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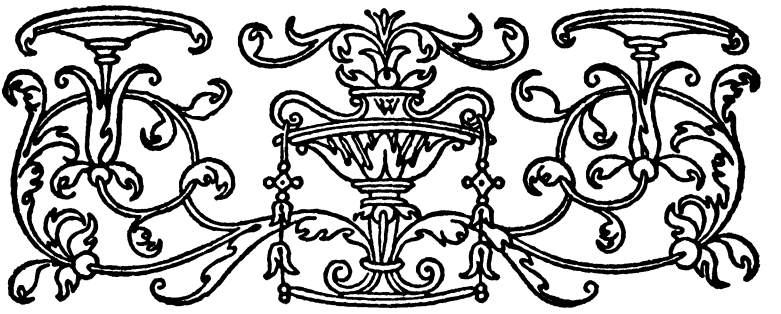
IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME III

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in last volume.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition, the text of which is used in this edition.





THE IMPERIAL EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND A
GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY
SIR SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME III

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
AS YOU LIKE IT
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR WHAT YOU WILL
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

LONDON AND CALCUTTA
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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY TALBOT HUGHES

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INTRODUCTION TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING BY HAMILTON W. MABIE ix

TEXT OF THE PLAY 1

INTRODUCTION

WRITING in 1640, a full generation after its first appearance on the stage, Leonard Digges bears witness to the long continued popularity of "Much Ado About Nothing" in these words:—

> "Let but Beatrice
> And Benedicte be scene, loe in a trice
> The Cock-pit, Galleries, Boxes all are full."

The succeeding twenty years had other matters in hand than the seeing of plays, and this brilliant comedy would have given mortal offence to Puritan sensibilities and convictions. It fared hardly better at the hands of the theatre-loving public of the age of the Restoration. It was as brilliant as Congreve's "The Way of the World," which registers the high-water mark of the playwright's art in that gay, pleasure-loving period, and in play of wit it outshines

Congreve's masterpiece; but taste had changed, the play of intrigue had come in, a fuller and freer social life had put fresh and highly entertaining material in the dramatists' hands, and nothing saved "Much Ado About Nothing" from the fate which overtook most of the earlier comedies save one of those surgical operations so often performed by the skilful stage mechanics of the later seventeenth and of the eighteenth century, in the vain endeavour to make over a work of genius to the pattern beloved by a more artificial age. Sir W. Davenant combined the play with "Measure for Measure" in "The Law Against Lovers," and a contemporary writer expressed the optimistic opinion that the two had "wit enough in them to make one good play."

Modern readers and playgoers have not been slow to feel the extraordinary interest of this comedy of wit and to recognise its peculiarly happy expression of the mind of Shakespeare in his most prosperous period, — the brief and brilliant years between his apprenticeship and his resolute grappling with the most appalling problems of character and experience, which bore fruit in the tragedies.

"Much Ado About Nothing" was entered in the "Stationers' Register" with "As You Like It," "Henry the Fifth," and "Every Man in His Humour" on the fourth day of August, 1600. In the same year the play was published in the only Quarto Edition, with this record on the title-page: "Much Ado About | Nothing. | *As it hath been sundries times publikely* | acted by the right honourable, the Lord | Chamberlain his servants. |

Written by William Shakespeare. | London | Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and | William Ashley. | 1600."

The records of the title-page and of the "Stationers' Register" furnish all the knowledge we possess regarding the date of the play. That it had been played before it was printed is evidenced not only by the statement on the title-page of the Quarto, but by its publication in that form. The Quarto publications, being surreptitious, followed public interest; they did not "create a market" for the plays; they made use of a market already created. The Quarto of "Much Ado About Nothing" has what Dr. Furness has happily called "a tidy little mystery of its own," which need not be discussed here; it is, however, a part of the record of the play that there is but one Quarto Edition and that the editors of the Folio Edition reprinted the text with only a few omissions and unimportant changes. No lines are to be found in the Folio which are not found in the Quarto. Mr. Dyce is of opinion that when the Folio differs from the Quarto it is mostly "for the worse," and Dr. Furness suggests that the copy of the Quarto which Heminge and Condell had before them in preparing the text of the Folio had been used as a prompt-book and contained fuller stage directions than appeared in the original form of the play.

There is no decisive evidence touching the exact date of the writing of the play, and the attempts to identify Beatrice's reference to "musty victuals" in the opening scene with the complaints of bad provisions furnished by contractors in the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland in 1599, to trace a connection between the reference

by the Watch to one "deformed, a vile thief this seven years" and "Amorphus, or the Deformed," who appears in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," to discover in the lines

> "like favourites
> Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
> Against that power that bred it,"

a thrust at Essex, whose failure in Ireland had been followed by loss of the royal favour and imprisonment, are more ingenious than convincing.

The date of the entry of the play and of its publication, and its affinities of mood and manner with "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," make it practically certain that it belongs to the group of comedies produced about 1599 and 1600, when Shakespeare's spirit was most buoyant and his genius most unshadowed. He had served his apprenticeship in dealing with the earlier historical plays and given unmistakable evidence of his mastery of his art in "Henry V," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Midsummer Night's Dream"; the period of the tragedies was rapidly approaching, and there is evidence that the problems presented in "Hamlet" were already haunting his imagination; but between the period of his training and that of his greatest achievement there came a few years of serene and joyful fertility, when all the elements of his character and conditions were harmonious, and his creative genius worked freely and apparently without conscious effort in a world happily in tune with his spirit. In this golden weather, which sometimes lingers long

even in the most poetic careers and which often visits poets of Shakespeare's health of mind and soul, some of the finest fruit of the genius of comedy ripened and was gathered for the joy of all coming time. In the whole range of comedy there is no play in which the deeper and the gayer elements of life are so magically combined, in which freedom, vivacity, and purity are so exquisitely harmonised in a woman of captivating charm, the pathos and poignancy of expression so lightly but deeply touched with poetry, and the many-sided movement of life set against a background so fragrant and so free as in "As You Like It"; an Arcadia in which the sharp edge of adverse conditions cuts but gives no pain, and men feel the sting of care and change but are not embittered.

In all moods Shakespeare was keenly alive to those broad and fundamental contrasts between the possible greatness of a man's destiny and the perishing things with which he deals in his vocations, the fleeting illusions which he often follows with bleeding feet, the greatness of the things which he pursues with uncertain and half-hearted steps. The ironies of life, great and small, were always haunting him, and there is hardly a royal figure in the plays which does not bring home to us the pathos of the pomp and power which enfolds a frail mortal but cannot add to his strength, ward off the diseases which smite the meanest serf, or protect him from that death which knocks with impartial hand at the palaces of kings and the hovels of the poorest.

In Shakespeare's darker moods these contrasts deepened into tragedy; in his gayer and more harmonious

hours they caught the light of fantasy and were translated into the bewildering phantasmagoria of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or were carried through vicissitudes that were often ominous of calamity to the happiest issues. The free hand of the great artist, who deals with his materials with little regard for traditions but with profound feeling for their essential dramatic values, is everywhere at work in the comedies, and in none of them more conspicuously than in "Much Ado About Nothing." The play is perilously full of tragic forces and runs dangerously near the verge of catastrophe; but Shakespeare's grasp of his materials is so firm and his skill so magical that the movement of the comedy, introducing the baser and the gayer elements, the gloom of the most hopeless potential tragedy and the gaiety of the most audacious wit, is never for an instant uncertain or wandering, but bears steadfastly on to an issue which gains its deepest interest from the background of villainy and treachery against which it is accomplished. It was a piece of Shakespeare's audacity to fasten upon a plot which in more than one version had a tragic ending and in every version involved the blackest elements of character, and snatch from the peril inherent in his material the most moving element in a happy ending of the basest plot.

"Much Ado About Nothing" is neither a play of character nor of manners; it is a drama of wit; everything is subordinate and accessory to the flash and counter-flash of the minds of Beatrice and Benedict. The gentle Hero, the credulous Claudio, the villainous Don John, and the inimitably muddle-headed Dogberry and Verges play

their parts in order that the verbal interchange between Beatrice and Benedict may be effectively staged. But no drama of wit, however brilliantly constructed, can have deep rootage or dilate the imagination; such a drama must inevitably seem cold and artificial. "Much Ado About Nothing" does not move us because it subordinates the interest of character to the interest of brilliant verbal dexterity. It is the finest product of the verbal ingenuity and audacity of Shakespeare's time; a legitimate and brilliant example of a love of paradox, conceit, and hair-splitting juggling with words affected by the man of wit and fashion in that time and effectively satirised in "Love's Labour 's Lost."

While it is true that we never at any moment fear a tragic issue in "Much Ado About Nothing" we are constantly in the presence of tragic motives and possibilities, and some of the material which may have entered into the play was distinctly tragical in its earlier use and association. It is by no means certain that Shakespeare went to Ariosto for one incident in his comedy, the personation of Hero by her maid and the imposition practised on the too easily convinced lover; but in Carrington's translation of the "Orlando Furioso" he had ready access to the pathetic story of Rinaldo and Ginevra. The differences between Ariosto's story and the story of Hero and Claudio as Shakespeare tells it are, however, far more numerous and important than the similarities. Ariosto takes Scotland, Shakespeare Messina, as a background; in the story of Ginevra the motive for the villainy is Polynesso's love; in "Much Ado About Nothing" it is

the love of evil for its own sake in the soul of Don John. To a wide divergence of incident between the two versions must be added an entire change of the names of the dramatis personæ. In fact, there is nothing in common between Ariosto and Shakespeare, save the appearance at the window of a lady-in-waiting in the dress of her mistress and the consequent poisoning of an unsuspecting lover's mind; incidents which may have had a place in the gossip of Shakespeare's time.

The resemblances between "Much Ado About Nothing" and the twenty-second novella of Bandello, which had been retold in French by Belleforest in his "Histoires Tragiques," are much more noticeable. The probabilities are that Shakespeare, like many men of his vocation and opportunities, had a reading knowledge of Italian; it is more than probable that he knew French; he may have found Bandello's story either in its original form or in Belleforest's very free rendering. That he had some acquaintance with it seems highly probable in view of the important similarities between the story of Hero and that of Fenecia. Messina is the scene of both stories, and in Bandello we find the personation of the heroine by her maid, the reluctant acceptance of the fact of unchastity by the despairing lover, the rejection of the victim of the conspiracy, her apparent death and secret restoration to life, her seclusion, the sham funeral and epitaph, the repentance of the villain, and his endeavour to persuade the despairing lover to kill him at the tomb of his victim, the generous forgiveness of the lover and the common grief of the two men over the tragic fate in

which they are involved, the one through his villainy and the other through his credulity. This ending of the story is more moving and dramatic than that which Shakespeare adopted, but if he had used it he would have changed a comedy of wit into an impressive melodrama.

The players of Shakespeare's time were as nomadic in instinct as their successors on the stage of to-day and, taking into consideration the conditions under which they lived, travelled almost as arduously. They visited Germany and the Low Countries, as they visited the English provincial towns and Scotland, and there is ground for believing that they went as far as Italy. During this period certain plays appeared in Germany which present resemblances in title or plots to contemporary plays by English writers, and certain similarities, interesting rather than important, have been pointed out between Jakob Ayrer's "Die Schoene Sidea" and "The Tempest," and some students think they have found resemblances between Ayrer's play with the appalling title of "A Mirror of Womanly Virtue and Honour. The Comedy of the Fair Phoenicia and Count Tymbri of Golison from Arragon, How it fared with them in their honourable love until they were united in marriage" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

Ayrer was a poor boy who found work in Nuremberg as an ironmonger, and after various experiments elsewhere became a person of some consequence and attained to official position in the old city, dying there in 1605. He took up playwriting as an avocation late in life and

wrote a great number of tragedies, comedies, and farces. These plays were probably written at the very time when Shakespeare was giving the world in rapid succession the series of plays which preceded the tragedies. A comparison of "The Fair Phoenicia" and "Much Ado About Nothing" shows only such similarities as might be expected to appear in two works which drew to a certain extent upon common material. There is ground for the inference that Jakob Ayrer was under English influence; there is practically no evidence that Shakespeare was under German influence. His debt in later years to German scholarship became great, but he owed very little to German suggestion and inspiration. Many signs point to the indebtedness of Ayrer to Belleforest; there is no evidence of any indebtedness of Shakespeare to Ayrer.

There is one other possible source of some of the incidents and characters in "Much Ado About Nothing." In certain accounts of moneys received and paid out by the Lord Treasurer Stanhope in 1612–1613 mention is made of a play entitled "Benedicte and Betteris." Shakespeare sometimes uses alliterative titles, and it has been assumed by some commentators that "Benedicte and Betteris" and "Much Ado About Nothing" were titles of the same play. Dr. Furness gives good ground for believing that there were two plays on the same subject, and several allusions in the play to events which took place before the opening scene support this conclusion and suggest the very reasonable supposition that while Bandello's novel was a principal source of "Much Ado About

Nothing" its nearer source was a drama of the conventional kind; crude, weak, and badly constructed, upon which Shakespeare wrought with the magic that turns dross into gold.

These are matters of curiosity; the real thing is the play as the great dramatist left it. We may well take a hint from his indifference to the sources of his plots and his supreme concern to shape the materials which came to his hand to the highest dramatic and poetic uses. The wrong done to Hero and the deception practised on Claudio evidently belonged to the common stock of incident upon which the dramatists and story-tellers of the time drew at will; that which belongs to Shakespeare is the very soul of the play: its firm coherence, its striking contrasts of character, its immortal clowns, and the flash of wit between Beatrice and Benedict. These brilliant personifications of the alertness, the finesse, the artificial wit of the close of the sixteenth century are the real actors in a comedy which is skilfully unfolded against a tragic background that the play of their minds, the clash of their wills, may gain distinctness against the darkness of a great wrong.

The malicious villainy of Don John, the weak credulity of Claudio, and the impenetrable stupidity of Dogberry and Verges are essential elements in the staging of this sparkling comedy. Don John is, as Coleridge pointed out, the mainspring of the plot, although he appears only at the moments when his intervention is necessary to keep the plot moving, and then promptly withdraws from the scene. Claudio is so faintly drawn and of such

feeble purpose that he is a lay figure in a drama which he does not influence, but in which some one is needed as credulous and ineffective as he; while the irresistible dulness of Dogberry and Verges makes the working out of the plot possible by failure to detect the villainy when its details were fully set forth in their hearing, and serves as a foil to the quick-witted brilliancy of Beatrice and Benedict. The two clowns are, in a way, the satirists of the verbal dexterity of Beatrice and Benedict; they are as skilful in the misuse of language as the chief figures in the play are adroit in forcing the note of far-fetched and often purely artificial association or contrast. The fooling of the clowns, by its delightful unconsciousness no less than by its humour, relieves the strain of the tragic element in the play and offsets the occasional forcing of language in which Beatrice and Benedict indulge themselves, after the manner of a time which took far greater liberties with language than any later period has dared to take.

While it is true that "Much Ado About Nothing" is essentially a comedy of wit and, therefore, less highly moralised and less definitely related to character than such a comedy as "Measure for Measure," it shows Shakespeare's hand in the clearness and delicacy of its portraiture. Hero is really a secondary figure and is as definitely subordinate to Beatrice as Claudio is to Benedict; but the few strokes with which she is drawn reveal, with beautiful art, her purity, her simplicity, her womanly power to find refuge in silence and patience. Beatrice, on the other hand, stands out with the distinctness of the

most brilliant portraits in the gallery of Shakespeare's women; quick in thought, audacious in speech, mistress of the art of repartee: the heart of the passionate woman reveals itself in her vehement advocacy of Hero, and her imperious command, "Kill Claudio," and in her sudden tenderness when she is persuaded that Benedict's raillery covers an ardent devotion.

The connections of the characters in "Much Ado About Nothing" have often been pointed out, and are significant as disclosing the advance of Shakespeare's art in insight and graphic power. The comedy marks the culmination of his creative skill in this kind of drama, and Hazlitt happily put its perfection into words when he said that "the middle point of comedy was never more nicely hit, in which the ludicrous blends with the tender, and our follies, turning round against themselves, in support of our affections, retain nothing but their humanity." If "Love's Labour 's Lost" is a preliminary sketch of "Much Ado About Nothing," and Rosaline and Dull, the constable, are studies of Beatrice and Dogberry, the sense of Shakespeare's power of growth — one of the most marvellous of his many gifts — is deepened by the perception of his grasp of the vital connection between action and character and heightened by the realisation of his gain in command of the delicate and subtle resources of speech in which he worked. If Beatrice and Benedict recall Katharine and Petruchio, and a common tragedy of illegitimacy involves Don John and Edmund in "King Lear," these connections serve to bring out Shakespeare's wealth of resource rather than to suggest

poverty of material. There are comedies which are more vitally related to character and shed clearer light on the motives, the passions, and the foibles of men, but there is none more brilliantly conceived and executed than "Much Ado About Nothing."

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ [1]

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
LEONATO, governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.
CONRADE, BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, a constable.
VERGES, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — *Messina.*

[1] The piece was first published in quarto in 1600. A copy of the quarto edition, corrected for purposes of the theatre forms the text of the First Folio. A list of "dramatis personæ" was first supplied by Rowe in 1709, together with the intimation of the "scene." In the stage directions in the early editions, — at the opening of the play and at the beginning of Act II, sc. i, — Leonato's wife is mentioned as entering with him, and at the first reference she is given the name of Innogen. This character figures nowhere else in the play, and since Theobald's time has been rightly omitted from the list of "dramatis personæ."

ACT FIRST — SCENE I

BEFORE LEONATO'S HOUSE

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

LEONATO

I LEARN IN THIS LETTER that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

MESS. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

LEON. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

MESS. But few of any sort, and none of name.

LEON. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

MESS. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond

the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

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

MESS. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

LEON. Did he break out into tears?

MESS. In great measure.

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

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

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

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

HERO. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

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

BEAT. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading

25 *Mountanto*] a fencing term for an upward thrust; here derisively applied to a skilled fencer.

