

_O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,

6 _Leman_ is mistress or sweetheart.

7 _Impeticoat, or impocket, thy gratuity._ Some have complained seriously that they could not understand the Clown in this scene; which is shrewd proof they did not understand the _Poet_!

8 The _testril_ or _testern_ was originally a French coin, of sixpence value, or thereabouts; so called from having a _test_ or head stamped upon it.

9 That is, a civil and virtuous song; so described in _The Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow._

10 This song probably was not written by Shakespeare. Chappell, in his _Popular Music of the Olden Time_, says the tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrd. He also says it was printed in 1599; and from this he concludes "either that Shakespeare's _Twelfth Night_ was written in or before that year, or that in accordance with the then prevailing custom, _O mistress mine_ was an old song, introduced into the play." Dyce thinks "the latter supposition is doubtless the true one."
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting:
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,11
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?12 shall we
rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out
of one weaver?13 shall we do that?

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

Clo. By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, Thou knave.
Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be
constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to
call me knave. Begin, Fool: it begins, Hold thy peace.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

11 Sweet-and-twenty appears to have been an old term of endearment.
12 Drink till the sky seems to turn round.
13 Shakespeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his
time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would
hale the soul out of a weaver thrice over.
Sir And. Good, i'faith. Come, begin.  

[They sing the catch.]

Enter Maria.

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

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,\(^{14}\) we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and Three merry men be we. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady!\(^{15}\) — [Sings.] There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady! Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

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

Sir To. [Sings.] O'\(^{16}\) the twelfth day of December,\(^{17}\) —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's

\(^{14}\) This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

\(^{15}\) An interjection of contempt, equivalent to fiddle-faddle.

\(^{16}\) This is not the interjectional O, but the elided preposition on or of.

\(^{17}\) With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in 2 Henry IV., where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, O the twelfth day of December is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of There dwelt a man in Babylon, which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." Three merry men be we seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called Robin Hood and the Tanner. Peg-a-Ramsey, or Peggy Ramsey, was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. Thou knave was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."
house, that ye squeak out your coizers' 18 catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick-up! 19

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round 20 with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [Sings.] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone. 21

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [Sings.] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings.] But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. [Sings.] Shall I bid him go?

Clo. [Sings.] What an if you do?

Sir To. [Sings.] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. [Sings.] O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

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

---

18 Criers is botchers, whether botching with the needles or with awls.
19 Snick-up was an exclamation of contempt, equivalent to "Go hang yourself," or "go and be hanged."
20 Round is downright or plain-spoken.
21 This is the first line of an old ballad, entitled Corydon's Farewell to Phillis. It was inserted in Percy's Reliques from an ancient miscellany, called The Golden Garland of Princely Delights. The musical dialogue that follows between Sir Toby and the Clown is adapted to their purpose from the first two stanzas of the ballad.
Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

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

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

Mar. Go shake your ears.

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

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

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir And. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

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

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

---

22 Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or satin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was **rubbing it with crumbs.** So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*: "Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain."

23 "Shake your ears" is probably used as a metaphor implying that Malvolio has **long ears**; in other words, that he is an **ass.**

24 **Nay-word** here means **by-word** or **laughing-stock.** So defined in an old dictionary. Elsewhere the Poet has it in the sense of **watch-word.**

25 **Possess** for **inform;** a very frequent usage. See vol. iii., page 130, note 12.
Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

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

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons State without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

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

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

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construc-

26 An affected ass. Affection was often used for affectation.

27 By great parcels or heaps. Swaths are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower. Maria means that he is full of political strut, and spouts arguments of State by rote.
tion of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

_Sir To._ Good night, Penthesilea. [Exit Maria.

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

_Sir To._ She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

_Sir And._ I was adored once too.

_Sir To._ Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

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

_Sir To._ Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

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

_Sir To._ Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

**Scene IV. — An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.**

_Enter the Duke, Viola, Curio, and others._

_Duke._ Give me some music:—now, good morrow, friends.—Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought it did relieve my passion much,

---

28 Penthesilea was Queen of the Amazons, and killed by Achilles in the Trojan War; _politely._

29 A _beagle_ was a small hound, and a keen hunter; applied to Maria from her brevity of person and sharpness of wit.

30 _Cut_ was a common contraction of _curtail_. One of the carriers' horses in _Henry IV._ is called _Cut._

31 _Sack_ is an old term for _sherry wine_, which appears to have been Sir Toby's favourite beverage, as it was also Falstaff's. The phrase "burnt sack" occurs twice in _The Merry Wives_; perhaps a preparation of sack and other ingredients finished for the mouth, as flip used to be, by thrusting a red-hot iron into it.
More than light airs and recollected terms\(^1\)
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

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

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a Fool that the Lady Olivia’s father took much delight in: he is about the house.

*Duke.* Go seek him out: — and play the tune the while. —

[Exit Curio. Music.]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,—
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

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

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon’t, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay’d upon some favour\(^2\) that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is’t?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

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

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by Heaven: let still the woman take

---

\(^1\) This is commonly explained as meaning *repeated* terms, or the repetition of poetical and musical phrases. Some think *terms* refers to a sort of lyrical embroidery made by running culled expressions together, and so lacking the plainness and simplicity that goes to the heart. *Old and antique*, two lines before, is not a pleonasm, *antique* carrying a sense of quaintness as well as of age.

\(^2\) *Favour for feature.* Viola in her reply plays upon the word.
SCENE IV.  WHAT YOU WILL. 175

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

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

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so,—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio with the Clown.

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,4
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.5

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing.  

[Music.

SONG.

Clo.  Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;

8 Free appears to have been often used in the sense of pure or chaste.
So, in The Winter's Tale, ii. 3, Hermione is described as "a gracious inno-
cent soul, more free than he is jealous." It may, however, mean frank,
unsuspecting; the proper style of a plain and guileless heart.

4 Silly sooth is simple truth.

5 The old age is the ages past, times of simplicity.

6 Cypress wood was thought to be the fittest for coffins. — Come away
here means come on, or come, simply. Repeatedly so.
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love never find my grave,  
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.  
Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.
Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.  
Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their

7 Death is a part in the drama of life, which all have to undergo or to act; and the thought here seems to be, that, "of all the actors who have shared in this common lot, I am the truest," or, "no one has been so true as I."
8 Probably the Duke's polite way of requesting the Clown to leave. Some, however, think the text corrupt; and so indeed it may be.
9 The opal is a gem that varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights, like what is sometimes called changeable silk, that is, taffeta. "The melancholy god" is Saturn; hence the word saturnine, which means sad or gloomy.
intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.  

_Duke._ Let all the rest give place.—

_[Exeunt CURIO and Attendants._

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

_Vio._ But if she cannot love you, sir?

_Duke._ I cannot be so answer'd.

_Vio._ Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady—as, perhaps, there is—
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not, then, be answer'd?

_Duke._ There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.  

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare

---

10 Retention here evidently has the sense of capacity. A rather singular use of the word; but the Poet has it so again in his 122d Sonnet: "That poor retention could not hold so much."— So big, to hold is "so big, as to hold"; an ellipsis occurring very often.

11 The liver was thought to be the special seat of love and courage. See page 139, note 7.
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

_Vio._ Ay, but I know, —

_Duke._ What dost thou know?

_Vio._ Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

_Duke._ And what's her history?

_Vio._ A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought; 12
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. 13 Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

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

_Vio._ I'm all the daughters of my father's House,
And all the brothers too; — and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

_Duke._ Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. 14

_Exeunt._

12 The meaning is, "she wasted away through grief." So in Hamlet's soliloquy: "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; that is, the pale complexion of grief. And in Julius Caesar, ii. r: "If he love Caesar, all that he can do is to himself; take thought and die for Caesar"; where take thought and die means "grieve himself to death." So, again, in St. Matthew, vi. 25: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink;" &c.
13 She sat smiling at grief as the image of Patience sits on a monument.
14 Denay is an old form of denial; used here for the rhyme.
SCENE V. — OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.¹

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter² come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:³ — shall we not, Sir Andrew?

¹ Melancholy must be used here to signify a form of madness or lunacy; something such as Milton has in view, in Paradise Lost, x. i. 485: "Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy, and moon-struck madness." Shakespeare repeatedly supposes the brains of crazy people to be in a boiling or highly feverish state; as in A Midsummer, v. i: "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains." See vol. iii., page 76, note 1.

² Sheep-biter, says Dyce, was "a cant term for a thief!" But I do not well see how it should be applied to Malvolio in that sense. In Measure for Measure, v. i, Lucio says to the Duke, who is disguised as a Friar, "Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face." Here sheep-biting, as also sheep-biter in the text, seems to have the sense of morose, censorious, fault-finding, or given to biting unoffending persons with harsh language. In Chapman's May-Day, iii, 1, a lecherous, intriguing old rogue, named Lorenzo, has a sharp trick played upon him by his nephew Lodovico, who speaks of him as follows: "Alas, poor uncle, I have monstrously abused him; and yet marvellous worthy, for he disparageth the whole blood of us; and I wish all such old sheep-bitters might dip their fingers in such sauce to their mutton."

³ I can hardly imagine what this means, having never met with the phrase anywhere else, that I remember. What it is to be flogged black and blue I have ample cause to know: but to be fooled black and blue, what is it? Is it to mock one, till he turns black in the face from anger and vexation? The best I can do with it is by quoting from one of Mr. Mantalini's speeches in Nicholas Nickleby: "What a demnition long time have you kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked tea-kettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into blue convulsions, upon my life and soul, oh demmit."
Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India! 4

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] — Lie thou there; [Throws down a letter.] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes! 5

Sir And. 'Slight, 6 I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio:—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

4 "Metal of India" probably means precious girl, or heart of gold.
5 To jet is to strut with pride. So in Cymbeline, iii. 3: "The gates of monarchs are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through, and keep their impious turbans on, without good morrow to the Sun." — Advanced plumes is raised or uplifted feathers.
6 'Slight! is a disguised oath, for God's light!
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. — there is example for’t; the lady of the strachy⁷ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! now he’s deeply in: look how imagination blows him.⁸
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,⁹ to hit him in the eye!
Mal. — calling my officers about me, in my branch’d velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping; —
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!
Mal. — and then to have the humour of state; and, after a demure travel of regard,¹⁰ — telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby.—
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

⁷ Payne Knight conjectured that strachy was a corruption of the Italian stratico, a word derived from the low Latin strategus, or straticus, and often used for the governor of a city or province. But Mr. A. E. Brae offers, I think, a more probable explanation: “Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, has a word very like in sound to this strachy: ‘Stratico, the train or long garment of state worn by a princess.’ And when it is considered that there is a sort of appositeness in making the lady who wears the train condescend to marry the man who had charge of it, it offers, I think, a very probable interpretation of Malvolio’s meaning.” He also quotes from Camden’s Remains an epitaph showing that “yeoman of the wardrobe” was a well known office in the households of high-born ladies: “Her lyes Richard Hobbs, Yeoman of the roabes to our late sovereign Queene Mary.”
⁸ Puffs him up. So in Bacon’s Advancement of Learning: “Knowledge bloweth up, but charity buildeth up.”
⁹ A bow for hurling stones.
¹⁰ This seems to be a Malvolian phrase for a stern and awful gaze or stare, with an air of dignified contempt.
Mal. — Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me:—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.

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

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

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

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. — you must amend your drunkenness. —

Sir To. Out, scab?

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

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

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. — one Sir Andrew.

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

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

11 Curtsey was used, to denote acts of civility and reverence by either sex.
12 “An austere regard of control” probably means such a look of sternness as would awe down or repress any approaches of familiarity.
13 The woodcock was thought to be the stupidest of birds; and gin was but another word for trap or snare.
14 “May the self-love-sick humour that possesses him prompt him to read the letter aloud!” Sir Toby wants to hear the contents, and also to see Malvolio smack his lips over the “dish of poison.”
Scene V.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [Reads.] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes: her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.] Love knows I love: but who?

Lips, do not move; no man must know.

No man must know. What follows? the numbers alter'd!¹⁵

No man must know. If this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!¹⁶

Mal. [Reads.] I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

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

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!¹⁷

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!¹⁸

¹⁵ Referring, no doubt, to the different versification of what follows. The use of numbers for verse is quite common; as in Milton's "harmonious numbers," and Pope's "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

¹⁶ Brock is badger, and was used as a term of contempt.

¹⁷ An exclamatory speech. We should say "What a dish," &c. See vol. i., page 169, note 5.

¹⁸ The staniel is a species of hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. To check, says Latham in his Book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."
Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—

Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

19 To any one in his senses, or whose capacity is not out of form. See vol. i., page 137, note 7.

20 A cold scent is a trail that has grown so faint as not to be traceable by the smell, or hardly so.

21 Sowter is used here as the name of a hound.—The Poet sometimes has though in a causal, not a concessive, sense; that is, as equivalent to because, for, since, or inasmuch as. In such cases, his meaning naturally appears to us just the opposite of what it really is. So, here, though it be stands for since or because it is. The logic of the passage requires it to be so understood; for, when a hound loses the trail, he sniffs all round till he recovers it, and then sets up a peculiar howl, "cries upon't," and starts off afresh in the pursuit. "Giving mouth" is the technical phrase for it; and Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me that "it is a cry well known both to the sportsmen and also to the rest of the pack, which immediately opens in concert." See, also, vol. ii., page 31, note 22.

22 A fault, in the language of the chase, is a breach in the continuity of the trail, so that the hound loses the scent, and has to trace or sniff it out anew. See vol. ii., page 141, notes 11 and 12.

23 That is, fails or breaks down on being tried or put to the proof.
Scene V. What You Will.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

—[Reads.] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue twang arguments of State; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy.

Daylight and champain discover not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady

24 Simulation for resemblance or similarity. Malvolio cannot so easily find himself pointed out here as in what has gone before.
25 A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters crossed on the leg. Rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcombical.
26 Champain is open, level country, affording a free prospect.
27 "I will be punctiliously exacting and precise in all the dues and belongings of my rank." — To baffle, as the word is here used, is to triumph over, to treat contemptuously, or to put down.
loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, 

she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she 

manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, 

drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I 
am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and 
cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. God 

and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads.] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If 

thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy 

smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, 
dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.

God, I thank Thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing 
that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of 
thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 29

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. —and ask no other dowry with her but such an-
other jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o’ my neck?

Sir And. Or o’ mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, 30 and become 
thy bond-slave?

28 Strange, here, is reserved, distant, or standing aloof, and on his dignity. 
And stout is in "a concatenation accordingly"; that is, haughty, overbear-
ing, or stout-tempered.

29 Sophy was the Persian title of majesty. At the time this play was 
written, Sir Robert Shirley had lately returned as ambassador from the 
Sophy. Sir Robert boasted of the great rewards he had received, and cut a 
big dash in London.

30 Tray-trip was probably a game of dice; though some hold it to have
SCENE I.  WHAT YOU WILL.  187

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.
Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, \(^{31}\) thou most excellent devil of wit!
Sir And. I'll make one too. \([\text{Exeunt.}]\)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Viola, and the Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! dost thou live by thy tabor?\(^{1}\)
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

been the game of draughts. So in an old satire called Machiavel's Dog: "But, leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile; to passage, treitripe, hazard, or mum-chance."—Play my freedom means play for my freedom; that is, stake it.

\(^{31}\) Tartar is the old Tartarus or Hades. Note the sympathy of Tartar and devil.

\(^{1}\) It seems that the "allowed Fool" had a prescriptive right to the tabor as his musical instrument. Tarleton, the famous stage jester, is represented as armed with one, in a cut prefixed to his Jests, 1611.
Vio. Art thou a churchman?²

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by thy church.

Clo. You have said,³ sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit:⁴ how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

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

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

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.⁵

Vio. Thy reason, man?

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

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

² Churchman was in common use for clergyman.
³ This form of assent or affirmation, now obsolete, occurs in the Bible; as in our Lord's answer to Pilate, St. Mark, xv. 2: "Thou sayest it."
⁴ A cheveril glove is a kid glove. The term was used much as India rubber is now. So in one of Ray's proverbs: "He hath a conscience like a cheveril's skin."
⁵ This probably alludes to an order of the Privy Council, in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions on the Poet's art. The order, besides that it allowed only two houses to be used for stage-plays in the city and suburbs, interdicted those two from playing at all during Lent, or in any time of great sickness, and also limited them to twice a week at all other times. If rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses. As the penalty was imprisonment, it might well be said that words were disgraced by bonds.
Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

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

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [Gives a piece of money.

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

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these breed, sir?

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

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

Vio. I understand you, sir: 'tis well begg'd.

[Give another piece of money.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begg'g but a

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6 Pilchards are said to differ from herrings only in that they can be fried in their own fat, whereas herrings have not fat enough for that purpose.

7 But is here equivalent to if not. See The Merchant, ii. 5, note 19.

8 Pass for make a pass, thrust, or sally, of wit.

9 The Fool is quirkishly asking for a mate to the piece of money Viola has given him.
beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [Exit. Vio. This fellow’s wise enough to play the Fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time; Not, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man’s art: For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit; But wise men’s folly, shown, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman!
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

10 This famous jilt-heroine is thus addressed in Henryson’s Testament of Cresseid: “Great penurye shalt thou suffer, and as a beggar dye.” And again:

Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,
With cuppe and clapper like a Lazarous.

11 Element was constantly in the mouths of those who affected fine talking in the Poet’s time. The intellectual exquisites thus run it into cant. Perhaps the word was as much overworked as idea and intuition are in our time.

12 A haggard is a wild or untrained hawk, which flies, checks, at all birds, or birds of every feather, indiscriminately. See vol. iv., page 197, note 2.

13 To taint, as here used, is to impeach, attaint, or bring into an attainer. Wit, also, was used in the sense of wisdom, being in fact from the same original.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

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

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.—

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent-accomplish’d lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. [Aside.] That youth’s a rare courtier: Rain odours: well.

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

Sir And. [Aside.] Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: I’ll get ’em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.]—Give me your hand, sir.

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

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant’s name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! ’Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call’d compliment:

You’re servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

14 List was often used for limit or boundary; as, in the well-known language of the tilting-ground, for barrier.

15 Taste was sometimes used in the sense of try. So in Chapman’s Odyssey: "He now began to taste the bow.

16 Prevented in the classical sense of anticipated or forestalled. Often so. See vol. iii., page 116, note 17.

17 Pregnant here means apprehensive, quick, or intelligent.
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

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

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
Receiving enough is shown:
A cyprus, not a bosom, hides my heart.
So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,

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18 To force with the sense of for forcing. The Poet abounds in such instances of the infinitive used like the gerund in Latin.

19 The figure is of a bear or other animal tied to a stake, to be baited or worried by dogs, with free or unmuzzled mouths.

20 One so quick to understand or apprehend.

21 Cypru8 was the name of a light transparent fabric, like lawn.

22 Grise is an old word for step, and so means the same as Olivia's degree, which is used in the Latin sense.
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That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!  [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho! 23
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

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

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

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

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

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

Oli. [Aside.] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.—
Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre 24 all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause. 25

23 An exclamation used by watermen on the Thames.  Westward ho, Northward ho, and Eastward ho, were also used as titles of plays.
24 Maugre is in spite of, from the French malgré.
25 This is rather darkly expressed; but the meaning appears to be, "Do
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

_Vio._ By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none.\(^{26}\)
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

_Oli._ Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.  [Exeunt.

_SCENE II._—_A Room in Olivia's House._

.ENTER Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, AND FABIAN.

_Sir And._ No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
_Sir To._ Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.
_Fab._ You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
_Sir And._ Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the
Count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me; I
saw't i' the orchard.

_Sir To._ Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

_Sir And._ As plain as I see you now.
_Fab._ This was a great argument of love in her toward
you.

_Sir And._ 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

not, from what I have just said, force or gather reasons for rejecting my
offer." Perhaps Olivia thinks her superiority of rank may excuse her in
thus making the first open advances.

\(^{26}\) We should say, "nor _ever any._" The doubling of negatives is very
frequent in Shakespeare, as in all the writers of his time; but such a trebling
is rare, at least comparatively so.
Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

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

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

¹ The Brownists were one of the radical sects that arose during the reign of Elizabeth; so called from Robert Brown, their founder. Like others of their kind, their leading purpose was to prevent the abuse of certain things, such as laws, by uprooting the use of them. Malvolio appears to have been intended partly as a satire on the Puritans in general; they being especially strenuous at the time this play was written to have restrictions set upon playing. But there had been a deep-seated grudge between the Puritans and the Dramatists ever since Nash put out the eyes of Martin Marprelate with salt.

² In colloquial language, me was often thus used redundantly, though with a slight dash of humour.

³ A love-broker is one who mediates or breaks the ice between two bashful lovers. Pandarus sustains that office in Troilus and Cressida; hence our word pander.
Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

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

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt\(^4\) and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou \textit{thou'st}\(^5\) him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware\(^6\) in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy \textit{cubiculo}:\(^7\) go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manikin\(^8\) to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.\(^9\)

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on

\(^4\) Curst is cross, snappish. We should say, "Be short," or "Be tart."

\(^5\) This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's abusive \textit{thowing} of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to \textit{thou} Sir Walter, unless there were some pre-existing custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this \textit{thou} and \textit{thee} was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, \textit{What, you ill-bred clown, do you thou me!}"

\(^6\) This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.

\(^7\) Cubiculo, from the Latin \textit{cubiculum}, is a sleeping-room.

\(^8\) Manikin is an old diminutive of \textit{man}; here it means \textit{pet}.

\(^9\) Meaning that he has fooled or dangled so much money out of him.
the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, an you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

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

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter Maria.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvalio is turn'd hea-then, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impos-sible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the

10 A red liver, or a liver full of blood, was the common badge of courage, as a white or bloodless liver was of cowardice.

11 Alluding to the small stature of Maria. Sir Toby elsewhere calls her "the little villain," and Viola ironically speaks of her as "giant." The ex-pression seems to have been proverbial; the wren generally laying nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched being the smallest of the brood.

12 The spleen was held to be the special seat of unbenevolent risibility, and so the cause of teasing or pestering mirth; splenetic laughter. Here it seems to mean a fit or turn of excessive merriment, dashed with something of a spiteful humour.

13 A rather curious commentary on the old notion of "Salvation by ortho-doxy," or "belief in believing." The meaning is, that even one who makes a merit of being easy of belief, as thinking to be saved thereby, could not believe a thing so grossly incredible as this. The Poet has impossible else-where in the sense of incredible. See vol. iv., page 179, note 21.

14 The Poet uses pedant for pedagogue. So Holofernes the schoolmaster is called repeatedly in Love's Labours Lost; also the tutors employed for Catharine and Bianca in The Taming of the Shrew.
new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A Street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than file'd steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you,—though so much As might have drawn me to a longer voyage,— But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks; too oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth,1 as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do?

15 Alluding, no doubt, to a map which appeared in the second edition of Hakluyt's Voyages, in 1598. This map is multilinear in the extreme, and is the first in which the Eastern Islands are included.

1 Worth here stands for wealth or fortune. Repeatedly so.
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

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

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

Ant. Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the County's galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.

It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

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2 Reliques for antiquities, or, as it is said a little after, "the memorials and the things of fame" that confer renown upon the city.

3 Would for could; the auxiliaries could, should, and would being often used indiscriminately. The same with shall and will; as in a subsequent speech: "Haply your eyes shall light," &c.

4 Argument readily passes over into the sense of debate, and debate as readily into that of strife or conflict.

5 Lapsèd is, properly, fallen; but here carries the sense of making a slip or mis-step, so as to be recognized and caught.

6 An inn so named; probably from its having a picture of an elephant for its sign; like the boar's-head of Falstaff's famous tavern in Eastcheap. In old times, when but few people could read, lettered signs would not do; and so pictured ones were used instead.
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
While you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

_Seb._ Why I your purse?
_Ant._ Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

_Seb._ I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

_Ant._ To th' Elephant.

_Seb._ I do remember. [Exeunt.

**Scene IV. — Olivia's Garden.**

_Enter Olivia and Maria._

_Oli._ [Aside.] I have sent after him: says he, he'll come,
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? 7
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio? — he is sad 1 and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes: —
Where is Malvolio?

_Mar._ He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

_Oli._ Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

_Mar._ No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship
were best to have some guard about you, if he come;
for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

_Oli._ Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.] — I'm as mad
as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

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7 We should say, "bestow on him." This indifferent use of _on_ and _of_ is very frequent.— In the line before, "says he, he'll come" of course means "if he says he'll come." This way of making the subjunctive is common.

1 _Sad_ in its old sense of _serious_ or _grave_. See vol. iv., page 161, note 17.
SCENE IV. WHAT YOU WILL. 201

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [Smiles fantastically.

Oli. Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, Please one, and please all.²

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

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

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—’twas well writ.

Oli. What mean’st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. — some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What sayest thou?

² A copy of this “very true sonnet” was discovered a few years ago. It is adorned with a rude portrait of Queen Elizabeth, with her feathered fan, starched ruff, and ample farthingale, and is said to have been composed by her Majesty’s right merry and facetious droll, Dick Tarleton; and has the heading, “A prettie new Ballad, intituled, The Crowe sits upon the wall, Please one and please all.” The last line forms the burden, and is repeated in each stanza.
Mal. —and some have greatness thrust upon them.
Ol. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,—
Ol. My yellow stockings!
Mal. —and wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.
Ol. Cross-garter'd!
Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. —if not, let me see thee a servant still.
Ol. Why, this is very midsummer madness.3

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Ol. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.]—Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she: be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue twang arguments of State; put thyself into the trick of singularity: and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her;4 but it is God's doing, and God

3 "Tis midsummer moon with you" was a proverbial phrase, meaning you are mad. Hot weather was of old thought to affect the brain.
4 That is, caught her, as a bird is caught with lime. Lime was used for any trap or snare for catching birds. See vol. iv., page 200, note 10.
make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.\(^5\) Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous\(^6\) or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, God, not I, is the doer of this, and He is to be thanked.

*Re-enter Maria with Sir Toby Belch and Fabian.*

**Sir To.** Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

**Fab.** Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

**Mal.** Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

**Mar.** Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

**Mal.** Ah, ha! does she so?

**Sir To.** Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy\(^7\) the Devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

**Mal.** Do you know what you say?

**Mar.** La you, an you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

**Fab.** Carry his water to the wise woman.

**Mar.** Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

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\(^5\) Malvolio takes *fellow* in the sense of *companion* or *equal*.

\(^6\) *Incredulous* for *incredible*; an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See page 70, note 4.

\(^7\) *Defy*, again, for *renounce* or *abjure*. See page 155, note 13.
Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

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

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck? 8

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, 9 come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier! 10

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

Mal. My prayers, minx!

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

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

Sir To. Is't possible?

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

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

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

8 Bawcock and chuck were used as terms of playful familiarity, sometimes of endearment.

9 Biddy is a diminutive of Bridget. An old term of familiar endearment, applied to chickens and other fowl.

10 Cherry-pit was a game played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole. Collier was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal-venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The Devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb, "Like will to like, as the Devil with the collier."
Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. — But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

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

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [Reads.] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

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

Sir To. [Reads.] Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.

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11 This seems to have been the common way of treating madness in the Poet's time. See page 68, note 49.

12 It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris-Dance. — In the line before, "a finder of madmen" is probably meant in a legal sense; as when a coroner or jury finds, that is, brings in or renders, a verdict. See page 85, note 10.
Sir To. [Reads.] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [Reads.]—thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

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

Sir To. [Reads.] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

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

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

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman—as I

18 The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing. — MASON.

14 Bum-baily is a waggish form of bum-bailiff, which, again, is a corruption of bound-bailiff; a subordinate officer, like our deputy-sheriff, so called from the bond which he had to give for the faithful discharge of his trust.
know his youth will aptly receive it — into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.\textsuperscript{15}

\textit{Fab.} Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

\textit{Sir To.} I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [\textit{Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.}

\textit{Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.}

\textit{Oli.} I've said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary out: There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

\textit{Vio.} With the same haviour that your passion bears, Goes on my master's grief.

\textit{Oli.} Here, wear this jewel for me,—'tis my picture: Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you: And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

\textit{Vio.} Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

\textit{Oli.} How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

\textit{Vio.} I will acquit you.

\textit{Oli.} Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well: A fiend like thee might bear my soul to Hell. \textit{[Exit.}

\textit{Re-enter Sir Toby Belch and Fabian.}

\textit{Sir To.} Gentleman, God save thee!

\textsuperscript{15} This imaginary serpent was fabled to have the power of darting venom from its eyes, or of killing by its look. Shakespeare elsewhere has the phrase, "death-darting eye of cockatrice." He also has several allusions to the same beast under the name of basilisk.
Vio. And you, sir.

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

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

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

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

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give't or take't.

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

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16 Tuck is a rapier or long dagger. — Yare is quick, nimble, or prompt. — "Attends thee" here means waits for thee. So in Coriolanus, i. 10: "I am attended at the cypress grove."

17 Opposite for opponent or adversary. So in the second scene of this Act: "And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty." Shakespeare never uses opponent.

18 The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says, "They are termed simply knights of the carpet, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

19 Hob-nob, hab-nab, habbe or nabbe, is have or not have, hit or miss.

20 Conduct for conductor, escort, or convoy. So in The Tempest, v. 1:
some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to
taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a
very competent injury: therefore get you on, and give him
his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you un-
dertake that with me which with as much safety you might
answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked;
for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron
about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me
this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my
offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing
of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this
gentleman till my return. [Exit.

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

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

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by
his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour.
He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite
that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.
Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with
him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that
had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not
who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

"There is in this business more than Nature was ever conduct of." Also in
The Merchant, iv. 1: "Go give him courteous conduct to this place."

21 Taste in the sense of try has occurred before in this Act.

22 Viola's fright does not quench her humour, or her sense of the ludi-
crous in her position. Her meaning is, that she would rather be one of the
parties in a marriage than in a duel.
SCENE V.—The Street adjoining Olivia’s Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Why, man, he’s a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.¹ I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in² with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and, on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

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

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

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

Sir To. I’ll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on’t: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[Aside.] Marry, I’ll ride your horse as well as I ride you.—

Enter Fabian and Viola.

[ToFab.] I have his horse to take up³ the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth’s a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;⁴ and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To Viol.] There’s no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for’s oath-sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth

¹ Firago, for virago. The meaning appears to be, “I have never seen a viraginous woman so obstreperous and violent as he is.”
² A corruption of stoccata, an Italian term in fencing.
³ Take up is the old phrase for make up or settle. See page 107, note 7.
⁴ He has as horrid a conception of him.
talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside.] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there’s no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour’s sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to’t.

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

Vio. I do assure you, ’tis against my will.  [Draws.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?  
Ant. [Drawing.] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, 5 I am for you.

[Draws.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. [To ANTONIO.] I’ll be with you anon.

Vio. [Sir ANDREW.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I’ll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter Officers.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

5 One who takes up or undertakes the quarrels of others; an intermeddler or intruder.
2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir.
1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows I know him well.
Ant. I must obey.—[To Vio.] This comes with seeking
you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort. 6
2 Off. Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none:
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man

6 Be of comfort is old language for be comforted.
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O Heavens themselves!

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

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with all sanctity of love;
And to this image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind: 7
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, 8 o'erflourish'd by the Devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad: away with him!—Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers with Antonio.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I. 9
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

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

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; 10 even such, and so,

7 Unkind, here, is unnatural, ungrateful, or without natural affection. So the Poet often has kind for nature. See page 92, note 3.
8 Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll-work or flourished devices.
9 That is, "I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life."
10 "His resemblance survives in the reflection of my own figure."
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here
in necessity, and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask
Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit.
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street adjoining Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian and the Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, though art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you;
nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak
with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is
not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

1 The phrase go to, now pretty much obsolete, was very common in the
Poet's time, especially in colloquial language. Sometimes it is nearly equiva-
 lent to our be off, which appears to be the sense of it in this place; and
sometimes it means about the same as come on.
SCENE I. WHAT YOU WILL.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou knowst not me.

 Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great
man, and now applies it to a Fool: vent my folly. I am
afraid this great lubberly world will prove a cockney. —
I pr'ythee, now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I
shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art
coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

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

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

[Striking SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and
there! [Beating Sir ANDREW.

Are all the people mad?

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

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

2 The meaning seems to be, "I am afraid this great lumpish world
will be all given over to cockneyism." — Cockney seems to be understood
the world over as a term for a Londoner. Minsheu's Doctor in Linguas, 1617,
explains it thus: "A Cockney may be taken for a child tenderly and wantonly
brought up." So, too, in Phillips's World of Words, 1670: "Cockney,
a nickname commonly given to one born and bred in the city of London;
also a fondling child, tenderly brought up and cocker'd." — "Ungird thy
strangeness" is put off thy estrangement. The Clown, mistaking Sebastian
for Cesario, thinks his non-recognition to be put on or assumed.

8 A merry Greek, and a foolish Greek, were ancient proverbial expressions
applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent
their time in riotous mirth.

4 That is, at a very extravagant price; twelve years' purchase being then
the current price of estates.
Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [Exit.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding Seb.]—

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [Disengages himself.] What wouldst thou now?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. [Draws.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.

Enter Olivia.