32 *set up his bills*] placarded or advertised his challenge, after the manner of a professional prize fighter, fencer, or wrestler.

33 *at the flight*] long-distance shooting, for which a long, sharp arrow was needed.

the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

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

MESS. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

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

MESS. And a good soldier too, lady.

BEAT. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

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

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

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

BEAT. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last

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35 *bird-bolt*] a short, blunt, stumpy arrow used for killing birds, and usually part of a professional fool's armoury. Cf. the proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

47–50 *stuffed . . . stuffing*] Beatrice has already described Benedick as a great eater (l. 43), and agrees that in that sense he is "a stuffed man." But she hesitates to admit that "the stuffing" consists, as the messenger suggests, of "all honourable virtues." Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, v, 182: "*Stuffed*, as they say, with honourable parts."

conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

MESS. Is 't possible?

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

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

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

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

BEAT. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he

55 *five wits*] distinguished from the five senses. Cf. *Sonnet* cxli, 9–10: "But my *five wits* nor my five senses can Dissuade one foolish heart." The five wits were reckoned to be common wit, imagination, fantasy, judgment, and memory.

57 *to keep himself warm*] Cf. *T. of Shrew*, II, i, 258: "Am I not wise? Yes; *keep you warm;*" a proverbial phrase, implying that, with a little common sense, no man goes cold.

64 *not in your books*] not in your good books. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, II, i, 221: "Put me *in thy books.*"

66 *squarer*] braggart. Cotgrave explains "se quarrer" thus: "To strout or *square* it, looke big on 't, carrie his armes a kemboll braggadochio-like."

have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

MESS. I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEAT. Do, good friend.

LEON. You will never run mad, niece.

BEAT. No, not till a hot January.

MESS. Don Pedro is approached.

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

D. PEDRO. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it. 80

LEON. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

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

LEON. Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENE. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her? 90

LEON. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. PEDRO. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

92 *You have it full*] You have a complete, straight answer; in colloquial slang, "there 's a facer for you."

93 *fathers herself*] shows her paternity in her face.

BENE. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEAT. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENE. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEAT. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BENE. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEAT. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENE. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEAT. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

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

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

104 *convert*] used intransitively for "change."
109 *A dear happiness*] a valuable piece of luck.

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

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

D. PEDRO. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

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

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

LEON. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. PEDRO. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

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

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

CLAUD. Is she not a modest young lady?

BENE. Do you question me, as an honest man should

123 *jade's trick*] trick of a vicious horse. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, III, iv, 10, where a horse slipping its head out of the collar and so escaping is described as performing "a jade's trick." Beatrice implies that Benedick makes an equally undignified retreat.

do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLAUD. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

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

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

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

CLAUD. Can the world buy such a jewel?

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

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

BENE. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there 's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the

157 *do you play the flouting Jack, etc.*] do you play the mocker? (contrasted with one who speaks "with a sad brow," *i. e.* in all seriousness). It is obvious mockery to identify blind Cupid with a hare-finder, a director of a hare hunt chosen for his keenness of vision, or to identify Vulcan the blacksmith with a carpenter.

160 *go in the song*] join with you in your song.

first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

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

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

Re-enter DON PEDRO

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

BENE. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. PEDRO. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

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

CLAUD. If this were so, so were it uttered.

171 *will wear . . . suspicion*] will provoke the suspicion that he wears his cap in order to conceal the horns on his head. Cf. Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, novel 51: "All they that weare hornes be pardoned to weare their capps vpon their heads."

174 *sigh away Sundays*] spend Sunday in that dull domestic fashion which evokes sighing from men of spirit.

BENE. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

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

D. PEDRO. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy. 191

CLAUD. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, I speak my thought.

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

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

CLAUD. That I love her, I feel.

D. PEDRO. That she is worthy, I know.

BENE. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake. 201

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

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

BENE. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble

186 *the old tale, etc.*] No strictly contemporary tale which contains these words has yet been found. A story of the 17th century printed from oral tradition in the Variorum Edition (1821), pp. 163–165, gives prominence to the phrase here cited, when the heroine narrates to a guest — a concealed Bluebeard — a murderous outrage which she, unknown to him, had witnessed him commit.

192 *fetch me in*] entrap me, catch me out.

205 *force of his will*] wilful obstinacy.

thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor. 213

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

BENE. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. PEDRO. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument. 221

BENE. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

208–209 *recheat . . . baldrick*] This is somewhat subtle quibbling on the vulgar notion that horns sprout from the forehead of the husband whose wife has wronged him. "To wind a recheat" is to sound a note on the huntsman's bugle horn. The "baldrick" is the huntsman's belt in which the bugle horn is carried. Benedick rejects marriage because he deprecates alike the publication of a wronged husband's shame and its concealment.

212 *the fine . . . finer*] the conclusion is, as a result of which I may spend more on my dress and personal adornment.

221 *a notable argument*] a capital theme for jest.

222–223 *hang . . . shoot*] The shooting at a cat enclosed in a wooden bottle or barrel was a favourite country sport; "Adam" is apparently an allusion to Adam Bell, the outlaw of ballad tradition, who was reckoned the champion archer.

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

BENE. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write " Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign " Here you may see Benedick the married man." 232

CLAUD. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. PEDRO. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BENE. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. PEDRO. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 241

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

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

226 *" In time . . . yoke "*] This line, which is first found in Thomas Watson's *Hecatompathia,* Passion XLVII, " In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake," seems here to be loosely quoted from Kyd's adaptation of it in his *Spanish Tragedy,* II, i, 3: " In time the sauuage Bull sustaines the yoake." Further allusions are made to the quotation *infra,* V, i, 174–175 and V, iv, 43.

236 *Venice*] Venice enjoyed a reputation for dissolute gallantries, like Cyprus in the ancient world, and Paris in the modern world.

238 *temporize . . . hours*] come to terms in the process of time.

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

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

CLAUD. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. PEDRO. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUD. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. PEDRO. No child but Hero; she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUD. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

246 *The sixth of July*] Midsummer day, according to the old reckoning; a fit date for midsummer madness.

249 *guards . . . basted*] trimmings or facings lightly stitched or tacked on.

250 *old ends*] conventional tags (of epistolary correspondence). Cf. *Rich. III*, I, iii, 337: "With *old odd ends* stol'n out of holy writ."

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.
D. PEDRO. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
CLAUD. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
D. PEDRO. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

271 *break*] broach, open the matter, as in line 288, *infra*, I, ii, 13, II, i, 137, and III, ii, 67.

279 *The fairest . . . necessity*] That boon is the most welcome which precisely supplies a pressing need.

280 *once*] once for all, in fine. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, III, i, 89: "*Once* this."

Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *meeting.*

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

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

LEON. Are they good?

ANT. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

288 *break*] broach, as in line 271, *supra.*

1–2 *your son*] Nothing further is heard of Antonio's son. His existence is implicitly denied in V, i, 276, *infra.* Shakespeare carelessly forgot this mention of him.

8 *thick-pleached*] with boughs thickly *plaited* or intertwined. Cf. III, i, 7, *infra*: "the *pleached* bower."

13 *time by the top*] time by the forelock. Cf. *All's Well*, V, iii, 39: "Let 's take the instant by the forward *top.*"

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

ANT. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

LEON. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

SCENE III — THE SAME

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE

CON. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. JOHN. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

CON. You should hear reason.

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

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

D. JOHN. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a

17–18 *appear itself*] make itself apparent or manifest.

1 *What the good-year*] See note on *M. Wives*, I, iv, 110.

10 *born under Saturn*] of Saturnine or melancholy temperament.

moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

CON. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. JOHN. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

CON. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. JOHN. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

15 *claw . . . humour*] flatter, curry favour with no man.

22–23 *canker . . . grace*] The canker or wild "dog-rose" is contrasted with the cultivated garden rose, as in *Sonnet* liv, 5, 6: "The *canker*-blooms have full as deep a dye As the perfumed tincture of the *roses*."

Enter BORACHIO

What news, Borachio?

BORA. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. JOHN. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

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

D. JOHN. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

BORA. Even he.

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

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

D. JOHN. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

BORA. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

40 *What . . . fool*] What manner of fool is he? Cf. Middleton's *Mad World,* V, ii, 270: "What is she for a fool?"

50–51 *Being entertained . . . room*] Doing the work of a perfumer by smoking aromatic herbs (in a censer) in a foul-smelling room in order to sweeten the air. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* "The smoake of Juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to sweeten our chambers."

D. JOHN. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

CON. To the death, my lord.

D. JOHN. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what 's to be done?

BORA. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND — SCENE I

A HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others*

LEONATO

WAS NOT COUNT JOHN here at supper?

ANT. I saw him not.

BEAT. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

HERO. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

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

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4 *heart-burned*] "Heart burn" is medically attributed to acidity of the stomach; hence "tart looks" might be able to produce it.

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

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

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

ANT. In faith, she 's too curst.

BEAT. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns"; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEON. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

BEAT. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

LEON. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEAT. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath

17–18 *shrewd . . . curst*] Both words have the meaning of vicious in the modern colloquial sense of bad-tempered.

20–21 *God . . . horns*] A common English proverb, implying that an evil-disposed person has little means of doing an injury.

26 *the woollen*] a reference to the commonly used woollen or flannel shroud; Beatrice means that she would rather die.

no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEON. Well, then, go you into hell?

BEAT. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

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

BEAT. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you." But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

34 *bear-ward*] The Quarto and the First and Second Folios read *Berrord;* the Third and Fourth, *bearherd*, which seems formed on the analogy of "shep-herd" or "goat-herd." But it is objected that the keeper of bears does not tend them in flocks, and hence *bear-ward* (*i. e.*, bear-keeper) has been adopted, as in *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 210. Beatrice uses the word loosely in the sense of "animal keeper," with a view to lightly punning on the word "beard" and to introducing an allusion to the old maid's traditional function of leading apes in hell.

40 *for the heavens*] before heaven, in heaven's name. Cf. Launcelot Gobbo's exclamation in *Merch. of Ven.*, II, ii, 10: "'*For the heavens* rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.'"

LEON. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEAT. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I 'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

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

BEAT. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

LEON. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEAT. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

62, 66 *cinque pace*] The French dance called "cinq pas" or "galliard," which each complete movement consisted of *five steps*. The pace quickened as the dance continued. The word is often written "sink-a-pace."

68 *you apprehend*] you are quick-witted. Cf. III, iv, 60, *infra*, where apprehension means "quickness of wit in repartee."

LEON. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked*

D. PEDRO. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

HERO. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. PEDRO. With me in your company?

HERO. I may say so, when I please.

D. PEDRO. And when please you to say so?

HERO. When I like your favour; for God defend [80] the lute should be like the case!

D. PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

HERO. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. PEDRO. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Drawing her aside.*

BALTH. Well, I would you did like me.

80 *God defend*] God forbid. The expression is used again, IV, ii, 18, *infra.*

82–84 *My visor . . . thatched*] The reference is to the thatched roof of the rustic cottage of the peasants Philemon and Baucis, who, according to Ovid, *Metam.*, VIII, 630, *seq.*, unsuspectingly entertained Jove and Mercury while wandering on earth in human form. The story is again referred to in *As you like it*, III, iii, 8: "O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove in a thatched house.*"

MARG. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

BALTH. Which is one?

MARG. I say my prayers aloud.

BALTH. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

MARG. God match me with a good dancer!

BALTH. Amen.

MARG. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

BALTH. No more words: the clerk is answered.

URS. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. I know you by the waggling of your head.

ANT. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URS. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here 's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there 's an end.

BEAT. Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENE. No, you shall pardon me.

BEAT. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

102 *his dry hand . . . down*] his dry hand (*i. e.* a sign of old age) all over.

BENE. Not now.

BEAT. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales": — well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENE. What 's he?

BEAT. I am sure you know him well enough.

BENE. Not I, believe me.

BEAT. Did he never make you laugh?

BENE. I pray you, what is he? 119

BEAT. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

BENE. When I know the gentleman, I 'll tell him what you say.

BEAT. Do, do: he 'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there 's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

BENE. In every good thing. 132

BEAT. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

113 the "*Hundred Merry Tales*"] The title of a popular jest book of the day, first printed and published in London by John Rastell in 1526, and frequently reissued.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. JOHN. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

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

D. JOHN. Are not you Signior Benedick?

CLAUD. You know me well; I am he.

D. JOHN. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUD. How know you he loves her?

D. JOHN. I heard him swear his affection.

BORA. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. JOHN. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

CLAUD. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

142–143 *very near . . . his love*] in the closest confidence of my brother.
159–161 *Against . . . not*] Under the influence of whose charms

This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK

BENE. Count Claudio?

CLAUD. Yea, the same.

BENE. Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD. Whither?

BENE. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUD. I wish him joy of her.

BENE. Why, that 's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

CLAUD. I pray you, leave me.

BENE. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

CLAUD. If it will not be, I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

BENE. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be

loyalty (in friendship) is swallowed up by the heat of passion. This is an incident of hourly experience, though it did not cause me mistrust, though I did not suspect it.

167 *garland*] Cf. forsaken Barbara's song in *Othello*, IV, iii, 49: "Sing all a green *willow* must be my *garland*." See l. 194, *infra*.

168 *usurer's chain*] the gold chain usually worn by wealthy citizens.

I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO

D. PEDRO. Now, signior, where 's the count? did you see him?

BENE. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. PEDRO. To be whipped! What 's his fault?

BENE. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. PEDRO. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENE. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been

183–185 *it is the base . . . gives me out*] it is the evil, nay, rather, the bitter-tongued disposition of Beatrice, that makes her claim to personate the world and to speak the opinion of the world, and then gives me this character.

190 *a lodge in a warren*] a keeper's hut, necessarily a lonely dwelling, in a game preserve.

made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. PEDRO. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

BENE. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. PEDRO. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you. 212

BENE. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find

218 *impossible conveyance*] incredible dexterity.

220 *speaks poniards*] Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 386: "I will *speak daggers* to her, but use none.

221 *terminations*] Benedict's extravagant synonym for "terms," "epithets."

her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her. 232

D. PEDRO. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO

BENE. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words'

227 *Ate*] The spirit of discord (inciting to war) of Homeric mythology. A full description of her appears in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, IV, i, 19–30.

228 *some scholar would conjure her*] The exorcism of evil spirits was commonly couched in the Latin tongue, and the exorcist was of necessity reckoned a scholar. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, i, 42: "Thou art a *scholar*; speak to it, Horatio."

238–240 *Prester John . . . great Cham . . . Pigmies*] These personages of romance were deemed to live in the remotest parts of Asia. "Prester John" was a fabulous king of vast wealth; "the great Cham" was the supreme ruler of the Mongols, and the "Pigmies" were a tribe in the northern mountains of India. In the early French romance of Huon of Bordeaux, which Lord Berners translated into English in 1534, one of the feats imposed on the hero by his French suzerain is to bring a "handful of the hair of the beard" of the ruler of Babylon together with four of his greatest teeth.

conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

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

BENE. O God, sir, here 's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. PEDRO. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

BEAT. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

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

BEAT. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. PEDRO. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

CLAUD. Not sad, my lord.

D. PEDRO. How then? sick?

CLAUD. Neither, my lord.

BEAT. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

249 *use*] interest. Cf. *Sonnet* vi, 5: "That *use* is not forbidden usury."

263 *civil*] A quibble on "Civil" and "Seville." According to Cotgrave's *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "a civile orange" was "aigre-douce" "betweene sweet and sower."

D. PEDRO. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

LEON. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

BEAT. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

CLAUD. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

BEAT. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. PEDRO. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEAT. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

CLAUD. And so she doth, cousin.

BEAT. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one

283 *the windy side of care*] out or the way of, or having the advantage of care. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 156: "Still you keep o' *the windy side of* the law." It is a nautical metaphor drawn from the practice of sailing ships in naval actions endeavouring to get the weather gauge of the enemy, *i. e.* to get the wind behind them and against their foe.

286–287 *goes . . . to the world*] gets married. Cf. *All's Well*, I, iii, 18, and *As you like it*, V, iii, 4.

to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. PEDRO. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one. 289

BEAT. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. PEDRO. Will you have me, lady?

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

D. PEDRO. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour. 300

BEAT. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

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

BEAT. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

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

LEON. There 's little of the melancholy element in her,

287 *sun-burnt*] neglected, exposed to the weather, homely, plain. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, I, iii, 282–283: "The Grecian dames are *sun-burnt*, and not worth The splinter of a lance."

288 *cry heigh-ho for a husband*] The title of an old ballad of which a copy is preserved in the Pepysian collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

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

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

D. PEDRO. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEON. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. PEDRO. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 321

CLAUD. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

LEON. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. PEDRO. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction. 334

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

325 *a just seven-night*] just a week. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 328: "a just pound."

CLAUD. And I, my lord.

D. PEDRO. And you too, gentle Hero?

HERO. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. PEDRO. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO

D. JOHN. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORA. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. JOHN. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

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

D. JOHN. Show me briefly how.

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

D. JOHN. I remember.

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

D. JOHN. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

BORA. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio — whose estimation do you mightily hold up — to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. JOHN. What proof shall I make of that?

BORA. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. JOHN. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

BORA. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, — in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid, — that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances;

32 *intend*] pretend. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, i, 187: "I *intend* That all is done in reverend care of her."

which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, — for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, — and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. JOHN. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BORA. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. JOHN. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — LEONATO'S ORCHARD

Enter BENEDICK

BENE. Boy!

Enter Boy

BOY. Signior?

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

BOY. I am here already, sir.

BENE. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man,

5 *I am here already*] I 'll take no time about it.

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

13 *the tabor and the pipe*] the small drum and whistle, used by travelling showmen or in outdoor pastimes; symbols of times of peace.

18 *orthography*] the abstract noun used in personal sense of orthographer, *i. e.* a precisian in speech. Cf. *L. L. L.*, I, ii, 173: "I shall turn sonnet" (*i. e.* sonneteer).