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

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd, out of my sight!— Be not offended, dear Cesario.—

Rudesby, be gone!—[Exeunt Sir To., Sir And., and Fab.

I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent 7

6 The verb to flesh and the noun fleshment were used of one's first service with the sword. So, too, an unfleshed sword is called a maiden sword. Sir Toby means to intimate that Sebastian, whom he supposes to be Viola, is too young to have ever handled that manly weapon before.

6 An old term for rude fellow.

7 Extent, as here used, is a legal term for a civil process whereby the person and property of a debtor were seized and held to answer in payment of the debt. See page 53, note 3.
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

_Seb._ [Aside.] What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

_Oli._ Nay, come, I pray: would thou'dst be ruled by me!

_Seb._ Madam, I will.

_Oli._ O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.

**SCENE II. — A Room in Olivia's House.**

_Enter Maria and the Clown._

_Mar._ Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard;
make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly;
I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [Exit.

_Clo._ Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't;
and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a
gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well;
nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said
an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to
say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors
enter.

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8 An equivoque is here intended between _hart_ and _heart_, which were
formerly written alike.

1 That is, _disguise_. Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "_Dissimulo_,
to dissemble, to _cloak_, to hide," says Hutton's _Dictionary_, 1583.

2 _Tall_ was sometimes used in the sense of _lusty_, thus making a good an-
tithesis to _lean_.

8 _Confederate_ or _partner_ is one of the old senses of _competitor_. — To be a
good housekeeper is to be _hospitable_. So, in _2 Henry VI._, i. 1, we have _house-
Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. God bless thee, master parson!

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, That that is is; so I, being master parson, am master parson; for, what is that but that, and is but is? 4

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say, peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. [Within.] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! 5 how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

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

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou this house is dark?

Mal. [Within.] As Hell, Sir Topas.

keeping for hospitality, or keeping open house: “Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping, have won the greatest favour of the commons.”

4 A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

5 This use of hyperbolical seems to be original with the Clown. Cowley, however, in his Essay Of Greatness, applies the phrase “hyperbolical fop” to one Senecio, who is described by Seneca the Elder as possessed with “a ridiculous affectation of grandeur”; insomuch that he would speak none but big words, eat nothing but what was big, nor wear any shoe that was not big enough for both his feet.
Scene II.

What You Will.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricades, and the clere-storeys toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. [Within.] I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

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

Mal. [Within.] I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as Hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

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

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

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

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

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

6 Bay-windows were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole bay or space between two cross-beams in a building.

7 Clere-storeys, in Gothic architecture, are the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave.

8 That is, by repeating the same question. A crazy man, on being asked to repeat a thing he has just said, is very apt to go on and say something else. So in Hamlet, iii. 4: "'Tis not madness that I have utter'd: bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word; which madness would gambol from."

9 The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.
Mal. [Within.] Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.  
Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

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

Clo. [Singing.] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. [Within.] Fool,—

Clo. [Singing.] My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. [Within.] Fool,—

Clo. [Singing.] Alas, why is she so?

Mal. [Within.] Fool, I say,—

Clo. [Singing.] She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. [Within.] Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for’t.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. [Within.] Ay, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. [Within.] Fool, there was never man so notoriously 13 abused: I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

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10 The meaning appears to be, I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character. Florio in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, “He hath an oar in every water, and meddleth with all things.” And in his Second Frutes: “I am a knight for all saddles.”

11 This ballad may be found in Percy’s Reliques. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder.

12 Notoriously in the sense of prodigiously or outrageously. We have notorious in the same sense near the end of the play.
SCENE II. WHAT YOU WILL. 221.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. [Within.] They have here propertied me;13 keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.14—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. [Within.] Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you,15 good Sir Topas!—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. [Within.] Fool, Fool, Fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent16 for speaking to you.

Mal. [Within.] Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. [Within.] By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

13 "Taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself."
14 The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.—"Advise you" is bethink you, consider, or be careful.—In the next line, "endeavour thyself to sleep" is induce, persuade, or compose thyself; endeavour being used transitively.
15 Here we have the old phrase "God be with you" in the process of contraction into the modern phrase good bye. See page 105, note 6. Also Critical Note on "God b' wi' you! let's meet as little as we can," page 124.
16 Shent is an old word for scolded, blamed, or reprimanded.
Mal. [Within.] Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.
Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.
I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.
Mal. [Within.] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:
I pr'ythee, be gone.
Clo. [Singing.]

I am gone, sir; and anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
   In a trice, like to the old Vice,\(^{17}\)
You need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
   Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad;
   Adieu, goodman\(^{18}\) Devil.

[Exit.]

\(^{17}\) Both the Vice and the Devil were stereotyped personages in the old Moral-plays which were in use for many ages before the Poet's time, and were then just going out of use. The Vice, sometimes called Iniquity, was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and armed with a dagger of lath. He commonly acted the part of a broad, rampant jester and buffoon, full of mad pranks and mischief-making, liberally dashed with a sort of tumultuous, swaggering fun. Especially, he was given to cracking ribald and saucy jokes with and upon the Devil, and treating him with a style of coarse familiarity and mockery; and a part of his ordinary functions was to bestride the Devil, and beat him with his dagger till he roared, and the audience roared with him; the scene ending with his being carried off to Hell on the Devil's back. The Vice was the germ of the professional Fool or Clown, which Shakespeare delivers in so many forms, and always so full of matter.

\(^{18}\) Goodman in old language is nearly equivalent to master, or to our flattened form of it, mister. It was common for women to speak of their husbands as my goodman. And in St. Matthew, xx. xi.: "They murmured against the goodman of the house." Also in St. Luke, xii. 39. The verses in the text are most likely from an old popular song, of which nothing further is known.
SCENE III. — OLIVIA'S Garden.


Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious Sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,¹ That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For, though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me To any other trust but that I'm mad,— Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her followers, Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,² With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As I perceive she does. There's something in't That is deceitable.³ But here the lady comes.

¹ Credit is oddly used here, but in the sense, apparently, of information or intelligence. So in a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton: "This bearer came from you with great speed. We have heard his credit, and find your carefulness and diligence very great."

² The language is very odd and obscure, and gives but a slight hint of the speaker's probable meaning. A good housekeeper, at the head of a large domestic establishment, naturally has her time a good deal occupied in taking account or receiving word of things that need to be done, and in issuing orders and directions for the doing of them, or for "their dispatch."

³ Deceivable for deceiving or deceptive; the passive form, again, with the active sense. See page 223, note 6.
Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, 
Now go with me and with this holy man 
Into the chantry by: there, before him, 
And underneath that consecrated roof, 
Plight me the full assurance of your faith; 
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul 
May live at peace: he shall conceal it, 
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, 
What time we will our celebration keep 
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; 
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; — and heavens so shine, 
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

4 A chantry was a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having Masses sung therein for the souls of the founders; a place for chanting.

5 Doubtful in the sense of fearful. The Poet often uses doubt for fear.

6 Whiles was often used thus in the sense of until.—Note, from the Latin notitia, is several times used by the Poet in the sense of knowledge.—The ceremony to which Olivia here so sweetly urges Sebastian is the ancient solemn troth-plight, as it was called, which, as it had the binding force of an actual marriage, might well give peace to an anxious maiden till the day of full nuptial possession should arrive.

7 A bright, glad sunshine falling upon a bride or new-made wife was formerly thought auspicious; it inspired a feeling that the Powers above were indeed smiling their benediction upon the act; and so was fitting cause for prayer beforehand, and of thanksgiving afterwards. Of course this was a fond old superstition: but I believe marriage is not even yet so far enlightened and "de-religionized" but that something of the old feeling still survives.
ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter the Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter the Duke, Viola, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me.
Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses,¹ if your

¹ Warburton thought this should be, "conclusion to be asked is"; upon which Coleridge remarks thus: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihilility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence com-
four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

_Duke._ Why, this is excellent.

_Clo._ By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

_Duke._ Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. [Gives money.

_Clo._ But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

_Duke._ O, you give me ill counsel.

_Clo._ Put your grace in your pocket,² sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

_Duke._ Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. [Gives money.

_Clo._ _Primo, secundo, tertio_, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the _triplex_, sir, is a good tripping measure; as the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

_Duke._ You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

_Clo._ Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit.

_Vio._ Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

² The Clown puns so swiftly here that it is not easy to keep up with him. The quibble lies between the two senses of _grace_ as a title and as a gracious impulse or thought.
Scene I. What You Will.

Enter Officers, with Antonio.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;\(^8\)
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss\(^4\)
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,\(^5\)
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,—
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,\(^6\)
Hast made thine enemies?

\(^8\) Unprizable is evidently used here in the sense of worthless, or of no price. The Poet elsewhere has it in the opposite sense of inestimable.

\(^4\) "The tongue of loss" here means the tongue of the loser; but is much more elegant.—Scathful is harmful, damaging, or destructive.

\(^5\) Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

\(^6\) Dear is used in the same sense here as in Hamlet: "Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven!" Tooke has shown that this is much nearer the original sense of the word than the meaning commonly put upon it; dear being from the Anglo-Saxon verb to dere, which signifies to hurt. An object of love, any thing that we hold dear, may obviously cause us pain, distress, or solicitude: hence the word came to be used in the opposite senses of hateful and beloved.
Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Unto the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning —
Not meaning to partake with me in danger —
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removèd thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord: and for three months before —
No interim, not a minute's vacancy —
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the Countess: now Heaven walks on earth. —
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
SCENE I. WHAT YOU WILL.

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my lord,

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome⁷ to mine ear

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness, you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull’est offerings hath breath’d out

That e’er devotion tender’d! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to th’ Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love?⁸ a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

⁷ Both fat and fulsome seem here to have nearly the sense of dull, gross, or sickening. The Poet uses fulsome of a wine that soon palls upon the taste from its excessive sweetness.

⁸ An allusion to the story of Thyamis, as told by Heliodorus in his Ethiopics, of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published a second time in 1587. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew passionately in love with her, and would have married her; but, being surprised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast; it being the custom with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as companions in the other world.
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.       \[Going.\]

\[Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,\]
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. \[Following.\]

\[Oli. Where goes Cesario?\]
\[Vio.\] After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than ere I shall love wife.—
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

\[Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!\]
\[Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?\]
\[Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?—\]

Call forth the holy father. \[Exit an Attendant.\]

\[Duke. \[To VIOLA.\] Come, away!\]
\[Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.\]
\[Duke. Husband!\]
\[Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?\]
\[Duke. Her husband, sirrah!\]
\[Vio.\] No, my lord, not I.

\[Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear\]
That makes thee strangple thy propriety: 9
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

\[9 "Suppress or disown thy proper self; deny what you really are."\]
Re-enter Attendant, with the Priest.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold — though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe — what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract and eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;¹⁰
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I've travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?¹¹
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK with his head broken.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

¹⁰ In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.
¹¹ The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So in Cary’s Present State of England, 1626: “Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, “As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the cases are far better than the bodies.”
Sir And. 'Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentlemen, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! — You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew you sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. — Here comes Sir Toby halting, — you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, led by the Clown.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: 'has hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agoone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures paynim: I hate a drunken rogue.

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12 Lifelings is a diminutive of life, as pitikins is of pity. 'Od's is one of the disguised oaths so common in old colloquial language; the original form being God's. We have Imogen exclaiming 'Od's pitikins in Cymbeline, iv. 2.

13 Othergates is an old word meaning the same as our otherwise.

14 Paynim, meaning pagan or heathen, was of old a common term of reproach. Sir Toby is too deeply fuddled to have his tongue in firm keeping, and so uses passy-measures for past-measure, probably.
Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.
Sir To. Will you help? — an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
[Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I'm sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard\(^\text{15}\) on me; by that I do perceive it hath offended you: Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,— A natural perspective,\(^\text{16}\) that is and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?— An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!

\(^{15}\) A strange regard is a look of estrangement or alienation.
\(^{16}\) A perspective formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds used in Shakespeare's time are enumerated in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own," —where that which is, is not; or appears, in a different position, another thing.
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. —  
[To Viola.] Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?  

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb:  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.  

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, Thrice-welcome, drown'd Viola!  

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow,—  
Seb. And so had mine.  

Vio. — And died that day when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.  

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.  

Vio. If nothing lets* to make us happy both  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,  
That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,  
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help  

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*Let, often used in the English Bible, but now obsolete, is an old word for hinder or prevent.

* The Poet repeatedly has jump in the sense of agree or accord.
I was preferr’d 19 to serve this noble Count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To Olivia.] So comes it, lady, you have been
mistook:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.20
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,—
You are betroth’d both to a maid and man.21

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.—
[To Viola.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent22 the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman’s weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid’s garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio’s suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady’s.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,

19 Prefer was often used in the sense of recommend.
20 To be mistook was sometimes used, as to be mistaken now is, in the
sense of making a mistake. The mistake Olivia has made is in being be-
trothed to Sebastian instead of Viola; but this was owing to the bias or pre-
disposition of Nature, who would not have a woman betrothed to a woman.
21 Sebastian applies the term maid apparently to himself, in the sense of
virgin. And why not maiden man as well as maiden sword or maiden
speech?
22 Continent formerly meant any thing that contains.
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most distracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end
as well as a man in his case may do. 'Has here writ a letter
to you: I should have given't you to-day morning; but, as a
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much 23
when they are deliver'd.

Olī. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look, then, to be well edified when the Fool de-

Olī. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your lady-
ship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.24

Olī. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to
read thus: therefore perpend,25 my Princess, and give ear.

Olī. [To Fabian.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [Reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it: though you have put me into
darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet
have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I
have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put
on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right,
or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave
my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio.

23 A common phrase in the Poet's time, meaning it signifies not much.
24 "If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to
assume the voice or frantic tone of a madman."
25 Perpend is consider or weigh.
SCENE I. WHAT YOU WILL. 237

Oli. Did he write this?
Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.—

[Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.—

[To Viola.] Your master quits you;26 and, for your service

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister!—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.—

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.


Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,—
Write from it,27 if you can, in hand or phrase;

26 Quit for acquit, and in the sense of release, discharge, or set free. So in Henry V., iii. 4: "For your great seats, now quit you of great shames." See, also, page 53, note 2.
27 Write differently from it. We have similar phraseology in common use; as, "His speaking was from the purpose."
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: thou camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived in him: Maria writ

28 Geck is from the Saxon geac, a cuckoo, and here means a fool. — Here, as twice before in this play, notorious is used, apparently, for egregious.
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;\(^{29}\)  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.  

\textit{Oli.} Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled\(^{30}\) thee!  

\textit{Clo.} Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness,  
and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir,  
in this interlude,—one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—  
\textit{By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad;}—but do you remember?  
Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you  
smile not, he's gagg'd: and thus the whirligig of time brings  
in his revenges.  

\textit{Mal.} I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.  \textit{[Exit.}  

\textit{Oli.} He hath been most notoriously abused.  

\textit{Duke.} Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:  
He hath not told us of the captain yet:  
When that is known, and golden time convents,\(^{31}\)  
A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But, when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.  

\textit{[Exeunt all but the Clown.}  

\(^{29}\) \textit{Importance for importunity.} So, in \textit{King Lear}, iv. 4: “Therefore  
great France my mourning and \textit{important} tears hath pitied.”  

\(^{30}\) \textit{To treat with mockery or insult, to run a rig upon, and to make a butt  
of, are among the old senses of baffle.}  

\(^{31}\) \textit{Convents is agrees or comes fit; a Latinism.}
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TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT V.

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
    With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
    For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
    With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
    For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
    With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
    For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
    With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
    For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
    With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
But that's all one, our play is done,
    And we'll strive to please you every day.  [Exit.

32 This redundant use of and is not uncommon in old ballads.
33 "When I was a boy, my mischievous pranks were little regarded; but, when I grew to manhood, men shut their doors against me as a knave and a thief." Gate and door were often used synonymously.
34 "I had my head drunk with tossing off pots or drams of liquor." So a grog-shop is sometimes called a pot-house; and to toss is still used for to drink.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 137. O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—The original has sound instead of south. Pope, as is well known, substituted south, meaning, of course, the south wind, and was followed, I think, by all subsequent editors until Knight. The change is most certainly right. For with what propriety can a sound be said to "breathe upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour"? Moreover, in the old reading, we have a comparison made between a thing and itself! It is as much as to say, "The sweet sound came o'er my ear like the sweet sound." The Poet evidently meant to compare the music to a sweet breeze loaded with fragrance; the former coming over the ear as the latter comes over another sense. So that the old reading is simply absurd. Knight and Grant White waste a deal of ingenious and irrelevant rhetoric in trying to make it good; but nothing of that sort can redeem it from absurdity. And by the methods they use we can easily read almost any sense we please into whatever words come before us. In this case, they but furnish an apt illustration of how a dotage of the old letter, and a certain exegetical jugglery, may cheat even good heads into an utter dereliction of common sense. — Some one has noted, that to suppose a comparison was here intended between the effect of music on the ear and that of fragrance on the sense of smell, is almost to ignore "the difference between poetry and prose." O no! it is merely to recognize the difference between sense and nonsense. For how should odour affect us but through the sense of smell? But perhaps the writer, being in a jocose humour, caught the style of "sweet bully Bottom," and so played the Duke into the funny idea of hearing an odour that he smelt, or of smelling a sound that he heard. For why not a sweet-sounding smell as well as a sweet-smelling sound? — In England, how-
ever, the south winds generally are so ill conditioned, that English editors are naturally reluctant to admit such a phrase as "the sweet south." But south winds are not the same everywhere as in England: and why may not the Poet have had in mind such a south as often breathes in other places? Nor do English writers always speak ill of winds that blow from southerly quarters. Sir Philip Sidney, in his Arcadia, 1590, has the following: "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters." And Lettsom notes upon the passage, "A south-wester is a heavy gale from the south-west; but we often have genial, bright, and growing weather from that quarter, as well as from the south."

P. 138. The element itself, till seven years hence. — The original has heate for hence. Corrected by Rowe. Heat is ridiculous.

P. 139.

When liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,
Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king. — The original prints "Are all supplied and fill'd" as the latter part of the second line, and "her sweet perfections" as the first part of the third. Sense, logic, grammar, and prosody, all, I think, plead together for the transposition, which was made by Capell.

ACT 1., SCENE 2.

P. 139. Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady. — The original has "This is Illyria, Ladie." Pope omitted This is, and Dyce suspected it to be an interpolation.

P. 140. When you, and this poor number saved with you. — The original has those instead of this. Corrected by Capell.

P. 141.

For whose dear loss,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men. — The original transposes company and sight, and has love instead of loss. The former correction is Hanmer's; the latter, Walker's.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 141. Yet of thee
I well believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.—The old text reads “I will believe.” The correction is Walker’s. We have many instances of well and will confounded.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 143. He hath, indeed, all most natural.—So Collier’s second folio. The original has “almost naturall.”

P. 144. What, wench! Castiliano volto.—So Hanmer. The original has vulgo for volto.

P. 145. An thou let her part so.—Her is wanting in the original. Supplied in the third folio.

P. 145. Never in your life, I think; unless you saw canary put me down.—The original has see instead of saw.

P. 146. For thou see’st it will not curl by nature.—The original reads “coole my nature.” One of Theobald’s happy corrections.

P. 147. And yet I will not compare with a nobleman.—Instead of a nobleman, the original has an old man. But why should Sir Andrew here speak of comparing himself with an old man? The whole drift of the foregoing dialogue is clearly against that reading. Theobald proposed the change; and Dr. Badham, in Cambridge Essays, 1856, justly remarks upon it thus: “Sir Andrew has just been speaking of the Count Orsino as a rival whom he cannot pretend to cope with; so that the allusion to nobleman is most natural.”

P. 148. It does indifferent well in a flame-colour’d stock.—The old text reads “a dam’d colour’d stocke.” Corrected by Rowe. Knight changed dam’d to damask, which has been adopted in some editions. Collier’s second folio has dun-colour’d.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 150. Thy small pipe
Is as the maiden’s organ, shrill in sound.—The original has
"shrill, and sound." I suspect it should be "shrill of sound." We have other instances where of and & were apparently confounded. The correction in was proposed anonymously.

ACT 1, SCENE 5.

P. 152. That's as much as to say. — The original transposes the second as, thus: "That's as much to say as."

P. 153. I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of Fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies. — The original has "these wise men," and omits to be. The former correction is Hanmer's; the latter was made by Capell, and is also found in Collier's second folio.

P. 154. For here comes one of thy kin. — In the original, "heere he comes." Rowe's correction.

P. 157. If you be mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief. — The original reads "If you be not mad." The correction is Mason's, and is amply sustained by the context.

P. 158. Vio. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.  
Oli. Tell me your mind.  
Vio. I am a messenger. — So Warburton. The original runs the three speeches all into one; the prefixes having probably dropped out accidentally. See foot-note 20.

P. 159. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. — For my own part, I see no difficulty here; but many have stumbled at the text, and several changes have been proposed; the only one of which that seems to me much worth considering is Lettsom's: "Such a one as I this presents." See foot-note 22.

P. 159. With adorations, with fertile tears.  
With groans that thunder love, &c. — The second with is lacking in the old text. Inserted by Pope.

P. 160. If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly love. — The original has "such a deadly life." A very evident misprint, I think; yet it has waited a good while to be corrected.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 163. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline. — There is no such place known as Messaline; so some think, and apparently with good reason, that we ought to read Mytilene, the name of an island in the Archipelago.

P. 163. Though I could not, with such an estimable wonder, over-far believe that. — The original omits an, and thus leaves the passage so very obscure, to say the least, that it might well be, as indeed it has been, a great puzzle to the editors. Various changes have been proposed; but the insertion of an is by far the simplest and most satisfactory. It was proposed by Mr. W. W. Williams in The Literary Gazette, March 29, 1862, with the following remark: "I would submit that, if Sebastian's speech be read carefully, it will require no long pondering to perceive that he is modestly depreciating any comparison of himself with such a beautiful girl as his sister. If that be the purport of the words, — and there can hardly be a doubt about it, — the simple insertion of the indefinite article will meet all the necessities of the case." See foot-note 4.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 164. She took no ring of me: I'll none of it. — The original reads "She took the ring." As this is not true, the explanation sometimes given of it is, that Viola, with instantaneous tact, divines the meaning of the ring, and takes care, at the expense of a fib, not to expose Olivia's tender weakness. But this, perhaps, is putting too fine a point upon it. Dyce at one time retained the old text; but in his last edition he says, "I now think it quite wrong, and that what has been said in defence of it is ridiculously over-subtile." The correction is from Collier's second folio.

P. 164. That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue. — So Walker. The original has "That me thought her eyes." The second folio fills up the gap in the verse by inserting sure instead of as.

P. 165. Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For, such as we are made of, such we be. — The original has "Alas, O frailtie is the cause," and "such as we are made, if such we
be.” The second folio substitutes our for O, and Hanmer printed “ev’n such we be.” The common reading is as in the text. Tyrwhitt’s correction.

P. 165. And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. — The original has “And she, mistaken,” &c. Corrected by Dyce.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 170. Out o’ time sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? — So Theobald. The old text has tune instead of time. As the whole speech is evidently addressed to Malvolio, tune cannot be right; while time accords perfectly with what has passed a little before between Sir Toby and the steward.

P. 171. To challenge him the field. — So the old copies; but commonly printed “to the field”; “improperly, I believe,” says Dyce.

P. 171. Sir And. Possess us, possess us. — In the old text, this speech is given to Sir Toby. Corrected by Walker; who remarks, “Surely Sir Toby needed no information respecting Malvolio.”

P. 172. Sir To. And your horse now would make him an ass. — Here we have just the converse of the preceding instance: the speech has the prefix “An.” in the original. But the speech is too keen for Sir Andrew to make. Tyrwhitt pointed out the error.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 174. Go seek him out: — and play the tune the while. — The original lacks Go at the beginning of this line. Supplied by Capell.

P. 175. Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won. — So Hanmer and Collier’s second folio. The original has “lost and worn.”

P. 176. Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love never find my grave. — The original has “Sad true lover.” Corrected by Capell.
P. 177. No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt. — The original has suffer, which is convicted of error by the explanations it has called forth. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 182. And perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. — The original has “play with my some rich jewel” ; my being probably repeated by mistake.

P. 182. Though our silence be drawn from us by th’ ears, yet peace. — So Hanmer and Collier’s second folio. The original has the strange reading, “drawn from us with ears”; which has provoked some explanations equally strange. As Dyce remarks, “bith was very common as the contraction of by the; and therefore bith ears might easily be corrupted into with ears.” So I leave the text, though I have little doubt it should be wi’ th’ ears: for the Poet very often uses with in such cases where we should use by, and the double elision of with and the, so as to make one syllable, is very frequent with him.

P. 183. And with what wing the staniel checks at it! — The original has stallion. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 186. God and my stars be praised. — God, I thank Thee. — In both these places, the original has Jove. But Malvolio is not a Heathen; he is rather a strait-laced sort of Christian; such a one as would be very apt to ascribe his supposed good fortune to the fact of his being among “the elect.” So I suspect that Jove was inserted by some second hand in compliance with the well-known statute against profanation. Halliwell prints as in the text; and I was fully convinced it ought to be so, long before I knew he had printed it so.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 188. So thou mayst say, the king lives by a beggar. — The original has lyes instead of lives; an error which the context readily corrects.

P. 189. Would not a pair of these breed, sir? — The original reads “Would not a pair of these have bred.” But the course of the dialogue plainly requires the sense of the future.
P. 190. Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. — So Collier’s second folio. The old
text has “And like the Haggard,” which just contradicts the sense re-
quired. Johnson suggested the reading in the text, and rightly ex-
plained the meaning of the passage to be, “He must choose persons
and times, and observe tempers; he must fly at proper game, like the
trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed haggard, to
seize all that comes in his way.”

P. 190. For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men’s folly, shown, quite taints their wit. — The origi-
nal has “But wisemens folly faulne, quite taint their wit”; from which
no rational meaning can be gathered. The word shows, in the preced-
ing line, points out the right reading. Hanmer made the correction.
See foot-note 12.

P. 191. I’ll get ’em all three ready. — The original has “all three
already.” Corrected in the third folio.

P. 192. Give me leave, I beseech you. — So the third folio. The
earlier editions omit I.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 194. Did she see thee the while, old boy? — So the third folio.
The earlier editions omit thee.

P. 196. We’ll call thee at thy cubiculo. — So Hanmer. The origi-
nal has the instead of thy.

P. 197. For Andrew, if he were open’d, an you find so much blood in
his liver, &c. — The original has “if he were open’d, and you find.”
The correction is Walker’s. And is indeed an archaic form of the old
concessive an.

P. 197. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes. — So Theo-
bald. The old text has mine instead of nine. See foot-note 11.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 198. As might have drawn me to a longer voyage. — The original
has one instead of me. Corrected by Heath.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 198. I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; too oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurent pay.—In the original, the
second line stands thus: "And thankes: and ever oft good turnes."
A large number of readings has been made or proposed. That in the
text is by Seymour.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

P. 200. I have sent after him: says he, he'll come,
How shall I feast him?—The old text reads "he says hee'l,
come." But the concessive sense is evidently required, not the affirma-
tive. Theobald saw this clearly, and so printed "say he will come."
The simple transposition made in the text gets the same sense naturally
enough; the subjunctive being often formed in that way.

P. 202. My yellow stockings!—The original has Thy instead of
My. The correction is Lettsom's, and a very happy one it is too.

P. 202. Let thy tongue twang arguments of State.—The original has
"let thy tongue langer with arguments." The second folio substitutes
tang for langer; tang being merely an old form or spelling of twang.
See the letter as given in full in ii. 5, page 185.

P. 202. But it is God's doing, and God make me thankful.—Here,
again, as also later in the same speech, the original has Jove. See
note on "God and my stars be praised," page 247.

P. 205. Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.—So Rowe and
various others. The original has "and to exceeding." I cannot see
what business to has there.

P. 207. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.—So Theobald. The
original has "too unchary on't"; which some editors still retain, and
try to support with arguments more ingenious than sound.

P. 208. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier and on carpet
consideration.—So Pope. The original has "with unhatch'd rapier."
To hatch was used for to ornament; so that unhatch'd rapier would
hardly accord with the occasion. Of course an unhack’d rapier is a rapier that has done no service in fight. So in King John, ii. i: “With unhack’d swords and helmets all unbruised.”

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 210. SCENE V.—The Street adjoining Olivia’s Garden.—The original and most modern editions print this scene as a continuation of the preceding one. In the Poet’s time, changes of scene were not unfrequently left to the imagination of the audience; the machinery and furniture not being so ample then as in later days. The course of the action and various particulars of the dialogue, as any one will see who notes them carefully, plainly require a change of scene in this place. Dyce arranges as in the text.

P. 213. Relieved him with all sanctity of love;
And to this image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—The original has “with such sanctity,” and “to his image.” With the former, the text has so abrupt and misplaced a break in the sense, that Walker thought, as he well might, that a line had dropped out after love. The context, I think, fairly requires the sense of all instead of such. Much might more easily be misprinted such, but is not strong enough for the place. The common reading sets a dash after love, of course to indicate a break in the sense: the original has a (;) as if not aware of any break. “To this image” is proposed by Walker; and the occurrence of idol in the last line shows it to be right. Antonio does not mean that he has been worshipping an image of the supposed Sebastian, but that what he has taken for something divine turns out to be but a hollow image.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 215. I am afraid this great lubberly world will prove a cockney. —So Collier’s second folio. The original has “this great lubber the World.” Douce proposed to read “this great lubberly word,” taking word as referring to vent, and that reading is adopted by White, who explains great lubberly as meaning pretentious. Dyce says, “I can hardly believe that Shakespeare would have made the Clown speak of vent as a ‘great lubberly word.’”
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 215. Why, there’s for thee, and there, and there, and there! Are all the people mad? — The original lacks the last and there, which was added by Capell. Such omissions are apt to occur in case of such repetitions.

P. 217. Nay, come, I pray: would thou’dst be ruled by me. — So Pope. The original has “Nay come I prethee.” Walker says, “Read I pray; the other is too rugged for a rhyming couplet.”

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 218. Sir To. God bless thee, master parson. — Here also the old text has love; quite as much out of place as in the former instances.

P. 218. Say’st thou this house is dark? — The original has that instead of this. Corrected by Rann.

P. 220. I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.— The original omits to. Supplied by Rowe.

P. 221. Are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit? — This must mean “Are you really sane? or do you but pretend to be so?” Johnson proposed to strike out not, and, I suspect, rightly. That would give the meaning, “Are you really mad? or have you merely been shamming madness?” which seems more in keeping with the Clown’s humour.

P. 222. Adieu, goodman Devil.—The original has “goodman divell”; thus making a rhyme by repeating the same word. Many recent editors change divell to drivel. Still I must think the change to be wrong: for such repetitions, instead of rhymes proper, are not unfrequent in old ballads; especially where the rhymes are not consecutive.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 226. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; as the bells of Saint Bennet, &c. — So Hanmer. The old text has or instead of as.

P. 231. A contract and eternal bond of love. — So Collier’s second folio. Instead of and, the original repeats of by anticipation.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

P. 232. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures paynim.—The original has panyn, which Pope corrected to paynim, an old form of pagan. The second folio changes panyn to Pavin. See foot-note 14.

P. 233. You throw a strange regard on me; by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.—The original reads “a strange regard upon me, and by that.” The reading in the text is Lettsom's; who remarks, “and is wretchedly flat here; it probably crept in from the line above. Pope and others have 'on me, by which,' &c.”

P. 234. I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Count.—The old text has Captaine instead of captain's, maiden instead of maid's, and preserv'd instead of preferr'd. The first change is from Collier's second folio; the other two were made by Theobald, one for the metre, the other for the sense; as preserv'd gives an untrue meaning. A little further on, Viola speaks of “my maid's garments.”

P. 236. A most distracting frenzy of mine own.—So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has “most extracting frenzy.” Here extracting has to be explained in the sense of distracting, while it does not appear that the word was ever used in that sense. And the preceding line has distract in the same sense.

P. 237. One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you.—The old text has “th' alliance on't”; the easiest of misprints. Of course on's is a contraction of on us. The Poet has many such.

P. 238. It was she
First told me thou wast mad: thou camest in smiling.—So Collier's second folio, and with manifest propriety. The old text has then instead of the second thou.

P. 238. Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived in him.—The original reads “conceiv'd against him,” defeating both sense and verse. No doubt against crept in from the second line before. Corrected by Tyrwhitt.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 239. *Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled thee!* — So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old text has *fool* instead of *soul*. It is true, as Dyce notes, that the Poet has *poor fool* repeatedly as a term of familiar endearment or of pitying fondness; but that seems to me too strong a sense for this place.

P. 240. *'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate.* — So Farmer. The original has "*Knaves and Theeves.*" Also, in the second stanza after, it has "unto my *beds,*" and "drunken *heads.*" See foot-note 33.
THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE

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IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

Vol. VI.

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

REGISTERED at the Stationers', January 18, 1602, as "an excellent and pleasant-conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor." In pursuance of this entry, an imperfect and probably fraudulent edition was published in the course of the same year, and was reprinted in 1619. In this quarto edition, the play is but about half as long as in the authentic copy of 1623, and some of the prose parts are printed so as to look like verse. It is in doubt whether the issue of 1602 was a fair reproduction of the play as originally written, or whether it was printed from a defective and mutilated transcript stealthily taken down by unskilful reporters at the theatre. On the former supposal, of course the play must have been rewritten and greatly improved,—a thing known to have been repeatedly done by the Poet; so that it is nowise unlikely in this case. But, as the question hardly has interest enough to pay the time and labour of discussing it, I shall dismiss it without further remark.

It is to be presumed that every reader of Shakespeare is familiar with the tradition which makes this comedy to have been written at the instance of Queen Elizabeth; who, upon witnessing the performance of King Henry the Fourth, was so taken with Falstaff, that she requested the Poet to continue the character through another play, and to represent him in love. This tradition is first heard of in 1702, eighty-six years after the Poet’s death; but it was accepted by the candid and careful Rowe; Pope, also, Theobald, and others, made no scruple of receiving it,—men who would not be very apt to let such a matter pass unshifted, or help to give it currency, unless they thought there was good ground for it. Besides, the thing is not at all incredible in itself, either from the alleged circumstances of the case,
or from the character of the Queen; and there are some points in the play that speak not a little in its support. One item of the story is, that the author, hastening to comply with her Majesty's request, wrote the play in the brief space of fourteen days. This has been taken by some as quite discrediting the whole story; but, taking the play as it stands in the copy of 1602, it does not seem to me that fourteen days is too brief a time for Shakespeare to have done the work in, especially with such a motive to quicken him.

This matter has a direct bearing in reference to the date of the writing. *King Henry the Fourth*, the First Part certainly, and probably the Second Part also, was on the stage before 1598. And in the title-page to the first quarto copy of *The Merry Wives*, we have the words, "As it hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants, both before her Majesty and elsewhere." This would naturally infer the play to have been on the stage a considerable time before the date of that issue. And all the *clear* internal evidences of the play itself draw in support of the belief, that the Falstaff of Windsor memory was a continuation from the Falstaff of Eastcheap celebrity. And the whole course of blundering and exposure which Sir John here goes through is such, that I can hardly conceive how the Poet should have framed it, but that he was prompted to do so by some motive external to his own mind. That the free impulse of his genius, without suggestion or inducement from any other source, could have led him to put Falstaff through such a series of uncharacteristic delusions and collapses, is to me wellnigh incredible. So that I can only account for the thing by supposing the man as here exhibited to have been an after-thought sprung in some way from the manner in which an earlier and fairer exhibition of the man had been received.

All which brings the original composition of the play to a point of time somewhere between 1598 and 1601. On the other hand, the play, as we have it, contains at least one passage, inferring, apparently, that the work of revisal must have been done some time after the accession of King James, which was in March, 1603. That passage is the odd reason Mrs. Page gives Mrs.
Ford for declining to share the honour of knighthood with Sir John: "These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry"; which can scarce bear any other sense than as referring to the prodigality with which the King dispensed those honours in the first year of his English reign; knighthood being thereby in a way to grow so hackneyed, that it would rather be an honour not to have been dubbed. As for the reasons urged by Knight and Halliwell for dating the first writing as far back as 1593, they seem to me quite too far-fetched and fanciful to be worthy of notice; certainly not worth the cost of sifting, nor even of statement.

Much question has been made as to the particular period of his life in which Sir John prosecuted his adventures at Windsor, whether before or after the incidents of King Henry the Fourth, or at some intermediate time. And some perplexity appears to have arisen from confounding the order in which the several plays were written with the order of the events described in them. Now, at the close of the History, Falstaff and his companions are banished the neighborhood of the Court, and put under strong bonds of good behaviour. So that the action of the Comedy cannot well be referred to any point of time after that proceeding. Moreover we have Page speaking of Fenton as having "kept company with the wild Prince and Pointz." Then too, after Falstaff's experiences in the buck-basket and while disguised as "the wise woman of Brentford," we have him speaking of the matter as follows: "If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear." From which it would seem that he still enjoys at Court the odour of his putative heroism in killing Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury, with which the First Part of the History closes. The Second Part of the History covers a period of nearly ten years, from July, 1403, to March, 1413; in which time Falstaff may be supposed to have found leisure for the exploits at Windsor.
So that the action of the Comedy might well enough have taken place in one of Sir John's intervals of rest from the toils of war during the time occupied by the Second Part of the History. And this placing of the action is further sustained by the presence of Pistol in the Comedy; who is not heard of at all in the First Part of the History, but spreads himself with characteristic splendour in the Second. Falstaff's boy, Robin, also, is the same, apparently, who figures as his Page in the Second Part of the History. As for the Mrs. Quickly of Windsor, we can hardly identify her in any way with the Hostess of Eastcheap. For, as Gervinus acutely remarks, "not only are her outward circumstances different, but her character also is essentially diverse; similar in natural simplicity indeed, but at the same time docile and skilful, as the credulous wife and widow of Eastcheap never appears." To go no further, the Windsor Quickly is described as a maid; which should suffice of itself to mark her off as distinct from the Quickly of Boar's-head Tavern.

In truth, however, I suspect the Poet was not very attentive to the point of making the events of the several plays fadge together. The task of representing Sir John in love was so very different from that of representing him in wit and war, that he might well fall into some discrepancies in the process. And if he had been asked whereabouts in the order of Falstaff's varied exploits he meant those at Windsor to be placed, most likely he would have been himself somewhat puzzled to answer the question.

For the plot and matter of the Comedy, Shakespeare was apparently little indebted to any thing but his own invention. The Two Lovers of Pisa, a tale borrowed from the novels of Straparola, and published in Tarlton's News out of Purgatory, 1590, is thought to have suggested some of the incidents; and the notion seems probable. In that tale a young gallant falls in love with a jealous old doctor's wife, who is also young, and really encourages the illicit passion. The gallant, not knowing the doctor, takes him for confidant and adviser in the prosecution of his suit, and is thus thwarted in all his plans. The naughty wife conceals her lover, first in a basket of feathers, then between some partitions of the house, and again in a box of deeds and valuable papers. If the Poet had any other obligations, they have not been traced clearly enough to be worth noting.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, a young Gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
FORD, Two Gentlemen dwelling at PAGE, Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, Followers of Falstaff.
PISTOL, NYM, ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.
RUGBY, Servant to Caius.
MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her Daughter.
MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE. — Windsor, and the Neighbourhood.

ACT I.


Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,1 persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter2 of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

1 Sir was formerly applied to the inferior clergy as well as to knights. Fuller, in his Church History. "Such priests as have Sir before their Christian name were men not graduated in the University; being in orders, but not in degrees; while others, entitled masters, had commenced in the arts."

2 The old Court of Star-Chamber had cognizance of such cases. So in Jonson’s Magnetic Lady, iii. 3: "There is a court above of the Star-Chamber, to punish routs and riots."
Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and coram.3

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and cust-olorum.4

Slen. Ay, and rato-lorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armiger, — in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armiger.5

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.6

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

Shal. It is an old coat.

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

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.7

8 Coram is a rustic corruption of quorum. A justice of quorum was so called from the words of the commission, Quorum A. unum esse volumus; and, as there was no quorum, that is, nothing could be done, without him, he had greater dignity than the others.

4 It appears something uncertain whether cust-olorum is meant as an abbreviation of custos rotulorum, keeper of the records, or whether Shallow blunders here, or whether the text is corrupted. At all events, Slender, not understanding the phrase, adds "and rato-lorum too"; perhaps, as White says, from some "confused reminiscences" of the official terms.

6 Shallow, by his coat-of-arms, had the title of armiger, that is, esquire. His official attestation was Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armiger; and his slender nephew, speaking by the book, puts the ablative armiger for the nominative armiger. In Shakespeare's time, cousin was a common term for grandchildren, nephews, nieces, cousins, and even more generally still, for kinsmen.

6 Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him"; an old aristocratic way of speaking. Verplanck tells us that Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror.

7 The meaning in this passage is not altogether clear. Shallow prides himself on the antiquity of his House. Luce, it seems, is an old name for the pike-fish; and a distinction is made between the fresh fish and the salted or pickled, which latter would naturally be white. Sir Hugh blunders, mis-
SCENE I. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?
Shal. You may, by marrying.
Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.
Shal. Not a whit.
Evans. Yes, py'r Lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.
Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.
Evans. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.
Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.
Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.
Slen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Taking luce for louse, the "familiar beast to man." Then Shallow mistakes Sir Hugh's "familiar beast" for the fresh fish, and proceeds to correct him by saying, "The luce or louse that you speak of is the fresh fish, and so does not become an old coat well, such as mine is; for the salt fish is an old coat."

8 To quarter is, in heraldic language, to have armorial bearings as an appendage to hereditary arms; as a man, by marrying, may add his wife's titles, if she have any, to his own. Sir Hugh, who must still be talking, mistakes the quartering of Heraldry for the cutting of a thing into four parts.

9 The Star-Chamber, as mentioned in note 2.

10 To speak small is much the same as old Lear means, when he says over his dead Cordelia, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."
Evans. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page.—[Knocks.] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Appearing above.] Who's there?

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter Page.

Page. I am glad to see your Worphips well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.
Scene I. The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.
Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.
Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsol'.
Page. It could not be judged, sir.
Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.
Shal. That he will not. — 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog.
Page. A cur, sir.
Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?
Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.
Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.
Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.
Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.
Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow! you'll complain of me to the King?
Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.
Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

11 The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were once famous for rural sports. Shallow in a Henry IV. speaks of "Will Squele, a Cotsol' man," as if it were something of a distinction to be born there.
12 Fault was sometimes used for misfortune.—Shallow here very politely tries to arrest the unpleasant course of speech Slender persists in taking.
Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.
Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answer'd.
Shal. The Council shall know this.
Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.
Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John, goot worts.
Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. — Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?
Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you: and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol; they carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my pocket.
Bard. You Banbury cheese!
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!
Slen. Ay, it is no matter.
Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that's my humour.
Slen. Where's Simple, my man? — can you tell, cousin?
Evans. Peace, I pray you. — Now let us understand.

13 in counsel here means, apparently, in secret; Falstaff playing upon the word. The Poet uses counsel for secret repeatedly.
14 Worts, a general name for all kinds of pot-herbs, was sometimes used, as here, in a narrower sense, for coleworts or cabbages.
15 Cony-catcher was a common name for cheats and sharpers in the Poet's time. See vol. ii., page 203, note 8.
16 Said in allusion to Slender's thinness. So in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "Put off your clothes, and you are like a Banbury cheese, nothing but paring."
17 Mephostophilus was the name of a familiar spirit in the old story of Dr. Faustus.
18 Nym's pauca means the same as Sir Hugh's pauca verba, used a little before, — few words. — Slice! appears to be Nym's word for fight! as using swords is apt to do slicing work. Schmidt, however, in his Shakespeare Lexicon, takes it in a more literal sense, and as referring to Slender's thinness; like Bardolph's "Banbury cheese,"
There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicit Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicit myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my notebook; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The Tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, He hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, — or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, — of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, 19 that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo. 20 —

Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

19 Milled, or stamped, sixpences were used as counters; said to have been first coined in 1561. — Edward shovel-boards were the broad shillings of Edward IV., used for playing the game of shuffle-board; the shilling being placed on the edge of the table, and driven at the mark by a stroke of the hand.

20 Another fling at Slender's slenderness. Bilbo is from Bilboa, in Spain, famous for the manufacture of swords. — Latten was a mixed metal resembling tin. — The two words together mean a sword without edge and temper. — Labras, in the next line, is Spanish for lips. The phrase is a Pistolism for "the lie in thy teeth."
Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised,21 sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me;22 that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. — and being fap,23 sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careers.24

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin25 then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

21 Be avised is but another form for be advised, and means be careful, bethink yourself, or consider. Often so.

22 A nathook was properly a hook for pulling down the branches of nut-bearing trees, but the word came to be used as a cant term for a catchpoll, that is, a bailiff's assistant. — Marry trap seems to have been a phrase of triumph when one was caught in his own snare: according to Nares, as much as to say, "By Mary, you are caught."

23 Fap was a slang term for fuddled.

24 To pass a career is said to have been a technical phrase for galloping a horse violently to and fro, and then stopping him suddenly at the end of the course. The application here is probably too deep for anybody but Bardolph, unless it refer to the reeling of a drunken man, now this way, now that. Cashier'd seems to be Bardolph's word for robbed; discash'd.

25 Slender mistook Pistol's laten for Latin; and he now thinks that Bardolph speaks the same language.
Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.

Slen. O Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kisses her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison-pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but Shal., Slen., and Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets²⁶ here.—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?²⁷

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

²⁶ A popular book of Shakespeare's time, entitled "Songs and Sonnettes, written by the Earle of Surrey and others."

²⁷ Michaelmas is probably Simple's blunder for Martilemas. Theobald substituted the latter, not believing that any blunder was intended.—A "Book of Riddles, together with proper Questions and witty Proverbs to make pleasant Pastime," was published in 1575.
Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and His ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease

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28 It is not quite clear whether country is a blunder of Slender's or a misprint for county.
it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have 
more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiar-
ity will grow more contempt: but, if you say, marry her, I 
will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul 29 is 
in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, 
resolutely: his meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang’d, la.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.—

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your 
Worships’ company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. ’Od’s plesed will! I will not be absence at the 
grace. [Exeunt Shallow and Sir H. Evans.

Anne. Will’t please your Worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends 30 you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. — Go, 
sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin 
Shallow. [Exit Simple.] — A justice of peace sometime 
may be beholding 31 to his friend for a man. I keep but 
three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what 
though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

29 Fau is of course Sir Hugh’s pronunciation of fault.

30 The Poet uses to attend repeatedly in the sense of to stay or wait for. 
So in Othello, iii. 3: “Your dinner, and the generous islanders by you 
invited, do attend your presence.” See, also, vol. v., page 208, note 16.

31 Beholding, the active form, is always used by Shakespeare, instead of 
beheld. Of course it means obliged, indebted, or under obligation. See 
vol. i., page 233, note 24.
Anne. I may not go in without your Worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,—three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

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82 A veney is a fencing-term, used for a bout or turn; also for a thrust or a pass.—A master of fence is one who has taken a master's degree in the Art of Defence. There were three degrees, Master, Provost, and Scholar.

83 A celebrated bear shown at Paris-Garden on the Bankside, and probably named from the showman.

84 Meaning it passed all expression.

85 This is an old oath of uncertain origin and import. The Cock and
Scene II.  The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Slen.  Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page.  Come on, sir.

Slen.  Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne.  Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen.  Truily, I will not go first; truly, la; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne.  I pray you, sir.

Slen.  I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome.  You do yourself wrong, indeed, la.  [Exeunt.

Scene II. — An outer Room in Page's House.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans.  Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim.  Well, sir.

Evans.  Nay, it is petter yet.  Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page.  I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese to come.  [Exeunt.

Magpie is said to have been an ancient and favourite alehouse sign; and some find the origin of the phrase in that.  Others regard Cock as a corruption of the sacred name, and pie as referring to the table in the Roman service-book showing the service for the day.
Scene III. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter, —

Host. What says my bully-rook?¹ speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bulky Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou’rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezer.² I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bulky Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. — Let me see thee froth and lime:³ I am at a word; follow. [Exit.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither’d serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

¹ Bully-rook is explained by Douce as a term for “a hectoring, cheating sharper.” But mine Host seems to use it jocularity, and not in the way of reproach; and Coles, in his Latin and English Dictionary, explains Bully-rook as “Vir fortis et animosus.”

² Keisar is an old form of Cæsar, the general term for an emperor; Kings and Keisars being a common phrase. — Pheezer is probably from pheese, an old word meaning to beat, to chastise, to humble. See vol. ii., page 139, note 1.

³ Frothing beer and liming sack, that is, Sherry wine, were tapster’s tricks, to make the liquors, old and stale, appear fresh and new. The first was done by putting soap in the tankard before drawing the beer, the other by mixing lime with the sack to make it sparkle in the glass. Mine Host wants a living proof that Bardolph is master of the trade.
Pist. O base Hungarian\(^4\) wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? 

[Exit BARDOLPH.

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceived?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer, — he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.\(^5\)

Pist. Convey the wise call it. Steal! foh! a fico\(^6\) for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes\(^7\) ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,\(^8\) she

\(^4\) Hungarian probably means the same as Bohemian in Scott's Quentin Durward; that is, a gipsy. Bishop Hall, in his Satires, plays upon the name in such a way as to infer that it was used for a starved fellow:

So sharp and meagre, that who should them see,
Would swear they lately came from Hungary.

\(^5\) A minim was formerly the shortest note in music. And to do any thing "at a minim's rest" was to do it promptly or nimbly. So, in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4, Mercutio, describing how the fiery Tybalt fights: "He rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom."

\(^6\) Pistol is so much of a linguist, that he prefers the Spanish fico to the English fig.

\(^7\) A kibe is the well-known heel-sore, an ulcerated chilblain.

\(^8\) Carve is evidently used here as denoting some sign or gesture of intel-
gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, I am Sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her ill, — out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass? —

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath legions of angels. 9

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œilliads; 10 sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. [To Pistol.] I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, 11 that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater 12 to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West

ligence and favour. And it appears that the word was often so used. So in Day's Ile of Gulls, 1666: "Her amorous glances are her accusers; her very looks write sonnets in thy commendations; she carves thee at board, and cannot sleep for dreaming on thee in bedde." Hunter, Dyce, and White quote various other passages, all inferring the same. See vol. ii., page 89, note 35.

9 Angel was the name of a gold coin; its highest value is said to have been ten shillings. The Poet has several quibbles turning on the name.

10 A French word, meaning ogles, amorous glances, or wanton looks. Cotgrave translates it "to cast a sheep's eye."

11 Intention for intenness, or eagerness of attention.

12 An escheator was an officer of the Exchequer, and cheator was a popular abbreviation of the word. Of course Falstaff is quibbling.
Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

_Pist._ Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!

_Nym._ I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

_Fal._ [To ROBIN.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly; 13

Sail like my pinnace 14 to the golden shores.— [Exit ROBIN.

Rogues, hence, avault! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o’ the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [Exit.

_Pist._ Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam hold,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor: 15
Tester I’ll have in pouch 16 when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

_Nym._ I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

_Pist._ Wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin and her stars!
Pist. With wit or steel?
Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.
Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
   How Falstaff, varlet vile,
   His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
   And his soft couch defile.
Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to
deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for
this revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee;
troop on.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A Room in Doctor Caius’s House.

Enter Mistress Quickly and Simple.

Quick. What, John Rugby!

Enter Rugby.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my
master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i’faith, and
find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of
God’s patience and the king’s English.

Rug. I’ll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we’ll have a posset for’t soon at night,

17 Yellow is, time out of mind, the colour of jealousy.
1 Old was often used thus as a colloquial augmentative or intensive,
equivalent to huge. See vol. iii., page 209, note 2.
2 Soon at is a phrase occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare; as, “soon at
five o’clock,” and “soon at supper-time,” where it means about, or nearly
that. See vol. i., page 86, note 5.—Posset was the name of a dish often
eaten just before going to bed; described by Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armoury,
as follows: “Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack,
having sugar, grated biscuit, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it,
which all goes to a curd.”
in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.]
—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish\(^{3}\) that way: but nobody but has his fault; —but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

_Sim._ Ay, for fault of a better.

_Quick._ And Master Slender's your master?

_Sim._ Ay, forsooth.

_Quick._ Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

_Sim._ No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, —a Cain-colour'd\(^{4}\) beard.

_Quick._ A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

_Sim._ Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands\(^{5}\) as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.\(^{6}\)

_Quick._ How say you? O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

_Sim._ Yes, indeed, does he.

_Quick._ Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

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\(^{3}\) The more common meaning of _peevish_ was _foolish._ —_Breed-bate_, just before, is _breeder or causer of debate_, that is, _of strife._

\(^{4}\) In old pictures and tapestries Cain and Judas were always represented as having yellow beards, or what we now call _sandy-coloured._

\(^{5}\) This was a phrase of the time, equivalent to "as _bold or able_ a man of his hands." Nares says it "was used, most likely, for the sake of a jocular equivocation in the word _tall_, which meant either _bold or high._" And Coles has "A man of his hands, _Homo strenuus, impiger, manu promptus._"

\(^{6}\) A _warrener_ was a _keeper_ of a _warren_; and a _warren_ was a place privileged by prescription or grant from the Crown, for keeping certain beasts or birds for the exclusive use and pleasure of certain persons.
Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.
Quick. We shall all be shent.\textsuperscript{7} [Exit Rugby.]—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.]—What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[Sings.] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.
Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. —[Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.\textsuperscript{8}
Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.
Quick. Is it this, sir?
Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?
Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Here, sir.
Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de Court.

\textsuperscript{7} Shent is used repeatedly by the Poet for reviled, scolded, or treated with harsh language. See vol. v., page 221, note 16.

\textsuperscript{8} Horn-mad was the state of mind a man was in, or supposed to be in, when he knew or suspected his wife had played him false, and so planted horns in his head. See vol. i., page 47, note 11.
Scene IV. The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. 'Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublie! dere is some simples⁹ in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [Pulling SIMPLE out.] — Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Vererefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic.¹⁰ Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, baillez me some paper. — Tarry you a little-a while. [ Writes. ]

Quick. [Aside to Sim.] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly¹¹ moved, you should have heard him so

⁹ Simples is here used for medicines in general, though it properly means medicinal herbs.

¹⁰ Phlegmatic is Mrs. Quickly's blunder for splenetic, probably.

¹¹ Throughly and thoroughly, as also through and thorough, were used indifferently, the two being but different forms of the same word.
loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

_Sim._ [Aside to Quick.] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

_Quick._ [Aside to Sim._] Are you advised? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

_Caius._ You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shalloon: I will cut his treat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

_Exit Simple._

_Quick._ Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

_Caius._ It is no matter-a for dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de Jar-tee to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

_Quick._ Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-ger!*

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12 _Advised_ again, for _advised_. To be advised of what one says is to speak it _deliberately_ or upon due consideration, not rashly or thoughtlessly. See page 14, note 21.

13 *Good-ger* is a corruption of _goujeer_, which, again, was a common term for what was known as the _French disease_, or _morbus Gallicus_. Here used as a sort of imprecation. Repeatedly so.
SCENE IV. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Caius. Rugby, come to de Court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. —Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exeunt Caius and Rugby.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given

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14 I trow is here exactly equivalent to I wonder. Shakespeare has it repeatedly in that sense. So in the next scene: "What tempest, I trow, threw this whale," &c. Also in Eastward Ho, by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, iv. 1: "What young planet reigns, trow, that old men are so foolish?" See, also, vol. iv., page 213, note 11.

16 Detest is a Quicklyism for protest, a strong affirmation.
too much to alicholy and musing: but for you — well, go to.\textsuperscript{16}

\textit{Fent.} Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there’s money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see’st her before me, commend me.

\textit{Quick.} Will I? i’faith, that I will; and I will tell your Worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence;\textsuperscript{17} and of other wooers.

\textit{Fent.} Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

\textit{Quick.} Farewell to your Worship. [\textit{Exit Fenton.}] — Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne’s mind as well as another does. — Out upon’t! what have I forgot?

\textit{[Exit.}

\section*{ACT II.}

\textbf{SCENE I. — Before Page’s House.}

\textit{Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.}

\textit{Mrs. Page.} What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[\textit{Reads.}] \textit{Ask me no reason why I love you; for, though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there’s sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there’s more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, — that I love thee. I}

\textsuperscript{16} \textit{Go to} is an old phrase of varying import, sometimes of rebuke, sometimes of encouragement. \textit{Hush up, come on, be off,} are among its meanings.

\textsuperscript{17} \textit{Confidence} is another \textit{Quicklyism} for \textit{conference}. 
will not say, pity me, —'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.           JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this! — O wicked, wicked world! — one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd — with the Devil's name — out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting-down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifile, woman! take the honour. What is it? — dispense with trifles; — what is it?
Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;¹ and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:² here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves.³ What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I war-

¹ This is probably meant as a covert reflection on the prodigal distribution of knighthood by King James. That "article of gentry" was thereby in a way to grow so hackneyed, that it would rather be an honour not to have been dubbed. Mr. Ford was already a gentleman, and his wife a lady, either by inheritance or by grant from the Heralds' College.

² A proverbial phrase derived from lighting lamps by daylight, and meaning "we waste time."

³ Green Sleeves is the name of an old popular ballad-tune, which, Chappell says, "has been a favourite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day; and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London." The well-known refrain, "Which nobody can deny," was a part of the ballad. The song itself is lost; but it would seem, from divers allusions to it, that the matter was none of the cleanest.
rant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

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4 Here, as often, honesty is used for chastity. So, in this play, we have honest repeate:ly for chaste; as at the close of this scene: "If I find her honest, I lose not my labour." And in iv. 2: "Wives may be merry, and yet honest too." See, also, vol. v., page 71, note 6.

5 Strain was much used for stock, lineage, or native quality. Here it seems to have the sense of ingenerate folly, weakness, or vice. Something the same again in iii. 3: "I would all of the same strain were in the same distress." And in The Winter's Tale, iii. 2, we have the verb used, apparently, in the same sense: "With what encounter so uncurrent I have strain'd, t' appear thus." Here strain'd is "evinced an innate streak of evil."
Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good-
man 6 too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving
him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy
knight. Come hither. [They retire.

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.
Pist. Hope is a curtal dog 7 in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.
Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend. 8
Ford. Love my wife!
Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!
Ford. What name, sir?
Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere Summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, Sir Corporal Nym! —

6 Goodman, here commonly printed good man, was much used for hus-
band, or for master, or, as we now sound it, mister. So St. Matthew, xx.
11: "And when they had received it, they murmured against the goodman
of the house." And St. Luke, xii. 39: "And this know, that if the goodman
of the house had known at what hour the thief would come," &c. Shake-
speare has it repeatedly in the same way. — Perpend is consider.

7 A dog's tail was thought highly instrumental to speed: hence a dog
that missed his game was called a curtal.

8 Gallimaufry, which means medley or hotchpotch, does not here refer
specially to Mrs. Ford, but to what Pistol has just said: "He loves all sorts
indiscriminately."
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.\(^9\) [Exit.

_Ford. [Aside.]_ I will be patient; I will find out this.

_Nym. [To Page.]_ And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours:\(^10\) I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit.

_Page. [Aside.]_ The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his\(^11\) wits.

_Ford. [Aside.]_ I will seek out Falstaff.

_Page. [Aside.]_ I never heard such a drawling, affecting\(^12\) rogue.

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\(^9\) Here it is to be observed that Pistol knew beforehand what Nym was to tell Page; and now, as he infers from their talking so long that Page is incredulous, he speaks this to confirm Nym's tale, and thereby cut short the interview.—The resemblance of sound in _cuckoo_ and _cuckold_ caused frequent allusions to the cuckoo's note in connection with the matter here in hand. See vol. iii., page 44, note 10. —Pistol is an adept in bawdy-house slang; has it all at his tongue's end. His dialect is an odd medley of real filth and affected scholarism, which he has gathered at the play-house among "the groundlings." In his preceding speech, he refers to the classical fable of Actaeon, who was a famous hunter, and who, one day when he was hunting, saw Artemis with her nymphs bathing; whereupon the goddess changed him into a stag, in which form he was torn to pieces by his own dogs." _Ringwood_ is used as the name of a dog.

\(^10\) Nym's character and dialect seem partly intended as a satire on the contemporary use of the word _humour_. Ben Jonson keenly ridicules this coxcomical fashion of the time in the _Induction_ to his _Every Man out of his Humour_: "Now, if an idiot have but an apish or fantastic strain, it is his humour."

\(^11\) _His_ for _its_, referring to _humour_. As _its_ was not then an accepted word, the Poet and all other writers of the time commonly use _his_ or _her_ instead. See vol. i., page 90, note 1.

\(^12\) _Affecting_ for _affected_; the active and passive forms being then, to a great extent, used indiscriminately. See vol. v., page 96, note 4.
Ford. [Aside.] If I do find it,—well.
Page. [Aside.] I will not believe such a Cataian,\(^{13}\) though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.
Ford. [Aside.] 'Twas a good sensible fellow;—well.
[Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.
Page. How now, Meg!
Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.
Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! Why art thou melancholy?
Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.
Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchet in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[Aside to Mrs. Ford.] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.
Mrs. Ford. [Aside to Mrs. Page.] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?
Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?
Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we would have an hour's talk with you.

[Execut Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.
Page. How now, Master Ford!
Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?
Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?
Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?
Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would

\(^{13}\) A Cataian is a Chinese, Cataia or Cathay being the old name of China. From the alleged adroitness of the Chinese in thieving, Cataian became a cant term for a sharper.
offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our
wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now
they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at
the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voy-
age toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what
he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to
turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would
have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes:
there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when
he looks so merrily.—

Enter the Host.

How now, mine Host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou’rt a gentleman.—Cava-
lero-justice, I say!

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow.—Good even and
twenty,\(^{14}\) good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with
us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh
the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o’ the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook? [They go aside.

\(^{14}\) "An old popular salutation," says Staunton, "meaning twenty good
evenings." Halliwell quotes a like instance from Eliot’s Fruits of the
French, 1593: "God night and a thousand to everybody."
Shal. [To Page.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [They go aside.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, myneers?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than see them fight. [Execunt Host, Shal., and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so

\[15\] Dyce thinks, and rightly, no doubt, that you is here used redundantly, and not as limiting fellows. Shallow has it just so in 2 Henry IV, iii. 2: "There was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in," &c. — Here, as in several other places, tall is brave or stout. So in the third speech of the next scene.—Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of great length. Shallow censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and the use of the rapier. The practice of the long sword was to hack and slash; of the rapier to parry and thrust, or pass. Stoccado is Italian for thrust.

\[16\] Secure in the Latin sense of over-confident, and so negligent or care-
firmly on his wife's frailty, 17 yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made 18 there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[Exit.

SCENE II. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon 1 my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow 2 Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a gem- iny of baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to gen- tlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, 3 I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

less; sine cura. Shakespeare has it often so. So in this play, ii. 2: "Page is an ass, a secure ass." Also in iii. 2: "A secure and wilful Actæon."

17 An antithesis is probably intended here between firmly and frailty; else I should be apt to think the latter an erratum for fealty, which Theobald substituted.

18 Made for did. A frequent lingual usage of the time. So, afterwards, in iv. 2, we have "what make you here" for "what are you doing here." See vol. v., page 34, note 4.

1 To grate, or to grate on or upon, is defined by Johnson "to rub hard, —to offend, as by oppression or importunity." So in 2 Henry IV., iv. 1: "What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?"

2 Coach-fellow is sometimes explained "a horse that draws in the same carriage with another." I suspect it meant simply companion or associate. We have pew-fellow in the same sense.

3 Fans were costly articles of ladies' outfit in the Poet's time; consisting of ostrich and other feathers fixed into handles, sometimes of gold, silver, or ivory elaborately wrought.
Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?
Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go; a short knife and a throg;⁴ to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.⁵ You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cata-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,⁶ and your bull-baiting oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your Worship good morrow.
Fal. Good morrow, good wife.
Quick. Not so, an't please your Worship.
Fal. Good maid, then.
Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.
Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?
Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a word or two?

⁴ "Go, and cut purses in a crowd," is the meaning. Purses were then carried hanging at the belt.
⁵ Pickt-hatch was a district of ill repute, where the swarming of bullies made a pickt-hatch, or a half-door armed with spikes, needful for defence.
⁶ That is, alehouse phrases; a red lattice being the usual distinction of an alehouse.
Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,

Fal. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them His servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford: what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your Worship's a wanton! Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!—

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries\(^7\) as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the Court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly— all musk— and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels— in any such sort, as they say— but in the way of honesty:— and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has

\(^7\) Canaries or canary is Mrs. Quickly's blunder for quandary.
been earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners; but, I warrant
you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-
Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which
she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify,
that her husband will be absence from his house between ten
and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the
picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband,
will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life
with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very fram-
pold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I
will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger
to your Worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations
to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as
fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not
miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor,
whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your Worship
that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there
will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a
man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my
good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

8 Alluding, probably, to Queen Elizabeth's band of Gentlemen Pension-
ers, as they were called, whose dress was remarkably splendid, and so
would be apt to charm Mrs. Quickly.

9 Frampold is vexatious or turbulent. The word does not occur again in
Shakespeare, and is very rarely met with elsewhere: but Fletcher has
frampal, which is but another form of the same, in the sense of cross or
peevish.
Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this, — has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! — they have not so little grace, I hope: — that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. [Execut Mrs. Quickly and Robin.] — This news distresses me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:— Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [Exit.

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look

10 A petty adjuration of the time, equivalent to for love's sake or by all means.
11 Nay-word, it appears, was sometimes used for watchword or countersign.
12 Punk was another name for a love-broker or go-between. See page 23, note 14.
13 Fights was a naval term for the waste-cloths hung about the ship in a fight, to keep the men from being seen by the enemy.
after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter Bardolph, with a cup of sack.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your Worship a morning's draught of sack.\textsuperscript{14}

*Fal.* Brook is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] — Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*\textsuperscript{15}

*Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir!