29 *noble . . . angel*] pun on the names of coins. A "noble" was worth 6*s.* 8*d.*; an "angel," 10 shillings.

good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO

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

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

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

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

Enter BALTHASAR *with Music*

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

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

31 *hair . . . colour*] The wearing of false or dyed hair was very common in Shakespeare's day. Cf. *Sonnet* lxviii, 5–8.

Enter . . . Leonato] The Quarto includes amongst those who enter here "Musicke," *i. e.* a musician. The Folio substitutes for "Musicke" the singer's name "Iacke Wilson." "Mr. Wilson (the singer)" is noticed as one of the guests of Alleyn the actor on the anniversary of his wedding on 22 October, 1620. There is no good ground for identifying the vocalist with Dr. John Wilson (1595–1674) the lutenist and composer who set "Take, O take those lips away," in *Meas. for Meas.*

38 *the kid-fox*] young fox; a rare and rather inappropriate term to apply to Benedick. The meaning is, "we 'll give him his money's worth."

Enter . . . Music] Thus the Quarto. The Folio omits this direction.

D. PEDRO. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

BALTH. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. PEDRO. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BALTH. Note this before my notes;
There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting.

D. PEDRO. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

BENE. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

THE SONG

BALTH. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:

43 *To put a strange face on*] To show ignorance or unconsciousness of.
52 *crotchets*] quibble on the double meaning of the word for "perversities" and "musical notes."
53 *nothing*] "Nothing" was so pronounced by Elizabethans as to admit of its being confused with "noting."

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

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

D. PEDRO. By my troth, a good song.

BALTH. And an ill singer, my lord.

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

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

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

BALTH. The best I can, my lord.

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

CLAUD. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I

86 *stalk on, stalk on*] a reference to the stalking horse, real or fictitious, behind which the fowler or shooter sheltered himself from the sight of the game.

did never think that lady would have loved any man.

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

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

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

D. PEDRO. May be she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUD. Faith, like enough.

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

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

CLAUD. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

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

CLAUD. She did, indeed.

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

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

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

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

D. PEDRO. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

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

CLAUD. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: " Shall I," says she, " that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him? " 119

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

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

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

CLAUD. That. 128

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

CLAUD. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; " O sweet Benedick! God give me patience! "

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

D. PEDRO. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

129 *halfpence*] The small silver halfpenny was often quoted as a symbol of littleness.

CLAUD. To what end? He would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. PEDRO. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUD. And she is exceeding wise.

D. PEDRO. In every thing but in loving Benedick. 149

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

D. PEDRO. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

LEON. Were it good, think you? 158

CLAUD. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. PEDRO. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

CLAUD. He is a very proper man.

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

CLAUD. Before God! and in my mind, very wise.

154 *dotage*] doting affection. Cf. line 198, *infra.*
168 *He . . . happiness*] He chances to be of good appearance.

D. PEDRO. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit. 171

CLAUD. And I take him to be valiant.

D. PEDRO. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

LEON. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling. 179

D. PEDRO. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

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

LEON. Nay, that 's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. PEDRO. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady. 191

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

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

D. PEDRO. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry.

181 *large*] used like "broad" in the sense of licentious. Cf. IV, i, 91: "a *liberal* (*i. e.* coarse-tongued) villain."

184 *wear . . . out*] efface, conquer her passion.

The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

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

BENE. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair, — 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous, — 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me, — by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the

197–198 *they hold . . . matter*] one is here equivalent to "each one;" "dotage" is "doting affection" and has already been so employed at line 154, *supra;* "and no such matter" means "nothing of the kind."

202 *sadly borne*] seriously carried on.

219 *paper bullets*] epigrams from books.

brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she 's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE

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

BENE. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

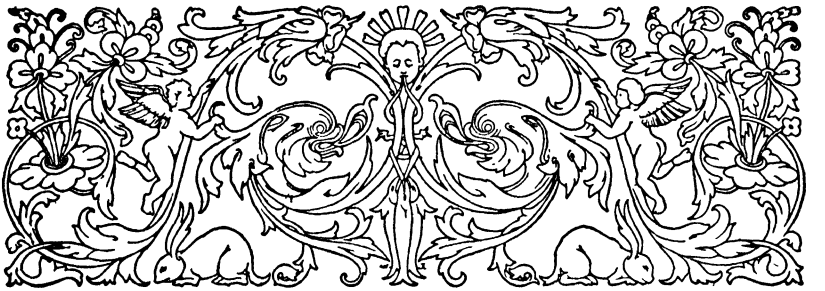
BEAT. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENE. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

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

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

239–240 *I am a Jew*] Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 172: "Or *I am a Jew* else."



ACT THIRD — SCENE I

LEONATO'S ORCHARD

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA

HERO

GOOD MARGARET, RUN
thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,

---

3 *proposing*] talking. Cf. line 12, *infra*, where "propose" is the substantive and means "talk."

Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

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

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

Enter BEATRICE, *behind*

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

URS. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

7 *pleached*] twined about, or plaited with boughs. Cf. I, ii, 8, *supra*, "thick-*pleached* alley."

12 *propose*] This is the Quarto reading. The Folios substitute "*purpose.*" See note on line 3, *supra.*

24 *lapwing*] the female green plover, also called "peewit," which has the habit of flying with much fluttering of wings near the ground.

Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
HERO. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
[*Approaching the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
URS. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
HERO. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.
URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
HERO. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
URS. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
HERO. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

55 *project*] idea, notion.

URS. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
HERO. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
URS. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
HERO. No, not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

61 *spell him backward*] speak ill of him, turn him "the wrong side out"; cf. line 68, *infra*. Ralegh and his friends, who were suspected of irreligion, were charged with teaching young men among other things "to *spell* God *backwards*" (Robert Parsons' *Advertisement*, 1592, p. 18). Witches' incantations were formed of familiar words spelt backwards.

68 *antique*] grotesque figure. This is the Quarto reading. The Folio reads *anticke*, and modern editors *antic*.

65 *If low, an agate . . . cut*] If short of stature, the man is likened to one of the miniature heads with which agate stones in rings or brooches were frequently cut or engraved. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 16: "I was never manned with an *agate* till now."

She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
URS. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.
HERO. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
URS. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgement, —
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have, — as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
HERO. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
URS. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
HERO. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
URS. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

76 *press . . . to death*] the cruel punishment (peine forte et dure) assigned to those who, charged with felony, mutely refused to plead.
84 *honest slanders*] slanders that involve no deep disgrace.
96 *argument*] power of argument, intellectual faculty.

HERO. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

URS. She 's limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

HERO. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

BEAT. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears?
Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

101 *every day, to-morrow*] Hero means that her marriage is occupying her whole thought every day, every hour, but that the ceremony actually takes place the next day.

107 *What fire . . . ears*] One's ears are said to burn when people talk of one in absence.

110 *No glory . . . such*] Such persons are not spoken of with much admiration in their absence.

SCENE II — A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO

D. PEDRO. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

CLAUD. I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

D. PEDRO. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

BENE. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEON. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

CLAUD. I hope he be in love.

D. PEDRO. Hang him, truant! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

BENE. I have the toothache.

D. PEDRO. Draw it.

BENE. Hang it!

10 *hangman*] often used colloquially like "rascal." Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 12, where Cupid is called "a shrewd unhappy *gallows*."

CLAUD. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. PEDRO. What! sigh for the toothache?

LEON. Where is but a humour or a worm.

BENE. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

CLAUD. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. PEDRO. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLAUD. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

22 *draw it afterwards*] an allusion to the punishment of "drawing," *i. e.* disembowelling, which followed that of "hanging" and preceded that of "quartering" in convictions for treason.

24 *a humour or a worm*] Contemporary medical treatises attribute the toothache either to the operation of foul humours or to the presence of a worm in the offending tooth.

25 *can*] The original reading, *cannot*, is clearly wrong.

28–29 *fancy . . . fancy*] The word is used first in the sense of "love," then in that of "caprice" or "inclination."

31–33 *or in the . . . doublet*] These words, which appear in the Quarto, are omitted in the Folio text.

32 *slops*] loose, ill-fitting trousers.

33 *no doublet*] no under-garment, all cloak.

D. PEDRO. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

CLAUD. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

LEON. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. PEDRO. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

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

D. PEDRO. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLAUD. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. PEDRO. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

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

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

CLAUD. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. PEDRO. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUD. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. PEDRO. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

BENE. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old

54 *lute-string . . . stops*] The lute was the instrument which accompanied love-songs. The "stops" of the lute, which Shakespeare elsewhere calls "frets," are marks on the fingerboard indicating where the finger is to be pressed to produce the various notes.

62 *with her face upwards*] in her lover's arms; in the marriage bed.

signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

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

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

Enter DON JOHN

D. JOHN. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. PEDRO. Good den, brother.

D. JOHN. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. PEDRO. In private?

D. JOHN. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. PEDRO. What 's the matter?

D. JOHN. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. PEDRO. You know he does.

D. JOHN. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUD. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. JOHN. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you

85 *aim better at me*] form a better opinion of me.

well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage, — surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

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

D. JOHN. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal. 90

CLAUD. Who, Hero?

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

CLAUD. Disloyal?

D. JOHN. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind. 103

CLAUD. May this be so?

D. PEDRO. I will not think it.

D. JOHN. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly. 109

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

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

90-91 *circumstances shortened*] cutting details short.

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

D. PEDRO. O day untowardly turned!

CLAUD. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. JOHN. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.* 121

SCENE III — A STREET

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES *with the Watch*

DOG. Are you good men and true?

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

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

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

DOG. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

FIRST WATCH. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read. 10

DOG. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath

116 *bear it coldly*] take it coolly.

10 *George Seacole*] At III, v, 52, Dogberry refers to *Francis* Seacole as a capable scrivener. Shakespeare appears to have confused the two Christian names.

blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

SEC. WATCH. Both which, master constable, —

DOG. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

SEC. WATCH. How if a' will not stand?

DOG. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

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

DOG. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

WATCH. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

DOG. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well,

38 *bills*] halberds or spear-like shafts carried by constables.

you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

WATCH. How if they will not?

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

WATCH. Well, sir.

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

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

DOG. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

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

DOG. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERG. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

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

DOG. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VERG. 'T is very true.

DOG. This is the end of the charge: — you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

VERG. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

DOG. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

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

DOG. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

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

DOG. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE

BORA. What, Conrade!

WATCH. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

BORA. Conrade, I say!

78–79 *keep . . . own*] part of the form of oath administered to the grand jury.

CON. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

BORA. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

CON. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

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

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

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

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

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

CON. I wonder at it.

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

CON. Yes, it is apparel.

BORA. I mean, the fashion.

CON. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

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

WATCH. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been

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93 *scab*] here punningly used in the sense of a low fellow.

104 *villany . . . so rich*] villany should be so richly rewarded. Many editors read *villain* for *villany*, but no change is essential.

a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

BORA. Didst thou not hear somebody?

CON. No; 't was the vane on the house.

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

CON. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

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

CON. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

BORA. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by

136 *possessed*] inspired, influenced, instructed. In line 142, *infra*, the word implies "demoniac possession."

the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

FIRST WATCH. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand! 150

SEC. WATCH. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

FIRST WATCH. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

CON. Masters, masters, —

SEC. WATCH. You 'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

CON. Masters, —

FIRST WATCH. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us. 161

BORA. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

155 *lock*] love-lock; a ringlet of hair tied with a ribbon, near the left ear; young men about town commonly wore it. Cf. V, i, 294, *infra*: "A key in his ear, and a *lock* hanging by it."

162–163 *We . . . bills*] There is a quibble on the use of "bills" in its commercial meaning and in the sense of "constable's halberds" (as in line 38, *supra*). The meaning of the ironical sentence is, that merchandise which was obtained by credit on these men's security is likely to prove of "goodly" value.

CON. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we 'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV — HERO'S APARTMENT

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA

HERO. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URS. I will, lady.

HERO. And bid her come hither.

URS. Well. [*Exit.*

MARG. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

HERO. No, pray thee, good Meg, I 'll wear this.

MARG. By my troth 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another: I 'll wear none but this.

MARG. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

164 *commodity in question*] commodity that must undergo trial, whose value has to be tested.

6 *rabato*] The word is used both for a ruff (or stiff collar) and for the wire-support of the ruff. Cf. Cotgrave's *French-Engl. Dict.*, "Rabat, a rebatoe for a woman's ruffe."

12–13 *tire . . . hair*] new headdress or cap to which false hair was attached.

HERO. O, that exceeds, they say.

MARG. By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of yours, — cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

HERO. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

MARG. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

MARG. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband": an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I 'll offend nobody: is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband"?

16 *that exceeds*] Cf. "cela surpasse" in modern French, and "this passes" in *M. Wives*, IV, ii, 133.

17 *a night-gown*] a dressing-gown or wrapper. When the ghost of Hamlet's father appears "in his habit as he lived," III, iv, 102, the stage direction of the First Quarto describes him as entering "in his night-gown," *i. e.*, in the dress of evening leisure, with his armour off.

18 *cuts*] slashed openings in the gown.

19 *down sleeves, side sleeves*] hanging sleeves, long or broad sleeves. The epithets "down" and "side" mean much the same here. Laneham in his *Account of the Entertainment at Kenilworth*, 1575 (p. 50), says that the minstrel's gown "had *side sleeves down* to midleg."

19–20 *round underborne*] lined all-round.

None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE

HERO. Good morrow, coz.

BEAT. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

HERO. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

BEAT. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARG. Clap 's into "Light o' love"; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

BEAT. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you 'll see he shall lack no barns.

MARG. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

BEAT. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

MARG. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEAT. For the letter that begins them all, H.

32 *light*] the often repeated quibble on the word's two senses of "wanton" and "without weight."

38 "*Light o' love*"] a popular tune for a dance. The music is extant. No song of the name has been found, but several extant ballads are described as set "to the tune of Light o' Love."

39 *burden*] properly the bass, which no one was at hand to sing on the present occasion.

42 *barns*] a pun on "barns" and "bairns."

43–44 *scorn . . . heels*] kick at that contemptuously. See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, II, ii, 8: "*Scorn* running *with thy heels.*"

48 *For . . . H*] Because of an *ache;* the letter "H" was pronounced

MARG. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.

BEAT. What means the fool, trow?

MARG. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

HERO. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

BEAT. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

MARG. A maid, and stuffed! there 's goodly catching of cold.

BEAT. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

MARG. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

BEAT. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

MARG. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

"ache." Cf. Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1560: "H is worst amongst letters in the crosserow, For if thou finde him in thine elbow," etc.

an you . . . star] if our trick have not changed your nature altogether, the stars cannot be trusted as guides for sailors (one has no faith in anything).

60 *professed apprehension*] practised quickness of wit in repartee. Cf. II, i, 68, *supra*: "You *apprehend* passing shrewdly."

65–66 *Carduus Benedictus*] an herbal medicine, known also as "the blessed thistle" and "the plain holy-thistle" of line 72, *infra*. The herb was reputed at the end of the 16th century to be of universal efficacy. Cf. Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1584, cap. 46: "This herbe (Carduus Benedictus) may worthily be called Benedictus or Omnimorbia, that is a salue for euery sore."

HERO. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

BEAT. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

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

BEAT. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARG. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA

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

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

70 *moral*] Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, iv, 78: "meaning or *moral*."

79–80 *he eats . . . grudging*] he eats meat with the same zest as other men; he does what other men do.

84 *Not a false gallop*] No jolting, irregular canter, but the pace which is characteristic of a good horse. Cf. *As you like it*, III, ii, 119: "the very *false gallop* of verses."

SCENE V—ANOTHER ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES

LEON. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOG. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

LEON. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOG. Marry, this it is, sir.

VERG. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEON. What is it, my good friends?

DOG. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

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

DOG. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

LEON. Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOG. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEON. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

15 *palabras*] an abbreviation of the Spanish "pocas palabras" (few words). The phrase appears in the more corrupt form of "paucas pallabris" in *T. of Shrew*, Induction, i, 5.

DOG. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERG. And so am I.

LEON. I would fain know what you have to say.

VERG. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

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

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

DOG. Gifts that God gives.

LEON. I must leave you.

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

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

DOG. It shall be suffigance.

LEON. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

35 *God 's a good man*] a colloquial exclamation in which "man" has merely the significance of "being."

Enter a MESSENGER

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

LEON. I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

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

VERG. And we must do it wisely.

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

52 *Francis Seacole*] See III, iii, 10, "*George* Seacole," and note.

54 *examination*] Thus the Quarto; the Folio needlessly substitutes the more correct *examine*.

57 *noncome*] Dogberry blunders into an abbreviated form of "non compos" when he intends to say "non-plus."

ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

A CHURCH

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *and attendants*

LEONATO

COME, FRIAR FRANCIS, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

CLAUD. No.

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

FRIAR. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

HERO. I do.

FRIAR. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

CLAUD. Know you any, Hero?

HERO. None, my lord.

FRIAR. Know you any, count?

LEON. I dare make his answer, none.

CLAUD. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

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

CLAUD. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEON. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUD. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. PEDRO. Nothing, unless you render her again.

CLAUD. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She 's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

11–13 *If either . . . utter it*] This is taken directly from the marriage service of the Church of England.

19 *not knowing what they do*] These words are from the Quarto; they are omitted from the Folios.

All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
LEON. What do you mean, my lord?
CLAUD. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
LEON. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity, —
CLAUD. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
HERO. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
CLAUD. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
HERO. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
LEON. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

55 *write against it*] proclaim against, denounce it. Cf. *Cymb.* II, v, 32: "I will *write against* them."

D. PEDRO. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
LEON. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
D. JOHN. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
BENE. This looks not like a nuptial.
HERO. True! O God!
CLAUD. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
LEON. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
CLAUD. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
LEON. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
HERO. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?
CLAUD. To make you answer truly to your name.
HERO. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
CLAUD. Marry, that can Hero; 80
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
HERO. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. PEDRO. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. JOHN. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

CLAUD. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

LEON. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*

BEAT. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

91 *liberal*] coarse tongued. Cf. the use of "large," *i. e.* licentious, II, iii, 181, "*large* jests."