*Fal.* And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embold-

\textsuperscript{14} It was a common custom in taverns to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as tokens of friendship or to open an acquaintance.

\textsuperscript{15} *Via* borrowed from the Italian, was in frequent use as a word of exultation or encouragement. The Poet has it repeatedly.
en’d me to this unseason’d intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband’s name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross’d opportunities to meet her; fee’d every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given

16 Unseason’d for unseasonable. The endings -ed and -able or -ible are often used indiscriminately by Shakespeare. So we have detested for detestable, unnumbered for unnumerable, indivisible for undivided, and many others.

17 Sith, sithence, and since were used indifferently in the Poet’s time, but the two former were fast giving way to the latter. He has sithence only twice, I think, and sith some twenty times.
largely to many to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But, whatsoever I have merited either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this, —

_Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;_
_Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues._

_Fal._ Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

_Ford._ Never.

_Fal._ Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

_Ford._ Never.

_Fal._ Of what quality was your love, then?

_Ford._ Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

_Fal._ To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

_Ford._ When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,¹⁸ authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd¹⁹ for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations, —

_Fal._ O, sir!

¹⁸ A man of great admittance is a man admitted into the company of great persons, the social aristocracy.

¹⁹ Allow'd, here, is approved; a common use of the word in Shakespeare's time. So in St. Luke, xi. 48: "Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers." And in Romans, vii. 15: "For that which I do I allow not." See, also, vol. v., page 142, note 7.
Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty[^20] of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be look’d against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward[^21] of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her—I may tell you—by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally

[^20] Honesty, again for chastity.—Amiable is here used, apparently, in the sense of loving or amorous. So in Much Ado, iii. 3: “Claudio and my master saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.”

[^21] Ward is safeguard, defence, or posture of defence. Often so.
knaved her husband will be forth. ²² Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

**Ford.** I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

**Fal.** Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

**Ford.** I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

**Fal.** Hang him, mechanical salt-butter ²³ rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel,—it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night: ²⁴ Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; ²⁵ thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night.  

**Ford.** What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him

²² *Forth* is *out, abroad, or away*. A very frequent usage.

²³ The only instance I remember to have met with of *salt-butter* used as a contemptuous epithet. The higher classes of the English people did not then, and I think do not now, have their butter seasoned with salt.

²⁴ *About or towards* night. See page 24, note 2.

²⁵ Meaning, "I will add more titles to those he already has." *Style* appears to have been a technical term in heraldry. So in Heywood's *Golden Age*: "I will create lords of a greater *style*."

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that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the Devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! cuck-old! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby,—
Rug. Sir?
Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?
Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come;

26 That is, a conscious, patient cuckold; one that knows himself a cuckold, and is contented to be such. So Chief Justice Holt: "To call a man a cuckold was not an ecclesiastical slander; but wittol was; for it imports a knowledge of and consent to his wife's adultery." Wittol is from wittan, to know. See vol. ii., page 73, note 7.—Amaimon and Barbason were ancient names of devils. According to Randle Holme, the former had his dominion in "the north part of the 'infernal gulph'"; while the latter had "thirty legions under him."—Additions here is titles. Often so.
he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villain, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter the Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.*

*Host.* Bless thee, bully doctor!

*Shal.* Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

*Page.* Now, good master doctor!

*Slen.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Wat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.1 Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?2 ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de varld; he is not show his face.

---

1 Mine Host here rattles off terms of fencing with characteristic looseness. *Punto* is a thrust; *stock*, for *stocco*ado, or *stoccata*, also a thrust; *reverse*, probably meant for *punto reverso*, is a back-handed stroke; *distance* is the space between two antagonists; *montant* or *montanto* is defined by old Cotgrave “an upright blow or thrust.”

2 The jolly publican is poking fun at the Æsculapian, knowing that he cannot understand the terms. The joke here seems to be that the elder has a heart of soft pith.—*Stale* and *Urina* refer to the old medical custom of examining a patient's water, when every physician carried with him an *urinal* for that purpose.—*Castilian* seems to have been used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.
Scene III. The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that I have stay six or seven, two, three hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. — Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodikins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. — Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. — A word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

8 Hair was often used thus for nature, character, grain, or texture.

4 Bodikins, a diminutive of body, is the remains of an old oath, disguised or softened; the whole original form being "By God's body." We have divers like instances in the old drama; such as 'sfoot for "God's foot," 'slight for "God's light," 'sblood for "God's blood," and sounds for "God's wounds."

6 "To make one" is old language for "to be one"; of course here one of the fighters.

6 Churchman was used continually for clergyman.

7 It is not quite clear what mine Host means by Mock-water; some covert fling no doubt at the doctor's medical practice.
Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. — Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me dank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully, — But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. }

Shal. Adieu, good master doctor.

Slen. [Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

8 To cry aim, it seems, was a note of encouragement to archers; an exclamation used by the spectators of a shooting-match.
SCENE I. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne
Page. Said I well?
Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.
Host. Let us wag, then.
Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-
man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you
look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every
way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most vehemently desire you you will also look
that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [Retires.

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and
trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me:
—how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his
knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the 'ork.
Pless my soul!

[Sings.] To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.—
[Sings.] *Melodious birds sing madrigals;—  
  *Whenas I sat in Pabylon,*¹—  
  *And a thousand vagram posies.  
  *To shallow, &c.*

_Sim._ [Coming forward.] Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh.

_Evans._ He's welcome.—

[Sings.] *To shallow rivers, to whose falls—*  
Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

_Sim._ No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

_Evans._ Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.  
[Reads in a book.]

_Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender._

_Shal._ How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

_Slen._ [Aside.] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

_Page._ Save you, good Sir Hugh!

_Evans._ Got pless you from His mercy sake, all of you!

_Shal._ What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

_Page._ And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day?

_Evans._ There is reasons and causes for it.

¹ In his "cholers and trembling of mind" Sir Hugh unconsciously runs parts of Psalms and ballads together. This line is from an oldmetrical version of the 137th Psalm. The other lines are from the charming pastoral well known as the work of Christopher Marlowe. — The humour of these musical snatches, broken and disordered as they are by the anger and fear of the pugnacious parson, is most rare and exquisite. — Vagram, in the next line, as Dyce suggests, is probably meant "to indicate the increasing perturbation of Sir Hugh."

The corresponding word in the song is fragrant.
Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.²

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and His passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [Aside.] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them assunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter the Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep-in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question:³ let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [Aside to Caius.] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

² That is, so far from respecting himself. *Wide* is still used so.
³ *Question for talk or converse;* a frequent usage of the Poet's time.
Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. [Aside to Caius.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. — [Aloud.] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! — Jack Rugby, — mine Host de Jarteer, — have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn. — Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [Aside.] O sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our

4 Sot was much used in its French sense of fool. See vol. v., page 155, note 12.
prains together to be revenge on this same scall,\(^5\) scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

_Caius._ By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

_Evans._ Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.

_[Exeunt._

**SCENE II. — The Street, in Windsor.**

_Enter Mistress Page and Robin._

_Mrs. Page._ Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master’s heels?

_Rob._ I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

_Mrs. Page._ O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you’ll be a courtier.

_Enter Ford._

_Ford._ Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

_Mrs. Page._ Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

_Ford._ Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

_Mrs. Page._ Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

_Ford._ Where had you this pretty weathercock?

_Mrs. Page._ I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight’s name, sirrah?

_Rob._ Sir John Falstaff.

_Ford._ Sir John Falstaff!

_Mrs. Page._ He, he; I can never hit on’s name. There

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\(^5\) _Scall_ is Sir Hugh form of _scald_, which properly means _scabby_, but was used as a word of scorn, implying disease, poverty, and filth.
is such a league between my goodman and he! Is your wife
at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he
any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them.
Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a
cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score.¹ He pieces out
his wife’s inclination; he gives her folly motion and advan-
tage: and now she’s going to my wife, and Falstaff’s boy
with her;—a man may hear this shower sing in the wind;—
and Falstaff’s boy with her! Good plots! they are laid;
and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I
will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil
of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page
himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent
proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes.]
The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search
where I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this
than mock’d; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that
Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, the Host, Sir Hugh Evans,
Caius, and Rugby.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home;
and I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with

¹ Twelve score yards, probably, that being the usual distance for long-bow
shooting. Yet it seems a very short distance to speak of shooting with a
cannon; so, perhaps rods.
Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slender.* I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Pointz; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

---

2 In the mouth of mine Host, to speak holiday probably meant to speak in choice and well-turned language. Hotspur attaches to the word a sense of apish exquisiteness in his well-known account of the dandy lord: "With many holiday and lady terms he question'd me."—Perhaps I should add, that "he smells April and May" is, he smells of April, &c.; keeps his person fresh and fragrant.

8 "'Tis in his buttons" doubtless means the same as another phrase still sometimes heard,—"'Tis in his breeches"; meaning "he is the man to do it."

4 "No having" is no property, nothing to "keep the pot boiling." The Poet often uses having thus.
Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page’s.

[Exeunt Shal. and Slen.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [Aside.] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I’ll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in Ford’s house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

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5 Canary is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. Pipe-wine is wine from the pipe or cask, not from the bottle. The jest lies in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a pipe of wine and a musical instrument, to dance after.

1 Whitsters is the same as whiteners, that is, bleachers.
Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone.—Mistress Page, remember you your cue. 

[Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[Exit.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumption; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.  

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2 An eyas is a nestling or unflighted hawk; hence used figuratively of a youngling or novice. Musket is a male sparrow-hawk; from the French mouchet.

3 This was a stuffed puppet thrown at in play during Lent, as cocks were at Shrovetide. So in The Weakest goes to the Wall, 1600: "A mere anatomy, a Jack of Lent." And in Jonson's Tale of a Tub, iv. 3: "On an Ash-Wednesday, where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent, for boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee." Pumption is gourd.

4 Modest women from harlots. So in Cymbeline, iii. 4: "Some jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting." Putta in Italian signifies both a jay and a loose woman.
Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish,—I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the Court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Falstaff quotes this from the second song in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, which begins thus:

Have I caught my heavenly jewel
Teaching sleep most fair to be?

To cog is to cajole, dissemble, and cheat. The Poet has it thus repeatedly. See vol. ii., page 85, note 24.

Any fanciful head-dress that would be approved at Venice, which was then the centre of fashion in such matters. The ship-tire was probably a flaunting head-dress, with ribands flying like the streamers of a ship. It is not so clear what the tire valiant was; perhaps something that sparkled of Mars or Bellona.

Meaning, no doubt, a traitor to her own beauty, or merit.

That is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature being thy friend."
MRS. FORD. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;¹⁰ I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

MRS. FORD. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate,¹¹ which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

MRS. FORD. Well, Heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

ROB. [Within.] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.¹²

*tune my foe* was the beginning of an old ballad, wherein were sung the ills that fall upon men through the caprices of Fortune.

¹⁰ *Simples* is the old word for herbs; and Bucklersbury was the part of London where the apothecary-shops were clustered; so, in the time of new herbs, was fragrant of rosemary and lavender.

¹¹ *Counter* was the name of one of the prisons in London. It was often made the pivot of jests. So in Baret's *Alvearic*, 1573: "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the Counter or such-like places of prison, He can sing his counter-tenor very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare; meaning imprisonment."

¹² In Shakespeare's time, the walls of rooms, even in the best houses, were unplastered, and were lined with tapestries instead, which were called arras, from the town of Arras in France, where they were first made. These, to keep them from the rotting-damp, were hung on frames at some distance from the walls; and the spaces thus left were hardly more convenient for the people than for the writers of dramas.
Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.—
[Falstaff hides himself behind the arras.

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but, if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand you had rather and you had rather: your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he
be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, —it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

_**Re-enter Falstaff.**_

_Fal._ Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't!—I'll in, I'll in:—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

*Mrs. Page._ What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

_Fal._ I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

_[Goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen._

*Mrs. Page._ Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

_[Exit Robin._

*Mrs. Ford._ What, John! Robert! John!

_**Re-enter Servants.**_

Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowlstaff? look, how you drumble!—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

*Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans._

*Ford._ Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

*Serv._ To the laundress, forsooth.

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13 This was a staff used for carrying a cowl, or tub with two handles, to fetch water in.

14 To _drumble and drone_ was to _move sluggishly_, or to go lazily or awkwardly about a thing. So Scott, in _The Fortunes of Nigel_: "How she _drumbles!_ I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road."
Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! — I would I could wash myself of the buck! — Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exit Servants with the basket.] — Gentlemen, I have dream’d to-night; 15 I’ll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I’ll warrant we’ll unkennel the fox. — Let me stop this way first. [Locks the door.] — So, now uncape. 16

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, ’tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [Exit Page, Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a talking was he in when your husband ask’d what was in the basket!

15 To-night, here, is the past night, or last night. *Repeatedly so.

16 Critics have differed greatly as to the meaning of uncape. It is evidently used as a hunting-term. I suspect it means “let loose the dogs”; that is, uncollar or uncouple them; which latter word, indeed, Hanmer substituted in the text. And this explanation is not a little strengthened by a writer in The Edinburgh Review, October, 1872, who, though he cites no passage directly to the point, goes far towards proving that cape was used as synonymous with collar; so that “the words uncape, uncollar, or uncouple would each mean the same thing, and all would be easily, if not equally intelligible.” As the custom in fox-hunting was, to keep the hounds back till the game was ready or unearthed, by fastening them together by the necks, this meaning seems most suitable to the occasion.
Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [Aside to Mrs. Ford.] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. [Aside to Mrs. Page.] Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!


Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not
ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

_Ford._ 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

_Evans._ You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

_Caius._ By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

_Ford._ Well;—I promised you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

_Page._ Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

_Ford._ Any thing.

_Evans._ If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

_Caius._ If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

_Ford._ Pray you, go, Master Page.

_Evans._ I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

_Caius._ Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

_Evans._ A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries!

[Exeunt.

**Scene IV. — A Room in Page's House.**

_Enter Fenton and Anne Page._

_Fent._ I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

_Anne._ Alas, how then?

_Fent._ Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth;
SCENE IV.  THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides, these other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in seal'd bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If importunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then — Hark you hither.

[They converse apart.

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman
shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:¹ 'slid, 'tis but ven-
turing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—
but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word
with you.

¹ A shaft was a long slender arrow, a bolt a short thick one. The phrase
in the text seems to have been proverbial, meaning, most likely, "I'll do it
one way or another." — 'Slid is a disguised oath; God's lid.
Anne. I come to him. — [Aside.] This is my father's choice.  
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!  
Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.  
Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!  
Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.  
Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.  
Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glos-tershire.  
Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.  
Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.  
Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.  
Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.  
Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. — She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.  
Anne. Now, Master Slender, —  
Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne, —  
Anne. What is your will?  
Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.  
Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?  
Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing

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2 The meaning is, "come who will, that is of lower rank than an esquire." *Cut and long-tail* includes all sorts of dogs; and Slender is specially familiar with proverbial phrases of the chase.
with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!\textsuperscript{3} They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

\textit{Enter Page and Mistress Page.}

\textit{Page.} Now, Master Slender - love him, daughter Anne. - Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

\textit{Fent.} Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

\textit{Mrs. Page.} Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

\textit{Page.} She is no match for you.

\textit{Fent.} Sir, will you hear me?

\textit{Page.} No, good Master Fenton. - Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender; in. -

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

\textit{[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.}]

\textit{Quick.} Speak to Mistress Page.

\textit{Fent.} Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: let me have your good will.

\textit{Anne.} Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

\textit{Mrs. Page.} I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

\textit{Quick.} That's my master, master doctor.

\textit{Anne.} Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bowl'd to death with turnips!\textsuperscript{4}

\textsuperscript{3} Another proverbial saying, meaning, "may it be his lot to be happy!"

\textsuperscript{4} So, in Jonson's \textit{Bartholomew Fair}: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."
Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. — Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.

Quick. This is my doing now: — Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician? Look on Master Fenton: — this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night 5
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there’s for thy pains.

Quick. Now Heaven send thee good fortune! [Exit Fenton.] — A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I’ll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!

[Exit.

Scene V. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say, —

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in’t. [Exit Bard.] — Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like

5 “Once to-night” is sometime to-night. So the Poet uses once repeatedly.
a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted 1 me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with sack.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman?

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: 2 give your Worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardolph.] — How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your Worship from Mistress Ford.

1 Slighted is threw carelessly; a rather odd use of slight; but the Poet has it elsewhere in the sense of treat with slight regard.

2 A phrase in constant use for "I ask your pardon."
Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

8 To yearn was to vex, grieve, or distress, a sense of the word now obsolete.
Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.
Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?
Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto4 her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had 'embraced, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his dis-temper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.
Ford. What, while you were there?
Fal. While I was there.
Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?
Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.
Ford. A buck-basket!
Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.
Ford. And how long lay you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their bas-

4 A peaking cornuto is a moping or sneaking cuckold; cornute or cornuto meaning horned. The imputing of ideal horns to a man thus abused runs far back in Greek and Roman usage, and, I believe, has never been delved to the root. See vol. ii., page 47, note 11.
ket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have
search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held
his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I
for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suf-
fered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable
fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether;
next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the cir-
sumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to
be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes
that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of
my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as
butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a
miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this
bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a
Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glow-
ing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—
hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake
you have suffer'd all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll
undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have
been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband
is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her
another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the
hour, Master Brook.

6 Would for should; the auxiliaries could, should, and would, being, as I
have noted before, used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

6 An instance of with where present usage requires by. So in Antony's
speech, Julius Caesar, iii. 2: "Here is himself marr'd, as you see, with
traitors." To denote the agent of an action, with a passive verb, by, of, and
with were used indifferently, in the Poet's time, but of most commonly
used. So in the English Bible passim.

7 One great boast of the sword-blades made at Bilboa was, that they
could be bent till point and hilt met together, without damage. See page
13, note 20.
Scene I. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[Exit. Ford. Hum,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad.

[Exit.

Act IV.

Scene I.—The Street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my

8 To address is, in old English, to make ready or prepare.
1 Courageous is a Quicklyism for outrageous, probably.
young man here to school. Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see.—

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is get the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's-nouns.

Evans. Peace your tattlings. — What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. — What is lapis, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is lapis: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; — pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?
SCENE I.  THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Will.  Accusativo, hunc.

Evans.  I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick.  Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans.  Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will.  O,—Vocativo, O.

Evans.  Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick.  And that's a good root.

Evans.  'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page.  Peace!

Evans.  What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will.  Genitive case!

Evans.  Ay.

Will.  Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick.  Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans.  For shame, 'oman.

Quick.  You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call whorum:—fie upon you!

Evans.  'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page.  Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Evans.  Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will.  Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans.  It is qui, quae, quod: if you forget your quietes, your quæs, and your quods, you must be preeches.² Go your ways, and play; go.

² Preeches is Sir Hugh's word for breeched, that is flogged.  So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer, v. i: "Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd."  And in The Hog hath lost his Pearl: "Had not
Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.
Evans. He is a good sprag\(^3\) memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.]—
Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my suffer-
ance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.
Mrs. Page. [Within.] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!
Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.
Mrs. Page. Indeed!
Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her.] Speak louder.
Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.
Mrs. Ford. Why?
Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old

his courteous serving-man convey'd me away, whilst he went to fetch whips, I think in my conscience he would have breech'd me.”

\(^3\) Sprag for sprack, which means ready or quick, like our spry.
lunes\(^1\) again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, Peer out, peer out!\(^2\) that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

_Mrs. Ford._ Why, does he talk of him?

_Mrs. Page._ Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

_Mrs. Ford._ How near is he, Mistress Page?

_Mrs. Page._ Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

_Mrs. Ford._ I am undone! the knight is here.

_Mrs. Page._ Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

_Mrs. Ford._ Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

_Re-enter Falstaff._

_Fal._ No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

_Mrs. Page._ Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

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1 _Lunes for fits of lunacy, or mad freaks._ So in _Troilus and Cressida_, ii. 3: "His petty lunes, his ebbs, his flows."

2 So, it appears, children were wont to sport in calling on a snail to thrust forth its horns:

Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.
Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

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3 Abstract for brief statement or inventory written out.
4 A hat made of weaver's tufts or thrums, or of coarse cloth.—A muffler was an article of female attire which covered only the lower part of the face.
SCENE II. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband’s cudgel, and the Devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We’ll try that; for I’ll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he’ll be here presently: let’s go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I’ll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I’ll bring linen for him straight.

[Exit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We’ll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
’Tis old, but true,—Still swine eat all the draff. [Exit.

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray Heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket,

5 “Good sadness” is good earnest. Sad and sadness were often used thus. See vol. iv., page 170, note 11.
villains!—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,\(^6\) a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the Devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say! come, come forth! behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

*Page.* Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

*Evans.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.—

*Re-enter Mistress Ford.*

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. —Come forth, sirrah!  

*Pulling the clothes out of the basket.*

*Page.* This passes!\(^7\)

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Evans.* 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why,—

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

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\(^6\) *Ging* is but another form of *gang*, still in use.

\(^7\) *Exceeds or goes beyond* all bounds; *surpasses* belief.
Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure; and such daubery as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. —Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband,—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. — [Beating him.] Out of my door, you

8 Leman was in frequent use for lover or paramour.

9 Daubery is imposture or juggling. To daub was used in like sort for to disguise.
witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! 10
out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd
the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. —'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch in-
deed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a
great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow;
see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no
trail, 11 never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentle-
men.

[Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the Mass, that he did not; he beat
him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er
the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant
of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue
him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out
of him: if the Devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine
and recovery, 12 he will never, I think, in the way of waste,
attempt us again.

10 Ronyon was a term of intense disgust, signifying a mangy or scabby
creature; from the French ronc.)
11 Terms of hunting. The trail is the scented track of the game; and
cry out refers to the barking of the dogs on finding the trail. See vol. v.,
page 184, note 21.
12 Legal terms, and used with strict propriety according to the practice
of the time. Ritson, a lawyer, remarks upon the passage: "Fee-simple is
the largest estate, and fine and recovery the strongest assurance, known to
Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter the Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the Court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

English law." So that the meaning is, "If Falstaff be not, to all intents and purposes, the Devil's own," &c.—Commentators have wondered how Mrs. Page came to know so much of legal terms. But is it not equally strange that Shakespeare's average characters should, in their ordinary talk, speak greater poetry than any other poet has written?—"He will never, I think," &c., is another legal phrase, meaning, "he will never again attempt to ruin us, or to lay waste our good name."

13 Figures for fancies, imaginations, or visionary forms. So in Julius Caesar, ii. 1: "Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies, which busy care draws in the brains of men."

14 I suspect period is here used in the sense of completeness, as, in writing, a period is supposed to complete the expression of a thought. Others explain it catastrophe or fitting conclusion.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  ACT IV.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off;¹ I'll sauce them. Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the Sun with cold² Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: Be not as extreme in submission As in offence. But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

¹ To come off is a phrase often met with in old plays; meaning, as we now say, come down with the cash.
² Suspect the Sun of coldness. Another instance of with where present usage requires of. See page 76, note 6.
Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and
has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there
should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks
his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg’d horns;
And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come;
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

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8 To take, as here used, is to blast or to strike with disease. So in King Lear, ii. 4: "Strike her young bones, you taking airs, with lameness."
Like urchins, ouphs,⁴ and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffusèd⁵ song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pincho⁶ the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And, till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,⁷
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I
will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my
taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them visards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

⁴ Ouph was but another name for elf or goblin. Oaf has the same origin.
⁵ Diffusèd for obscure or confused. Walker notes it as an instance of the
Poet's misuse of words. I suspect the usage was deemed proper in his
time. So in King Lear, i. 4: "If but as well I other accents borrow, that
can my speech diffuse," &c.; that is, confuse or disguise.
⁶ This use of to as an intensive prefix is very common in old writers, as
be is still used in such words as besmear. To was in such cases often
coupled with all. Thus Spenser has all to-torn and all to-rent, and Milton
all to-ruffled.
⁷ Sound for soundly. Shakespeare has many instances of adjectives thus
used adverbially; still legitimate in poetry.
Finely attirèd in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy: — [Aside.] and in that trim
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. — Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties,8
And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery
honest knaveries. [Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.—

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [Exit.

Scene V. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter the Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin?
speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff
from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his stand-
ing-bed, and truckle-bed;1 'tis painted about with the story of

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8 Properties was in common use for theatrical furniture, such as masks, visards, and dresses. See vol. iii., page 21, note 9.

1 The truckle-bed, formerly well-known in New England as trundle-bed, was a small low bed, set on castors, so as to be run under a higher and
the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. — Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [Above.] How now, mine Host!

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

larger bed in the day-time. In Shakespeare's time, chambers were commonly furnished with both, the standing-bed for the master, the truckle-bed for his servant.

2 Bed-curtains and tapestries were often embroidered with figures from Scripture subjects, such as the Prodigal Son, Lazarus, and others. Shakespeare has divers allusions to them.

8 Anthropophaginian is, literally, man-eater, or cannibal. Mine Host is trying to astonish and bewilder poor Simple with big words.

4 Ephesian was a sort of cant term for jolly companion, toper, &c.

5 Simple is called muscle-shell probably because he stands with his mouth open.
Scene V. The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?
Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it.
Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.
Fal. What are they? let us know.
Host. Ay, come; quick.
Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.
Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.
Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.
Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.
Sim. What, sir?
Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.
Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?
Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.
Sim. I thank your Worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.
Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?
Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage:
Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.
Bard. Run away with by the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.6

6 The "muscle-shell" means reveal.
7 That is, like, or equally with, the boldest.
8 Dr. Faustus, the great German magician, had become well known through Marlowe's play.
Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine Host?
Host. What is the matter, sir?
Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd. Fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarteer?
Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.
Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de Court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone! [Exeunt Host and Bard.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

9 Primero was a fashionable game at cards.
Enter Mistress Quickly.

-Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. — Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and the Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.
Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great share: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and visarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flattering 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prythee, no more prattling; go: I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

1 Quaint here means elegant, graceful, well-fancied.
2 United for uniting, the passive form with the active sense, in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare's time. See vol. v., page 70, note 4.
Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.\footnote{To mince, as the word is here used, is to walk mincingly or affectedly, cutting the way up fine with short steps.}

[Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford disguised. How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you: He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle.\footnote{Alluding to Job, vii. 6: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."} I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow. \[Exeunt.\]

Scene II. —Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have
Scene III. — The Merry Wives of Windsor.

A nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry mum; she cries budget; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That’s good, too; but what needs either your mum or her budget? the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o’clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let’s away; follow me.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. — A Street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] — My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor’s marrying my daughter: but ’tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch’d in a pit hard by Herne’s oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff’s and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock’d; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock’d.

Mrs. Ford. We’ll betray him finely.
Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. — Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised as a Satyr, with Anne Page and others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and, when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib.

[Exeunt.

Scene V. — Another Part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! — Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns: O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda: O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast; O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? 1 — Who comes here? my doe?

1 A technical phrase; well explained from Turberville's Book of Hunting, 1575: "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace, they are then so vehement in heat."
Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! 2 Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eryngoes; 3 let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, 4 each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, 5 and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, 6 ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away!

Mrs. Page. [They run off.

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd, lest the

2 Scut is rump or tail: about the same as the Latin cauda.

3 The sweet potato was used in England long before the introduction of the common potato, in 1586. Both the sweet potato and the eryngo were thought to have strong aphrodisiacal properties. Kissing-comfits were candies perfumed to make the breath sweet.

4 It was long in controversy what bribed buck could mean here, and whether it were not a misprint. Singer fairly settles the question thus: "A bribed buck was a buck cut up to be given away in portions. Bribes in old French were portions or fragments of meat which were given away. Hence brïbeur was a beggar, and the old French brïbour, a petty thief." This explanation accords well with the context.

5 "The fellow of this walk" is the keeper of this park: the shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

6 The woodman was an attendant on the forester. The word is here used in a wanton sense, for one who hunts female game.
oil that's in me should set Hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, as a Satyr; another person, as Hobgoblin; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Anne. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You ouphen-heirs of fixèd destiny, Attend your office and your quality. — Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy Oyes.

Hobgob. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys. Cricket, to Windsor chimneyes shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unsweep, There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant Queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he that speaks to them shall die: I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [Lies down upon his face.

Evans. Where's Pead? — Go you, and where you find a maid That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

7 "OUphen-heirs of fixèd destiny," if such be the right reading, means, apparently, young fairies whose destiny is fixed and unchangeable, or who execute the firm decrees of fate. See Critical Notes.

8 Oyes is hear ye, from the French Oyes. It was used by public criers as a sort of call or summons, to introduce the matter of an advertisement or proclamation. — Quality, in the line before, is profession or function.

9 Unswept is an old form of unswept; used here as a rhyme to leap.

10 This office of the ancient fairies seems to have been a favourite theme with the poets. We find divers allusions to it in old ballad poetry, and Drayton thus sings it in his Nymphidia:

These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping.
Rein up the organs of her fantasy; 11
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as 12 sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinse them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In seat as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower: 13
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-faries, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And Honi soit qui mal y pense write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:—
Fairies use flowers for their charactery. 14

11 Fantasy here stands for sensual desire, the "sinful fantasy" reproved afterwards in the fairies' Song. Rein up means check, restrain, or repress. See Critical Notes.
12 As and that were among the words used interchangeably in the Poet's time. He has many instances of each where present usage would require the other. So in Julius Caesar, i. 2: "Under these hard conditions as this time is like to lay on us." Also, in Bacon's essay Of Wisdom for a Man's Self: "It is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, an it were but to roast their eggs."
13 Luxurious people used to make their furniture smell sweet by rubbing it with aromatic herbs. Pliny tells us that the Romans did so, to drive away evil spirits. Perhaps they found that penny-royal would keep off musquitoes.
14 Charactery is writing by characters, or figures of occult significance.
Away; disperse: but, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter let us not forget.

_Evans_. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order
set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

_Fal_. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he
transform me to a piece of cheese!

_Hobgob_. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy
birth.

_Anne_. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but, if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

_Hobgob_. A trial, come.

_Evans_. Come, will this wood take fire?

[They burn him with their tapers.]

_Fal_. O, O, O!

_Anne_. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

**SONG.**

_Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire, Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire, As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher._

_15_ *O'erlook'd* here means _bewitched_ by an evil eye. The eyes of fairies
and witches were believed to be full of spells and enchantments.

_16_ "A bloody fire" here means a fire _sprung from_ the blood, probably.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song the Fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green; Slen-der another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. The Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's-head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford.
They lay hold on Falstaff.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we've watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? —
See you these, husband? do not these fair oaks¹⁷
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times

¹⁷ "These fair oaks" are the branching horns with which Sir John's head has been beautified.
in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

_Evans._ Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

_Ford._ Well said, fairy Hugh.

_Evans._ And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

_Ford._ I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

_Fal._ Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize?¹⁸ 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

_Evans._ Seese is not goot to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

_Fal._ Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

_Mrs. Page._ Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

_Ford._ What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

_Mrs. Page._ A puff'd man?

_Page._ Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

_Ford._ And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

_Page._ And as poor as Job?

¹⁸ Wales was famous for the manufacture of this cloth. The _coxcomb_ here meant is the official cap of an "allowed Fool." It was a piece of red woollen cloth cut into the shape of a cock’s comb.
Ford. And as wicked as his wife?
Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?
Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.
Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.
Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.
Mrs. Page. [Aside.] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.
Slender. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!
Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatch'd?
Slender. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else!
Page. Of what, son?
Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubbery boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

19 Another fabric for which Wales was famous. The word flannel is of Welsh origin.
20 "Is able to weigh me down." Well illustrated by a passage which Staunton quotes from Shirley's Love in a Maze, iv. 2: "What, art melancholy? What hath hung plummet on thy nimble soul?"
Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slén. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slén. I went to her in white, and cried mum, and she cried budget, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.—

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress! how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
Th’ offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous guile;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the Heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta’en a special stand to
strike at me,\(^{21}\) that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? — Fenton, Heaven give thee
joy! —
What cannot be eschew’d must be embraced.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further.— Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o’er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so. — Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word:
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

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\(^{21}\) “Deer-shooting,” says Staunton, “was a favourite sport of both sexes
in the time of Shakespeare, and, to enable ladies to enjoy it in safety and
without fatigue, *stands*, or *standings*, with flat roofs, ornamented and con-
cealed by boughs and bushes, were erected in many parks. Here, armed
with the cross-bow or bow and arrows, the fair huntresses were wont to take
aim at the animal which the keepers compelled to pass before them.” —
*Though* seems to be used here rather in a causal than in a concessive sense;
that is, for *since* or *inasmuch as*. Repeatedly so. See vol. v., page 184,
ote note 21.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 9. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page.—The folio has "Thomas Page"; evidently wrong, as he is repeatedly called George. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 10. Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred Pounds?—Not in the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio assigns this and also Shallow's next speech to Slender. Corrected by Capell.

P. 17. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt.—The folio has content. The change was made by Theobald, and has been generally received, though I am not sure it ought to have been. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 20. Let me see thee froth and lime.—So the quartos. The folio has "froth and live." The quartos are undoubtedly right, as frothing of beer and liming of sack were notorious tricks of tapsters in the Poet's time. See foot-note 3.

P. 21. To steal at a minim's rest.—The old copies have "a minutes rest." The correction was proposed by Mr. Bennet Langton, and is found in Collier's second folio. See foot-note 5.

P. 22. He hath studied her well and translated her ill.—Instead of well and ill, the folio has will in both places. The quartos have merely "Hee hath studied her well." As Dyce points out, the old copies repeatedly misprint will for well. The correction ill was proposed by the Cambridge Editors.
P. 23. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to the golden shores.—So the quartos.
The folio has "these golden shores"; these being repeated wrongly
from the preceding line.

P. 24. I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.
Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold, &c.—So the quartos
1602, 1619. The folio has, in the first of these lines, Ford instead of
Page, and the same in Nym's next speech. Also, in the second line,
it has Page instead of Ford.

P. 24. For this revolt of mine is dangerous.—The folio has "for the
revolt"; which, as Dyce remarks, "is manifestly wrong, and cannot
signify 'my revolt.'" Theobald reads "the revolt of mien," and Walker
proposes "the revolt of mind"; neither of them very happy, I
should say. The reading in the text is Pope's. Not in the quartos
1602, 1619.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 26. Go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert.—The old text
has unboystean. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 26. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby.—So in the
folio; and I quite fail to understand why Mr. White should print
"John Rugabie" and "Jack Rogue-by." As Dyce notes, "Jack was
a common term of contempt, and Caius uses it with a quibble."

P. 27. Vat is in my closet? villain! larron!—The quarto of
1630 has villain, the folio villanie, and both have La-roone. Not in
the other quartos.

P. 28. I'll do for your master what good I can.—So the second
folio. The first has yoe instead of for.

P. 30. Will I? 'faith, that I will; and I will tell, &c.—So Ham-
mer and Collier's second folio. The old text has "that we will."

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 30. What, have I 'scaped love-letters, &c.—So the quarto of
1630. The folio omits I. Not in the other quartos.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 30. Though Love use Reason for his physician, &c.—Not in the quartos 1603, 1619. The folio has "Reason for his precisian"; which Walker dismisses with a "Bah!" The reading in the text is Johnson's, and is given in Collier's second folio.

P. 30. If the love of a soldier can suffice.—So the third folio. The earlier editions omit a.


P. 31. I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting-down of fat men.—So Theobald. The old text omits fat. But Mrs. Ford says afterwards, "I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye." And in the quartos 1602, 1619, Mrs. Page, a little after reading the letter, says, "Well, I shall trust fat men the worse, while I live, for his sake." This is enough to justify the insertion of fat; and some qualifying word is obviously required.

P. 32. But they do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm, &c.—Not in the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio has hundred Psalms. Corrected by Rowe. The folio also has place instead of pace, which was proposed by Capell. Dyce notes, "The misprint place for pace occurs also in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3."

P. 33. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.—Several editors have stumbled at this, as expressing, or seeming to express, the opposite of what Mrs. Ford intends. But her thought, as I take it, is, to torment her husband by feeding his passion into greater violence. Mr. White, I think, construes the matter rightly: "When we remember Mrs. Ford's character, and that after Falstaff is carried out in the buck-basket she says, 'I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived or Sir John'; that she immediately takes measures to deceive her good man yet again; we must admit the correctness of the authentic text, and attribute Mrs. Ford's wish to mingled merriment and malice."
P. 35. **And there's the humour of it.** — These words, wanting in the folio, are supplied from the quartos 1602, 1619. Dyce thinks the beginning of the next speech renders them "absolutely necessary."

P. 35. **Here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.** — So the quartos 1602, 1619; the folio, "frights English out of his wits." I find it not easy to choose between the two readings. For Nym might well be said to fright both humour and English out of their wits: but his canting use of the word *humour* makes it more natural, perhaps, for Page to take hold of his crotchety that handle.

P. 36. **Thou hast some crotchet in thy head now.** — So Walker. The old text has *cratches*.

P. 36. **Go in with us and see: we would have an hour's talk with you.** — *Would* is wanting here in the old copies. Walker says, "Surely, 'we would have.'" And Mr. Swanf en Jervis, quite independently of Walker, proposed to Dyce "We'd have."

P. 38. **Tell him my name is Brook.** — So the quartos 1602, 1619; the folio has *Broome* instead of *Brook*, both here and wherever else the name occurs. *Brook* is proved to be right by Falstaff's quibble upon the name in the next scene: "Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor"; where the folio still has "such *Broomes*." Pope first restored the name from the quartos.

P. 38. **Will you go, myneheers?** — The folio has "Will you go *An-heires?" Theobald conjectured "Will you go on here?" and "Will you go, myneheers?" and Dyce remarks, "That the latter restores the true reading, (*An-heires* being a misprint *Min-heires*) is determined by a passage in ii. 3, of Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, as exhibited in the folio of 1647: 'Nay, Sir, *mine heire* Van-dunck is a true Statesman.'"

P. 38. **I had rather hear them scold than see them fight.** — So Collier's second folio, which is followed by Singer, Dyce, and White. The old copies lack *see them*.

**ACT II., SCENE 2.**

P. 40. **I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, &c.** — The old copies print "I, I, I myself." The affirmative
particle *ay* was very often printed *I*. White prints as in the text, to avoid "the tame trebling of the pronoun."

P. 40. *Your* bull-baiting *oaths*. — So Hanmer. The folio has *bold-baiting*. Walker says, "Note Hanmer's certain conjecture, bull-baiting." Not in the quartos, 1602, 1619.

P. 41. *Well, one Mistress Ford, you say.* — The folio has "Well, *on*; Mistress Ford, you say." But in the preceding speech we have "There is *one* Mistress Ford." *One* was pronounced *on*, and sometimes written so. See vol. i., page 176, note 1.

P. 41. *And in such alligant terms; and such wine and sugar of the best, &c.* — So Hanmer. The old text has "and in such wine." Doubtless *in* got repeated by contagion from the line before.

**ACT II., SCENE 3.**


P. 52. Cried I aim? *said I well?* — The folio has *bride-game;* the quartos 1602, 1619, *cried game*. The reading in the text was proposed by Douce, and is adopted by Singer, Dyce, and the Cambridge Editors. See foot-note 8.

**ACT III., SCENE 1.**

P. 54. *Got pless you from His mercy sake, all of you!* — The folio omits *Got* here, though the use of *His* plainly requires it. Walker notes this as among the many instances where "the name of God was omitted by the editor of the folio in deference to the well-known Act of Parliament against profaneness." And he thinks the same of Page's preceding speech, "Save you, good Sir Hugh!"

P. 56. *Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh, &c.* — So Collier's second folio. Instead of *Guallia*, the quartos 1602, 1619, have *gawlia*, the folio *Gaule*.

P. 56. *Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.* — *Give me thy hand, celestial; so.* — *Boys of art, &c.* — "Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so" is found only in the quartos 1602, 1619.
ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 58. My assurance bids me search where I shall find Falstaff.—So Collier's second folio. The old text has there instead of where.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 62. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so.—So the quartos 1602, 1619; the folio omits By the Lord, and has tyrant instead of traitor. The omission was doubtless made in consequence of the statute against profanation.

P. 63. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away.—The words, and none but thee, are not in the folio, and are supplied from the old quartos. They are too characteristic to be lost. Dyce remarks upon the passage thus: "Without these words, I think the text reads rather cold; nor is it improbable that they were accidentally omitted in the folio, the eye of the transcriber or compositor having glanced from the first to the second thee."

P. 66. When your husband ask'd what was in the basket.—Here the folio has who instead of what, and the quartos 1602, 1619, have no corresponding speech by Mrs. Page. The change of who to what is fully justified, as Ritson observed, by a later passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook, "The jealous knave ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket."

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 69. If importunity and humblest suit

Cannot attain to it, &c.—The old text has opportunity. Heath notes upon the passage as follows: "I think Dr. Thirlby's emendation, 'If importunity and humblest suit,' is extremely probable. Opportunity might be of some advantage in winning the good-will of the lady; but what it could avail with the father, who might be readily and equally applied to at all times, is not so easy to conceive."

P. 72. Will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician?—So the old text. Hanmer reads "on a fool or a physician"; that is, either Slender or Caius. Plausible, indeed; yet and is probably
CRITICAL NOTES.

right; as Malone explains: "You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a physician; you, sir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter."

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 73. As they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies. — The old text reads "a blind bitches puppies." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 74. And how sped you, sir? — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio omits how.

P. 75. By her invention and Ford's wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket. — The old copies have distraction instead of direction. The latter word expresses the real truth of the matter, and Mrs. Ford was as far as need be from distraction. Hanmer made the change, and Mason proposed it without knowing what Hanmer had done. — The folio has "in her invention." By is from the quartos.

P. 77. If I have horns to make me mad. — The old copies have one instead of me. Corrected by Dyce.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 78. Master Slender is get the boys leave to play. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has let instead of get. What can let mean there?

P. 79. And the numbers and the genders. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "the numbers of the genders."

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 80. Your husband is in his old lunes again. — The old editions have vaine and lines instead of lunes. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 82. Mrs. Page. Creep into the kiln-hole. — The old text makes this a part of Mrs Ford's preceding speech. Mrs. Ford's next speech seems conclusive against that arrangement. The correction was proposed by Malone, and adopted by Dyce.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 82. Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, &c. — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio assigns this speech to Mrs. Ford.

P. 83. We cannot misuse him enough. — So the second folio. The first omits him. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 83. I had as lief bear so much lead. — So the second folio. The first has "as liefe as beare." Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 83. Set down the basket, villains! — So Dyce. The old text has villaine. The context shows it should be plural.

P. 85. Let him not strike the old woman. — So the quarto of 1630. The folio omits not.

P. 86. You witch, you hag, you baggage, &c. — So the quarto of 1630. The folio has Ragge instead of hag.

P. 86. I spy a great peard under her muffler. — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio has "under his muffler."

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 87. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses. — So Capell. The old text has "the Germane desires."

P. 87. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you. — The folio has him instead of them. Corrected from the quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 88. They have had my house a week at command. — So the quartos 1602, 1619. The folio has houses.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.


P. 89. You say he has been thrown into the rivers. — Collier's second folio plausibly changes say to see; and Collier himself remarks, that "the other persons engaged in the scene had said nothing of the
kind.” To which Dyce fitly replies, “But it is evident from what precedes, that the two ladies have just been telling their husbands and Sir Hugh how they had served Falstaff.”

P. 89. Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.—This line is wanting in the folio. As something of the kind is plainly needful to the sense, the line has been justly introduced from the quartos.

P. 91. That silk will I go buy:— [Aside.] and in that trim
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away.—The old copies have time instead of trim, which is White’s reading. Theobald changed time to tire, and is followed by Dyce. Singer prints trim.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 93. Ay, sir; like who more bold.—So the folio, except that it has a (.) after sir. The quartos 1602, 1619, have “I tike, who more bold.” I here quote the two old readings merely for the purpose of noting that, Farmer having proposed “Ay, Sir Tike,” that strange reading has commonly been adopted. Singer’s last edition has it.—See foot-note 7.

P. 93. Run away with by the cozeners.—So Collier’s second folio. The old copies lack by.

P. 94. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—The words to say my prayers, omitted in the folio, were restored from the quartos by Pope. The omission was probably in consequence of the statute against profaneness.

ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 96. That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great share.—The folio lacks wherein, and has scene instead of share. The former is supplied from the quartos 1602, 1619, and the latter corrected by Verges. Instead of great share, the quartos have mightie scare. Walker would read therein instead of wherein.

P. 97. And, in the lawful name of marrying.—Walker “suspects” this should be marriage; which was often used as a trisyllable. I suspect Walker is right.
Act v., Scene 2.

P. 98. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.—So the second folio. The first omits daughter. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

Act v., Scene 3.

P. 99. And the Welsh devil, Hugh.—So Capell. The folio has Herne instead of Hugh. Not in the quartos 1602, 1619.

Act v., Scene 5.

P. 102. You ouphen-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.—The old editions have "orphan heires," which Dyce retains. White also retains it; but, notwithstanding his argument on the subject, I still have to confess myself totally unable to conceive what orphan heirs, as applied to fairies, can mean. Warburton changed orphan to ouphen, which yields, I think, an intelligible and fitting sense. Singer adopts it. See foot-note 7.—I must add, that throughout this scene the folio prefixes Qui. and Qu. to the speeches of the Fairy Queen. But, however those prefixes may have crept in, it is certain that Anne Page was to perform that part. This is clear from iv. 6:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen.

This is conclusive, except upon the supposal that, as Anne had another part to play in the scene, she may have shifted that part off upon some other person, in order to hide her ulterior doings. White follows the quartos in assigning her speeches to Mrs. Quickly. The question, after all, is not very easy to decide; but, upon the whole, I prefer the arrangement adopted by the majority of editors, Dyce among them.

P. 102. Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.—The old copies have unswept instead of unswept. As the speech is evidently meant to be in rhyme, Walker proposed unswept, which he regards as an old form of unswept. And the reading is, I must think, rather approved by the strained attempts of others to make the lines rhyme; Collier's second folio having "Criket, to Windsor chimneys when thou'st leapt," and Singer, "Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou, having leapt."
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 103. Rein up the organs of her fantasy.—So Warburton. The old copies have Raise instead of Rein. Raise up can nowise be made to yield a sense that will cohere with the context or the occasion. See foot-note 11.

P. 103. In seat as wholesome as in state 'tis fit.—The old copies have state instead of seat. Walker notes upon the passage, "We ought probably to read 'In seat as wholesome,' referring to the healthy situation of the castle"; and Lettsom, his editor, adds, "Hanmer, with his usual acuteness, saw this, and in consequence read site, which is an Elizabethan, though not, I think, a Shakespearian word."

P. 105. See you these, husband? do not these fair oaks

Become the forest better than the town?—So the second folio; the first, "these faire yoakes," which some editors still prefer. White reads "these fairy oaks"; Dyce, as in the text.

P. 106. What, a hodge-pudding?—It does not well appear what hodge-pudding means; something, perhaps, in the line of a hodge-podge. Pope reads "a hog's-pudding," and Collier's second folio, "a hog-pudding." Dyce, in his Glossary, asks, "Does this mean something akin to haggis?"

P. 109. And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous guile. — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have title instead of guile. Dyce changes title to sile; not so good, it seems to me, as guile.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623; and no other authentic contemporary notice of it has reached us. The strongly-marked peculiarities of the piece in language, cast of thought, and moral temper, have invested it with great psychological interest, and bred a special desire among critics to connect it in some way with the author’s mental history,—with some supposed crisis in his feelings and experience. Hence the probable date of the writing was for a long time argued more strenuously than the subject would otherwise seem to justify; and, as often falls out in such cases, the more the critics argued the point, the further they were from coming to an agreement. And, in truth, the plain matter-of-fact critics have here succeeded much better in the work than their more philosophical brethren; which aptly shows how little the brightest speculation can do in questions properly falling within the domain of facts.

In default of other data, the critics in question based their arguments upon certain probable allusions to contemporary matters; especially on those passages which express the Duke’s fondness for “the life removed,” and his aversion to being greeted by crowds of people. Chalmers brought forward also the very pertinent fact of a long-sleeping statute having been revived in 1604, which punished with death all divorced or divorcing persons who married again while their former husbands or wives were living. This circumstance, he thinks, might well have suggested what is said by the Duke:

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o’ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey.
Chalmers had the sagacity to discover also a sort of portrait-like resemblance in the Duke to King James the First. As the King was indeed a much better theologian than statesman or ruler, the fact of the Duke's appearing rather more at home in the cowl and hood than in his ducal robes certainly lends some colour to this discovery.

The King's unamiable repugnance to being gazed upon by throngs of admiring subjects is thus spoken of by a contemporary writer: "In his public appearance, especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say, with curses." And his churlish bearing towards the crowds which, prompted by eager loyalty, flocked forth to hail his accession, is noted by several historians. But he was a pretty free encourager of the Drama, as well as of other liberal preparations; and, with those who had tasted, or who sought, his patronage, it was natural that these symptoms of weakness should pass for tokens of a wise superiority to the dainties of popular applause. All which renders it not unlikely that the Poet may have had an eye to the King in the passages cited by Malone in support of his conjecture:

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

The allusion here being granted, Malone's inference, that the play was made soon after the King's accession, and before the effect of his unlooked-for austerity on this score had spent itself, was natural enough. Nor is the conjecture of Ulrici and others
without weight, "that Shakespeare was led to the composition of the play by the rigoristic sentiments and arrogant virtue of the Puritans." And in this view several points of the main action might have been aptly suggested at the time in question: for the King had scarcely set foot in England but he began to be worried by the importunities of that remarkable people; who had been feeding upon the hope, that by the sole exercise of his prerogative he would work through a radical change in the constitution of the Church, and so bring her into accordance with their ideas: all this on the principle, of course, that a minority however small, with the truth, was better than a majority however large, without it.

The accession of King James to the English throne was in March, 1603. So that the forecited arguments would conclude the writing of the play to have been nearly synchronous with the revisal of All's Well, and with the production of King Lear; at least, within the same period of three or four years. The characteristics of style and temper draw to the same conclusion as regards the date of the writing.

There is no doubt that for some particulars in the plot and story of Measure for Measure the Poet was ultimately indebted to Cinthio, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century. The original story makes the eighty-fifth in his Hundred Tales. A youth named Ludovico is there overtaken in the crime of seduction: Juriste, a magistrate highly reputed for wisdom and justice, passes sentence of death upon him; and Ludovico's sister, a virgin of rare gifts and graces, goes to pleading for his life. Her beauty and eloquence have the same effect on Juriste as Isabella's on Angelo. His proposals are rejected with scorn and horror; but the lady, overcome by the pathetic entreaties of her brother, at last yields to them under a solemn promise of marriage. His object being gained, the wicked man then commits a double vow-breach, neither marrying the sister nor sparing the brother. She appeals to the Emperor, by whom Juriste is forced to marry her, and then sentenced to death; but is finally pardoned at the lady's suit, who is now as earnest and eloquent for her husband as she had been for her brother. Her conduct touches him with re-
morse, and at length proves as effective in reforming his character as it was in redeeming his life.

As early as 1578, this tale was dramatized after a sort by George Whetstone, and was published as *The History of Promos and Cassandra*. Whetstone was a writer of learning and talent, but not such that even the instructions of Shakespeare could have made him capable of dramatic excellence; and, as he had no such benefit, his performance is insipid and worthless enough. The drama is in Two Parts, and is written in verse, with alternate rhymes. In his conduct of the story Whetstone varies somewhat from the original; as the following abstract will show:

In the city of Julio, then under the rule of Corvinus, King of Hungary, there was a law that for incontinence the man should suffer death, and the woman be marked out for infamy by her dress. Through the indulgence of magistrates, this law came to be little regarded. The government falling at length into the hands of Lord Promos, he revived the statute, and, a youth named Andrugio being convicted of the fault in question, resolved to visit the penalties in their utmost rigour upon both the parties. Andrugio had a sister of great virtue and accomplishment, named Cassandra, who undertook to sue for his life. Her good behaviour, great beauty, and "the sweet order of her talk" wrought so far with the governor as to induce a short reprieve. Being inflamed soon after with a criminal passion, he set down the spoil of her honour as the ransom. She spurned his suit with abhorrence. Unable, however, to resist the pleadings of her brother, she at last yielded to the man's proposal, on condition of his pardoning her brother and then marrying her. This he vowed to do; but, his end once gained, instead of keeping his vow, he ordered the jailer to present Cassandra with her brother's head. As the jailer knew what the governor had done, he took the head of a felon just executed, and set Andrugio at liberty. Cassandra, supposing the head to be her brother's, was at the point to kill herself for grief, but spared that stroke, to be avenged on the traitor. She devised to make her case known to the King; who forthwith hastened to do justice on Promos, ordering that, to repair the lady's honour, he should marry her,
and then, for his crime against the State, lose his head. No sooner was Cassandra a wife than all her rhetoric of eye, tongue, and action was tasked to procure the pardon of her husband; but the King, tendering the public good more than hers, denied her suit. At length, Andrugio, overcome by his sister’s grief, made himself known; for he had all the while been about the place in disguise; whereupon the King, to honour the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos.

In 1592, Whetstone published his Heptameron of Civil Discourses, containing a prose version of the same tale. It is observable that he deviates from Cinthio in bringing Andrugio off alive; and as Shakespeare does the same with Claudio, we may well conclude that he drew directly from Whetstone, not from the original author. Beyond the mere outline of the story, it does not appear that the Poet borrowed anything more than a few slight hints and casual expressions. And a comparison of the two pieces would nowise reduce his claims; it being not less creditable to have lifted the story out of the mire into such a region of art and poetry than to have invented it. Then too, even as regards the story, Shakespeare varies from Whetstone much more materially than the latter does from Cinthio: representing the illicit meeting of Claudio and Juliet as taking place under the shield of a solemn betrothment; which very much lessens their fault, as marriage-bonds were already upon them; and proportionably heightens Angelo’s wickedness, as it brings on him the guilt of making the law responsible for his own arbitrary rigour. But the main original feature in the plot of Measure for Measure is the part of Mariana, which puts a new life into the whole, and purifies it almost into another nature; as it prevents the soiling of Isabella’s womanhood, supplies an apt reason for the Duke’s mysterious conduct, and yields a pregnant motive for Angelo’s pardon, in that his life is thereby bound up with that of a wronged and innocent woman, whom his crimes are made the occasion of restoring to her rights and happiness; so that her virtue may be justly allowed to reprieve him from death.

I have already referred to certain characteristics of style and
temper which this play shares with several others probably written about the same time, and which, as before observed, have been thought to mark some crisis in the Poet's life. It cannot well be denied that the plays in question have something of a peculiar spirit, which might aptly suggest that some passage of bitter experience must have turned the milk of his genius for a time into gall, and put him upon a course of harsh and indignant thought. The point is well stated by Hallam: "There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience: the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates peculiarly teaches,—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure." And Verplanck speaks in a similar strain of "that portion of the author's life which was memorable for the production of the additions to the original Hamlet, with their melancholy wisdom; probably of Timon, with its indignant and hearty scorn, and rebukes of the baseness of civilized society; and above all of Lear, with its dark pictures of unmixed, unmitigated guilt, and its terrible and prophet-like denunciations."

These words certainly carry much weight, and may go far to warrant the belief of the writers, that the Poet was smitten with some rude shock of fortune which untuned the melody of his soul, and wrenched his mind from its once smooth and happy course, causing it to recoil upon itself and brood over its own thoughts. Yet there are considerable difficulties besetting a theory of this kind. For, in some other plays referred by these critics to the same period, there is so much of the Poet's gayest and happiest workmanship as must greatly embarrass if not quite upset such a theory. But, whatever may have caused the pecu-
liar tone and the cast of thought in the forenamed plays, it is
pretty certain that the darkness was not permanent; the clear
azure, soft sunshine, and serene sweetness of The Tempest and
The Winter’s Tale being unquestionably of a later date. And,
surely, in the life of so earnest and thoughtful a man as Shake-
peare, there might well be, nay, there must have been, times
when, without any special woundings or bruising of fortune, his
mind got fascinated by the appalling mystery of evil that haunts
our fallen nature.

That such darker hours, however occasioned, were more fre-
quent at one period of the Poet’s life than at others, is indeed
probable. And it was equally natural that their coming should
sometimes engage him in heart-tugging and brain-sweating efforts
to scrutinize the inscrutable workings of human guilt, and thus
stamp itself strongly upon the offspring of his mind. Thus,
without any other than the ordinary progress of thoughtful spirits,
we should naturally have a middle period, when the early enthhu-
siasm of hope had passed away, and before the deeper, calmer,
but not less cheerful tranquillity of resignation had set in. For
so it is apt to be in this life of ours: the angry barkings of for-
tune, or what seem such, have their turn with us; “the fretful
fever and the stir unprofitable” work our souls full of discord
and perturbation; but after a while these things pass away, and
are followed by a more placid and genial time; the experienced
insufficiency of man for himself having charmed our wrestlings
of thought into repose, and our spirits having undergone the
chastening and subduing power of life’s stern discipline.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.
ANGELO, Deputy in the Duke's absence.
ESCALUS, joined with Angelo in the Government.
CLAUDIO.
LUCIO.
Two other Gentlemen.
Provost of the prison.
THOMAS, PETER, } Friars.
A Justice.
VARRIUS.

ELBOW, a Constable.
FROTH.
POMPEY, a Clown, Servant to Mrs. Overdone.
ABHORSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a Prisoner.

ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a Bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Vienna.

ACT I.


Enter the Duke, Escalus, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—
Escal. My lord?
Duke. Of government the properties t' unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know\(^1\) that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists\(^2\) of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But t' add sufficiency, as your worth is able,\(^3\)
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant\(^4\) in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission, \(\text{[Giving it.}\)
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—\(\text{[Exit an Attendant.}\)
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

\textit{Escal.} If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

\(^1\) "Am put to know" is the same, I take it, as am \textit{given} or \textit{made to understand}. We have a like expression in \textit{Cymbeline}, ii. 3: "I am much sorry, sir, you \textit{put me} to forget a lady's manners."

\(^2\) Lists is \textit{limits} or \textit{boundaries}. So in \textit{Hamlet}, iv. 2: "The ocean, over-peering of his list, eats not the flats with more impetuous haste," \&c.

\(^3\) All that Escalus needs, to complete his fitness for the duties in question, is \textit{legal} sufficiency, that is, \textit{authority}. So that the meaning of the whole clause seems to be, "Then no more remains but to add authority \textit{commensurate} with your worth," or, "as ample as is your worth." This use of \textit{sufficiency} in the sense of \textit{authority} or \textit{full power} is rare; but we have a like instance in Bacon's \textit{Essay Of Seeing Wise}: "For, as the apostle saith of godliness, 'Having a show of godliness, but denying the power thereof'; so certainly there are, in points of wisdom and \textit{sufficiency}, that do nothing or a little very solemnly; \textit{magno conatu nugas}.

\(^4\) \textit{Pregnant}, here, is \textit{ripe}, well-informed, or \textit{full of learning} and \textit{experience}.—"The terms for common justice" are, probably, the forms and technical language of the law.
Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends

5 The Duke here speaks as knowing Angelo's real character, and at the same time as believing him to be what he seems. This makes his speech somewhat enigmatical, and gives it an air of meaning more than meets the ear. So the leading idea appears to be, that Angelo has something about him that signs him for eminence; that to a well-seeing eye the born statesman and ruler are legible in his bearing; that his life indicates certain latent aptitudes fitting him and pointing him out for high trust and prerogative: so that, if he be but transferred to his proper sphere, the germs of greatness in him will soon come to blossom. Thus, to one who reads him aright, there is a peculiarity in his life, a moral idiom, that prognosticates for him a history full of renown. All this, to be sure, is ironical; but, in itself, and in the way it is put, it is perfectly suited to the Duke's purpose of drawing Angelo out, and so unmasking him.

6 That is, so peculiarly or exclusively thine own property.

7 "Touch'd to fine issues" is kindled or quickened to noble ends, to lofty purposes, or by great occasions. A just and felicitous thought, well illustrated in Wordsworth's Character of the Happy Warrior:

But who, if he be call'd upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise; 
Hold, therefore, Angelo: [Tendering his commission.
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission. [Giving it.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon't.

Duke. No more evasion: we
Have with a leaven'd and prepar'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commission.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [Exeunt.

11 "Bring you" is attend or escort you. So bring is often used.

12 Aves are hailings. — Here the Duke appears to be covertly searching
Angelo's sly arts of popularity. Ostensibly he acts a strange part in the
play; but these dim intimations of his secret purpose, when duly heeded,
make his course appear more rational and judicious. His action is not a
whim or caprice, but a shrewd fitting of means to a foreconceived end.

13 That is, "ascertain fully where I am, and what is the nature and scope
of my office." To look to the bottom of a thing, is to see through it.
Scene II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion\(^1\) or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.\(^2\)

\(^1\) Proportion, here, is measure or metre.

\(^2\) A proverbial phrase; meaning "we were cut out of the same piece." The proverb is still current.
Lucio. I grant; as there may between the list and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

1 Gent. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound

8 A quibble between piled and piled or pealed. Velvet was prized according to the pile, three-piled being the richest. See vol. ii., page 92, note 41. But piled or pilled also meant bald. The jest alludes to the loss of hair in what was called the French disease. — English kersey was a cheap coarse woollen cloth, worn by plain people. See vol. ii., page 93, note 42.

4 Lucio, finding that the Gentleman understands him so well, promises to drink his health, but to avoid drinking after him, as the cup of an infected person was thought to be contagious.

5 The Poet often uses free in the sense of pure, undefiled, or innocent. Here it means untainted with the disease in question.

6 A quibble between dolours and dollars, the former meaning pains. The Poet has the equivogue several times.
as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has
made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

1 Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most
profound sciatica?

Mrs. Over. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and
carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Mrs. Over. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested;
saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these
three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so.
Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Over. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting
Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me
two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to
the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Mrs. Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with
the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunken. —

Enter Pompey.

How now! what's the news with you?

7 Some think this refers to the curative process, what was called the
sweating-tub, then used for the disease mentioned before. Dyce, however,
in his Glossary, says, "Here, it would seem, the sweat means the sweating
sickness, and not the method used for the cure of the venereal disease."
Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.
Mrs. Over. Well; what has he done?
Pom. A woman.
Mrs. Over. But what's his offence?
Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.
Mrs. Over. What, is there a maid with child by him?
Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?
Mrs. Over. What proclamation, man?
Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.
Mrs. Over. And what shall become of those in the city?
Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.
Mrs. Over. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?
Pom. To the ground, mistress.
Mrs. Over. Why, here's a change indeed in the common-wealth! What shall become of me?
Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.
Mrs. Over. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.
Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

---

8 In one of the Scotch laws of James it is ordered, "that common women be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least perll of fire is."
9 Shall where present usage would require will. The two were often used interchangeably.
10 Thomas, it appears, was a common name for a tapster by trade. See vol. ii., page 18, note 3.
Enter the Provost, Claudio, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th’ world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence' 11 by weight. The sword of Heaven, — on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still ’tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and the two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.12

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What’s thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is’t murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

11 Offence’ for offences. The Poet often has words thus elided, with an (’ ) to mark the plural sense.

12 To ravin down is to devour ravenously. The Poet has ravin up in the same sense, in Macbeth, ii. 2.—The text is well illustrated from Chapman’s Revenge for Honour:

Like poison’d rats, which, when they’ve swallow’d The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink, And can rest then much less, until they burst.
Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, sir! you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend. — Lucio, a word with you.

[Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me: Upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do th' denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;

13 This "true contract" was a formal betrothment or troth-plight, formerly much practised, and recognized in law, as having the force of a marriage, though not as conferring the nuptials. The Poet sets forth an apt instance of it between Olivia and Sebastian in Twelfth Night.
14 The endings -ion and -ian, and also -ious and -ience, not to mention others, were often used as dissyllabic. Here possession is meant to be four syllables. The Poet abounds in similar instances; though they more commonly occur at the ends of his lines; as a little after in this scene: "And there receive her approbation."
15 The Poet often thus elides the so as to make it coalesce with the preceding word into one syllable. So "to th' world" a little before in this scene. And we have many other like instances, as all th', at th', in th', by th', for th', from th'; also, sometimes a double elision, as wi' th' for with the. The usage is much more frequent in his later plays, though it occurs occasionally in the earlier. Nearly all the modern editors ignore it.
16 Denounce and its derivatives were sometimes used in the sense of publish or announce. So in Hall's Cases of Conscience: "This publick and reiterated denunciation of banns before matrimon'y." And Shakespeare must have often found the phrase "denouncing war" in his favourite historian, Holinshed.
17 Rather an odd use of propagation, but probably meaning continuance, or increase. The Poet has to propagate at least twice in the sense of to increase. So in Romeo and Juliet, i. 1: "Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest with more of thine."
And in Timon of Athens, i. 1: "All kind of natures, that labour on the bosom of this sphere to propagate their states." See Critical Notes.
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs\textsuperscript{18} have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now cuts the drowsy and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle\textsuperscript{19} on
thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it
off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:\textsuperscript{20}

\textsuperscript{18}Zodiacs for years, or the yearly courses of the Sun.

\textsuperscript{19}Tickle here means unsteady or tottering. So in a Henry VI., i. 1:
“Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost; the state of
Normandy stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.”

\textsuperscript{20}“Receive her approbation” is enter upon her probationary term, that
is, her noviciate.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state; 
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends 
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him: 
I have great hope in that; for in her youth 
There is a prone and speechless dialect, 
Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art 
When she will play with reason and discourse, 
And well she can persuade.

_Lucio._ I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, which I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack._22_ I'll to her.

_Claud._ I thank you, good friend Lucio.

_Lucio._ Within two hours —

_Claud._ Come, officer, away! [_Exeunt._

**Scene III. — A Monastery.**

_Enter the Duke and Friar Thomas._

_Duke._ No, holy father; throw away that thought; 
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love 
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee 
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose 
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

---

21 Proné is _apt, ready, prompt_; though Mr. White takes it here in the sense of _humble_. The meaning of the passage seems to be, "There is an apt and silent eloquence in her looks, such as moves men."

22 Tick-tack was a game played with tables, something like backgammon. So the French has an old phrase, "Jouer au _tric-trac," also used in a wanton sense.