98 *misgovernment*] "Misgoverning" is used in *Lucrece*, 654, in the same sense of "misconduct." "Government" for "conduct" is found in *Hen. VIII*, II, iv, 138.

105 *conjecture*] conjecture of evil, *i. e.* suspicion. This usage is rare.

D. JOHN. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

BENE. How doth the lady?

BEAT. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

LEON. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

BEAT. How now, cousin Hero!

FRIAR. Have comfort, lady.

LEON. Dost thou look up?

FRIAR. Yea, wherefore should she not?

LEON. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

111 *Smother . . . up*] "Up" gives the verb intensitive force Cf. *As you like it*, II, i, 62: "kill them *up*."

122 *The story that . . . blood*] The story which is discovered to be true by the passage of blood to and fro her face. Cf. the Friar's speech (159–161) *infra*, describing in her face "blushing apparitions" and "angel whiteness."

126 *on the rearward of*] in the rear of, after. Cf. *Sonnet* xc, 6, "Come *in the rearward* of a conquered woe."

128 *frame*] design or capacity (to give me only one child).

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, " No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins "?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her, — why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!
BENE. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
BEAT. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
BENE. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
BEAT. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
LEON. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.
FRIAR. Hear me a little;

144 *attired in wonder*] wrapped in, clothed in wonder. Cf. *Lucrece*, 1601: "*attired* in discontent."

For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

LEON. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

FRIAR. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

HERO. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

166–167 *with . . . book*] with the seal or proof of experience doth verify the general effect of my reading.

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

FRIAR. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BENE. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

LEON. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

FRIAR. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

LEON. What shall become of this? what will this do?

200 *To quit . . . throughly*] To requite them thoroughly.
209 *What . . . of this?*] What will come of this, be the consequence?

FRIAR. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

223 *upon his words*] owing to his words. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 244: "To die *upon* [*i. e.* by] the hand I love so well."

But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

BENE. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

LEON. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

FRIAR. 'T is well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

BENE. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEAT. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENE. I will not desire that.

BEAT. You have no reason; I do it freely.

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237 *But if . . . false*] Yet if we should reach no more of our aim than this, even if we do not rehabilitate Hero altogether, at any rate the belief in her death will stay irresponsible, sensational gossip about her alleged infamy.

245 *inwardness*] a rare usage for "intimacy," though the adjective "inward" *i. e.* "intimate," is not uncommon.

249 *Being . . . grief*] It being the case that I am immersed in grief.

BENE. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEAT. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

BENE. Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEAT. A very even way, but no such friend.

BENE. May a man do it?

BEAT. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENE. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

BEAT. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

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

BEAT. Do not swear, and eat it.

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

BEAT. Will you not eat your word?

BENE. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

BEAT. Why, then, God forgive me!

BENE. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEAT. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

BENE. And do it with all thy heart.

BEAT. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

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

BEAT. Kill Claudio.

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eat it] eat your oath, your words.

BENE. Ha! not for the wide world.

BEAT. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

BENE. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEAT. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENE. Beatrice, —

BEAT. In faith, I will go.

BENE. We 'll be friends first.

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

BENE. Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEAT. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENE. Hear me, Beatrice, —

BEAT. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

BENE. Nay, but, Beatrice, —

BEAT. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

BENE. Beat—

BEAT. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant,

291 *I am gone, etc.*] My spirit or heart has left me, seeing you care nothing for me, though my body remains here.

301 *bear her in hand*] sustain her with false hopes.

313 *Count Comfect*] a sugar-plum count. "Comfect" is the same word as "comfit," a sweetmeat.

surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving. 320

BENE. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEAT. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENE. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEAT. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENE. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — A PRISON

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO

DOG. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

VERG. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

In the original editions the speaker is here described as *Keeper*, a misprint for "Kemp," *i. e.* William Kemp, the actor who

SEX. Which be the malefactors?

DOG. Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERG. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

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

DOG. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

BORA. Borachio.

DOG. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

CON. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOG. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

CON. } Yea, sir, we hope.
BORA. }

DOG. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

CON. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

played Dogberry. The other speeches of Dogberry in this scene, save two, are given to "Kemp," while those of Verges are assigned to "Cowley" or "Couley," *i. e.* Richard Cowley, the actor, who created that part. The piece was clearly printed from a prompt-copy of the manuscript which was in use in the theatre, and was imperfectly revised for the press.

16–19 *Yea, sir . . . villains*] All these words appear exclusively in the Quarto. Theobald first combined them with the text of the Folio.

18 *God defend*] God forbid. Cf. II, i, 80, *supra*.

DOG. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORA. Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOG. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

SEX. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOG. Yea, marry, tha 's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

FIRST WATCH. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOG. Write down, Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORA. Master constable, —

DOG. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEX. What heard you him say else?

SEC. WATCH. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

DOG. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERG. Yea, by mass, that it is.

SEX. What else, fellow?

24 *I will go about with him*] I will tackle him, as in the expression "to go about (*i. e.* deal with) one's business."

28–29 *they are both in a tale*] they are both committed to one and the same story.

FIRST WATCH. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

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

SEX. What else?

WATCH. This is all.

SEX. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

DOG. Come, let them be opinioned.

VERG. Let them be in the hands —

CON. Off, coxcomb!

DOG. God 's my life, where 's the sexton? let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

CON. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

DOG. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.

63-64 *Let . . . coxcomb*] The original editions give all these words to one speaker — Cowley in the Quarto, Sexton in the Folios. Such an arrangement is an obvious error. "Off, coxcomb!" is clearly spoken by Conrade. "Let them be in the hands" is doubtless Verges' halting expression for "let them be bound," "let their hands be tied."

No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.* 80

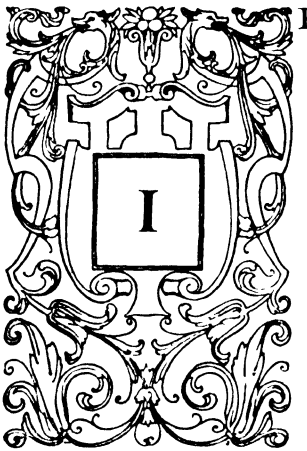
76 *as pretty . . . Messina*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, I, v, 25–26: "As witty a *piece of Eve's flesh as any* in Illyria."

ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

BEFORE LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO

ANTONIO



IF YOU GO ON THUS, YOU will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

LEON. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem!" when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

16 *Bid sorrow . . . "hem!"*] Capell's correction of the original reading *And sorrow, wagge, cry hem.*

18 *candle-wasters*] night revellers.

20–31] For the sentiment cf. *Com. of Errors*, II, i, 34, *seq.*: "A wretched soul, bruised with adversity, We bid be quiet when we hear it cry," etc.

30 *moral*] full of moral counsel, moralizing. Cf. *Lear*, IV, ii, 58: "*moral* fool."

32 *advertisement*] exhortation; the sense is hardly distinguishable from "counsel" in the preceding line.

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
LEON. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
ANT. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.
LEON. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.
ANT. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO

D. PEDRO. Good den, good den.
CLAUD. Good day to both of you.
LEON. Hear you, my lords, —
D. PEDRO. We have some haste, Leonato.
LEON. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
D. PEDRO. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
ANT. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
CLAUD. Who wrongs him?
LEON. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou: —

38 *made a push at . . . sufferance*] made a stroke of defiance at, defied fortune and suffering.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
CLAUD. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
LEON. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!
CLAUD. My villany?
LEON. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
D. PEDRO. You say not right, old man.
LEON. My lord, my lord,
I 'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
CLAUD. Away! I will not have to do with you.
LEON. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

ANT. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that 's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I 'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
LEON. Brother, —
ANT. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
LEON. Brother Antony, —
ANT. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple, —
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.
LEON. But, brother Antony, —

84 *foining fence*] thrusting fence. Cf. *Lear*, IV, vi, 246: "no matter vor yours *foins*." Cotgrave's synonyms for "coup d'estoc" are "a thrust," "*foine*," "stab."

94 *Scambling*] Scrambling; shifting how they can; playing the reckless adventurer. Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "Griffe-graffe, By hooke or by crooke, *scamblingly*, catch that catch may."

96 *antiquely*] like an antic or buffoon.

ANT. Come, 't is no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
D. PEDRO. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
LEON. My lord, my lord, —
D. PEDRO. I will not hear you.
LEON. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
ANT. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*
D. PEDRO. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter BENEDICK

CLAUD. Now, signior, what news?
BENE. Good day, my lord.
D. PEDRO. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
CLAUD. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. PEDRO. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
BENE. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.
CLAUD. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

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

D. PEDRO. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLAUD. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. PEDRO. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry? 131

CLAUD. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENE. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

CLAUD. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. PEDRO. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

CLAUD. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle. 140

BENE. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUD. God bless me from a challenge!

BENE. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not:

128 *draw*] used of minstrels drawing their instruments from their cases.

134 *in the career*] in the full onset. The metaphors are here taken from the practices of tilts and tournaments.

138 *he changes*] *sc.* colour; grows pale.

140 *turn his girdle*] There is ground for assuming that "turning one's girdle" was the accepted signal for offering a challenge. The fuller and commoner term is "to turn the buckle of one's girdle." Both phrases were in common colloquial use for "getting angry."

I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

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

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

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

BENE. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. PEDRO. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

CLAUD. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not. 168

151–153 *calf's-head . . . capon . . . woodcock*] All these words are frequently used as abusive terms implying "stupidity."

160 *a wise gentleman*] ironically used of one careful of his skin.

D. PEDRO. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

CLAUD. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. PEDRO. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLAUD. Yea, and text underneath, " Here dwells Benedick the married man "? 177

BENE. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. PEDRO. He is in earnest.

CLAUD. In most profound earnest; and, I 'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. PEDRO. And hath challenged thee.

CLAUD. Most sincerely. 190

D. PEDRO. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

CLAUD. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

174–175 *the savage bull's horns*] See I, i, 226, *supra*, and note.

191–192 *What . . . wit*] What an inconsistent fool man is when he keeps his clothes on but divests himself of his understanding.

194 *an ape . . . man*] an ape has more wisdom than such a man.

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

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

DOG. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

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

CLAUD. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

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

DOG. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. PEDRO. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what 's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

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

D. PEDRO. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what 's your offence?

195 *pluck up, my heart, and be sad*] rouse yourself, my heart, and prepare for serious consequences.

214 *one meaning well suited*] one meaning put into a goodly number of dresses. The prince puts one question in four different ways.

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

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

CLAUD. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

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

BORA. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. PEDRO. He is composed and framed of treachery: And fled he is upon this villany.

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

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

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

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

LEON. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?
BORA. If you would know your wronger, look on me.
LEON. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
BORA. Yea, even I alone.
LEON. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
CLAUD. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.
D. PEDRO. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.
LEON. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

CLAUD. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

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

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

DOG. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punish-

276 *she alone is heir*] This is a careless inconsistency with I, ii, 1–2, *supra*, where Antonio is credited with a son, of whom nothing further is heard.

285 *pack'd*] in conspiracy, in collusion. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, V, i, 219–220: "That goldsmith there, were he not *pack'd* with her, Could witness it."

ment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

LEON. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOG. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you. 301

LEON. There 's for thy pains.

DOG. God save the foundation!

LEON. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

DOG. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour. 311

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

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

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

D. PEDRO. We will not fail.

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

294 *a key in his ear, and a lock*] "Key" is punningly suggested by the "lock" (of hair). See III, iii, 155, *supra*, and note: "A' wears a *lock*."

303 *God save the foundation!*] God save the founders! — the ordinary form of thanks of those who receive alms at the gates of religious houses.

LEON. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on.
We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE II — LEONATO'S GARDEN

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting*

BENE. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MARG. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

BENE. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

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

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

MARG. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

BENE. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

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

8–9 *shall I . . . stairs?*] shall I always keep in the servants' hall, always be a maid-servant and never get married?

15–16 *I give . . . bucklers*] A common phrase for "I yield," "give up my shields of defence."

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

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

BENE. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

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

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

19 *pikes with a vice*] spikes commonly fastened with a "vice," or "screw," to the centre of a shield or buckler.

23–26 *The god . . . deserve*] The opening verse of a song by William Elderton, the ballad-monger. The tune seems to have been very popular, and many different sets of words were penned to it.

29 *carpet-mongers*] frequenters of ladies' chambers; effeminate carpet-knights. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 225: "Knight . . . on *carpet* consideration."

37 *festival terms*] ornate language. See *M. Wives*, III, ii, 59, and note: "He *speaks holiday*."

Enter BEATRICE

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

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

BENE. O, stay but till then!

BEAT. "Then" is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

BENE. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEAT. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

BENE. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

BEAT. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

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

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

42 *with that I came*] with what I came for.

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

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

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

BEAT. And how long is that, think you? 70

BENE. Question: why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEAT. Very ill.

BENE. And how do you?

BEAT. Very ill too.

BENE. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I 80 leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA

URS. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been

67 *in the time of good neighbours*] when men were not envious of one another, but lived in neighbourly affection, each giving the other his due.

71 *Question: why, an hour in clamour*] That is indeed a question. The answer is, the bell sounds for one hour, and the widow's tears last for a quarter of an hour.

83 *old coil*] great stir.

falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

BEAT. Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENE. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III — A CHURCH

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

CLAUD. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A LORD. It is, my lord.

CLAUD. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;

84 *mightily abused*] terribly deceived. Cf. *Lear*, IV, vii, 53.

13 *knight*] For "knight" in sense of *female* votary, see note on *All's Well*," I, iii, 106.

For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

CLAUD. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

CLAUD. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. PEDRO. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

CLAUD. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed 's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*

---

20 *uttered*] The context seems to require that "uttered" shall mean here "put out," "put away," "vanquished." No precise parallel has been found. The commonly accepted explanation that "uttered" means "published," "commemorated in song," hardly gives the sense required.

21 *Heavily, heavily*] This is the reading of the Quarto, for which the Folios substitute *Heavenly, heavenly*. "Heavenly" has been explained to mean "by the power of heaven." But the misprint *heavenly* for *heavily* is frequent in the First Folio.

SCENE IV — A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO

FRIAR. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
LEON. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
ANT. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
BENE. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
LEON. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
ANT. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
BENE. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
FRIAR. To do what, signior?
BENE. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

17 *confirm'd*] firm, steady, unmoved. Cf. *Cor.*, I, iii, 59: "has such a *confirmed countenance*," *i. e.* a steady firm look.

LEON. That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.
BENE. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
LEON. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what 's your will?
BENE. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
LEON. My heart is with your liking.
FRIAR. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

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

D. PEDRO. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
LEON. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
CLAUD. I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
LEON. Call her forth, brother; here 's the friar ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*
D. PEDRO. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
CLAUD. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

38 *Ethiope*] See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 99.
43 *the savage bull*] See I, i, 226, *supra*, and note.

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
BENE. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
CLAUD. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *masked*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
ANT. This same is she, and I do give you her.
CLAUD. Why, then she 's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
LEON. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
CLAUD. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
HERO. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
CLAUD. Another Hero!
HERO. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. PEDRO. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
LEON. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

53 *seize upon*] a legal term for "take possession of."
63 *defiled*] This is the reading of the Quarto; the word is omitted in the Folios, no doubt by a printer's error.

FRIAR. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
BENE. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
BEAT. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?
BENE. Do not you love me?
BEAT. Why, no; no more than reason.
BENE. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.
BEAT. Do not you love me?
BENE. Troth, no; no more than reason.
BEAT. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
BENE. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
BEAT. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
BENE. 'T is no such matter. Then you do not love me?
BEAT. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
LEON. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
CLAUD. And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
HERO. And here 's another,

70 *Meantime . . . familiar*] For the present, let us regard these wonderful occurrences as ordinary events.

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BENE. A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

BEAT. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BENE. Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

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

BENE. I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

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

BENE. Come, come, we are friends: let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

LEON. We 'll have dancing afterward.

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

Enter a Messenger

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

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119 *staff . . . tipped with horn*] Such a staff was commonly carried by veterans holding dignified offices. There is an obvious quibble suggested by the risk of wearing horns, on account of their wives' frailty, which husbands were always supposed to run.

AS YOU LIKE IT

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY GEORGE P. BAKER
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY J. WALTER WEST

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INTRODUCTION TO AS YOU LIKE IT BY GEORGE P. BAKER. . . . ix

TEXT OF THE PLAY 1

INTRODUCTION

IN more senses than one "As You Like It" is an unusual play. In its own period it was unusual. In the corpus of Shakespeare's plays it is nearly unique. Technically, it is unusual.

Within the decade 1590–1600 "As You Like It" is unusual, because it is, roughly speaking, a pastoral play. In the strict sense of the word "pastoral," a play dealing wholly with the loves of shepherds and shepherdesses, and filled with details of their habits and sports, at least as conventionally represented in fiction, no specimen surely given on the public stage before 1600 survives. George Peele in his *Arraignment of Paris* (1581?), in the sub-plot of Colin and Thestylis, breaks the way, but for the strictly pastoral play we must turn

to "The Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson (1635?) or to John Fletcher's "Sad Shepherdess" (*circa* 1608). "As You Like It" is a pastoral rather in the sense put upon the word by Samuel Johnson: "a poem in which any action or passion is represented in its effect on a country life." This, too, before 1598, is rare in the English drama. Before that date even an artificial feeling for nature, to say nothing of genuine regard, is rare enough. Robert Greene has slight touches in the sub-plot of Lacy and Margaret of Fressingfield in "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay." George Peele, in his "Arraignment of Paris" and "Old Wives' Tale," curiously mingles frigid classical allusion with evidences of close observation of nature. There are some touches in the plays of John Lyly. It is, of course, possible that plays no longer extant would increase this list if we had them, for in Act IV of "The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington," Little John speaks as if plays full of outdoor life had not been uncommon:

> "Methinks, I see no jests of Robin Hood,
> No merry morrices of Friar Tuck,
> No pleasant skippings up and down the wood,
> No hunting songs, no coursing of the buck."