1 According to Richardson, _dribble_ is a diminutive of _drib_, from _drip_, and means doing a thing "by drips or drops." _Dribber_ appears also to have been a term of contempt in archery. So Roger Ascham, in his _Toxophilus_: "If he give it over, and not use to shoote truly, he shall become, of a fayre archer, a starke squirter and _dribber_."
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth and cost and witless bravery keep. ²
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo —
A man of stricture ³ and firm abstinence —
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws, —
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, —
Which for this fourteen years ⁴ we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, do find in time
The rod more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

² Bravery, here, is finery in apparel, gay, showy dress. Repeatedly so. See vol. v., page 47, note 14. — Keep is dwell, lodge, or haunt; also a frequent usage. See vol. iii., page 182, note 2.
³ Stricture for strictness, evidently. Not so elsewhere, I think.
⁴ In the preceding scene, "nineteen zodiacs" is mentioned as the period during which the "biting laws" have been suffered to sleep. Was this an oversight of the Poet's? Dyce thinks "there can be little doubt" that either fourteen should be nineteen here, or that nineteen in the former passage should be fourteen.
SCENE III.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  145

Goes all decorum.

Fri. T.  It rested in your Grace
T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke.  I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not their punishment.  Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander. And, to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar.  More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.  [Exeunt.

5 The Duke's purpose, as here set forth, apparently is, to avoid any open
contest with crime, where his efforts would expose him to slander; or not
to let his person be seen in the fight, where he would have to do, that is, to
act, in the face of detraction and censure.  See Critical Notes.

6 That is, stands on his guard against malice or malicious tongues. Malice
is the more common meaning of envy in old English.  It is clear,
from this passage, that the Duke distrusts Angelo's professions of sanctity,
and is laying plans to unmask him.
Scene IV. — A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [Within.] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [Exeunt.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who's that which calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, — as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your scorn.

Lucio. 'Tis true.

I would not — though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing,\(^1\) and to jest,
Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renunciation, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,\(^2\) 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming-time,
That from the seediness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison;\(^3\) even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change\(^4\) their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

---

\(^1\) "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," is an old proverb. See vol. i., page 121, note 5.

\(^2\) That is, in few and true words; or, briefly and truly.

\(^3\) Foison is plenty, abundance, or rich harvest. Repeatedly so. — Seedness, if the text be right, must mean seed-time, seeding, or sowing. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare. See Critical Notes.

\(^4\) Change for exchange or interchange. So in Hamlet, i. 2: "Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you."
In hand,⁵ and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of State,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate⁶ and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,⁷
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick’d out an Act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother’s life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope’s gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that’s my pith
Of business ‘twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. ’Has censured⁸ him

Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas, what poor ability’s in me
To do him good!

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas, I doubt,—

⁵ To bear in hand was a phrase in frequent use, meaning to keep in expectation, to amuse and lead along with false hopes. The Poet has it often. So in 2 Henry IV., i. 2: “A rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!”

⁶ To rebate is to beat back, and so make dull.

⁷ To put the restraint of fear upon licentious habit and abused freedom.

⁸ To censure is to judge, or to pass sentence. So again in the next scene.
SCENE I.    MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  149

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe⁹ them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night¹⁰
I'll send him certain word of my success.¹¹
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice; the Provost,¹ Officers,
and others attending.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear² the birds of prey,

⁹ Owe is possess or own. So the Poet continually.
¹⁰ Soon at night is about or towards night. See page 24, note 2.
¹¹ Success in the Latin sense; the sequel, issue, or result of any thing.
¹ Provost was used for the principal or president of any establishment.
Here a jailor.
² To fear was often used as an active verb; to frighten or terrify. See
vol. ii., page 169, note 22.
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

_Escal._ Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your Honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point where now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

_Ang._ 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes: what knows the law
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see't; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,

---

8 *Fall* is here used as a causative verb; to _throw down, to make or let fall_. Often so. See vol. i., page 99, note 9.

4 An old forensic term, meaning to _pass judgment_ or _sentence_.

5 *Pregnant*, here, is _full of proof, or self-evident_. Repeatedly so.

6 This use of _for_ with the sense of _because_ was very common in all sorts of writing. See vol. iii., page 129, note 6.
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Prov. [Coming forward.] Here, if it like your Honour.?

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Exit Provost.

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.8

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in

7 "If it please your Honour," or, "If your Honour like it." The phrase was much used in the Poet's time. See vol. v., page 114, note 34.

8 The general sense of this strange passage evidently is, that some, who are hardened in sin by a long course of evil-doing, escape scot-free, and are never called to account, while others, for a fault only, or for a single fault, are visited with extreme punishment. But the particular meaning of the word brakes is, to say the least, very doubtful. It is commonly explained brambles, thickets, or thorny entanglements. So the word appears to be used in Henry VIII., i. 2: "'Tis the fate of place, and the rough brake that virtue must go through." Also in Beaumont and Fletcher's Thierry and Theodore, v. 1: "These be honourable adventures! had I that honest blood in my veins again, Queen, that your feats and these frights have drain'd from me, honour should pull hard, ere it drew me into these brakes." On the other hand, the word was sometimes used for an engine of torture; also for a trap or snare; which latter seems to be the meaning in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey: "Divers of the great estates and Lords of the Council lay in await with my Lady Anne Boleyn, to espy a convenient time and occasion to take the Cardinal in a brake." The word was also used in several other senses; and Richardson defines it generally as signifying "any thing which restrains, holds, or keeps in, confines, curbs, tames, subdues." I am not quite clear which of these senses, or indeed whether any of them be the right one in the text. See Critical Notes.
a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to:—what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

9 Meant as a characteristic blunder of Elbow's for "the Duke's poor constable." Dogberry makes the same blunder in Much Ado, iii. 5: "We are the poor Duke's officers."

10 An old phrase, meaning "this is a fine showing," or "this is well told"; ironical here, of course.

11 Parcel bawd is partly bawd. Shakespeare often uses parcel thus for part; as, "a parcel-gilt goblet," and, "the lips is parcel of the mouth." Pompey's other part is jester or clown.

12 Professes, or pretends, to keep a hot-house. Hot-houses were bagnios supplied with vapour-baths; but under this name other accommodations were often furnished.
SCENE I.  

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your Honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinaly given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but, as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [To Angelo.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing—saving your Honour's reverence—for stew'd prunes, sir;—we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some threepence;—your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as

13 Detest is an Elbowism for protest.

14 Pompey, catching Elbow's trick of speech, uses distant for instant.
I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; — you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; — I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious Fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me\textsuperscript{15} to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas: — was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth? —

Froth. All-hallownd eve.\textsuperscript{16}

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,\textsuperscript{17} sir; — 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes,\textsuperscript{18} where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not? —

\textsuperscript{15} Hear me is doubtless an instance of the redundant use of pronouns so frequent in Shakespeare. See vol. ii., page 8, note 7.

\textsuperscript{16} The eve of, that is, the evening before, All-Saint's day.

\textsuperscript{17} "A lower chair" was an easy chair, kept in houses, for sick people, and sometimes occupied by lazy ones.

\textsuperscript{18} Some such names were commonly given to rooms in the Poet's time. So, in 1 Henry IV., ii. 4, we have Half-moon and Pomegranate.
Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for Winter. 19

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Esca. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.—

[Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Esca. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.— Good Master Froth, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpose. — Doth your Honour mark his face?

Esca. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Esca. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

Esca. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed 20 upon a book, his face is the worst

19 In the list of persons appended to this play in the folio of 1623, Master Froth is set down as "a foolish Gentleman." It is probably in that character that he uses Winter here.

20 "I'll be supposed" is Pompey's blunder for "I'll be deposed," that is, sworn; according to the old practice of requiring witnesses to make oath upon the Bible. As Pompey is the clown, or "allowed Fool," of the play, his blunders are, of course, perpetrated in that character. Douce makes the following just note upon him: "The clown in this play officiates as the tapster of a brothel; whence it has been concluded that he is not a domestic Fool, nor ought to appear in the dress of that character. A little consideration will serve to show that the opinion is erroneous; that this clown is
thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? 21 —Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her!—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

altogether a domestic Fool. In ii. 1, Escalus calls him a tedious Fool, and Iniquity, a name for one of the old stage buffoons. He tells him that he will have him whipped, a punishment that was very often inflicted on Fools. In Timon of Athens, we have a strumpet's Fool, and a similar character is mentioned in the first speech of Antony and Cleopatra. But, if any one should still entertain a doubt on the subject, he may receive the most complete satisfaction by an attentive examination of ancient prints, many of which will furnish instances of the common use of the domestic Fool in brothels."

21 Justice and Iniquity were allegorical personages in the old Morality plays. Iniquity was more commonly called Vice, and was, to the Morality plays, much the same as the licensed jester or allowed Fool was to the later drama. In fact, the dramatic usage of professional Fools in Shakespeare's time grew directly out of that usage of the earlier stage. See vol. v., page 222, note 17.
SCENE I.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  157

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worship for it. What is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it.—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. [To Froth.] Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—[To Pompey.] What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

22 Escalus, notwithstanding the dignity of his temper and his office, is genially touched by the ludicrous absurdity of the scene about him, so that he catches the spirit of verbal play. Here we have an equivocate on draw; one sense being, "they shall draw liquor for you"; the other, it may be, that of capital offenders being drawn in a cart to the place of execution, or, more likely, the sense of drawing in, that is, cheating or swindling, as in the next speech, "I am drawen in."—Hang is here used as a causative verb; the sense being, you shall cause them to be hanged. This would be done by accusing them, or bearing witness against them, for having swindled him out of money. The Poet uses a good many verbs in that way.
Froth. I thank your Worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 23

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; 24 so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay 25 all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but

23 A quibble between the two senses of being induced to enter and of being cheated, as explained in the preceding note.

24 The fashion for gentlemen has sometimes been, to have the dress swell out as big as possible about the hips; and perhaps Pompey was intent on making the fashion ridiculous by exaggeration, or by aping it to excess in his capacity of Fool.

25 Splay is an old form of spay; now obsolete.
for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission
for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent
the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live
to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of
your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you
before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for
dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to
your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain deal-
ing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pom-
pey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your Worship for your good counsel.—
[Aside.] But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall
better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Exit.

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither,
master constable. How long have you been in this place of
constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had
continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do
you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in
your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they
are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for
some piece of money, and go through with all.

26 After is here equivalent to at the rate of. A bay is an architectural
term of not uncommon occurrence in old descriptions of houses, in reference
to the frontage. So in Coles's Latin Dictionary: "A bay of building, Mensura
viginti quatuor pedum."

27 Escalus is laughing inwardly. He has humour; not so Angelo.
Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow.]—What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; 28 Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet, poor Claudio! There's no remedy.—Come, sir. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter the Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.]—I'll know His pleasure; may be he'll relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

28 The meaning is, of course, that a frequent pardoning of the guilty is injustice and even cruelty to the innocent.
SCENE II.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your Honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter the Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. — [Exit Servant.
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for't.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.

Prov. God save your Honour! [Offering to retire.

Ang. Stay a little while. —

[To Isab.] You're welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.¹

Prov. [Aside.] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the fault, whose fine stands in recórd,²
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your Honour!

[Retiring.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Give't not o'er so: to him again,
entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

¹ "Let my brother's fault die, and not my brother himself."
² "To punish the fault whose punishment is prescribed in the law," seems to be the meaning here. — In the preceding line, "very cipher" is mere cipher. The Poet often has very thus. So in Hamlet, iv. 4: "A very rib-
and in the cap of youth, yet needful too."
SCENE II.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But you might do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him.
Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You are too cold.
Isab. Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel? should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He which is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that!
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,

8 Here, as usual, remorse is pity or compassion.
Like man new-made. 4

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!

He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: 5 shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept: 6
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If that the first that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, 7 that shows what future evils,—
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,—
Are now to have no suècessive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

4 I take our Poet's meaning to be, "If you allow this consideration its due weight, you will find mercy breathing within your lips, as if a new man were formed within you." — HEATH.

5 In fitting season; that is, when they are mature or made ready for the purpose. So in Hamlet, iii. 3: "Am I, then, revenged to take him in the purging of his soul, when he is fit and season'd for the passage?"

6 Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriunter nunquam, is a maxim of English law. Yet it may operate as an ex-post-facto law.

7 Alluding to the magic glasses or charmed mirrors with which witches and fortune-tellers used to reveal the far-off future. In Macbeth, iv. 1, the Weird Sisters make use of such a glass to disclose to the hero the long line of kings that is to spring from Banquo,
Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall; 8
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, 9 petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,—
Nothing but thunder. — Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with Thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, 10 — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal. 11

8 So in the Memorials of Sir Matthew Hale: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

9 The Poet repeatedly uses pelting for paltry. So in A Midsummer, ii. r: "Have every pelting river made so proud."

10 That is, his brittle, fragile being. The meaning seems to be, most ignorant of that which is most certain, namely, his natural infirmity.

11 A very mark-worthy saying; meaning that, if the angels had our disposition to splenetic or satirical mirth, the sight of our human arrogance
Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;  
He's coming; I perceive't.  

Prov. [Aside.] Pray Heaven she win him!  

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself: 12  
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,  
But in the less foul profanation.  

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.  

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.  

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Art avised o' that? 13 more on't.  

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?  

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top. 14 Go to your bosom;  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.  

Ang. [Aside.] She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with't. 15 — Fare you well.  

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

strutting through its absurd antics would cast them into such an ecstasy of ridicule, that they would laugh themselves clean out of their immortality; this celestial prerogative being incompatible with such ebullitions of spleen.

12 Meaning, apparently, "I cannot match or compare my brother with you, cannot cast him into the scales as a counterpoise to yourself." To jest with one is to be on equal terms with him. See Critical Notes.

13 "Have you well considered that?" Advised is merely another form of advised, which the Poet often uses in the sense of informed, assured, circum-spect. See page 28, note 12.

14 This metaphor occurs again in Hamlet, iii. 4: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."

15 "Such sense as breeds a response in my mind."
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me!
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise,—prayers from perservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Go to; 'tis well; away!
Isab. Heaven keep your Honour safe!

Ang. [Aside.] Amen; for I
Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross. 16

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. [Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue! 17——

16 The petition, "Lead us not into temptation," is here regarded as crossing or intercepting the way Angelo is going. He is seeking temptation by appointing another interview. See, however, Angelo's first speech in the next scene but one. Heath explains the passage thus: "'For I am labouring under a temptation of that peculiar and uncommon kind, that prayers, and every other act of piety and virtue, tend to inflame, instead of allaying it.' For it was the very piety and virtue of Isabella that gave an edge to the lust of Angelo."

17 Isabella has just used "your Honour" as his title: he catches at the proper meaning of the word, and goes to reflecting on the danger his honour is in from the course he is taking.
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.\(^{18}\) Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils\(^{19}\) there? O fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal, themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. — Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how. [Exit.

\(^{18}\) "Virtuous season" here means the season that maturest and unfolds, or brings forth, the virtue in question, the sweetness of the flower.

\(^{19}\) Evils is here used in the sense of offal or offals. Dyce quotes upon the passage, "It would not be difficult to show that by evil or evils our forefathers designated physical as well as moral corruption and impurity." — The desecration of religious structures by converting them to the lowest uses of nature was an eastern mode of showing contempt. Angelo could hardly have chosen a stronger figure for expressing the heinousness of his intended profligacy.
SCENE III. — A Room in a Prison.

Enter, severally, the Duke disguised as a Friar, and the Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost!—so I think you are.
Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my bless'd order, I come to visit the afflicted spirits Here in the prison. Do me the common right To let¹ me see them, and to make me know The nature of their crimes, that I may minister To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful. Look, here comes one, — a gentlewoman of mine, Who, falling in² the flames of her own youth, Hath blister'd her report: she is with child; And he that got it, sentenced, — a young man More fit to do another such offence Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. — [To JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay awhile, And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

¹ To let is the gerundial infinitive, as it is called, and so is equivalent to by letting. A very frequent usage. See vol. v., page 78, note 10.
² In for into; the two being often used indiscriminately. See vol. iv., page 90, note 6.
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So, then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Jul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven,
Showing we would not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest. Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Jul. God's grace go with you!
Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious law,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.
Scene IV. — A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects.¹ Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew His name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The State, whereon I studied,
Is, like a good thing being often read,
Grown sere² and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench aye from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!³ Blood, thou still art blood:
Let's write good angel on the Devil's horn,
"Tis not the Devil's crest.⁴—

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

¹ Several in its old sense of separate or different. Repeatedly so.
² Sere is dry, withered. So in Macbeth, v. 3: “My way of life is fall’n into the sere, the yellow leaf.” And in Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, January:

All so my lustful leafe is drie and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted.

³ Fools, those who judge only by the eye, are easily awed by spendour;
and those who regard men as well as conditions are easily induced to love
the appearance of virtue dignified by power and place.

⁴ The meaning appears to be, though we write good angel on the Devil's
horn, still it will not change his nature, nor be his proper crest; will not be
emblematic of his real character.
Serv. One Isabel, a sister, Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.

O Heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.—

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid!

Isab. I'm come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your Honour! [Retiring.

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! 'Twere as good

5 "The general" for what we sometimes call the *generality*, that is, the *multitude*. Shakespeare often thus uses an adjective with the sense of the plural substantive. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "The levies, the lists, and full proportions, are all made out of his subject."
To pardon him that hath from Nature stol’n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven’s image
In stamps that are forbid: ’tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrain’d means
To make a false one.  

Isab. ’Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth.

Ang. Ay, say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother’s life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain’d?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell’d sins
Stand more for number than accompl.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I’ll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother’s life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother’s life?

Isab. Please you to do’t,
I’ll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do’t at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

6 Meaning, probably, that murder is as easy as fornication; from which Angelo would infer that it is as wrong to pardon the latter as the former.

7 We should say, “I’ll take it on the peril of my soul”; meaning, “I’ll stake my soul upon it.”
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer. 8

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim and enshield 9 beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark you me;
To be receivèd plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,—
But (in the loss of question) that you, his sister, 10

8 Here, as often, of is equivalent to in respect of. Answer has the force of responsibility. "And be nothing in respect of which, or for which, you will have to answer."

9 Enshield for enshielded; that is, covered or protected as with a shield. The Poet, as I have before noted, has many such shortened forms; as hoist for hoisted, quit for quitted, frustrate for frustrated, &c. And so in Bacon's Essay Of Vicissitude of Things: "Learning hath, lastly, its old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust."—In "these black masks," these is used indefinitely; that is, "the demonstrative pronoun for the prepositive article." This is an ancient and still current idiom of the language.

10 Here the order, according to the sense, is, "Admit no other way to save his life, but that you, his sister," &c. The meaning is somewhat perplexed and obscured by the intervening passages, which are all parenthetical.—"In the loss of question" means simply, as I take it, "in idle talk,"
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That long I had been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must
Your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

or, as Mr. White well puts it, "in the waste of words." The Poet repeatedly
uses question thus for talk or conversation. The obscurity of the text is
somewhat enhanced or thickened to us by this obsolete use of the word.
See vol. v., page 75, note 3.

11 Ignomy is but a shortened form of ignominy; used several times by
the Poet.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed this weakness.  

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help, Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we'er made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

12 Fedary is used by Shakespeare for associate, partner, or confederate.—Owe, as usual, is own, have, or possess.—Succeed is follow or take after.—So that the sense of the whole passage is, "If my brother alone, without a partner, owned and took after this weakness, then I would say, let him die." The odd use of fedary, owe, and succeed makes it obscure to modern ears.

13 "Credulous to false prints" means apt to trust false shows and pretences, or to take the painting or "counterfeit presentment" of a virtue for the thing itself. Women are not alone in that.

14 Old English, meaning, in modern phrase, "not made to be so strong but that faults may shake our frames." A somewhat similar expression occurs in All's Well. See vol. iv., page 39, note 15.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, 
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me 
That he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.\footnote{15}

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour, 
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed, 
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother, 
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world 
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life, 
My vouch against you, and my place i' the State, 
Will so your accusation overweigh, 
That you shall stifle in your own report, 
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race\footnote{16} the rein: 
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; 
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,\footnote{17}

\footnote{15} "To pluck on others" means, to pull or draw others into a disclosure of their hidden faults. Isabella cannot yet believe the man to be so bad as he talks, and thinks he is now assuming a vice in order to try what she is made of, or to draw her out.

\footnote{16} Race, here, is native bent or inborn aptitude; like the Latin indoles. So again in The Tempest, i. 2: "But thy vile race had that in't which good natures could not abide to be with."

\footnote{17} "Prolixious blushes" are blushes that put off or postpone the conclusion; what Milton calls "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. 

[Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;  
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

18 Approof is approval or approbation.
19 "Mind of honour" for honourable mind, or mind full of noble thought.
So the Poet has "mind of love" for loving mind, and other like phrases.
ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Prison.

Enter the Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and the Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I’ve hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep’st,¹
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art Death’s Fool;²
For him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn’st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th’ accommodations that thou bear’st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou’rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm.³ Thy best of rest is sleep,

¹ Keep, again, for dwell. See page 144, note 2.
² Merely in the sense of absolutely. Often so. See vol. v., page 68, note 51. — Death and his Fool were famous personages in the old Moral-plays. Douce had an old wood-cut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the Fool was engaged in combat with Death, and buffetting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. The moral of those performances was, that the Fool, after struggling against his adversary, at last became his victim.
³ Worm is put for any creeping thing, snake, or serpent. Shakespeare seems to have held the current notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that this is forked.
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,
After the Moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou'st nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessèd youth
Becomes as agèd, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and, when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

4 The Poet has affects repeatedly for affections.—Complexion is here
used in its old sense of natural texture or grain; very much as tempera-
ment is now.

5 The serpigo is a sort of tetter or leprous eruption.

6 "Palsied eld" is tremulous old age.—This strain of moralizing may
be rendered something thus: "In youth, which is or ought to be the hap-
piest time, man commonly lacks the means of what he considers enjoymen-
th; he has to beg alms of hoary avarice; and, being niggardly supplied, he
becomes as aged, or looks, like an old man, on happiness beyond his
reach." See, however, Critical Notes.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* [Within.] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear son, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome.—Look, signor, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger: 8
Therefore your best appointment 9 make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

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7 *To sue* is another instance of the infinitive used gerundively, or like the Latin *gerund*, and so is equivalent to *in* or *by suing*. So again, a little further on, "*To cleave a heart*"; that is, *by cleaving*. See vol. i., page 207, note 12. Also vol. ii., page 58, note 6.

8 A *lieger* is a *resident*, or minister residing at a foreign court.

9 *Appointment for preparation or outfit*; Still used thus in military language; as a *well-appointed* army, meaning an army well equipped or furnished.
Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though all the world's vastity you had,
To a determined scope. 11

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. 12

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? 13 If I must die,

10 Vastity for vastness; the only instance of the word in Shakespeare.
11 "Shutting you up in a perpetual sense and shame of your own igno-
nomy," Determined in its old sense of limited, confined, or narrow; literally, fenced-in with terms, that is, bounds.
12 This is apt to be misunderstood, though probably not quite true in any sense. The meaning is, that the apprehension of death is the chief pain, and that a giant feels no more pain in death itself than a beetle.
13 I am not quite sure as to the meaning here; but it seems to be, "Do you think me so effeminate in soul as to be capable of an unmanny resolu-
tion?" or, "such a milksop as to quail and collapse at the prospect of
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth renew
As falcon doth the fowl—14—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as Hell.

Claud. The priestly Angelo?

dead?" Perhaps the sentence should be imperative, thus: "Think you, I can a resolution fetch from flowery tenderness." So Heath proposes; and explains, "Do me the justice to think that I am able to draw a resolution even from this tenderness of my youth, which is commonly found to be less easily reconciled to so sudden and harsh a fate."

14 Enew, from the French eneau, was a technical term in aquatic falconry, and was used, to denote the act of forcing the fowl back to the water, as her only sure refuge from the souse of the hawk. The best, indeed the only, explanation of the word that I have met with is in The Edinburgh Review, October, 1872. I condense a part of the matter: When a flight at water fowl was in hand, the falconer whistled off his hawk at some distance from the spot where the duck or mallard, the heron or crane, was known to be. The hawk having reached a tolerable height, the falconer, with his dogs and assistants, "made in" upon the fowl, forcing its flight, if possible, in the direction of the land. This was termed landing the fowl, a vital point in aquatic falconry. For, in order that the hawk might stoop with effect, it was necessary to have solid ground immediately beneath; else the hawk might stoop in vain, the fowl taking refuge in diving. The fowl having been thus landed, the hawk would stoop swiftly on its prey; while the former, to avoid the fatal stroke, would instinctively make for the water again. In this case the fowl was said to be enewed; that is, forced back to the water, from which it had to be driven afresh and landed, before the hawk could stoop and seize its prey. The fowl was often enewed several times before it was landed effectually enough for the final swoop. From this technical use, the word came to be applied in the more general sense of to drive back and pursue relentlessly. It would thus be naturally used of a course of extreme and vindictive severity. See Critical Notes.
Isab. 'Tis the cunning livery of Hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be free'd!

Claud. O Heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And sham'd life a hateful.

15 Guards was in common use for the facings and trimmings of the
dress. Both the guards and the wearer of them are called priestly, not be-
because Angelo is a priest, but because, in his dress and manners, he has
"stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

16 The meaning seems to be, "So gross an offence having once been
committed by me, you might thenceforth persist in sinning with safety." Her
possession of such a secret would naturally assure him of impunity,
however often he might be guilty in the same kind.
SCENE I.   MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  185

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible-warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice;¹⁷
To be imprison’d in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! — ’tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother’s life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is’t not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister’s shame? What should I think?

¹⁷ A rather singular use of delighted; involving a sort of inverted prolepsis; and meaning the spirit that has been delighted, or formed to and steeped in delight; the word delight being taken in the sense of the Latin deliciæ.

¹⁸ Milton no doubt had this passage in mind when he wrote the lines, 600-603, in Paradise Lost, Book ii.:

From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable-infix’d, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness\(^{19}\)
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;\(^{20}\)
Die, perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

_Claud._ Nay, hear me, Isabel.
_Isab._ O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

[Going.

_Claud._ O, hear me, Isabella!

_Re-enter the Duke._

_Duke._ Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
_Isab._ What is your will?

_Duke._ Might you dispense with your leisure,\(^{21}\) I would by-and-by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

_Isab._ I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

_Duke._ [Aside to Claudio.] Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive.

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\(^{19}\) Such a wild slip; that is, not of the true stock or blood; _spurious_. 
_Wilderness_ for _wildness_, simply.

\(^{20}\) _Defiance_ in the sense it bore as a legal term, _refusal_. So to _forsake_ is one of the old senses of to _defy_.

\(^{21}\) To _dispense with_ a thing, in one of its senses, is to _do without_ it, to _spare_ it. And such appears to be the meaning here.
I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not qualify your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [Exit Claudio.] — Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter the Provost.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [Exit.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my

22 Qualify in the sense of abate, weaken, or dilute. To be entertaining unsure hopes of life would naturally unsinew his resolution to meet death firmly. Qualify was often used thus. See Critical Notes.

23 That is, continue in that mind. So there rest, used before.

24 Meaning, so be it, or very well: like the French a la bonne heure.

25 I do not well understand this. Does it mean, "she who, in her pride or confidence of beauty, holds virtue in light esteem, will easily part with her virtue"? That sense, I think, may fairly come from the words. In Hamlet, iii. 1, we have, "The power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness."

26 To inform, assure, or certify him. So the Poet often uses resolve.
brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

_Duke_. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

_Isab_. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

_Duke_. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

_Isab_. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

_Duke_. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck’d at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combine\footnote{\textit{Combine} is \textit{contracted} or \textit{betrothed}. Rose, in his translation of \textit{Orlando Furioso}, notes the "close and whimsical relation there often is between English and Italian idiom "; and adds, "Thus every Italian scholar understands ‘her combine husband’ to mean her husband \textit{elect}."} husband, this well-seem-ing Angelo.
Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself⁴⁸ to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy foiled. The maid will I frame and make fit for this attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

⁴⁸ "Refer yourself" here means have recourse, or betake yourself.
Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding-up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke’s: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally.

Scene II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter, on one side, the Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.\(^1\)

Duke. O Heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow’d by order of law a furr’d gown to keep him warm; and furr’d with fox on lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father.\(^2\) What offence hath this man made you, sir?

\(^{29}\) A grange was properly a farm-house attached to a monastery, as here to the monastery of Saint Luke’s; but the word came to be used of any sequestered and lonely house. Some granges were important enough to be moated, for defence.

\(^{1}\) Bastard was the name of a sweetish wine; “approaching,” says Dyce, “to the muscadel in flavour, and perhaps made from a bastard species of muscadine grape.”

\(^{2}\) The Duke sportively calls him brother father in return for his address, father friar, which means, literally, father brother.
Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we
take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him,
sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sIRRah, fie! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir,
I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him
warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be
a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go
a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord,3 sir.
Pom. I spy comfort; I cry, bail! Here's a gentleman
and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of
Caesar! art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of

3 "His neck will come to be like," or in the condition of, "your waist";
alluding to the rope with which the Duke is girded as a part of his disguise.
Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou to't? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

*Pom.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an un-shunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Pom.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.—Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

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4 Pygmalion was something of an artist: he made an ivory image of a maiden, and wrought it to such a pitch of beauty, that he himself fell dead in love with it, and then took on so badly, that at his prayer the image became alive; and thereupon he made her his wife.

5 Alluding to what was called the powdering-tub or sweating-tub, much used in curing the lues venera.—Unshunn'd, in the next speech, is unshunnable or inevitable. The Poet has many instances of such usage. See page 45, note 16.

6 Alluding to the primitive meaning of husband, house-band; that is, keeper of the house, or band that held it together.
SCENE II. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 193

_Lucio._ No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.° I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. — Bless you, friar.

_Duke._ And you.

_Lucio._ Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

_Elb._ Come your ways, sir; come.

_Pom._ You will not bail me, then, sir?

_Lucio._ Then, Pompey? no, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

_Elb._ Come your ways, sir; come.

_Lucio._ Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go. [Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.] —What news, friar, of the Duke?

_Duke._ I know none. Can you tell me of any?

_Lucio._ Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

_Duke._ I know not where; but, wheresoever, I wish him well.

_Lucio._ It was a mad-fantastical trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

_Duke._ He does well in't.

_Lucio._ A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

_Duke._ It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

_Lucio._ Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Wear is fashion; used thus by the Poet several times.*
Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A sly fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within

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8 Motion was used continually for puppet. See vol. i., page 179, note 8.
9 Detected, here, probably means discovered. The passage is commonly explained "suspected or accused in the matter of women."
10 A wooden dish or box, formerly carried by beggars: it had a movable cover, which they clacked or clattered, to attract notice; and in it they received the alms.
11 An inward is an intimate, or a familiar friend. See vol. ii., page 74, note 8.
the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—
the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the
very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must,
upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let
him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he
shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a sol-
dier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge
be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge
with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what
you speak. But, if ever the Duke return,—as our prayers
are he may,—let me desire you to make your answer before
him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to
maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you,
your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to re-
port you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you
imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can
do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar.

12 "The greater file" is the longer list; that is, the larger number.
13 Envy, again, for malice. Also, a little after, envious for malicious.
See page 145, note 6.
14 Helmed is guided, or steered through.
15 Opposite is constantly used by Shakespeare for opponent.
But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-mor-
row or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would
the Duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungeniture
agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrow
must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous.
The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he
would never bring them to light: would he were return'd!
Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell,
good friar: I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee
again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet;
and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though
she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Fare-
well.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, the Provost, and Officers with Mistress
Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Over. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour
is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Uneniture is unfathered, not begotten in the ordinary way. — Tun-
dish, two lines before, is an old word for tunnel or funnel.

Untrussing was used of untying the tagged laces which, instead of
buttons, fastened the hose or breeches to the doublet.

An equivoque; mutton being a cant term for a loose woman. Of
course, the Duke, being a good Catholic, would abstain from meat on
Fridays, or pretend to do so. See vol. i. page 165, note 9.

“Good my lord” for “my good lord.” Such inversions occur contin-
ually in these plays. So we have “dear my sister,” “gentle my brother,”
“sweet my coz,” “gracious my mother,” and many others.
Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your Honour.

Mrs. Over. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: 20 I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison!—Go to; no more words. [Execunt Officers with Mrs. Overdone.]—Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request: and, as it is dangerous to be aged in any kind of course; as it is virtuous to be inconstant in any undertaking; there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies

20 That is, the feast of the Apostles Philip and James, May 1.
secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed: 21—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die. 22

Escal. You have paid the Heavens your function, 23 and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice. 24

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

21 Alluding to those legal securities which fellowship leads men to enter into for each other. Perhaps Shakespeare had in mind Proverbs, xi. 15: "He that hateth suretiship is sure."

22 Is satisfied, or has made up his mind, to die. See The Winter's Tale, v. 3, note 6.

23 To pay a function means the same as to discharge a duty.

24 Probably spoken with an eye to the old maxim, Summum jus summa injuria. "A rigid adherence to the letter of justice kills its spirit."
Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! 