But the treatment of nature in these rustic scenes was, very probably, purely conventional, or there may have been little or no attempt to gain an added interest by fresh touches of nature; for in the extant plays preceding 1598, which might be expected, because they deal with Robin Hood, to show considerable feeling for

nature, there is little or nothing of the sort. In fact, in the two plays in question, "George a Greene," entered in the *Stationers' Register* in 1595, and attributed to Robert Greene, and in the "Edward I" of Peele, even the Robin Hood material provides very little. It is, therefore, so far as extant plays are concerned, in Shakespeare himself — in his lyrics, in bits of description, in simile and metaphor — that we first find steady appreciation and simple presentation of nature.

There was evidently a vogue between 1598 and 1600 for plays which concerned themselves with life in field and forest, for in 1598 was licensed a two-part play by Munday and Chettle, not printed till 1601, — "The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington," and "The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington." In 1600 appeared "Look About You," and in 1600–01 was acted a non-extant play, "Robin Hood's Pen'orths." In 1599 there is record in Henslowe's "Diary" of payments for two plays which have not survived, — George Chapman's "Pastoral Tragedy" and "The Arcadian Virgin" of Chettle and Haughton. *Circa* 1600 Lyly's "Love's Metamorphosis" was revived and the play of imitative title and nature, "The Maid's Metamorphosis," was given. In the light of present evidence it is impossible to settle the question whether "As You Like It" by its success created this vogue or was merely the most artistic example of it. Certainly it is not on the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia" in the autumn of 1598, but it is not indubitably clear that that list is inclusive or infallible.

The quotation in the fifth scene of the third act, from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," published in 1598, —

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
> 'Whoever loved that loved not at first sight.'"

has rather arbitrarily been held to date the play, for surely Shakespeare, a disciple, and even, in all probability, a collaborator of Marlowe, would have been likely to know the poem long before in manuscript. What is certain is that the play was entered in the *Stationers' Register* as follows:

4 Augusti

As you like yt/ a booke
Henry the Ffift / a booke
Euery man in his humour/ a booke — to be staied
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing
a booke/

From entries preceding and following this, critics are now well agreed that the date is 1600. Dr. Furness argues skilfully and cogently to prove that the cause of the staying was the already well-established tendency of Roberts to try to publish books properly controlled by others. When the three companion plays next appear in the *Register*, later in the same month, they are certainly in the hands of other publishers. "As You Like It," however, seems never to have been printed before the 1623 Folio. The date of composition most commonly assigned by critics is 1599.

What is noteworthy in all of the plays mentioned as plays of outdoor life which are extant, is that they were

not in the least written to make nature interesting on the stage, but rather aimed, in recounting the doings of outlaws or shepherds, to use an interest in nature already stimulated, or to be stimulated, as a new element making for the variety so dear to the heart of the Elizabethan dramatist and playgoer. Even among these few plays, too, there is no comedy of just the same kind as Shakespeare's. "The Downfall" gives to a mingling of history and romantic legend a touch of nature. Of the same type is "Edward I." In "George a Greene" legend predominates. "The Arraignment of Paris," "Love's Metamorphosis," and "The Maid's Metamorphosis," deal with gods and goddesses or those who people mythland. In material and in emphasis "As You Like It" differs from its fellows. It so sets genuine romance that woodland charm is one of the chief attractions of the play. What is there, too, in Shakespeare's own work like it? There was opportunity in "Love's Labour's Lost" for a similar use of nature, but there Shakespeare let it appear only in rare touches, like those in the lyrics at the end of the play. In "As You Like It" we are steadily made to feel close to nature. There is nothing of that in "Love's Labour's Lost." No, except for touches here and there which reveal Shakespeare in all his work as the patient and loving observer of Nature's moods and ways, we must look to the second half of "The Winter's Tale" for any such pervasive atmosphere of the open air as we find in "As You Like It." Within its own period, within the group of Shakespeare's plays, "As You Like It," then, is unusual.

As I have already said, in no strict sense is the play a pastoral. This is no genuine tale of shepherds and shepherdesses. Though Corin, Sylvius, and Phebe tend flocks, though Rosalind and Celia live in a shepherd's hut, Shakespeare puts no emphasis on the manners and customs of the shepherds, but rather on the love story of all his figures as merely human beings. His emphasis for local colour and atmosphere comes instead in the brief scenes of the banished Duke and his companions. If the difference between what is and what might have been is not clear to a reader, let him turn to "The Faithful Shepherdess" or "The Sad Shepherd" and speedily it will be. As is always the case with Shakespeare after he passes, with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the initial stage of his work, he individualises the conventional, humanises and simplifies the artificial and purely literary, bringing it all into relation with life as his audience knew and could understand it. What primarily interested him in writing the play was so to repeat a story known in Thomas Lodge's novel, "Rosalynde," that even those of his hearers who already were acquainted with it should find it so superior in the retelling as to be of absorbing interest.

Dr. Furness has urged that the difference between the Clown of the second scene of the play [1] and the Touchstone of the fifth act, as well as certain un-Shakespearean weaknesses felt here and there in the last act, may mean that an older play from Lodge's novel was carefully,

[1] The name appears first in Act II, Sc. iv. Theobald first called the Clown of Act I, Sc. ii, this.

except in these respects, made over by Shakespeare *circa* 1598. But why not an earlier play on the same subject by the dramatist himself? While it is true, as Dr. Furness urges, that if he first wrote the play in 1598, it is hardly probable Touchstone would seem two different people, it is not at all impossible that in rapidly making over an old play of his own he might let an early scene stand much as originally planned, and then, when he had greatly changed later scenes, fail to bring the first appearance of the Clown into entire accord with the revisions further on. Certainly Shakespeare nods occasionally in such ways; for instance, just because he is so full of his source, he fails to make the cause in "King John" for the Bastard's hatred of Austria as clear as it was in his source, "The Troublesome Raigne." "Romeo and Juliet," and above all "Hamlet," show also how ready he was to make over his work when opportunity came. Lodge's "Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie," was first printed in 1590, but the first extant edition is that of 1592. There was another edition in 1598; indeed there were ten between 1590 and 1642. When one remembers that the Elizabethan dramatists were the reporters of their day, does it not seem likely there was by 1593 some play on a story which had passed through two editions between 1590 and 1592 and had lasting quality enough to keep it popular for over fifty years?

What also suggests an earlier date than 1598 for the first writing of "As You Like It" is the closeness with which it follows the novel. Usually, even in the chronicle plays, in which Shakespeare shows a stronger sense of

fact than his contemporary dramatists, he departs freely and largely from his sources. Moreover, though a hard and fast principle probably cannot be laid down, he is on the whole freer with his sources as his work advances. In "As You Like It" he borrows all the principal incidents and characters of Lodge's novel. Though he adds Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Le Beau, Dennis, Sir Oliver Martext, Amiens, and the First Lord, he but very slightly changes the situations of the novel except in so far as highly developing the characters provided him must affect them somewhat. That is, his method is to change rather by adding than by working over thoroughly the original story.

What previous experience told Shakespeare, as he mulled over Lodge's story, was that the love story of Orlando and Rosalind lacks large emotional significance, and does not contain the seemingly inextricable complication which a play of absorbing story and stirring incident must possess. When Rosalind and Orlando once meet in the Forest of Arden, she has only to reveal herself to bring the story to an end. All that stands between is her desire to test him, her truly feminine wish to tease. There is no real dramatic barrier, no complication which keeps a reader in suspense as to the way in which the lovers may be brought together. Compare the central story here with that of "Much Ado about Nothing." Here is naught to excite and thrill an audience as does the tale of Claudio and Hero, with its misunderstandings, jealousies, and tragic moments. There we have clash of character with character, and complication, which

seems inextricable, in the effect on Claudio of the slandering of Hero by Don Pedro's hirelings. The story is meant to create suspense early and to keep an audience emotionally tense even to the end. In "Twelfth Night," too, the Duke, whom Viola loves, cares not for her, but for Olivia, who in turn loves Viola, thinking her a youth. This means a conflict of wills productive of moving scenes. Both of these plays, in other words, make a strong and varied appeal to the emotions of the audience. So far as Orlando and Rosalind are concerned, the complications for them are less even than for Beatrice and Benedick. The misrepresentations of Benedick and Beatrice to each other by Leonato and Claudio complicate their wooing badly. Scene ii of Act V in "As You Like It" shows how completely Rosalind controls the *dénouement* of the play. When Orlando tells her of the speedy marriage of Celia and Oliver she says: "If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her." Indeed, as any careful reader must note, the angry banishment of Rosalind by the Duke in Act I gives promise of complications for Rosalind which never appear. The first act is so stormy that it prepares a hearer for a play of bustling action later; but such action fails to appear. Such a contrast between this act and the mood of the other acts is more suggestive of the contrast between the almost tragic opening of "The Comedy of Errors" and the farce of its main scenes than of any other play of Shakespeare before 1600. There can be no question, then, that the main dependence of "As You

Like It" is not upon a complicated central story. The appeal of "As You Like It" is, frankly, delicate rather than powerful, intellectual rather than emotional, to the educated, the cultivated, rather than to the untrained mind.

A play built directly from Lodge's material must depend not on dramatic situation, but on attractive characterisation of the *dramatis personae,* on graceful and charming speech, and upon much variety instead of much intensity of interest. That is, its means must be literary rather than essentially dramatic. Now experience long, long ago demonstrated that in the theatre it is situation which can be depended on, above everything else, to win and hold the attention of a large audience. Take away, not story entirely, but the complication in story which keeps an audience in suspense, eager for a solution favourable to the heroine or annihilating to the villain, and what is to hold the public? Character may, but if so it must provide some decidedly attractive or interesting figures. What holds most in characterisation is the clash of wills which produces dramatic situations; but, as we have seen, in the scenes of Orlando and Rosalind such clashes are absent. Though Shakespeare contrasts Celia and Rosalind, though Orlando and the disguised Rosalind may seem to clash in their talk of Orlando's love, there is no real combat of wills. It is in Rosalind's relations to Phebe that the only real complication in the love story comes. Yet Shakespeare does not make even that in any way complicate the relations of Orlando and Rosalind as he makes the slandering of Hero bring Ben-

edick and Beatrice to an understanding. It is noteworthy, too, that all the strongly emotional moments come early in the play, — in the wrestling scene, the banishment of Rosalind, and the flight of Orlando and Adam. Once in the Forest of Arden, all real anxieties are over; Rosalind and Celia are free to play with their moods and to indulge in badinage with Orlando; Touchstone can quaintly soliloquise; and Jaques may philosophise as the days slip by. Action in the ordinary sense is kept off the stage. We hear of the rescue of the brother Oliver; of the conversion of the usurping Duke; we are told that Celia and Oliver fall head over ears in love at sight; but nothing of all this are we allowed to see in action. I dwell on this absence of complicated plotting, of dramatic action, of emotional appeal in the main figures, for it points to the emphasis intended by the dramatist. When we know that, his underlying purpose in the play must reveal itself.

Evidently Shakespeare's interest in this play went much where it did in "Love's Labour's Lost" — on characterisation and dialogue. As was true in that play, here he depends much on variety of appeal rather than on a story of emotional significance. There we had Don Armado, Jaquenetta, Costard, Holofernes, Moth, and Will, each with his own special interest for the audience, but all slightly and arbitrarily connected with the main story. Here we have Touchstone, Audrey, Jaques, William, the foresters, and the singing pages, all added to the original fable, not to complicate the main story but to give varied interest. The additions in "As You Like

It" are, however, somewhat better connected with their main story. But there are other similarities between the two plays. Just as the performance of "The Nine Worthies" helps in "Love's Labour's Lost" to bring the play to an end, so Hymen here is introduced, by no means inevitably, in order to provide an appeal always gratifying to the Elizabethans, enthusiastic as they were over masques. Yet, though the connection of the new figures with Rosalind and Orlando may be better than the massing of the material in "Love's Labour's Lost," they are not so essential to the development of the main story as are Sir Toby and Sir Andrew in "Twelfth Night" and Dogberry and Verges in "Much Ado about Nothing." Neither of these plays could reach its *dénouement* without the aid of the characters named. Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Sir Oliver Martext, are in no way essential to the working out of the love story of Oliver and Rosalind. Are the foresters needed for more than atmosphere and spectacle?

The truth is, phrase, dialogue for its own sake, plays a greater part proportionately here than in either of the other two great comedies. In "Much Ado," phrase for the sake of phrase is largely confined to the Beatrice-Benedick scenes, and in "Twelfth Night" it is marked chiefly in scenes between the Duke and Viola or between Viola and Olivia. In "As You Like It" the interest in phrase pervades the play. Jaques exists for his philosophising. The foresters were created to sing and comment on the woodland life, producing an atmosphere for the whole play. Touchstone

lives by and for his whimsical truths. The chief scenes of Rosalind and Orlando savour of the word-combat. Does not all this sound reminiscent of "Love's Labour 's Lost?" Even on their first appearance Rosalind and Celia fall to making epigrams: —

CEL. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, 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-favouredly.

Or they bandy quips and quiddities with Touchstone. He in turn splits hairs as he counters on the slow-witted Corin. When Jaques enters after the finding of the sonnets, Orlando proves a very stage interlocutor to draw out the fancies of the fertile brain of Jaques. Even the interest of the mock marriage of Orlando and Rosalind arises from her wit as it flashes hither and thither, lighting up the whole scene. In all of these scenes, and in many more, it is not doing but saying which counts. One has only to contrast Scene v of Act III, the first meeting of Rosalind and Phebe, to grasp the difference between movement by emotionalised situation and movement by clever dialogue. The grip of this scene on the attention is much swifter and stronger than that of surrounding scenes. Evidently, then, "As You Like It" was written in a mood not unlike that which produced

"Love's Labour 's Lost." Since, too, the appeal of phrase is largely intellectual, the play was probably aimed primarily at a cultivated audience who could and would respond. Even in Elizabethan days the wit combat and pleasure in sonneteering got their vogue from the Court or the University set, and took hold of the people only as something from the outside, something superimposed.

To say all this is not, however, to wish to derogate at all from the skill of the phrasing. It is far more brilliant than in "Love's Labour 's Lost." Indeed it is so much in and of the characters speaking that it in large part loses the self-consciousness so marked in "Love's Labour 's Lost." In truth, the gain in characterising power is even greater than in skill in proportioning and massing the various elements of interest into what at first sight seems a plot of the usual kind.

In the earlier play the main figures existed only for their speeches. Beyond them, even in them, they revealed little of themselves. They are too much like the skilled conversationalist to-day, who can talk fascinatingly on any subject, yet reveal nothing of his own personality. On the other hand the humanity, the individuality of Rosalind, Celia, Touchstone, Jaques, even of the lesser characters, are what have for generations endeared them to readers and theatre-goers. Moreover, to compare the original dialogue of Lodge and that of Shakespeare is to discover the difference between dialogue consciously artificial and dialogue humanly possible even if somewhat *précieux*, between dialogue largely

characterless and dialogue that portrays even as it entertains. Here is Ganimede's answer according to Lodge, when Phebe confesses her love for him: "Water not thy plants, Phoebe, for I do pity thy plaints, nor seek not to discover thy love in teares: for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions: sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolick, Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it greeves me to thwart Montanus [Silvius] in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: but thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate: so I telle thee, Phoebe, either some starre, or else some destenie, fittest my mind rather with Adonis to die in chase, than to be counted a wanton on Venus knee. Although I pitie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no marriage."

Rosalind's speech under similar conditions shows Shakespeare's acquired mastery of dramatic dialogue, that epitome of compacted suggestion:

> 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.
> 'T is 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 man
> Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is 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; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Lodge wrote wholly from the point of view of his characters. Absorbed in phrase-making, the speaker reveals himself but little. Shakespeare, standing outside, makes his *dramatis personae* so to speak that each reveals himself as the dramatist sees him. Merely literary phrasing is replaced by selected connotative and characterising phrase.

"As You Like It" technically stands, therefore, midway between such purely literary work as "Love's Labour 's Lost," and such perfect plays in the usual sense of the word as "Much Ado about Nothing" and "Twelfth Night." It humanises the literary experimenting of Lodge; it gives it new interest, both by enriched characterisation and by adding new and convincing figures; but it still does not transmute the actionless story of Lodge into a play of dramatic situation. "As You Like It," like "A Midsummer Night's Dream," stands between a masque and the play as ordinarily understood by the great public. That it should have been for genera-

tions a favourite shows how completely Shakespeare conquered the difficulties offered by his absence of plot in the usual sense of the word.

What the play possesses in large measure, and what constitutes a large part of its charm, is its atmosphere of the woods and outdoor life. It is worth while to note how simply and yet how skilfully Shakespeare produces this outdoor effect. We to-day feel it throughout, because of our elaborate setting of the stage. Consequently we are sure that the whole play is full of deft touches bringing this result. But really for the Elizabethan, as for the reader to-day, the effect is produced by four scenes only, — the first, the fifth, and the seventh of Act II, and the second scene of Act IV. It is curious, too, that all but one of these scenes are brief, a song or a few speeches merely in passing. Even in the exception, the dialogue is not lengthened for more of the woodland effect, but because Orlando coming upon the scene in eager search of food for Old Adam, creates forthwith a dramatic situation. Promptly the woodland part becomes wholly subordinate. Here shows the hand of the trained dramatist. By 1598 Shakespeare knew well that if in the early part of a play we create a sense of place, an atmosphere, it will persist, unless we markedly shift our ground later. He knew that when we are once imbued with the spirit of the Forest of Arden, as long as now and then Jaques, or another who has shared in those scenes of atmosphere, behaves or talks as he then did, we shall supply from the earlier part the necessary background. The restraint, the sureness of touch, the confidence that the public would

enjoy so delicate an intellectual pleasure as is appreciation of atmosphere — all this is very significant. It shows that by 1598 Shakespeare was so sure of his relation to his audience and his work, that he dared to work with a few strokes; that he knew the exact value of his *materials for the ends he had in view*; and that his *audience was probably special* rather than that of the *regular theatre*.

Because of the similarity of this play technically to "Love's Labour 's Lost"; because its appeal is steadily intellectual by its emphasis on phrase, and on characterisation for its own sake; because of its substitution of variety in interest for intensity of interest, I suspect "As You Like It" was originally written for some special occasion, probably some out-of-doors festivity before a highly cultivated audience. I should guess, following the lead of Dr. Furness, that the original appeared not long after the first printing of Lodge's "Rosalynde" in 1590, and in the neighbourhood of the first form of "Love's Labour 's Lost," and that after a lapse of years it was carefully reworked *circa* 1598.

Made out of next to nothing, dramatically speaking, "As You Like It" has for generations been a special favourite on the stage through its humour, wit, surely and swiftly differentiated characterisation, and the flexibility and beauty of its verse, — in a word, its masterly combination of witchery and truth to life. It is the "most exquisite fooling" to be found in Shakespeare's plays.

GEORGE P. BAKER.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished Duke.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ADAM, DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, SYLVIUS, } shepherds.
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE — *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden*

[1] This play, which was first printed in the First Folio in 1623, is there divided into acts and scenes. There is no list of *Dramatis Personæ*. This was supplied for the first time in Rowe's edition of 1709.

ACT FIRST — SCENE I

ORCHARD OF OLIVER'S HOUSE

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM

ORLANDO

AS I REMEMBER, ADAM, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred

2 *bequeathed me, etc.*] This sentence lacks a subject. It is possible that "he" was omitted before "bequeathed" by a typographical

better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

error. It is so obvious that Orlando is talking of his father's bequest that a corrector of the press could not be severely blamed for the accidental elision.

4 *My brother Jaques*] This character, Sir Rowland de Boys' second son, only plays a small part at the end of the last act, where the folio editions call him "second brother" and Rowe and later editors "Jaques de Boys." In Lodge's story of *Rosalynd*, on which Shakespeare based his play, the character is called Ferdinand. That Shakespeare should have bestowed the same name on a far more important personage of his own creation, the banished Duke's cynical companion, is proof of hasty composition and of defective revision. Cf. note on I, ii, 74, *infra*.

15 *countenance*] Cf. Selden's *Table Talk* (Art. "Fines"): "If you will come unto my house, I will show you the best *countenance* I can," *i. e.* not the best face, but the best entertainment.

18 *mines . . . education*] undermines or destroys the gentleness of my birth and nature, by means of my bringing up.

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

Enter OLIVER

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

31 *be naught awhile*] a colloquial form of imprecation, "be hanged to you."

45–46 *your coming . . . reverence*] your priority of birth more closely

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

associates you with the respect which was his due. The chief share of the father's reputation descends to his eldest born.

48–49 *Come, come . . . young in this*] Cf. the elder brother's remark in Lodge's story of *Rosalynd*, "Though I am *eldest* by birth, yet never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits."

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.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

DEN. Calls your worship? 80

OLI. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good Monsieur Charles, what 's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old 90 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.

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do. 103

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. 109

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

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came

105 *forest of Arden*] Lodge, like Shakespeare, makes the scene of his story "the forest of *Ardennes*," in Flanders (now Belgium). But the dramatist's familiarity with the English forest of *Arden* in Warwickshire, near his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, probably coloured his allusions to woodland scenery in the play.

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 shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles: — it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

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

133 *grace himself on thee*] get grace or honour at your expense.

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 schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I 'll go about. [154]

[*Exit.*

SCENE II — LAWN BEFORE THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

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 [10] truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

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149 *noble device*] noble conceptions and aims.

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

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

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

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

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

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. 'T is true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to

28–29 *Fortune . . . wheel*] Cf. *Hen. V*, III, vi, 32–34: "*Fortune* is painted . . . with a *wheel*, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation."

Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

CEL. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

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

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

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

49 *reason of*] discuss about. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, iii, 54, "I am debating *of* my present store," and *ibid.* II, viii, 27, "I *reasoned with* a Frenchman yesterday."

51 *wit! whither wander you?*] a proverbial phrase serving as a check on too abundant a flow of conversation. The cognate form IV, i, 149, *infra*, "Wit! whither wilt?" is more frequently met with. Malone conjectured that the words formed part of some lost madrigal.

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. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

74 *old Frederick, your father*] The reference here must be to Celia's father, the usurping Duke, who at line 213 of the present scene and at V, iv, 148, *infra*, is also called Frederick. Yet the Folios give the succeeding speech to *Rosalind*, and thereby imply that Touchstone refers here to Rosalind's father, the banished Duke, who is designated throughout the play as "Duke, senior," without any Christian name; it is clear that his name could not have been Frederick, like that of his brother. Capell, who accepted the Folios' assignment of the next speech to Rosalind, substituted Ferdinand for Frederick. But it is best to adopt Theobald's emendation, which is followed above, and assign the next speech to Celia.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest 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.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then shall we be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what 's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. 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 decrees.

CEL. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

80–82 *since . . . great show*] There may be a reference here to some topical event, either to an unidentified inhibition of players, or to the notorious suppression of satirical and licentious books, which took place in 1599.

90 *colour*] kind or nature. Cf. *Lear*, II, ii, 133, where the Quartos read "a fellow of the selfsame *nature*," and the Folio, "a fellow of the self-same *colour*."

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. 99

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.

CEL. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three sons, —

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROS. With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents." 109

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

95–96 *rank . . . smell*] This punning comment on the word "rank," which Touchstone uses in its sense of "quality" or "place," and Rosalind in that of "rancidity," is precisely paralleled in *Cymb.*, II, i, 15–16: "CLO. Would he had been one of my *rank!* SEC. LORD [*Aside*]. To have *smelt* like a fool."

108 *Ros. With bills on their necks*] Thus the Folios. Farmer transferred these words to Le Beau's preceding speech, and interpreted them as meaning "with halberds, or weapons of war, on their shoulders." Lodge in the novel writes of his hero "with his forest *bill on his neck*." In any case Rosalind puns on the word "bills" [*i. e.* halberds] in the sense of placards or proclamations.

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. 120

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 see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 130

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

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?

125 *broken music*] A quibbling use of a technical musical term for a musical performance, in which the instruments employed did not keep tune, according to strict rules of harmony. There is no connection between broken music and broken ribs, save the verbal identity of the epithet.

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

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

ROS. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave. 140

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

CEL. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so: I 'll not be by.

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

ORL. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler? 151

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 your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray

142 *odds in the man*] advantage on the side of the wrestler Charles.

147 *princess calls*] Theobald reads *princesses call,* which Orlando's reference to *them* seems to justify.

157–158 *saw . . . judgement*] exerted all your powers of vision and judgment.

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; wherein 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 foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the 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!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. 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.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

ROS. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man! 189

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

ROS. O excellent young man!

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

DUKE. F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? 200

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this? 210

ORL. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

196 *not yet well breathed*] not yet in thorough practice, in full career. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, III, xiii, 178: "I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, *breathed.*"

His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.
ROS. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.
CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
ROS. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits 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, a mere lifeless block.

212 *calling*] name, or appellation. This usage is rare. The word is more common in Shakespeare in the modern sense of "vocation" or "profession," especially of an ecclesiastical kind.
217 *tears unto entreaties*] tears in addition to entreaties.
225 *out of suits with fortune*] out of fortune's service, deprived of her livery. Cf. I, iii, 24, *infra*: "turning these jests *out of service*."

ROS. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.
CEL. Will you go, coz?
ROS. Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*
ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

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.
ORL. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

243 *condition*] temperament. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, ii, 143: "*the condition* [*i. e.* temperament or disposition] of a saint."

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter:
The 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,
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;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

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251 *taller*] This is the reading of the Folios. Rowe and almost all subsequent editors read here *shorter* (or *smaller*). A change of the kind seems necessary. Rosalind, in the next scene, line 110, gives as a reason for her assuming a man's disguise when fleeing with Celia that she is "more than common tall," and at IV, iii, 86–87, Celia is described as "low and browner" than Rosalind.

266 *from the smoke . . . smother*] from bad to worse. "Smother" is the thick stifling smoke of a smouldering fire.

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.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

ROS. No, some of it is for my child's father. 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.

11 *my child's father*] this would mean "my husband." Thus the Folios. Numerous modern editors substitute *my father's child, i.e.* myself.

18 *Hem*] an onomatopœic word implying the act of coughing slightly. "Hem them away" is remove them by a small effort of the throat.

19 *cry hem and have him*] have for the asking; a proverbial expression.

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 Rowland'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.

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.

31 *dearly*] greatly, extremely. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 182: "my *dearest* foe."
37 *safest*] surest, least exposed to doubt or delay.

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 purgation 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.
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:
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.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*
CEL. O my poor Rosalind, wither 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;

71 *like Juno's swans*] There is nothing in classical mythology to justify this simile, which seems due to an error of memory. Ovid associates *Venus* and *not Juno* with swans. Cf. *Met.*, X, 708 *seq.* Shakespeare mentions "Venus' doves" seven times in the course of his works, but he ignores her swans.

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
ROS. That he hath not.
CEL. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am 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 your change 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 umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
ROS. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

98 *your change*] For this reading of the First Folio the Second and later Folios substituted *your charge*, which seems to improve the sense. But the original reading *change, i. e.* "reverse of fortune," may be right.

A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

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

ROS. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
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 SECOND — SCENE I

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, *and two or three* Lords, *like 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 but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as 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?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

14 *precious jewel in his head*] Cf Lyly's *Euphues*: "The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head" (ed. Arber, p. 53). The ignorant popular belief, that a toad carried a precious stone in its head, which was universal in Shakespeare's day, is apparently derived from the fact that a stone or gem, chiefly found in Egypt, is of the brownish gray colour of toads, and is therefore called a batrachite or toadstone. Pliny in his *Natural History* (Book 32) ascribes to a bone in the toad's head curative and other properties, but does not suggest that a gem is ever found there. In his description elsewhere of the toadstones of Egypt he only notes their association with toads in the way of colour.

24 *forked heads*] arrow heads. Roger Ascham, in *Toxophilus* (ed. Arber, p. 135), mentions that arrow heads, "having two points streching forwards," are commonly called "fork heads." Cf. *Lear*, I. i, 143, where the arrow-head is called "the fork."

FIRST 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 the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much": then, being there alone,

44 *moralize*] Cf. Cotgrave, *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*: "Moraliser: To *morralize*, to expound morrally, to give a morall sence vnto." See also *infra*, II, vii, 29: "*moral* on the time."

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
" 'T is 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;
'T is 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?

SEC. 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.

FIRST LORD. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

62 *kill . . . up*] Intensitive of " kill," *i. e.* exterminate. Cf. Adlington's *Apuleius' Golden Asse*, 1582, fo. 159: " *Killed vp* with colde."

67 *cope*] meet with, encounter. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 889: " They all strain courtesy who shall *cope* him first."

SCENE II — A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

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

SEC. LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

8 *roynish*] scurvy. Cognate forms "roynous" and "roignous," both meaning "coarse," figure in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, ll. 987, 6193. The word seems adapted from the French. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.* has "rougneux," which is interpreted "scabbie, mangie," and "scuruie." Cf. *Mach.*, I, iii, 6: "*rump-fed ronyon* [mangy creature]."

20 *quail*] grow faint, slacken in effort.

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 Rowland! 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 bonny 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:
Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,

8 *bonny priser*] strong prizefighter (*i. e.*, contender for a prize). The word *bonny* is the reading of all the Folios, and is doubtless right. The epithet is frequently used in the sense of "strong" as well as in that of "comely." Warburton's widely adopted correction, *boney, i. e.*, "muscular," is unnecessary.

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,

27 *This is no place*] Cf. *Lover's Complaint*, 82: "Love made him her *place*, [*i. e.*, her home, place to dwell in]."

37 *diverted blood*] blood (or natural affection) turned from the course of nature.

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,
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.

ORL. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat 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: it is 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 lived I, but now live here no more.

71 *seventeen*] This is Rowe's emendation for the *seventy* of the Folios.

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.*

SCENE IV — THE FOREST OF ARDEN

Enter ROSALIND *for* GANYMEDE, CELIA *for* ALIENA, *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 cannot go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I;

1 *weary*] Theobald's emendation of the *merry* of the Folios.
6 *doublet and hose*] the chief features of male attire in Shakespeare's day.
10 *bear no cross*] a quibble on the two meanings of the phrase, viz., "endure hardship" and "carry a coin," specifically known as a "cross," from the stamp upon it of a cross. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, I, ii, 212–213: "you are too impatient to *bear crosses*."

when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

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

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

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

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
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,
Wearing 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,

28 *fantasy*] Used like the cognate form "fancy" in the sense of affection or love.

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 him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

46 *batlet*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *batler*, which there seems no reason for changing. Neither form is met elsewhere. The reference is to the bat or flat wooden instrument (sometimes called a washing-beetle) with which clothes are beaten by the laundress. Cf. Levins's *Manipulus*, 1570, p. 38: "To *battle* clothes. Excutere."

chopt] chapped. Cf. *Sonnet* lxii, 10: "*chopp'd* with tann'd antiquity."

51–52 *mortal in folly*] "Mortal" is here a slang intensitive meaning "excessive," "extravagant," with the implied suggestion that folly deals death to love.

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 prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
COR. Fair sir, I pity her
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:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

82 *in my voice*] as far as my voice or vote has power to bid you welcome.

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 my time in it. 90
COR. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V — THE FOREST

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others*

SONG

AMI. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

94 *feeder*] This word in the sense of "servant" is not uncommon, and various suggested changes are unnecessary.

3 *turn*] This is the reading of the Folios, and the word clearly means "adapt." Cf. Hall's *Satires*, VI, i: "Martiall *turns* his merry note." Rowe's widely accepted emendation, *tunes*, may be rejected.

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I prithee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, 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 stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

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

16 *stanzo*] Cotgrave, *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, gives the form "stanzo" (for stanza) when interpreting the French "stance." In *L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 99, "stanze" is read in the original editions, — the First Folio and First Quarto, — and "stanza" in the later Folios. There is an obvious uncertainty as to the right form.

18–19] *names . . . owe me nothing*] an allusion to the use of the Latin "nomina" in the common sense of "details of debt." Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1573, defines "Nomina" as "the names of debtes owen."

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 as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
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.

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,

27 *cover*] lay the cloth.

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

AMI. What 's that " ducdame "?

JAQ. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. 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 prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI—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.

50 *Ducdame*] In all probability a nonsensical parody of the conventional burden of an unidentified popular song. Cf. in *All's Well*, I, iii, 69, the clown's senseless sing-song " Fond done, done fond " in his ditty of Helen of Greece. Attempts have been made to connect " ducdame " with like sounding words in Latin, Italian, French, Gaelic, Welsh, Greek, and Romany.

57 *the first-born of Egypt*] high-born persons.

Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII — THE FOREST

A table set out. Enter DUKE *senior*, AMIENS, *and* LORDS *like outlaws*

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

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

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

Enter JAQUES

FIRST LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

6 *spheres*] The common belief in the music of the spheres is well illustrated in *Merch. of Ven.*, V, i, 60–61 : "There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in his motion like an angel sings."

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!
JAQ. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
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:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

13 *motley*] a reference to the conventional parti-coloured or patchwork dress of the professional fool. "Mottled" would be the modern expression. A species of variegated cloth seems to have borne in the trade the name of "motley." Cf. line 34, *infra*, "*Motley's* the only wear," and 43, "a *motley* coat."

20 *dial from his poke*] It was common among the lower orders to carry in the "poke" or pocket a sundial in the form of a metal ring about two inches in diameter, which was so marked and contrived that sunlight falling upon it indicated the hour of day. A specimen of a pocket dial of the Elizabethan period is preserved in the Museum at Stratford-upon-Avon.

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley 's the only wear.

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAQ. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty

29 *moral*] Cf. II, i, 44, *supra*, "*moralize* this spectacle." There seems little doubt that "moral on" is a verb meaning "moralize on." The suggestion that "moral" is here used adjectivally offers an awkward construction.

40 *he hath strange places cramm'd*] he hath collected from observation or study a mass of strange topics, allusions, passages from books. Cf. the use of the Latin word "loci" and the Greek "τόποι."

44 *my only suit*] a quibble on the two meanings of the word "petition" and "dress."

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The " why " is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

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

JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

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

48 *as large a charter as the wind*] Cf. *Hen. V*, I, i, 48 : " The *air*, a *charter'd libertine*, is still."

55 *Not to . . . bob*] The Folios omit the words *not to*, which Theobald first supplied. They are necessary to the sense. The general meaning is that the wise man, though he may smart under a fool's taunt, ought to ignore the " bob " or rap of a fool's comment.

57 *squandering glances*] random shots.

63 *counter*] a thing of no value ; a metal disc, of no intrinsic value, used in making calculations.

66 *brutish sting*] animal impulse.

And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary 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?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

68 *with license of free foot*] gadding about with no restraint.

73 *Till . . . ebb*] This is the original reading. It means that pride flows on like the tidal sea till its "very means," or sustaining forces, becoming weary or exhausted, ebb or decay. Singer's emendation, *the wearer's very means*, is not happy.

79–82 *Or what . . . speech?*] The general meaning is that one finds men in the lowest position in life taking a foolish pride in showy apparel who, if they hear a censorious observer denounce the vanity of spending money on dress, retort that the critic does not pay for what they wear; the critic's censure is intended to have no particular or personal application, but such a reply is a safe sign that the cap fits.

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? 90
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 from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die. 101
DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
ORL. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
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

96 *inland*] civilized, refined, the converse of "outlandish." Cf. III, ii, 322, *infra*: "an *inland* man."

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,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 't is 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 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 blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:

125 *upon command*] at your command.