[Exeunt Escalus and Provost.

He who the sword of Heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go; 25
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, 26 and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness work, in crimes,—
Making practice on the times,—
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things! 27
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, to th' disguised,

25 "Grace to stand, and virtue to go," is the meaning. Perhaps it were
better to read, as Coleridge suggested, "Grace to stand, virtue to go."

26 Referring, probably, to what the Duke has already said of himself, in
i. 4: "Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope."

27 This whole soliloquy is rather un-Shakespearian, to say the least, and
here it is somewhat obscure. But likeness probably means the same here
as what the Poet elsewhere calls virtuous-seeming; that is, counterfeit sem-
bliance. So that the meaning comes something thus: "How may hypocrisy,
by beguiling and hoodwinking the time, manage, in a course of criminal
action, to draw to itself the greatest advantages by invisible threads." See
Critical Notes.
Pay with falsehood false exacting, \(^{28}\)
And perform an old contracting. \([Exit.\]

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**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.—Before Mariana's House.**

**MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.**

**SONG.**

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.\(^{1}\)

\(^{28}\) Here *disguise* is put for a *disguised person*, and refers to Mariana, who is to cause herself to be falsely taken for Isabella; and *the disguised* is Angelo, who is practising wickedness under the guise of sanctity. Thus Mariana is, with her *honest* falsehood, to pay off Angelo's "false exacting," that is, the sacrifice which he treacherously extorts from Isabella. It is hardly needful to say that perspicuity is here sacrificed to a jingle of words. See Critical Notes.

\(^{1}\) To this stanza, which I am sure none but Shakespeare could have written, is commonly appended another, which I am equally sure Shakespeare did not write, and which appeared first in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*. The two stanzas are there printed together as forming one song; though, as Mr. White justly remarks, "the stanza added in that play is palpably addressed to a woman, while this is clearly addressed to a man." However, I here subjoin the other stanza, that the reader may compare them for himself:
Scene I.

Measure for Measure.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away; Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. — [Exit Boy.

Enter the Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy,² sir; and well could wish You had not found me here so musical: Let me excuse me, and believe me so, — My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.³

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm To make bad good, and good provoke to harm. I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here today? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.⁴

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome. What is the news from this good deputy?

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow, Which thy frozen bosom bears, On whose tops the pinks that grow Are of those that April wears! But first set my poor heart free, Bound in those icy chains by thee.

² "I cry you mercy" is the old phrase for "I ask your pardon."
³ "The music was far from making me merry, but it assuaged my sorrow."
⁴ Meet is used rather strangely here, and perhaps there is some fault in the text. But we find a like instance in Cymbeline, i. 1: "When shall we see again?"
Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. — What, ho! within! come forth!

5 Circummured is, literally, walled around. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare.
6 "A planched gate" is simply a gate made of planks. — In the next line, his refers to gate; the old substitute for its, which was not then an accepted word. See vol. i. page 90, note 1.
7 "Action all of precept" is, I take it, action altogether preceptive, or giving directions wholly by action. In like manner, the Poet repeatedly has "be of comfort" for be comforted. And all for altogether is used very often by Spenser, and several times by Shakespeare.
8 The use of to possess for to inform, or to assure, is quite frequent. See vol. iv. page 243, note 18. Also vol. v. page 171, note 25.
SCENE I. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and oft have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[Execut Mariana and Isabella.]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with their false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! —

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome! How agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

9 "Wait for you to be at leisure." Attend is often thus equivalent to wait for. See vol. v. page 208, note 16.

10 Quests, here, is inquiries, questionings, or inquisitions.

11 'Scapes of wit are sportive sallies or flights. The Poet has, I think, no other instance of escape or 'scape so used; though we have, in King John, iii. 4, "No 'scape of Nature"; where 'scape means freak, or irregularity.
Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contráct:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish\textsuperscript{12} the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn’s to reap, for yet our tilth’s to sow.\textsuperscript{13} [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter the Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man’s head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he’s his wife’s head, and I can never cut off a woman’s head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied\textsuperscript{1} whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho, Abhorson! Where’s Abhorson, there?

\textsuperscript{12} To flourisé a thing, as the word is here used, is to make it fair, or to take the ugliness out of it.

\textsuperscript{13} Tilth here means land made ready for sowing.

\textsuperscript{1} Unpitied for pitiless or unpitiable; that is, merciless. See page 192, note 5.
Scene II. Measure for Measure.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here’s a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir! fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang’d, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man’s² apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man’s apparel fits your thief.

² A true man is, in old language, an honest man; and so the opposite of a thief. —Mystery was much used formerly, as it still is sometimes, for art or trade. —The cogency, or the relevancy, of Abhorson’s proof is not very apparent. Heath’s explanation is probably right; in substance as follows: Abhorson adopts the same method of argument which Pompey has used a little before; and, as Pompey enrolls the fast girls of his fraternity under the art of painting, so Abhorson “lays claim to the thieves as members of his occupation, and in their right endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel or tailors.” See Critical Notes.
Re-enter the Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd,—he doth oftener ask forgiveness.  

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sirː and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudioː—

[Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother. —

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go prepare yourself. [Knocking within.] But, hark,
what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Claudio.]—By-
and-by!—

8 The executioner, just before doing his office, used always to ask forgiveness of the person in hand. See vol. v. page 76, note r.
4 Yare is nimble or spry. See vol. v. page 208, note 16.
5 Stiffly; stiff being one of the old meanings of stark.
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio. —

Enter the Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

*Duke.* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere’t be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke⁶ and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify⁷ in others: were he meal'd⁸ with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But, this being so, he's just.

[Knocking within.]

Now are they come. — [Exit Provost.

This is a gentle provost: seldom-when⁹
The steel'd jailer is the friend of men. [Knocking within.

How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste
That wounds th' unsisting¹⁰ postern with these strokes

Re-enter the Provost.

*Prov.* [Speaking to one at the door.] There he must stay
until the officer

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⁶ The stroke of a pen; that is, *mark*; hence, perhaps, *rule.*
⁷ *Qualify* here means *temper, moderate, reduce.*
⁸ *Meal'd* is, probably, *mingled, compounded, or made up*; from the French *mesler.* Some, however, explain it *over-dusted or defiled.*
⁹ *Seldom-when* is simply *seldom*; used here for the sake of the rhyme.
¹⁰ *Unsisting,* as Blackstone says, "may signify never at rest."
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily you something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [Giving a paper.] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, — that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.

Duke. [Aside.] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended. —

11 Happily for haply, or perhaps. The Poet often makes it a trisyllable, to fill up his verse.

12 Siege was in common use for seat. So in The Faerie Queene, ii. 4, 44:
A stately siege of soveraine majestye,
And thereon satt a Woman gorgeous gay.

13 His for its again. See page 202, note 6.
Now, sir, what news?

_Prov._ I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on;¹⁴ methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

_Duke._ Pray you, let's hear.

_Prov._ [Reads.] Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.—

What say you to this, sir?

_Duke._ What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

_Prov._ A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.¹⁵

_Duke._ How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

_Prov._ His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and indeed his fact,¹⁶ till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.

_Duke._ It is now apparent?

_Prov._ Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

_Duke._ Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

_Prov._ A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully

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¹⁴ _Putting-on_ is _prompting, instigation, or setting on._ Often so.

¹⁵ One that had been in prison nine years.

¹⁶ _Fact, like the Latin factum, is, properly, deed; but here means crime._ So in the next Act: "Should she kneel down in mercy of this _fact_, her brother's ghost his pav'd bed would break," &c.
but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

_Duke._ He wants advice.

_Prov._ He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

_Duke._ More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

_Prov._ Pray, sir, in what?

_Duke._ In the delaying death.

_Prov._ Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

_Duke._ By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

_Prov._ Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

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17 "In the confidence of my sagacity," is the meaning. So both boldness and cunning were not unfrequently used.

18 _Limited_, here, is appointed. The Poet repeatedly uses it thus. So, before, in iii. i: "between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity;" where limit means appointed time.
Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and trim the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet, since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.\(^{19}\) Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift,\(^{20}\) and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall

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\(^{19}\) The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold. — COMUS.

\(^{20}\) Shrīft is the old word for confession and absolution.
absolutely resolve 21 you. Come away; it is almost clear
dawn.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of
profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone’s
own house, for here be many of her old customers. First,
here’s young Master Rash; 1 he’s in for a commodity of
brown paper and old ginger, 2 nine-score and seventeen
pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry,
then ginger was not much in request, for the old women
were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the
suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of
peach-colour’d satin, which now peaches 3 him a beggar.
Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-

21 Resolve is assure or satisfy. See page 187, note 26.
1 This and the following names are all meant to be characteristic. Rash
was a silken fabric formerly worn in coats.
2 Lenders of money were wont to advance part of a given sum in cash,
and the rest in goods of little value, such as they could hardly get rid of
otherwise. It appears that brown paper and ginger were often among the
articles so put off upon borrowers. So in Greene’s Defence of Coney-
catching, 1592: “If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in
silver, and threescore in wares; as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or brown
paper.” Also in Greene’s Quip for an Upstart Courtier: “For the mer-
chant delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oils, brown paper, or
whatsoever else, from six months to six months; which when the poor
gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the
hundred besides the usury.” Staunton notes upon the matter thus: “The
practice, no doubt, originated in a desire to evade the penalties for usury,
and must have reached an alarming height, as the old writers make it a
perpetual mark for satire.”
3 To peach is to accuse, inform against, or impeach. So, when Falstaff
says, “I’ll peach for this,” he means “I’ll turn State’s evidence”; that is,
testify against his accomplices.
vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lacquey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.4

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

4 This appears to have been the language in which prisoners confined for debt addressed passers-by. So in Nash's Pierce Penniless, 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the fleeting, and thus crying for the Lord's sake out of an iron window." And in Davies' Epigrams, 1611: "Good gentle writers, for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake, like Ludgate prisoners, lo, I, begging, make my mone." —Fleeting refers to the Fleet prison.
Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter the Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!— After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Execut Abhorson and Pompey.

Re-enter the Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.
Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch,

[Exit Provost.

And send the head to Angelo.—
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The Provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

5 "Th' under generation" means the generation living on the earth beneath; those inhabiting what the Poet describes in *King Lear* as "this under globe," and in *The Tempest* as "this lower world." *Journal* is used in its proper literal sense, *daily.*
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter the Provost with Ragozine’s head.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.
Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

§ Shall for will, in accordance with the usage of the time. So, a little
after, “you shall find”; and several times before in this scene.
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot; Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven. Mark what I say to you, which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity: The Duke comes home to-morrow:—nay, dry your eyes:— One of our convent, and his confessor, Gives me this instance:7 Already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo; Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can pace your wisdom In that good path that I would wish it go, Then you shall have your bosom8 on this wretch, Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give; 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home and home.9 For my poor self, I am combin'd10 by a sacred vow, And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter: Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

7 Instance is assurance, or circumstance in proof.
8 Bosom for wish or desire, of which it is the seat.
9 Home is much used by the Poet for thoroughly, to the uttermost, or to the quick. The repetition here gives a very strong sense. See vol. iv. page 112, note 2.
10 Bound or pledged; like combinato before. See page 188, note 27.
Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even, friar: where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman 11 than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [Exeunt.

11 A woodman is a hunter; here the word is used for one who hunts female game; the usage having perhaps sprung from the consonance of dear and deer. See page 101, note 6.
Scene IV.

A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that;—to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit\(^1\)

As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. — [Exit Escalus.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,\(^2\)

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforced

The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

---

\(^1\) Sort, here, is rank; a sense in which Shakespeare uses the word repeatedly. — In the feudal times all vassals were bound to be always ready to attend and serve their superior lord, when summoned either to his courts or to his standard. This was called suit-service; and such appears to be the intention of suit in the text.

\(^2\) Unpregnant here is the opposite of pregnant as explained, page 132, note 4; unprepared or at a loss.
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no; 3
For my authority bears so credent bulk, 4
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right,—we would, and we would not! [Exit.

SCENE V. — Fields without the Town.

Enter the Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me: [Giving letters.
The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench 1 from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius’ house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [Exit.

8 Reason warns or challenges her not to do it, cries no to her whenever
she is moved to do it. The phrase is somewhat strange; but the Poet else-
where uses dare in a similar way, and a like use of no is not uncommon. So
Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Chances, iii. 4: "I wear a sword to satisfy
the world no," that is, to satisfy the world 'tis not so. And in A Wife for a
Month: "I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him no;" that is, plainly,
charged him not to do it.

4 My authority carries such a strength of credibility, or a force so great
for inspiring belief or confidence. A very peculiar use of credent.—Par-
ticular, in the next line, means private.

1 To blench is to start or fly off.
Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — Street near the City-gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth: I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I'm advised to do it; He says, to 'vailful purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may have such vantage on the Duke, He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded; The generous and gravest citizens Have hent the gates, and very near upon The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [Exeunt.

To speak indirectly here means to speak falsely or untruly. Indirection bears the same sense in Hamlet, ii. 1: "And thus do we by indirections find directions out."

The force of the superlative in gravest here is meant to retroact on generous, which is used withal in its Latin sense, well-born: noblest and gravest. The Poet has many instances of like construction. So in The Merchant, iii. 2: "The best condition'd and unwearied spirit." Here the superlative in best is continued over unwearied in the sense of most.

To hent is to seize or take possession of.
ACT V.

SCENE I. — A public Place near the City-gate.

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and Friar Peter, behind. Enter, from one side, the Duke in his own habit, Varrius, Lords; from the other, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, the Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met: — Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We've made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield forth to you public thanks, Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds¹ still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it, To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves, with characters of brass, A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time And razeure of oblivion. Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courteses would fain proclaim Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus; You must walk by us on our other hand: — And good supporters are you.

¹ Bonds in the sense of obligations. Shakespeare repeatedly uses it thus.
Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the Devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice, —

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. — And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not strange and strange?


Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:

2 Vail is cast down or let fall. A common use of the word in the Poet's time.
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal Prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, — as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
Not hide the false seems true.

8 Conjure had the accent indifferently on the first or second syllable, whether used in the sense of earnestly entreat or of practising magic. See vol. i. page 136, note 1.

4 Characts is merely a shortened form of characters; here meaning badges or marks of honour.

6 Here for has the force of because or on account of. See page 150, note 6. — Inequality refers, I think, to the different rank, or condition, of the persons concerned; though it is commonly explained otherwise, — apparent inconsistency of speech.

6 That is, the falsehood which seems true.
SCENE I. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 225

Duke. Many that are not mad Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, Condemn'd upon the act of fornication To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo: I, in probation of a sisterhood, Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio As then the messenger, —

Lucio. That's I, ain't like 7 your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale, —

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time. — Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy, —

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.


7 Like for please; a frequent usage. See vol. i. page 222, note 3.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate,
My sisterly remorse confutes\(^8\) mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most like!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond\(^9\) wretch, thou know'st not what
thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice.\(^{10}\) First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessèd ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

\(^8\) Remorse is pity or compassion. See page 163, note 3.—Confutes is overcomes.—Concupiscible, second line before, is an instance of the passive form with the active sense; concupiscent. See vol. v. page 223, note 3.

\(^9\) Fond is foolish or silly; generally used so in the Poet's time.

\(^{10}\) Practice here means stratagem or conspiracy. So again a little after: "This needs must be practice."
SCENE I. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

In countenance! — Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong’d, hence unbelievèd go!

Duke. I know you’d fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be practice.—
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; ’tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! ’tis a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. 
Bless’d be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. 
We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,!

11 Countenance for specious appearance, well-acted hypocrisy.
12 Temporary meddler probably means one prone to meddle with temporal affairs; as some monks were said to be, notwithstanding their solemn renunciation of the world.
As he’s reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended ’gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenssoever he’s convented. First, for this woman,—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,—
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let’s hear it.—

[Isabella is carried off guarded;
and Mariana comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I’ll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

13 Convented is summoned or called to account; brought face to face with his accusers.
14 Vulgarly here means publicly; a classical use of the word.
15 Impartial in the etymological sense of taking no part; neutral. See vol. i. page 79, note 1.
SCENE I.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  229

Mari.  No, my lord.
Duke.  Are you a maid?
Mari.  No, my lord.
Duke.  A widow, then?
Mari.  Neither, my lord.
Duke.  Why, you
Are nothing, then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?
Lucio.  My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke.  Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.
Lucio.  Well, my lord.
Mari.  My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.
Lucio.  He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no
better.
Duke.  For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so
too!
Lucio.  Well, my lord.
Duke.  This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari.  Now I come to't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all th' effect of love.
Ang.  Charges she more than me?
Mari.  Not that I know.
Duke.  No? you say your husband.
Mari.  Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knew Isabel's.
Ang. This is a strange abuse. — Let’s see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. —

[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow’d contract,
Was fast belock’d in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promisèd proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man’s wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

16 Abuse for deception or imposture; the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare’s time.
17 A garden-house is much the same as what we call a summer-house. Such houses were common in the suburban gardens of London, and were often used as places of intrigue and clandestine meeting.
18 Probably meaning, her fortune which was promised to be proportionable to his own. — Composition is agreement, contract.
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

_Ang._ I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

_Duke._ Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compâct with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

_Fri. P._ Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

_Duke._ Go do it instantly.—[Exit Provost.

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19 Informal was used of crazy persons; that is, persons whose minds were out of form. See vol. i. page 137, note 7; also vol. v. page 184, note 19.

20 Seal'd in approbation is the same in sense as having a ratified approval or a certified attestation; or as being proved beyond question. The sealing of a bond or contract is that which finishes it, or gives it full force and validity.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, 21
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

_Escal._ My lord, we'll do it throughly. — [Exit Duke.
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodo-
wick to be a dishonest person?

_Lucio._ Cucullus non facit monachum: 22 honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villain-
ous speeches of the Duke.

_Escal._ We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a not-
able fellow.

_Lucio._ As any in Vienna, on my word.

_Escal._ Call that same Isabel here once again: I would
speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.] — Pray you, my lord,
give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

_Lucio._ Not better than he, by her own report.

_Escal._ Say you?

_Lucio._ Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately,
she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be
ashamed.

_Escal._ I will go darkly to work with her.

_Lucio._ That's the way; for women are light at mid-
night. 23

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21 "To hear this matter out," or to the end. A frequent use of forth.
22 A cowl does not make a monk." A proverbial saying, used again in
Twelfth Night, i. 5, where the application of it is, "wearing a Fool's dress
does not make the wearer a fool."
23 This is well explained in The Merchant, v. 1, where Portia says, "Let
me give light, but let me not be light; for a light wife doth make a heavy
husband."
RE-ENTER OFFICERS WITH ISABELLA.

EscaL. [To Isab.] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

EscaL. In very good time:—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Re-enter the Duke disguised as a Friar, and the Provost.

EscaL. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

EscaL. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the Devil be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! 24—Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

EscaL. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

EscaL. Why, thou un reverence and unhallow'd friar, Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

24 I am not quite clear whether the meaning here is, that the Devil should, or that he should not, be sometimes honoured for the sake of his regal fiery seat. What follows seems to infer the latter: if so, then "Respect to your great place!" is spoken with a tone of contempt, such as implies a strong negative.
T' accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence; to th' rack with him!—We'll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.
What, he unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this State
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

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25 To touse is to pull, pluck, or tear to pieces. Kindred in sense, and probably in origin, to tease; used of carding wool.—In “joint by joint,” the first joint is a dissyllable; as often fire, hour, &c., and sometimes hear, year, &c.

26 Not subject to the ecclesiastical authorities of this province. The word was thus applied to a given circuit of spiritual jurisdiction.

27 A stew, as the word is here used, is, properly, a brothel or house of prostitution. And there is a comparison implied between such a house and a cauldron, like that of the Weird Sisters in Macbeth, in which the hell-broth or devil-soup of corruption bubbles and foams, till the cauldron boils over, and floods the surroundings.

28 Barbers' shops were much resorted to as places for lounging and loa-
ing. To keep some sort of order, and perhaps to promote drinking, (for barbers often kept drinks on sale,) a list of petty fines or forfeits was hung up for such and such disorders. These forfeits would naturally cause more mirth than fear, or be more mocked than marked, inasmuch as the barbers had no power to enforce them, and the incurring of them was apt to occasion sport.—Kenrick, in his review of Johnson's Shakespeare, gave sundry specimens of these forfeits from memory, as he claimed to have seen them in a barber's shop in Yorkshire. I subjoin two of them:
SCENE I. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 235

_Escal._ Slander to the State! — Away with him to prison!
_Ang._ What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?
_Lucio._ 'Tis he, my lord. — Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?
_Duke._ I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.
_Lucio._ O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?
_Duke._ Most notably, sir.
_Lucio._ Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
_Duke._ You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.
_Lucio._ O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?
_Duke._ I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.
_Ang._ Hark, how the villain would gloze 29 now, after his treasonable abuses!
_Escal._ Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal. — Away with him to prison! — Where is the Provost? — Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglets 30 too, and with the other confederate companion! [_The Provost lays hands on the Duke."

Who checks the barber in his tale
Must pay for each his pot of ale.
And he who can, or will, not pay,
Shall hence be sent half-trimm'd away;
And, will-he, nill-he, if in fault,
He forfeit must, in meal or malt.

29 To _glose_, or to _gloss_, is, properly, to _explain_, hence to _gloss over, palliate_, or _explain away_: here it carries the further sense of to _cajole_, to _flatter_, or to _fawn_. _Glossary_ is from the same root.
30 _Giglets_ or _giglots_ is _jades_ or _wantons_. So in Cole's _Dictionary_: "A Giglet, _femina petulans_". Also in Cotgrave: "A Giggle or Gigglet, _Gadrouillette_" — "Gadrouillette, a _minx, giggle, flirt, cavalier_."
Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.


Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a box to you! show your sheep-biting\textsuperscript{31} face, and be hang'd an hour!\textsuperscript{32} Will't not off? \textit{[Pulls off the friar's-hood and discovers the Duke.}.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke. — First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three. — \textit{[To Lucio.]} Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you Must have a word anon. — Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. \textit{[To Escalus.]} What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. — \textit{[To Angelo.]} Sir, by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office?\textsuperscript{33} If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your Grace, like power Divine, Hath look'd upon my passes.\textsuperscript{34} Then, good Prince,

\textsuperscript{31} Sheep-biting is an old term of abuse or reproach, probably meaning slanderous, censorious, or back-biting. See vol. v. page 179, note 2.

\textsuperscript{32} "Be hang'd an hour," and "be curst awhile," were petty imprecations; \textit{an hour} and \textit{awhile} being mainly expletive. See vol. v. page 9, note 8.

\textsuperscript{33} That is, \textit{serve thy cause}, or do thee service. \textit{Office} in the Latin sense. The Poet has it repeatedly so. Also the verb to \textit{office}.

\textsuperscript{34} Passes is probably put for \textit{trespasses}; though sometimes explained artifal devices, deceitful contrivances, and courses. Shakespeare has, I think, no other like instance of the word. Perhaps we should take it as meaning, simply, "what I have done," or "the things of my past."
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession: 35
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

_Duke._ Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e’er contracted to this woman?

_Ang._ I was, my lord.

_Duke._ Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate, 36
Return him here again.—Go with him, Provost.

_[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost._

_Escal._ My lord, I’m more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it. 37

_Duke._ Come hither, Isabel.

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Adverting 38 and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney’d at your service.

_Isab._ O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ’d and pain’d
Your unknown Sovereignty!

_Duke._ You’re pardon’d, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother’s death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,

---

35 That is, “let my own confession give me up to punishment without a trial.” The Poet has many similar inversions.

36 Which (the marriage) being consummated. The Poet has many such shortened preterites; as situate, consecrate, suffocate, &c.

37 The meaning seems to be, “the strangeness of his dishonour is not, to me, the most amazing part of it”; alluding, perhaps, to the stranger methods by which Angelo’s exposure has been effected.

38 Advertising here means, no doubt, instructing or counselling; much the same as attorney’d, second line after. A like use of the word occurs in the first scene of this play: “I do bend my speech to one that can my part in him advertise.” See page 134, note 9.
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance\textsuperscript{30} of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd\textsuperscript{40} my purpose: but, God's peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

\textit{Isab.} I do, my lord.

\textbf{Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and the Provost.}

\textit{Duke.} For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt\textsuperscript{41} imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal in double violation
Of sacred chastity and in promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,\textsuperscript{42}
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,\textsuperscript{43}

\textsuperscript{30} Remonstrance for \textit{demonstration, display, or exhibition}; a common usage of the Poet's time. So in Hooker, iii. 7, 8: "Heresy prevaieth only by a counterfeit show of reason; whereby notwithstanding it becometh invincible, unless it be convicted of fraud by manifest \textit{remonstrance} clearly true and unable to be withstood."

\textsuperscript{40} To \textit{brain} for to \textit{kill} or to \textit{knock out the brains}. So in \textit{The Tempest}, iii. 2: "Then thou mayst \textit{brain} him." And in \textit{i Henry IV.}, ii. 3: "Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could \textit{brain} him with his lady's fan."

\textsuperscript{41} \textit{Salt}, here, is \textit{lustful} or \textit{lecherous}. So in \textit{Othello}, ii. 1: "For the better compassing of his \textit{salt} and most hidden-loose affection." Also in \textit{Timon of Athens}, iv. 3: "Make use of thy \textit{salt} hours: season the slaves for tubs."

\textsuperscript{42} The language is somewhat obscure. The meaning is, "in breaking the promise of pardon to your brother, which promise was conditioned or made dependent upon his violation of your honour." "Being criminal \textit{in double}" means "being doubly criminal in." Many like inversions.

\textsuperscript{43} That is, the language of his own mouth, or the utterance of his own
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.—
Then, Angelo, thy fault, thus manifested,
Which though thou wouldst 44 deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour.—
Away with him to death!—[To Lucio.] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:

44 Wouldst for shouldst. The auxiliaries could, should, and would were continually used as equivalents in the Poet's time.—Quit, second line before, is requite, repay, or return. Shakespeare often has it so.
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: 45 so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. [Kneeling.] Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: 46 thoughts are no subjects,

45 On the principle, perhaps, that Nature or Providence often uses men's vices to scourge down their pride. So in Alf's Well, iv. 3: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not." Hooker has a like thought in one of his sermons: "What is virtue but a medicine, and vice but a wound? Yet we have so often deeply wounded ourselves with medicines, that God hath been fain to make wounds medicinal; to cure by vice where virtue hath stricken. I am not afraid to affirm it boldly, with St. Augustine, that men puffed up through a proud opinion of their own sanctity and holiness, receive a benefit at the hands of God, and are assisted with His grace, when with His grace they are not assisted, but permitted, and that grievously, to transgress; whereby, as they were in over-great liking of themselves supplanted, so the dislike of that which did supplant them may establish them afterwards the surer."

46 Like the traveller who dies on his journey, is obscurely buried by strangers, and is thought of no more.
Scene I. Measure for Measure.

Intents but merely thoughts.

_Mari._ Merely, my lord.

_Duke._ Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—

I have bethought me of another fault. —

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

_Prov._ It was commanded so.

_Duke._ Had you a special warrant for the deed?

_Prov._ No, my good lord; it was by private message.

_Duke._ For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

_Prov._ Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice: 47
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

_Duke._ What's he?

_Prov._ His name is Barnardine.

_Duke._ I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [Exit Provost.

_Escal._ I'm sorry, one so learn'd and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in th' heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

_Ang._ I'm sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

47 "After more advice" is on further consideration. The Poet uses advice repeatedly in this way. See vol. iii. page 208, note 1.
Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.— Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul, That apprehends no further than this world, And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd: But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all; 48 And pray thee take this mercy to provide For better times to come. — Friar, advise him; I leave him to your hand. — What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved, Who should have died when Claudio lost his head; As like almost to Claudio as himself. [Unmuffles Claudio.

Duke. [To Isab.] If he be like your brother, for his sake Then is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake, Give me your hand, and say you will be mine, He is my brother too: but fitter time for that. By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe; Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. — Well, Angelo, your evil quits 49 you well: Look that you love your wife; her worth work yours! 50 — I find an apt remission 51 in myself; And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon. — [To Lucio.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

48 Quit, here, is acquit, that is, release or discharge; a frequent usage. See vol. iv. page 124, note 29; also vol. v. page 53, note 2.

49 Here, again, quits is requites or revenges. See page 239, note 44.

50 Meaning, apparently, "May her virtue call forth, kindle, or develop an answering virtue in you!"

51 "Apt remission" probably means aptness or inclination to remit offences; that is, to pardon them.
Wherein have I deservèd so of you,
That you extol me thus?

_Lucio._ Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick.\(^{52}\)
If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipp'd.

_Duke._ Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after. —
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow, —
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child, — let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

_Lucio._ I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your Highness said even now, I made you a duke:
good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

_Duke._ Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. — Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

_Lucio._ Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping, and hanging.

_Duke._ Slandering a prince deserves it. —

_[Exeunt Officers with Lucio._

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. —
Joy to you, Mariana! — Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue. —
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.\(^{53}\) —
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place. —

\(^{52}\) "After my custom, in the way of jest or course of sport."

\(^{53}\) More to be rejoiced at, or more worthy of gratulation.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. —
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.]
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 132. Then no more remains

But t' add sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work.—The original reads “then no more remains But that, to your sufficiency,” &c. All the modern editors, I believe, except Mr. White, agree that there is some textual corruption here; and several have supposed two half-lines to have dropped out in the transcribing or the printing. Various attempts have been made, to supply the missing words; but no two are of the same mind as to what they should be; and, as Dyce remarks, “it would require no great effort of conjecture to produce half-a-dozen ‘fire-new’ restorations of the passage quite as satisfactory as any yet proposed.” Mr. White not only thinks the text perfectly sound, but that, if we put a comma after that, and a dash on each side of “as your worth is able,” and take that as a demonstrative pronoun, and as referring to what precedes, the meaning becomes abundantly clear; yet I have to confess that his explanation made the passage darker to me than it was before. Reasons of logic, of grammar, and of prosody, have concurred in pressing upon me the reading given in the text. The construction, I think, naturally requires a verb after But; and the context seems also to require that sufficiency be taken in the sense of authority, that is, legal sufficiency; otherwise it is plainly tautological with worth and able. It would be quite in the Poet’s manner to omit to altogether, instead of eliding it,—“But add,” &c. So I suspect that t’ add or add was mistaken for that, and then the rest of the line sophisticated into some sort of verbal conformity, without much attention to the sense of the whole. It is hardly needful to observe how much the verse is re-dressed by thus getting two syllables out of it.—Able used as an epithet or predicate of worth seems hardly English. I more than suspect it should be ample; but, as a possible sense may be got from it, I do not venture to disturb it. See foot-note 3.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 133. Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee. — The original has they instead of them. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 134. To th' hopeful execution do I leave you

Of your commission. — So the second folio. The first has commissions. As the Duke seems to have finished his discourse to Escalus before Angelo came in, and as this speech seems wholly addressed to the latter, I think the singular is fairly required.

ACT I, SCENE 2.

P. 137. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to. — The original runs this speech in with the preceding. Corrected by Pope.


P. 138. Within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off. — So Capell. The old text has head instead of head's.

P. 140. Enter the Provost, Claudio, and Officers. — The original brings in Juliet among the others, and keeps her on the stage, apparently, to the end of the scene. I cannot persuade myself that Juliet was meant to be present during what follows. It is true, as Dyce urges, that Pompey has just said, "Here comes Signior Claudio; and there's Madam Juliet"; but still I think the difference of here and there may be fairly taken as reason enough for leaving Juliet off the stage. Pompey may be supposed to see her just as the others are entering and she is parting from them. Collier's second folio strikes out the name. — The original also begins a new scene here, "Scena Tertia"; though there is really no change of place, but only a change of persons.

P. 140. The sword of Heaven, — on whom it will, it will. — The old copies read "The words of Heaven." The correction is by Roberts, Provost of Eton, and is approved by Walker, and adopted by Dyce and Staunton.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 140. I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. — The original has mortality instead of morality. Corrected by Davenant in his Law against Lovers.

P. 141. This we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends. — It has been much doubted whether propagation could have been the Poet's word in this place. Mr. Grant White substitutes preservation. Others have proposed procuration, prorogation, and propugnation. But none of these changes, it seems to me, gives the proper meaning so well as propagation; which is that of increase or continuance. We may suppose that Julietta's dower was on interest in the keeping of her friends till an authorized marriage should give her a legal right to the use of it; or that the continuance or the increase of it was left dependent on the good-will of her relatives. Staunton suggests that, in the case of unmarried women, such guardianship may have been a great protection of their property against the feudal claims of wardship. See footnote 17.

P. 143. As well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, which I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost. — The old copies read "who I would be sorry," &c. Hamner made the change, and is followed by White; the latter remarking, "Shakespeare would not write 'the like which' and 'the life who' in the same sentence."

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 144. Where youth and cost and witless bravery keep. — The last and is wanting in the first folio. Supplied in the second.