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;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, 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 a 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,

139 *All . . . stage*] Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 77–78: "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage, where every man must play a part." The comparison of the world to a stage was a commonplace in Greek, Latin, and modern European literature. The Globe Theatre bore the proverbial motto, "Totus mundus agit histrionem." The division of man's life into seven parts or ages, which Shakespeare likens to acts of a play, is found in the Greek writings of the physician Hippocrates and of the late Greek philosopher Proclus, and was generally accepted by philosophers, poets, and artists of the European Renaissance.

148 *Sighing like furnace*] Cf. *Cymb.*, I, vi, 65–66: "he [*i. e.*, a Frenchman in love] *furnaces* The thick *sighs* from him."

153–154 *the justice . . . capon*] Capons formed gifts which suitors were in the habit of offering justices of the peace. Cf. Wither's *Christ-*

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 youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
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 burthen,
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

mas Carol, lines 41, 42 : " Now poor men to the *justices* With *capons* make their arrants [*i. e.*, errands]."

156 ***modern instances***] trite or commonplace maxims or anecdotes.

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
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 does not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

DUKE S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
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.*

The accent in this word, which must be pronounced trisyllabically, falls on the second syllable.

ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER

DUKE FREDERICK

NOT SEE HIM SINCE? SIR, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
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 expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE FOREST

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper*

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

17 *Make an extent upon, etc.*] In strict legal phraseology the process of "making an extent," *i. e.*, executing the writ "extendi facias," consisted in appraising the value of property to its full extent as a preliminary to its summary seizure. The process ordinarily followed a sentence of forfeiture of which in the present instance Shakespeare gives no hint. The phrase is very commonly met with in Elizabethan plays in the loose significance, as here, of taking forcible possession of property.

2 *thrice-crowned queen of night*] Luna, or the moon, was believed in classical mythology to rule three realms, — earth, heaven, where she was known as "Diana," and the infernal regions, where she was known as "Hecate." Chapman, in his *Hymn to Night* (1594), describes how the goddess with "triple forehead" controls earth, seas, and hell. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 391: "the *triple* Hecate's team."

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 every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive 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 sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

10 *unexpressive*] inexpressible; a common usage. Cf. Milton's *Lycidas*, 176: "The *unexpressive* nuptial song."

28 *good breeding*] *i. e.*, the want of good breeding; a common manner of speech in Elizabethan English.

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope.

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damned, 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 sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

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

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

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

44 *but you kiss*] without kissing.

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

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 courtly a wit for me: I 'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

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

64 *God make incision . . . raw*] A reference to blood-letting, which was the accepted method of treating diseases alike of mind or body. "Raw" seems used in a double sense of "ignorant" and "suffering from a flesh wound," which requires medical treatment.

Enter ROSALIND, *with a paper, reading*

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 fair of Rosalind.

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

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.

88 *rank*] This, the original reading, has been much questioned, and the numerous suggested substitutes for *rank* include *rate*, *rack*, *canter*, and others. It is clear that the sense required is that of a jog trot or ambling pace, such as characterises butter-women on their way to market. Such a meaning may possibly be deducible from the women's practice of riding or walking in file or *rank*. Cf. Pettie's translation of Guazzo's, *Civil Conversation* (1586): "All the women in the towne runne thether *of a ranke*, as it were in procession." But much is to be said for the emendation *rack*, which was in common use for a horse's jogging method of progression.

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.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

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

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

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

Enter CELIA, *with a writing*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

CEL. [*reads*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:

103 *false gallop*] Cf. Nashe's *Foure Letters*, "I would trot *a false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*." The term technically means the jerky amble in which the horse puts the left foot before the right. Shakespeare, in *1 Hen. IV*, III, i, 134–135, likens "mincing poetry" to the "forced gait of a shuffling nag."

108 *earliest fruit*] The medlar is now one of the latest fruits to ripen. The circumstance that it rots ere it ripens argues a premature precocity, which may justify Rosalind's quibbling argument.

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,
  Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
  Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
  Heaven would in little 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,
  Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts

130 *in little*] The train of thought has here astrological significance, and "in little" probably refers to the "microcosm, the little world of man," which is a miniature reflection of the stars. "A picture *in little*," as in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 362, was a common synonym for a miniature painting. But there is no such reference here.

137 *Atalanta's better part*] Ovid declares himself unable to decide whether Atalanta more excelled in swiftness of foot or in beauty of face (*Met.*, X, 562–563). In line 260, *infra*, reference is made to "Atalanta's heels," the first of her two distinctive characteristics. At this place Shakespeare probably had in mind the charm of feature which Ovid puts to her credit.

By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

ROS. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried "Have patience, good people"!

CEL. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; 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 hanged 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-

145 *pulpiter*] *i. e.*, preacher. This is Spedding's ingenious substitute for *Jupiter* of the Folios. But Rosalind has already made one appeal to Jupiter (II, iv, 1), and has twice called on Jove (II, iv, 56), while she makes a passing reference to the god at III, ii, 221, *infra*. Irrelevant use of these expletives of adjuration seems in keeping with her character, and the old reading may possibly be right.

tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, 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 prithee, who? 170

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

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping! 180

ROS. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though

164–165 *be-rhymed . . . Irish rat*] Cf Jonson's *Poetaster*, Dialogue to the Reader, 150–151: "*Rime* 'hem to death, as they doe *Irish rats* In drumming tunes." The superstitious belief that rats can be rhymed to death seems to be cherished by the peasantry of France as well as of Ireland.

179–180 *out of all hooping!*] beyond all the limits of wonder which shouting can adequately express.

181 *Good my complexion!*] This exclamation seems a nervous and involuntary appeal to Rosalind's feminine tell-tale complexion. The inversion of the epithet "good," which is very common in Elizabethan English, somewhat obscures the meaning, which amounts in effect to nothing more than an ebullition of anxiety lest her girl's face shall betray her.

I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly. 190

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

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

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

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

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid. 200

CEL. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

183–184 *One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery*] The slightest delay in satisfying my curiosity will expose me to the uncertainties and perplexities of an exploring voyage in some great unknown ocean like the unexplored South-sea or Pacific Ocean.

191 *of God's making?*] The implied alternative is "a man of his tailor's making." Cf. *Lear*, II, ii, 50: "nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee."

199–200 *speak . . . maid*] speak in all seriousness and truth. Cf. for the construction 258, *infra*, "I *answer you right painted cloth*," and *K. John*, II, i, 462: "He *speaks plain cannon fire*, and smoke and bounce."

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is 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 as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

206 *Wherein went he?*] How did he go dressed?

210 *Gargantua's mouth*] Gargantua, Rabelais' giant, swallows five pilgrims with their staves in a salad (Bk. I, ch. 38). Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, "Gargantua. Great throat, Rab."

217 *atomies*] The Third and Fourth Folios read *atomes*, which Rowe changed to *atoms*. "Atomies" is used again in III, v, 13, *infra*.

221 *Jove's tree*] Latin poets call the oak "Jove's tree." Shakespeare here seems to have borrowed direct from Golding's Ovid, *Met.*, I, 106: "The *acornes dropt* on ground from *Joves brode tree* in feelde."

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretched 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 prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

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

CEL. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

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

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

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES

ROS. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQ. God buy you: let 's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

229 *"holla"*] stop! Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 283–284: "What recketh he the rider's angry stir, His flattering *'Holla,'* or his 'Stand, I say'?"

231 *heart*] A common quibble between "heart" and "hart."

242 *God buy you*] *buy* is the reading of the Folios. It is equivalent to "God b' wi' you," *i. e.*, "God be with you." Jaques repeats it, IV, i, 28, *infra*, and Touchstone in V, iv, 37.

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

ORL. I pray you, mar no moe 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. 250

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQ. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions. 259

JAQ. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was 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.

246 *moe*] This is the reading of the First Folio, which the later Folios change to the modern *more*.

256–257 *goldsmiths' . . . rings*] Goldsmiths dealt largely at the time in rings on which were inscribed posies or mottoes.

258 *right painted cloth*] Painted cloth was the term applied to cheap tapestries, on which tales from scripture or from popular literature were represented together with moral maxims or mottoes. Labels bearing brief speeches were sometimes attached to the mouths of the figures. Such speeches Orlando charges Jaques with studying. Cf., for a similar construction, line 199, *supra*, "*speak sad brow* and true maid."

261 *Atalanta's heels*] Cf. note on line 137, *supra*.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQ. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORL. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORL. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him. 271

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.*

ROS. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester? 280

ORL. Very well: what would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

ORL. You should ask me what time o' day: there 's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper? 289

ROS. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces

263 *breather*] Cf. *Sonnet* lxxxi, 12: "When all the *breathers of this world* are dead.

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 prithee, 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? 299

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal? 309

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

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. 319

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

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 monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. 331

Orl. I prithee, 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 young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy. 341

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you:

322 *inland*] refined. Cf. II, vii, 96, *supra*, "*inland* bred," and note.

338–339 *fancy-monger . . . quotidian of love*] Cf. Lyly's *Euphues* (p. 66): "If euer she haue been taken with the feuer of *fancie* [*i. e.*, love], she will help his ague, who by his *quotidian fit* [*i. e.*, daily recurring paroxysm of fever] is conuerted into phrensie."

he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other. 355

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? 363

343 *cage*] often used for "prison." Rosalind mockingly suggests that Orlando's prison has rushes for bars, and is no serious impediment.

346 *blue eye*] eye with a dark circle around it. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 269: "*blue-eyed* hag"

347 *unquestionable*] averse to conversation. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iv, 43, "Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape," where "questionable" means "inciting to conversation," "willing to be conversed with."

351 *bonnet unbanded*] Hats without hatbands were at the time regarded as signs of slovenliness in dress.

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 punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 372

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 living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

369 *a dark house and a whip as madmen do*] This was the ordinary treatment of lunatics at the time. Cf Malvolio's experience in *Tw. Night*, V, i.

384 *mad . . . living*] unreasoning . . . real or actual.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth. 389

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.* 399

SCENE III—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?

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.

3–4 *feature . . . features ?*] This word was used in the three senses of (1) comeliness, (2) the build of the body, and (3) any part of the face. Touchstone apparently employs it in the first sense, and Audrey in the last. It is possible that there is an implied pun in Audrey's "what features?" on the word "faitor," *i. e.*, a villain, with which "feature" might easily be confused in pronunciation.

6 *capricious . . . Goths*] "Capricious" is of course from the Latin "caper," a goat. "Goths" was so pronounced as to make the

JAQ. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

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 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 swearest 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-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQ. [*Aside*] A material fool!

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pun on "goats" quite clear. As a matter of history, Ovid was banished to the land of the Getae.

7–8 *Jove . . . house*] The reference is to the thatched cottage of the peasants Philemon and Baucis, who entertained Jove unawares, according to Ovid, *Metam.*, VIII, 630, *seq.* There is another allusion to the story in *Much Ado*, II, i, 82–83: (D. Pedro.) "My visor is *Philemon's roof*; within the house is *Jove*. (Hero.) Why then, your visor should be *thatched*."

11–12 *great reckoning . . . room*] a heavy bill for a narrow accommodation.

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 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-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "many a man knows no end of his goods:" right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? — even so: — poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the

34 *foul*] the word meant "plain" or "homely," more frequently than "base" or "dirty." It was the ordinary antithesis of "fair."

49 *Horns? . . . alone?*] The Folios read: *hornes, euen so poore men alone.* Theobald introduced the punctuation adopted in the text, which makes the passage intelligible.

bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

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. Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

JAQ. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQ. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church,

54 *defence*] art of fencing. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, vii, 97: "art and exercise in your *defence*."

65 *God 'ild*] God yield or reward you. The phrase is repeated by Touchstone, V, iv, *53, infra*. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, IV, ii, *33*: "And the *gods yield* you for 't."

69 *bow*] literally the bow-shaped piece of wood, which fitted into the yoke beneath the neck of oxen, but here apparently used for the yoke itself.

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.

TOUCH. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQ. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not, —

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but, —

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

SIR OLI. 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

86 *O sweet Oliver*] This was the opening line of a very popular ballad. Only the two lines ("O swete Olyuer Leaue me not behind the[e]") survive elsewhere — in the license for the publication of the ballad granted by the Stationers' Company to Richard Jones, 6 August, 1584.

90 *Wind away*] Wend away, depart.

SCENE IV—THE FOREST

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

CEL. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

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. 10

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

7 *browner than Judas's*] Judas was invariably credited with red hair and beard.

14 *cast*] This is the reading of the First Folio, but the other Folios read *chast, i. e.*, chaste. "Cast" was frequently applied to apparel in the sense of "cast off," "left off." This epithet is more in keeping with Celia's banter than the conventional "chaste," which the mention of Diana naturally suggests.

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.

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CEL. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

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

CEL. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

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23 *concave . . . goblet*] a goblet when empty was kept covered.

39 *puisny*] This is the old reading. Capell and later editors substitute the more modern form *puny*. It is used here not in the modern sense of "diminutive," but in that of "having the skill of a novice," "unskilled." The word comes through the French from the Latin "postnatus," "younger-born."

40 *breaks his staff*] To break a staff in a tournament across ("quite traverse, athwart," l. 38) the body of an adversary, and not at push

Enter CORIN

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
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:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

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 the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

of point, was an accepted sign of clumsy incompetence. Cf. *All's Well,* II, i, 66, "Good faith, *across,*" and *Much Ado,* V, i, 136–137: "this last [staff] was broke *cross.*"

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

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:
'T is 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;
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,

7 *dies and lives*] This is a common inversion of the more ordinary phrase "lives and dies," *i. e.*, subsists from the cradle to the grave. Cf. Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570, f. 67: "He is a foole, and so shall he *dye and live*."

13 *atomies*] Cf. III, ii, 217, *supra*, and note.

23 *The cicatrice . . . impressure*] The scar, or mark, and perceptible or sensible impression.

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. 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?
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:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

43 *sale-work*] ready-made goods.
47 *bugle*] black, from the tube-shaped glass bead, commonly of that colour, used to ornament wearing apparel.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is 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; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

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

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:

---

50 *foggy south . . . rain*] The foggy southern quarter of the sky, which generates wind and rain. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 103: "the *dewdropping south*."

62 *Foul . . . scoffer*] An ugly woman exaggerates her ugliness when she grows scornful.

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'T is 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.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

PHE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

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 extermined.

PHE. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
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:

80–81 *Dead shepherd . . . sight*] The "dead shepherd" is Christopher Marlowe, who died in 1593. The line, "Who ever loved," etc., is from Marlowe's popular translation of the pseudo-Musaeus' Greek poem, *Hero and Leander* (Sest. I, l. 176), first printed in 1598.

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 once was master of.
PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'T is 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 very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference

107 *carlot*] Apparently a diminutive of "carl," churl, peasant. No other example of the word is found.

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvus, had they mark'd him
In parcels 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?
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; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I 'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

122 *mingled damask*] Cf. *Sonnet* cxxx, 5: "I have seen roses *damask'd*, red and white."

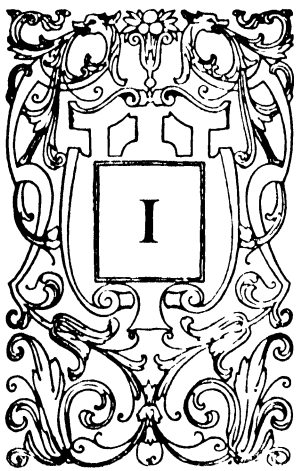
132 *omittance is no quittance*] Milton, *P. L.*, X, 53, varies this expression thus: "Forbearance is no quittance." Quittance means discharge.

ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

THE FOREST

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES

JAQUES



I PRITHEE, 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, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

JAQ. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor

6 *modern censure*] common, ordinary judgment.

the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

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.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained 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 buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this

22 *rich eyes*] Cf. *All's Well*, V, iii, 16–17: "the survey Of *richest eyes.*"

28 *God buy you*] Cf. III, ii, 242, *supra*, and note.

34 *swam in a gondola*] been on a visit to Venice, the fashionable goal of contemporary travel.

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 clapped 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 wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

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 gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied? 70

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?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 80

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. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good 90 youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont

83 *by attorney*] by deputy. Cf. *Rich. III*, V, iii, 83: "I, *by attorney*, bless thee from thy mother."

and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, 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, 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 sayest thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

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?

chroniclers] This is the reading of the Folios. It was needlessly changed by Hanmer to *coroners*, which the use of the word "found," *i. e.* "gave the finding or verdict," only speciously supports.

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife." 120

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there 's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ROS. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

ORL. For ever and a day. 129

ROS. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I

123 *there's a girl . . . priest*] Rosalind admits that the bride is anticipating the part in the ceremony that belongs to Celia, who acts as priest.

134 *Barbary cock-pigeon*] This bird, now known as a "barb," is of black colour, and was introduced from North Africa. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 94: "*Barbary* hen."

135 *new-fangled*] fond of what is new. Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*: "Fantastique, humorous, *new-fangled*, giddie, skittish."

137 *like . . . fountain*] A possible allusion to an "alabaster image of Diana," which, according to Stow, was set up near the cross at West Cheap, London, with "water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast."

will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might *say* "*Wit, whither wilt?*"

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROS. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

ORL. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I

149 *Wit, whither wilt?*] Cf. I, ii, 51, *supra*, and note.

155–156 *make . . . occasion*] represent her fault to be occasioned by her husband, or make her fault the opportunity of taking advantage of her husband. The reading, though often questioned, is probably right.

thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 't is but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind. 167

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 plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest. 185

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.

171 *pathetical*] The word, though often meaning "impassioned," or "persuasive," seems to acquire here a touch of scorn, and is almost equivalent to "pitiful." Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, i, 141: "A most *pathetical* wit."

187 *bay of Portugal*] Sailors bestowed this title on the sea off the Portuguese coast between Oporto and Cintra. The water there attained a depth of 1400 fathoms within 42 miles of the shore.

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 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I 'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CEL. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — THE FOREST

Enter JAQUES, Lords, *and* Foresters

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

A 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?

FOR. Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

FOR. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

195 *shadow*] shade, or shady place. Cf. *Tempest*, IV, i, 66–67: "Broom-groves, Whose *shadow* the dismissed bachelor loves."