P. 144. We have strict statutes and most biting laws, —

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, —

Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep. — The old copies have weedes instead of steeds, and slip instead of sleep. Steeds is Theobald's correction. Walker would read "headstrong wills." Theobald also substituted nineteen for fourteen; so as to make the passage accord with the "nineteen zodiacs" mentioned before. The
change of *slip* to *sleep* was made by Sir William Davenant in his *Law against Lovers*, which was composed partly from this play and partly from *Much Ado about Nothing*. Davenant, in his boyhood, had known Shakespeare, and was very prominent in dramatic business and workmanship after the Restoration. We shall meet with him in connection with other of the Poet's plays.

P. 144.  
*Now, as fond fathers,*  
_Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,*  
 Only to stick it in their children's sight  
_For terror, not to use, do find in time_*  
_The rod more mock'd than fear'd; &c._ — I here adopt, substantially, a reading proposed by Dr. Badham in *Cambridge Essays*, 1856. Instead of the words _do find_, Pope supplied *Becomes* at the beginning of the next line, and his reading has been commonly adopted. So Dr. Badham proposes to insert _will find_ where I read _do find_. And he justly observes that Pope's reading "introduces the awkwardness of a nominative without any verb."

P. 145.  
*When evil deeds have their permissive pass,*  
_And not their punishment._ — So Dyce. The old text has "And not the punishment._"

P. 145.  
*Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,*  
_And yet my nature never in the fight,*  
_To do in slander._ — So the old copies. Pope changed _fight_ to _sight_, and Hanmer reads "do it slander." Dyce, who, with some others, accepts both changes, pronounces the old reading "manifestly corrupt." But I can by no means see it so; and whatever difficulties the original text may have, they do not seem to me at all removed by the changes. And though, as Dyce says, "strictly speaking, no fight is in question," still I cannot quite put off the feeling, that the words _ambush_ and _strike home_ do smack somewhat in favour of _fight_, as marking a certain sympathy and harmony of language and imagery. For the rest, see foot-note 5.

P. 145.  
*How I may formally in person bear me*  
_Like a true friar._ — The old copies omit *me*. Added by Capell, and plainly needful to the sense.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 147. *Sir, make me not your scorn.* — So Davenant and Collier's second folio. The original has *storie* instead of *scorn*.

P. 147. *As blossoming-time,*

*That from the seedness the bare fallow brings*

*To teeming poison.* — I do not, myself, see any great difficulty here, though, to be sure, *seedness* is used in a manner somewhat peculiar. Several changes have been made or proposed; among them, the following by Dr. Wagner: "As blossoming-time, That *forms* the *seed, next* the bare," &c. See foot-note 3.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 150. *Or that the resolute acting of your blood.* — The original has *our* instead of *your*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 150. *Whether you had not sometime in your life*

*Err'd in this point where now you censure him.* — So White. Instead of *where*, the old text has *which*; a reading defensible perhaps, but hardly, while such misprints are frequent.

P. 151. *Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!*

*Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;*

*Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;*

*And some condemned for a fault alone.* — This is, to me, one of the most perplexing passages in Shakespeare; and I am quite unable to work my mind out of suspense concerning it. I strongly suspect the two couplets to be an interpolation, or at least the work of some other hand than Shakespeare's. The original prints the second line in Italic type, as if to mark it either as a quotation or as a proverbial saying. The original also reads "brakes of *Ice,*" and here lies the *crux.* "Brakes of *vice*" is Rowe's correction, and is commonly received: though I feel constrained to let it stand as a sort of provisional reading, still I have not found, nor can I give, any clear and conclusive explanation of it. The best I have been able to do in this line is set forth in foot-note 8. The old reading has been generally held to be altogether out of court, until, recently, Dr. C. M. Ingleby adduced
some apparently just and probable reason for thinking it may be right, after all. He quotes from Chapman two instances of the word brake used certainly in a very peculiar way, and where the meaning appears to be such as may cohere with ice so as to yield a fitting and intelligible sense. The two plays from which he quotes were published, respectively, in 1607 and 1608. In *Bussy D'Ambois*, i. i, we have the following:

Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my looks
In an eternal brake, or practise juggling,
To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose.

Dr. Ingleby regards the two phrases, "set my looks in an eternal brake," and "keep my face still fast," as equivalent, or as meaning the same thing; so that "to set any thing in a brake is to keep it fast and fixed." In other words, "brake is here a fixed form." Again, in *Byron's Tragedy*, iv. i, we have Byron and his friend D'Auvergne commenting as follows on the estranged and averted looks of the courtiers, after he (Byron) has incurred the displeasure of the King:

\[ \text{D'Au.} \text{ See, see, not one of them will cast a glance} \]
\[ \text{At our eclipsèd faces.} \]
\[ \text{Byron.} \text{ They keep all} \]
\[ \text{To cast in admiration on the King;} \]
\[ \text{For from his face are all their faces moulded.} \]
\[ \text{D'Au.} \text{ But, when a change comes, we shall see them all} \]
\[ \text{Changed into water, that will instantly} \]
\[ \text{Give look for look, as if they watch'd to greet us;} \]
\[ \text{Or else for one they'll give us twenty faces.} \]
\[ \text{Byron.} \text{ Is't not an easy loss to lose their looks} \]
\[ \text{Whose hearts so soon are melted?} \]
\[ \text{D'Au.} \text{ But, methinks,} \]
\[ \text{Being courtiers, they should cast best looks on men} \]
\[ \text{When they thought worst of them.} \]
\[ \text{Byron.} \text{ O no, my lord,} \]
\[ \text{They ne'er dissemble but for some advantage;} \]
\[ \text{They sell their looks and shadows, which they rate} \]
\[ \text{After their markets kept beneath the State;} \]
\[ \text{Lord, what foul weather their aspècts do threaten!} \]
\[ \text{See in how grave a brake he sets his visage:} \]
\[ \text{Passion of nothing, see, an excellent gesture!} \]
\[ \text{Now courtship goes a-ditching in their foreheads,} \]
\[ \text{And we are fall'n into those dismal ditches.} \]

Upon this, Dr. Ingleby comments thus: "Here we have the people's faces set in brakes, which, as soon as their hearts are melted, thaw too, and change into water. What are these but 'brakes of ice'? What
do such faces but 'run from brakes of ice,' and turn to water, which

CRITICAL NOTES.

can take any shape?" — Chapman's words and metaphors often seem
thrown off rather loosely, and sometimes almost at random; but here
we have brake in a sense that draws in apparent harmony with ice.
And as the general meaning of the text is, that some get off with im-
punity from a long course of crime, while others are severely punished
for a single fault; so brakes of ice may possibly mean fixed, confirmed,
and, so to speak, chrystallized or congealed forms of sin, or criminal
propensities consolidated into character. And if brake was thus used
to signify a thing that might consist of solidified water, it is intelligible
that, when the time of melting came, the ice should run off as water,
in which form its identity would elude perception; so that the water
could not be held to answer for what was done by the cakes of ice.
Yet, with all this explanation, the metaphor seems to me so harsh and
strained, that I still hold back from affirming the genuineness of the
old text; this, too, notwithstanding the difficulties that beset the read-
ing commonly received.

P. 159. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house
in it after three-pence a bay. — Pope and Collier's second folio sub-
titute day for bay. The change is plausible: but, if the Poet had written
day, would he not have used at instead of after? Dyce supports the
old reading by quoting from Parker's Concise Glossary of Architecture:
"Bay, a principal compartment or division in the architectural arrange-
ment of a building, marked either by the buttresses or pilasters on the
walls, by the disposition of the main ribs of the vaulting of the interior,
by the main arches and pillars, the principals of the roof, or by any
other leading features that separate it into corresponding portions." See,
also, foot-note 24.

P. 159. I thought, by your readiness in the office, &c.— "By the
readiness" in the old copies. Pope's correction.

ACT II., SCENE 2.


Ang. Stay a little while.—

[To Isab.] You're welcome; what's your will? — I here
adopt the reading and arrangement proposed by Walker. The origi-

nal omits God at the beginning of the Provost's speech. As the name
is fairly required both by the sense and the verse, Walker justly sets this down among the instances where it was stricken out in pursuance of the well-known statute against profaneness.

P. 162. *To fine the fault, whose fine stands in record.* — The old copies having *fault* instead of *fault*. The context amply justifies the change; and Walker abundantly shows that no misprint is more frequent in the old copies than that of singulars and plurals for each other.

P. 163. *But you might do't, and do the world no wrong.* — The original transposes, thus, "But *might you* do't." Corrected by Walker, so as to accord with Isabella's second speech before.

P. 163. *Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,*

*May call it back again.* — Back, wanting in the first folio, was added in the second.

P. 164. *If that the first that did th' edict infringe*  

_Had answer'd for his deed._ — So Walker; the old copies, "If the first that did," &c. As a syllable is here wanting to the metre, Pope reads "If the first *man*"; White, "If *but* the first." I prefer Walker's reading, as more in the Poet's manner.

P. 164.  

*That shows what future evils,* —  

_Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,*  

_And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,* —  

_Are now to have no successive degrees,*  

_But, ere they live, to end._ — The old copies have *now* instead of *new*, and *here* instead of *ere*. The first change was made by Pope; the second by Hanmer, and also in Collier's second folio. Both changes are approved by Walker. Instead of *ere*, Lettsom prefers Malone's *where*.

P. 165.  

*O, 'tis excellent*  

_To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous,*  

_To use it like a giant._ — So, Dyce says, "most probably Shake- speare wrote." The original reads "O, _it_ is excellent," and "but _it_ is tyrannous"; thus defacing the verse in both lines, without helping the sense. The reading *'tis* is Pope's; the omission of the second _it_ is, Hanmer's.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 165. Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'tst the unweedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority, &c. — In the third of these
lines we have a defect of metre where I can hardly think any defect
was meant. To fill up the verse, the second folio printed "O, but
man"; which does not indeed sound right; yet my ear will have it
that something has dropped out. Perhaps "but a man." Or would
this make the speech too pointed?

P. 166. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints. — So Warburton and Collier's
second folio. Instead of yourself, the original has ourself, which I can
hardly strain to any congruent sense. See foot-note 12.

P. 167. Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. God save your Honour! —
Here, again, the original omits God, probably for the same reason as
that mentioned in the first of the Critical Notes on this scene. Yet,
in Isabella's second speech above, we have "Heaven keep your
Honour safe!" By comparing the quartos of such plays as were
printed in that form with the folio copies, we learn that sometimes
God was simply erased, and sometimes Heaven substituted.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 169. Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. — The original has flawes instead of
flames. Corrected from Davenant. We have many instances of m
and w misprinted for each other.

P. 170. Showing we would not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear. — Collier's second folio substitutes
serve for spare. The change is at least plausible, as, in the preceding
scene, we have "shall we serve Heaven with less respect," &c. Pope
reads "would not seek Heaven." It seems not unlikely that the text
is corrupt: see, however, foot-note 3.

P. 170. God's grace go with you! — So Walker. Another instance
of the same thing mentioned in the third note above. — The original
runs this speech in with the one that precedes and the one that follows, assigning all to the Duke, from "There rest" down to "Benedicite," inclusive. Ritson has the merit of the correction.

P. 170. \textit{O injurious law,} 
\textit{That respite me a life.} — So Hanmer. The original has \textit{love} instead of \textit{law}. A correction so obvious and so necessary as hardly to deserve mention.

\textbf{ACT II., SCENE 4.}

P. 171. \textit{Heaven hath my empty words;} 
\textit{Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,} 
\textit{Anchors on Isabel.} — So Pope. The old text has \textit{invention} which is retained by some, on the ground that Shakespeare elsewhere uses \textit{invention} for \textit{imagination}. But that reason, I think, will hardly hold in this case. Angelo is referring, apparently, to the direction of his mind, and not to the working of any particular faculty.

P. 171. \textit{Grown sere and tedious.} — Most copies of the first folio have \textit{feard}, while one, it appears, has \textit{sard}. A curious fact, if such it be, as showing that some corrections were made while the sheets were going through the press. I print as proposed by Heath, who comments on the passage thus: "Sear'd, which Mr. Warburton hath substituted in the place of the old corrupt reading, fear'd, signifies scorched, not old, as he is pleased to interpret it. He should have carried his correction a little further, and given us sear or sere, which indeed signifies dry, and, by a metaphor, old." — The Poet probably wrote seare; and sord or feard is no doubt one of the frequent instances of final \textit{d} and final \textit{e} confounded.


P. 173. \textit{Ay, say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.} — The original lacks \textit{Ay} at the beginning of this line. Pope reads "And say you so?" — "rightly perhaps," says Dyce. But my ear, or some other organ, rebels against \textit{and} here.
P. 173. Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him, &c.—The original has and instead of or. Corrected from Davenant.

P. 174. Either you're ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.—The original has crafty. Corrected from Davenant.

P. 174. As these black masks
Proclaim and ensheild beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. But mark you me; &c.—The old text reads "But mark me." Hanmer, to fill out the verse, printed "mark me well." This jars on my ear; it completes the verse indeed, but well seems put there for that purpose: you completes the verse equally well without so seeming.

P. 175. Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law.—The original has all-building, which is surely wrong. Johnson has all-binding, and ascribes the reading to Theobald. Rowe reads all-holding, which gives the same sense.

P. 175. You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer.—So the original, except that it has to before let. This both overfills the verse and upsets the grammar. Yet both Dyce and Mr. White, to my surprise, read "To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer."

P. 175. And strip myself to death, as to a bed,
That long I had been sick for.—The original reads "That longing have bin sick for." The more common reading is, "That longing I've been sick for." Lettsom notes upon the passage as follows: "I cannot think that any writer, in any stage of our language, would have written 'I longing,' or 'longing I have been sick for a thing.' I would read 'That long I had been sick for.'" Dyce prints as in the text.

P. 175. Lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.—Here the original ends the first line with mercie, sets is at the beginning of the next line, and has kin instead of akin. Steevens reads as in the text, and the reading and arrangement are strongly approved by Walker. Dyce adopts it.
P. 176. *If not a sedary but only he*

*Owe and succeed this weakness.* — The original reads “succeed thy weakness”; which is to me utterly unintelligible. The correction is Malone’s, and is also made in a copy of the first folio belonging to Lord Ellesmere. It puts the matter right. See foot-note 12.

P. 177. *Or with an outstretch’d throat I’ll tell the world*

*What man thou art.*

Ang. *Who will believe thee, Isabel?* — The original has aloud at the end of the first line. Dyce notes as follows: “None of the editors, I believe, have thrown out this word: but is it not an interpolation?” I am satisfied that it is, for both sense and metre cry out aloud against it.

P. 178. *Did I tell this,*

*Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,*

*That bear in them one and the self-same tongue.* — Theobald printed “O most perilous mouths.” Walker approves “O pernicious mouths,” which he seems to have either found or imagined in some edition.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 179. *A breath thou art,*

*Servile to all the skyey influences*

*That do this habitation, where thou keep’st,*

*Hourly affickt.* — The old copies read “That dos’t this habitation,” &c. There has been no little controversy as to whether breath or influences should be taken as the subject of affickt; the former requiring dost, the latter do. I can but say, that taking breath as the subject of affickt seems to me to make the passage stark nonsense: for what else is it to say that the breath afflicts the body of which it is the life?

P. 180. *For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,*

*After the Moon.* — The original has effects instead of affects, which is Johnson’s correction. Effects gives, I think, a wrong sense, if indeed it gives any sense at all. Shakespeare repeatedly uses affects in the sense here required; and the old editions misprint effects for affects in several other places. See foot-note 4.
P. 180. Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee.—So Pope. The old copies read
"And death unloads thee." Is it likely that the Poet here intended a
halt in the metre, or what some one calls "an elegant retardation"?

P. 180. For all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld.—The word aged is, to say the least, suspicious,
as having no apparent relation to the context. Various changes have
been proposed, but none of them seems to fit the place any better.
Perhaps it should be gaged; a word which the Poet uses repeatedly,
both noun and verb, in the sense of to pledge, or to put in pawn; and
we all know how apt the young are to pawn their youth to hoary avar-
ice for the means of present indulgence. See, however, foot-note 6.

P. 180. What's in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.—The original, and, I believe,
all other editions till Dyce's, read "What's yet in this," &c. The yet
there overfills the verse, rather mars than helps the sense, and no doubt
crept in by mistake, from the same word occurring in the two following
lines.

P. 181. Duke. Dear son, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.—Instead of "Dear
son," the original has "Deere sir"; sir having doubtless got repeated
from the next speech. Son was proposed by Mason, who justly re-
marks that elsewhere the Duke always addresses Claudio and Isabella
as son and daughter.

P. 181. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
Conceal'd.—The original makes an absurd transposition here,
thus: "Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd." The correction is due to Steevens.

P. 181. Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
—Such is the common reading and arrangement here; making the
second line an Alexandrine, to be sure; but the Poet has such repeatedly in this play. Dyce prints thus:

Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

This, without really helping the metre of the first line, quite upsets that of the second, turning all the feet into Trochees, except the last, which is an Amphimacer. 'I suspect we ought to read and arrange:

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all
Our comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

P. 183. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth o' the head, and fowles doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl— is yet a devil.—Instead of enew, the old copies have emmew. This was indeed much used as a term in falconry, the custom being to mew up or emmew hawks, and take special care of them, during the critical period of casting their feathers or moulting. But it does not appear that a falcon was ever said to mew up or emmew the fowl; and indeed to speak of a hawk as putting its prey in a mew, would be very strange. So that emmew appears unsuited to the context, and in fact can hardly be made to yield a sense coherent with the words, "as falcon doth the fowl." The reading enew was proposed by Keightley, in his Shakespeare Expositor, who, however, left the word unexplained; which defect has been amply supplied by a writer in The Edinburgh Review, October, 1872. It is there shown conclusively that the word, variously spelt enew, ineaw, and eneaw, was in common use as a technical term in aquatic falconry, to denote the act of a hawk in driving the fowl back to the water, and forcing it to take refuge in diving. The learned writer quotes abundantly from Drayton, Turberville, and other old books, and indeed leaves nothing to be desired touching either the use or the meaning of the word. I can do no sort of justice to his quotations without filling too much space. See foot-note 14.

P. 184. Claud.

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of Hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards.—So Hanmer, fully approved by Walker. Instead of priestly, the first folio has prensie in both places, which was
changed to *princely* in the second. *Prensie* is no word at all, and
never was; and *princely* does not fit the context; while *priestly*
stands in right keeping all round. Of other readings proposed, Tieck's
*precise* untunes the verse. Singer reads *primzie*. I must add that
*priestly* is found also in Collier's second folio.

P. 185. *In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.* — So Rowe. The
old copies have *region* instead of *regions*. The occurrence of *floods*
just before, and of *winds* just after, both in the same construction,
seems fairly to require the plural. I have before noted that singulars
and plurals were very often misprinted for each other. So, further on
in the same speech, the original has "incertain thought," where
*thoughts* is plainly required.

P. 186. *Die, perish! might but my bending down.* — A gap in the
metre, after *perish*; unpleasant, and apparently misplaced. Pope
read "might my only bending down"; which is worse. Would it do
to read "Die, perish thou! might but," &c.?

P. 187. *Do not qualify your resolution with hopes that are fallible.*
— The original has *satisfy* instead of *qualify*. It does not appear that
the former was ever used in a sense at all suited to the occasion.
Hammer substituted *falsify*; but that, I think, expresses too much.
The meaning apparently wanted is *dilute, reduce, relax, or weaken*;
and the Poet has *qualify* repeatedly in this sense. So in *The Merchant*,
iv. 1: "Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify* his rigorous
course." Also in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "Time *qualifies* the spark and fire
of it." Also in *King Lear*, i. 2: "Till some little time hath *qualified*
the heat of his displeasure." And in *Othello*, ii. 3: "I have drunk
but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too."

P. 188. *Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her*
by oath.— The original has *She* instead of *Her*, and omits *by*. *Her* is
Pope's correction, and *by* was supplied in the second folio.

P. 189. *This being granted, in course now follows all.* — So Pope.
The original thrusts *and* in before *now*. Such a use of *and* is not
English, and, I think, never was.

P. 189. *The poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy*
foiled.— Instead of *foiled*, the old text has *scaled*, which has been
badly tormented in quest of sense. The very happy correction is Mr. White's.

P. 189. The maid will I frame and make fit for this attempt. — The original reads "fit for his attempt"; at which Walker exclaims "Papæ! this." The old copies have many clear instances of this misprinted his.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 190. And fur'd with fox on lamb-skins too. — The original has "fox and lamb-skins." The correction is Mason's.

P. 191. Fie, sirrah, fie! a bawd, a wicked bawd! — The old text lacks the second fie. Proposed by Dyce. It not only completes the verse, but better the sense.

P. 191. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free! — The original has the second line thus: "From our faults, as faults from seeming free." The second folio supplied Free at the beginning of the line; the other correction is Hanmer's.

P. 192. For putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? — The original omits it. Supplied by Pope.

P. 192. What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou to't? — The old text has "What say'st thou Trot? The correction is Grey's. Comment is needless.

P. 193. Then, Pompey? no, nor now. — So Walker. The old text reads "Then Pompey, nor now."

P. 193. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation. — So Pope, and modern editions generally. The original has "this downright way." Hardly worth noting, but that the Cambridge edition reverts to the old reading.

P. 194. He is a motion ungenerative; that's infallible. — So Theobald; a very happy correction of "motion generative." Collier's second folio has ingenerative, which means the same.
P. 194. A sly fellow was the Duke. — The old text has shy. Hanmer's happy correction.

P. 196. He's not past it yet; and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar. — So Hanmer. The original, “He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) he would,” &c.

P. 197. Novelty is only in request: and, as it is dangerous to be aged in any kind of course; as it is virtuous to be inconstant in any undertaking; there is scarce truth enough alive, &c. — The original reads “and as it is as dangerous,” has constant instead of inconstant, and puts a full stop after undertaking”; all which totally defeats the logic of the passage, and fairly knocks it into nonsense. Modern editions generally read “and it is as dangerous,” thus erasing as in the wrong place, and making as — as correlative; while, in truth, “as it is dangerous,” &c., and “as it is virtuous,” &c., are cumulative clauses, and run in the same construction. Staunton saw that constant was wrong. “Is it not plain,” says he, “the Poet wrote inconstant? What possible sense can be extracted from the passage as it stands?” But he does not appear to have seen that the wrong as had been retained.

P. 199. He who the sword of Heaven will bear, &c. — This and the twenty-one lines following are most certainly none of Shakespeare's work. Mr. White puts the argument so snugly and so pointedly, that it seems but right to quote him: “They are not interwoven with the scene or evolved from it, but appended to it, 'tacked on': they are entirely superfluous, having no dramatic purpose, and uttering no moral truth that has not had an infinitely better utterance before: their rhythmical expression is inconsistent with their sentiment and with the diction of the serious parts of this play: it was not in Shakespeare to stop the Duke, and set him off in this octosyllabic canter upon the same road which he had paced before with such severe and stately dignity.”

P. 199. How may likeness work, in crimes,—
Making practice on the times,—
To draw with idle spiders' strings, &c. — Instead of work, the old text has made, which I believe all agree in thinking to be corrupt. Malone proposed wade, which has been adopted by several editors.
Heath conjectured trade, which seems to me decidedly better than wade, as being more in lingual harmony with the plural, crimes; for we should say, properly, "wade in crime." Dr. Badham saw that some word was wanted, upon which the infinitive To draw might be rightly dependent, as I think it may upon work.—For Making, also, Malone conjectured Mocking, and Collier's second folio substitutes Masking; both of course turning the next word into a verb. As printed in the text, "Making practice on the times" is parenthetical. See footnote 27.

P. 199. So disguise shall, to th' disguised,

Pay with falsehood false exacting.—"Shall by th' disguised," is the old text, which Johnson explains, "So disguise shall, by means of a person disguised, return an injurious demand with a counterfeit person." Here disguise must refer to Isabella, and disguised to Mariana; whereas it seems that the former ought to refer to Mariana, who is to counterfeit the person of Isabella, and the latter to Angelo, who is all along disguised with hypocrisy. In order to give this latter sense, we have but to read "So disguise shall, to th' disguised, pay," &c.; and such, I have no doubt, is the right text. Upon the old reading as explained by Johnson, Dr. Badham remarks as follows: "There can be no doubt that the false exacting is Angelo, which was paid with falsehood, or by the substitution of Mariana for Isabella. But to say that disguise does this by means of a person disguised, is one of the strangest inversions of ordinary thought and language. The laws of antithesis require that, as disguise is the disguise of Mariana, the disguised shall be the hypocrite Angelo." Dr. Badham, therefore, would read "So disguise shall buy th' disguised." But I cannot see that this really helps the passage, or takes any of the darkness out of it.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 203. Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and oft have found it.—Here oft, so needful to the verse, is wanting in the old text. It was proposed by Staunton, and is adopted as according with what Mariana says earlier in this scene, referring to the Duke:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 203. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with their false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings.—The original has these instead of their, and
Quest instead of quests. The latter was corrected in the second folio; the
other correction is Hanmer's. Of course their refers to eyes, and
so it evidently should be.

P. 203. Thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams.—So Pope. The
original has escapes and dreame. The former correction is, of course,
for metre's sake.

P. 204. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.—The original has
Tithes instead of tilth's, which was proposed by Warburton, and adopted
by Hanmer. The correction is right undoubtedly, though the Cam-
bridge Editors retain the old reading.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 205. Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be
too little for your thief, &c.—The original assigns all this speech, after
"apparel fits your thief," to Pompey, who is there called Clown. That
obviously cuts Abhorson off from the "proof," or argument, which he
begins to spin. Hence some of the best editors, Dyce among them,
vary from the original so far as to assign the whole speech to Abhor-
son; though Dyce queries whether "something has not dropt out." Still
Abhorson's argument, supposing it to be his, does not seem very
relevant to the point of proving the hangman's occupation to be "a
mystery," that is, an art. The best solution of the difficulty that I have
met with is Heath's. See footnote 2.

P. 207. That wounds the unsisting postern.—It is curious to note
how many substitutes have been proposed for unsisting; unresisting,
unresting, unshifting, unlistening, resisting, unlisting, unfeeling, and
unwisting; all which leaves us no alternative but to fall back upon the
original word, with Blackstone's explanation. See foot-note 10.

P. 208. Pro. This is his lordship's man.
Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.—The original, in
manifest error, assigns what is here said by the Provost to the Duke,
and the Duke’s speech to the Provost. Corrected by Tyrwhitt. The old copies also have “his lords man.” But Lo. was often written for Lord, and Lord for Lordship; hence the erratum, probably. Corrected by Pope.

P. 211. Shave the head, and trim the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death.—The old copies read “and tie the beard.” Simpson proposed dye, which is adopted by White; and Mr. Swynfen Jervis, trim, which is adopted by Dyce as better according with bared. Dyce aptly quotes “the baring of my beard” from All’s Well that Ends Well, iv. 1.

P. 211. Letters of strange tenour; perchance of the Duke’s death; perchance of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ.—The original lacks of his before entering, and also here before writ. Dyce says that “perchance entering” most probably should be ‘perchance of his entering’; and Hanmer supplied here.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 215. A man of Claudio’s years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined.—The original reads “What if we do omit”; do being no doubt an interpolation. Omitted by Pope.

P. 215. Ere twice the Sun hath made his journal greeting
To th’ under generation.—So Hanmer; the original text being “To yond generation”: a correction made, says Johnson, “with true judgment.” See foot-note 5.

P. 216. By cold gradation and well-balanced form.—The original has weale-ballanc’d; an erratum too palpable, perhaps, to deserve notice. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 217. Mark what I say to you, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.—So Collier’s second folio. The original lacks to you. Pope filled out the verse by printing “you shall surely find.” Much inferior.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 217.  *If you can pace your wisdom*

*In that good path that I would wish it go,*

Then you shall have your bosom, &c. — The old copies read “And you shall have” instead of “Then you shall have.” Modern editions generally set a (,) after “If you can,” thus turning pace into an imperative verb; but that, it seems to me, makes the construction very awkward and un-English. Walker “believes that a line is lost after go.” Perhaps so; but the loss, if such it be, is irreparable. The change of And to Then removes, I think, all difficulties of sense and language. Is it a greater change, after all, than the substituting of an imperative for the original can pace? The Cambridge Editors propose still another reading, which may be right, and is certainly better than the common one:

*If you can pace your wisdom*

*In that good path that I would wish it go,*

*And you shall have your bosom, &c.*

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 220. *For my authority bears so credent bulk,*

*That no particular scandal once can touch,* &c. — So Dyce. The original reads “beares of a credent bulke”; which surely cannot be right. Various other changes have been made or proposed; but I think that in the text is the simplest in itself, and gives the clearest sense.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 220. *To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus.* — The original has Valentinus, which leaves one syllable wanting to the verse. Valentinus is Capell’s reading. Pope printed “Unto Valentinus.”

ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 221. *Yet I’m advised to do it;*

*He says, to vaillful purpose.* — Hanmer’s correction of vaile full, the original reading. Collier’s second folio makes the same change. Theobald has t’availlful.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 222. ACT V. SCENE 1. — *A public Place near the City-gate.* — I am all but certain that the fifth Act ought not to begin here, but with
the fifth scene of the preceding Act. Surely there is, in this place, no such pause in the action as to call for, or to justify, so marked a division as that between Act and Act. The business of this scene follows immediately upon that of the preceding scene: at any rate, there is no more than the ordinary pause, or lapse of time, between scene and scene. Near the close of iv. 3, the Duke makes his last appointments and gives his last directions for the final proceedings, the catastrophe, of the play. Then, in the scene following, iv. 4, Angelo and Escalus also make their final arrangements for meeting the Duke "at the gates" the next morning. Thereupon follows a pause of a whole night. In the next scene, iv. 5, the Duke is in "the fields without the town," and all the other parties are in their places; and thenceforward the action proceeds without any pause whatever, save for the requisite changes of scene. So that the Act-division clearly ought to be made there. — I do not know whether any one has remarked this; but I think it can hardly have escaped all the editors.

P. 222. Cannot but yield forth to you public thanks. — The old copies read "yield you forth to public thanks"; which, to say the least, is very strange English, as the Duke's meaning evidently is, to thank Angelo and Escalus publicly. White made the transposition.

P. 223. For that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me! — The original adds here, after "O, hear me"; an interpolation, no doubt, and probably thrust in by some one, to make the line end with an Iamb.

P. 223. Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, ten times strange. — The original reads "Nay it is ten times strange." Dyce notes it is as "an interpolation, in all probability."

P. 224. Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness. — The old copies read "As ere I heard," which is commonly printed "As e'er I heard." Singer explains As by that, and makes the preceding line parenthetical. Capell's happy change of ere to ne'er removes all difficulty.

P. 224. To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
Not hide the false seems true. — So Warburton and Mason. The old text has And instead of Not. I do not see how the former
can possibly be tormented into yielding a fitting sense: it gives just
the opposite of the sense plainly required.

P. 226. Duke. This is most like!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true! — The original
has “This is most likely.” The change is Lettsom’s; of course sug-
gested by like in the next line.

P. 227. This needs must be practice. — So Dyce; the original, “he
a practice,” to the damage alike of sense and metre. The omission of
a is further justified by “In hateful practice,” which occurs a little
before. See foot-note 10.

P. 227. Words against me! ’tis a good friar, belike! — “This’ a
good friar” is the reading of the original. Many like instances occur,
in some of which I believe no editor scruples the changing of this’ into
’tis.

P. 234. And then to glance from him
To th’ Duke himself, to tax him with injustice? —
Take him hence; to th’ rack with him! — We’ll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.
What, he unjust!
Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, &c. — In the fourth
of these lines, the old text reads “know his purpose,” which runs
quite at odds with “We’ll touse you.” The correction is from Collier’s
second folio. To make the language coherent, some would read
“We’ll touse him.” — In the fifth line, again, the old text lacks he.
The sense obviously wants it, and the verse cannot go without it. — In
the third line, the metre is all out of joint, so that the line cannot be
read rhythmically. It might be redressed by reading “Go take him
hence”; and so perhaps it should be.

P. 235. How the villain would gloze now, after his treasonable
abuses! — The old copies have “would close now,” which can hardly
be made to yield any intelligible meaning. It is something uncertain
to whom the credit of the happy correction belongs; as Dyce, White,
and Collier’s second folio seem each to have made it independently.

P. 238. But, God’s peace be with him! — Here again the original
omits the name of God; for the same reason, no doubt, as in the cases
already noted. To finish the metre, Hanmer inserted now. Walker proposed the reading in the text.

P. 238. Being criminal in double violation
   Of sacred chastity and in promise-breach.—So Hanmer. The old copies, "and of promise-breach"; the of having probably been repeated by mistake.

P. 242. If he be like your brother, for his sake
   Then is he pardon’d; and, for your lovely sake, &c.—So Dyce; the original wanting Then at the beginning of the second line. Hanmer and Capell made other changes, but, on the whole, not so good, I think, as this by Dyce.


P. 243. Wherein have I deserved so of you
   That you extol me thus?—The original reads "have I so undeserv’d of you," which is evidently wrong. Collier’s second folio, "so well deserv’d of you"; Walker, "have I so undeserv’d of you." Both these heal the breach in the verse; but Pope’s reading, as in the text, does this equally well, and involves less of change withal.
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