12 *Then sing him home:*] In the Folios these words, together with

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.*

SCENE III — 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:

those here printed as the appended stage direction, form a single line of the song. Theobald first made the change which is adopted here. A few editors read, *They sing him home,* and include these words along with those which follow in the stage direction. The song appears with music in John Hilton's *Catch that catch can,* 1652. The particular words with which this note deals are all omitted. Hilton is doubtfully identified with a famous musician of the same name, who was Shakespeare's contemporary.

2 *and here much Orlando*] An ironical use of "much," implying just the opposite of what the word means: "we find much of, a great deal of, Orlando here," *i. e.,* "he is not here at all." Cf. the colloquialism, "I shall get much [*verè* — nothing] by that."

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 phœnix. '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 are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,

17 *as rare as phœnix*] The phœnix is commonly described in classical poetry as unique. Cf. Ovid's *Amores*, II, vi, 54, "vivax phœnix, *unica* semper avis." Cf. *Tempest*, III, iii, 23: "There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; *one phœnix*."

25 *freestone-colour'd*] brownish yellow, like bath brick.

Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope 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, 40
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?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!

---

35 *Ethiope*] This is the only example of the adjectival use of this word, which is frequently found elsewhere as a noun, meaning "a swarthy person."

53 *aspect*] This word, which is always accented on the last syllable in Shakespeare, is here an astrological term denoting the appearance of the planets. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, II, i, 106–107: "the heavens look With an *aspéct* more favourable."

Whiles 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

58 *seal up thy mind*] seal up your decision, and send it back by him.
59 *youth and kind*] youth and nature, the natural sentiment of youth.

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,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner 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.

85 *bestows himself*] deports himself, behaves, as in *2 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 163–164: "How might we see Falstaff *bestow himself* to-night in his true colours."

86 *Like a ripe sister*] This, the original reading, leaves the line metrically imperfect. A syllable seems lacking after "sister." But such an irregularity is not uncommon. With a view to correcting the metre, and removing the ambiguity of "ripe sister," *right forester*" has been substituted. "Like a ripe sister" may be correct, and may mean that Rosalind treats Celia like a mature, elder kinswoman.

92 *napkin*] This is the "handkercher" or "handkerchief" of line 96, *infra*.

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 food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
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 wreathed 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
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 't is
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

103 *oak*] The Folios insert *old* before *oak*, but metrical considerations almost compel its omission, which Pope first proposed.

111 *indented glides*] sinuous glidings. Cf. "*indented* wave" of the movement of the serpent in Milton's *P. L.*, IX, 496.

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 hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
CEL. Are you his brother?
ROS. Was 't you he rescued?
CEL. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
OLI. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?
OLI. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;
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,

128 *just occasion*] the just ground which would have warranted Orlando in abandoning his brother.
140 *As*] As for instance.

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. [*Rosalind swoons.*

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CEL. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

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.

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, 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? [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

THE FOREST

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE

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.

AUD. Ay, I know who 't is: 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: [10] by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

10 *meat and drink*] a proverbial expression implying something very congenial. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, i, 268 : "That 's *meat and drink* to me."

Enter WILLIAM

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

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 sayest 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?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have;

12 *hold*] restrain (*sc.* our wit).

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; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

51 *bastinado*] cudgelling. Cf. Florio's *Ital.-Eng. Dict.*: "A *bastonado*, or cudgell-blow."

bandy] The word literally means "to toss from side to side like a tennis-ball"; but it is here synonymous with "contend" or

SCENE II—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 persever 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 Rowland'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. [*Exit.*

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

---

17 *fair sister*] Rosalind is still disguised, and, as far as is known, Oliver believes her to be a boy. But he enters into Orlando's humour, and calls her "sister" in the spirit of Act IV, Sc. i. Cf. IV, iii, 86, where Oliver has already likened the boy Rosalind to "a *ripe sister.*"

19 *in a scarf*] in a sling.

ORI. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORI. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

ORI. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are: nay, 't is true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of " I came, saw, and overcame: " for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORI. 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?

40 *nuptial*] Shakespeare invariably uses the singular. The plural, "nuptials," is a more modern usage. Conversely he employs "funerals" where we use "funeral."

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

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.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

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

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

65–66 *By my life . . . magician*] By statute law, 5 Eliz., Cap. 16, practisers of witchcraft were liable to punishment by death.

ROS. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.
PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is 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, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
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. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

89 *observance*] The repetition of this word at the end of the next line but one below suggests that one or other of the two "observances" is wrongly printed. The word seems somewhat more closely connected with "adoration" and "duty" as here, than with "purity" and "trial" as in line 91. Malone suggested *obedience* in the second place. Others prefer Ritson's conjecture of *obeisance*.

SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me to love you?" 100

ORL. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands. 112

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

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—THE FOREST

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

102–103 *howling . . . moon*] Cf. Lodge's *Romance of Rosalynd*: "Thou barkest with the *wolves* of Syria *against the moone*." Wolves abounded in Ireland, and the substitution of the epithet *Irish* for *of Syria* is quite natural.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a

SEC. PAGE. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

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

SEC. PAGE. I' faith, i' 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 the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

4 *a woman of the world*] a married woman. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, i, 287. In *All's Well*, I, iii, 18, "To go *to the world*" means "to get married."

9 *clap into 't roundly*] strike up the song straight away. Cf. *Much Ado*, III, iv, 38: "*Clap 's* into 'Light o' love.'"

14 *seq. It was a lover, etc.*] The music of this song is found with the words in a volume of MS. music in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, which seems to date from the early part of the seventeenth century.

17 *ring time*] The Folios read *rang time*, for which the Edinburgh MS. of the song substitutes *ring time, i. e.*, wedding time, which is obviously right.

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.

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 untuneable.

FIRST PAGE. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

20 *Between the acres of the rye*] The reference seems to be to balks or banks of unploughed turf which, in the common-field system of agriculture prevailing in Elizabethan England, divided the acre strips of land from one another.

33 *untuneable*] This is the reading of the Folios, for which Theobald substituted *untimeable*. The change seems hardly necessary. "Out of *tune*" and "out of *time*" meant precisely the same thing.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—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 they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
ROS. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?

37 *God buy you*] God be with you. Cf. III, ii, 242, and note.

4 *fear they hope, and know they fear*] This, the original reading, has been often questioned, but no satisfactory substitute has been suggested. Orlando seeks to express the extremity of his perplexity between hope and fear; he would seem to compare his lot with those who have grave misgivings about what they hope, and their only sure knowledge is that they have misgivings.

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. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
ROS. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
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:
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,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of

35 *toward*] imminent. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 356–357: "O proud death, What feast is *toward* in thine eternal cell."

very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

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

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ. How 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. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copula-

49 *seventh cause*] This is explained at line 65, *infra*, as "a lie seven times removed." The duel ordinarily was caused by a quarrel in which one man gave the other the lie. Touchstone distinguishes, *infra*, seven modes in which a lie may be given, ranging from the "Retort Courteous" to the "Lie Direct." Shakespeare drew very literally this account of such gradations of the lie from the popular handbook on the subject of fencing and duelling by Vincent Saviolo, an Italian fencing master of London, whose work, called "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise," was published in 1595.

53 *God 'ild you*] God reward you. See note on III, iii, 65, *supra*.

I desire you of the like] I desire of you the like. For the construction cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, i, 168: "I shall desire you *of* more acquaintance."

tives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

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

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed: — bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

62 *dulcet diseases*] Probably this is intentional nonsense with some such suggestion as "charming disagreeablenesses." Johnson too seriously proposed to read *discourses* for *diseases*.

66 *dislike*] The word is often used, as here, not merely for entertaining, but also for expressing, dislike. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, I, ii, 17: "I never heard any soldier *dislike* it."

JAQ. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

JAQ. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he 's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

85 *by the book*] An allusion probably to the book by Saviolo mentioned in note on line 49, *supra*.

86 *books of good manners*] There were many such. Cf. Hugh Rhodes' *Boke of Nurture*, or *Schole of good Manners* (1550?), and Sir Thomas Hoby's *The Courtyer* (1561).

100 *stalking-horse*] Cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 25: "One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth *stalk*."

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, *and* CELIA

Still Music

HYM. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

ROS. To you I give myself, for I am yours. 110
To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

ROS. I 'll have no father, if you be not he:
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'T is I must make conclusion 120
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

108 *her hand*] This is the reading of the Third and Fourth Folios. The First and Second Folios read *his hand*, obviously in error.

You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
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!

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

145 *Jaques de Boys*] See note on I, i, 4.

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
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,

158 *them*] This is Rowe's correction of the original reading *him.*
167 *shrewd*] evil, disastrous. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, III, ii, 246: "There are some *shrewd* contents in yon same paper."

The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
JAQ. DE B. He hath.
JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.
DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
JAQ. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*
DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they 'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

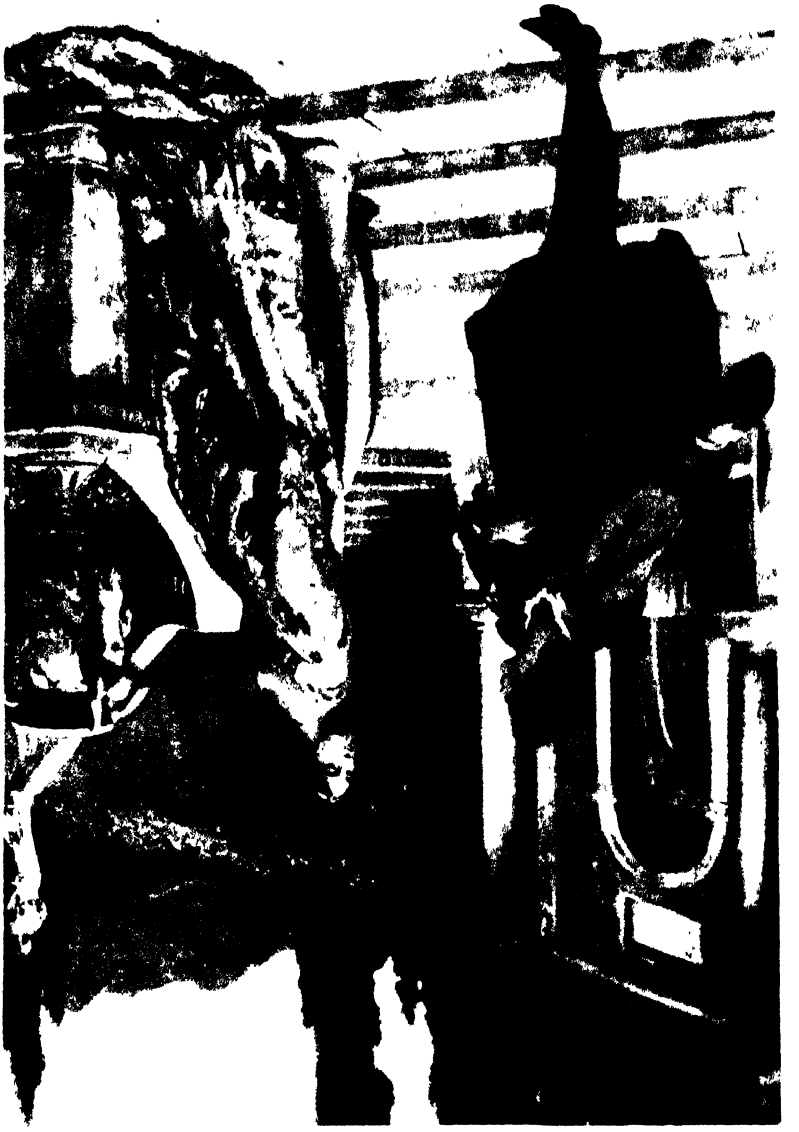
EPILOGUE

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them, — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

3 *bush*] It was customary for tavern-keepers and vintners to hang a *bush* of holly or ivy outside their houses, usually attached to the signboard.

15 *If I were a woman*] The part of Rosalind, according to the practice of the Elizabethan stage, was played by a boy.



TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY MAURICE HEWLETT
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY JOHN COLLIER

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TEXT OF THE PLAY 1

INTRODUCTION

IN considering with any kind of closeness a play of Shakespeare's, the student is thrown very much upon the probabilities of what he might or might not have got as a base for the work he was about; and when it comes to a question of theory, it is idle and perfectly unnecessary to push the probabilities too far. The enquiry, for instance, rises to the mind after a first reading of "Twelfth Night," Had Shakespeare any theory of a difference, an essential difference, between a comedy and a tragedy? and many subsequent perusals do but urge it more persistently. Personally, I greatly doubt whether the poet troubled himself with definitions, whether, in fact, he had not something better to do; but if he did, the probabilities surely are that he went no deeper into that particular affair than Dante did once, in his famous

letter to Can Grande of Verona. In order, wrote he there, to understand the title of his epic, "one must know that Comoedia is named from κώμη, *villa*, and ᾠδή, which means *cantus;* so that *comoedia* is a sort of *villanus cantus.* It differs from tragedy in this, that tragedy in the commencement is full of admiration and calm, but in the end is stinking and harsh; whence it is named from τράγος, which is *hircus*, and ᾠδή, as it were *cantus hircinus*, that is, stinking like a goat — as appears in Seneca's tragedies; whereas comedy begins with something harsh, but has a prosperous ending, as is seen in the Comedies of Terence. In like manner the style of tragedy and comedy are different; that of tragedy is heightened and sublime, that of comedy more lax and unpretending, whence," he concludes, "we see why my work is called *Comoedia.*" This is very well. "Twelfth Night" does begin — or almost begins — with something harsh: indeed a shipwreck; it ends prosperously with three weddings; in style and texture it is lax and unpretending. The play is assuredly a comedy within the meaning of these requisitions; whether it be so in those qualities which we have now come to think essential to such a piece of art is another matter, and a matter in which, as I began by saying, Shakespeare probably took no interest. But the question is whether we, when we read or behold such a play, do or do not take that interest. Is our laughter, if we have any, over the misfortunes of Malvolio "nothing else but a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison of the infirmity of others"?

That was what a learned man, the Philosopher of Malmesbury, living not so long after Shakespeare, thought we ought to find in comedy. If we laugh at Malvolio in his cellar, is that a sudden glory? Can we say that here "the comic mask is ugly and distorted, but does not cause pain?" No doubt but a Jacobean audience could. Can an Edwardian?

More of this presently, and of the curious fate of the play: let me consider for a moment, first, the structure of "Twelfth Night, or What you Will." A twin brother and sister, exactly alike, are in shipwreck; the brother supposed lost, the sister palpably alive. She, for sufficient reasons, disguises herself as a young man and takes service as page with the Duke of Illyria. She falls in love with her master; but he dotes upon a Lady Olivia, who scorns him. The Duke employs his supposed page as ambassador to Donna Olivia, with the result that lady now falls in love with lady; so here we have three persons at the sort of deadlock contrived by Mr. Puff in "The Spanish Armada," and the time seems ripe for the recovery of the lost brother. He duly appears, and contents Olivia; the passionate Duke pairs off with his pretended page; she — and this is important, for everybody is the slave of Viola — is actually the only person on the scene who wins her original desire. So much for the main plot of a comedy, whose scheme, lax and unpretending enough, is rendered still more so by the underplot, relating the buffooneries played upon Olivia's steward, Malvolio, by a set of immortal clowns, as irresponsible, capering, madcap wags as ever delighted this easy world

— an underplot, be it added, which its author was at no pains to connect with his main theme; an underplot — and this is extraordinary — which, by the force and bent of Shakespeare's genius for character, has so taken hold of the play that it has usurped the interest, outshone the fantasy, forced the title to abdicate, and (for the last hundred and fifty years at least) turned a comedy into something uncommonly like a tragedy. These are perverse reflections, but they all appear to be true.

It would be curious, and it would be long, to enquire into the sources of those conventions of literature — widely departing from the facts of life — which are dear to us, to which we cling, not because they deceive us, for they do not attempt to deceive us, but partly for the sake of old acquaintance, and partly, no doubt, because we love make-believe and find that the more we have of it to make the better we do it. One of these, which we now call Sir Walter Scott's convention, — the habit of expressing violent emotion in terms of stately and deliberate rhetoric, — is at least as old as Homer. "My post," says Norna of the Fitful Head, "must be high on yon lofty headland, where never stood human foot save mine — or I must sleep at the bottom of the unfathomable ocean, its white billows booming over my senseless corpse. The parricide shall never also be denounced as the impostor." This is what Sir Walter called his "big bow-wow" style, and is certainly very unlike life. But if that is in itself an objection, the answer to it is, Why should we suppose life to be so fine a thing that the poet

should never aim at a finer? Is rhetoric inadmissible? Is Turner's palette ruled out? Never in the world, we say, so long as they persuade. Socrates had the root of this matter, and so had Gorgias the rhapsodist, though he did not know it until the sage made it clear. So much for a convention of manner: here in "Twelfth Night" is a convention of matter, in Shakespeare's favourite notion of having a young woman dress like a young man, and of letting her go far into the logical consequences of the adventure. There is no doubt at all but that the Elizabethans considered that highly romantic; and as perversion is strange, and strangeness pleasureable, very likely it is romantic. There is this to be said of it, at any rate, that if we don't like it we shall never like "Twelfth Night," or a great part of Shakespeare's comedy. Once more — Pope Joan apart — we are nowhere near life, and it may then once more become a question whether we are near something better or something a good deal worse. It is very much a matter of taste. If the notion of maid wooing maid please us, stir us pleasurably, all is said; but I may add that the opposite notion, unless treated with an almost impossible tact, would not please us at all. Shakespeare never touched upon that in a play, but Bandello did in a novel, as we shall see; and it seems to have been from Bandello that our poet got his main plot for "Twelfth Night."[1] I

[1] This is my personal belief, though it ought to be said that the experts are not so sure. The Academy of the *Intronati* of Siena produced a play in 1531, first printed in 1537, called *Gl'Ingannati*, which has precisely the same plot as Bandello's tale (published at Lucca in 1554), and is equally like "Twelfth Night." Mr. Lee's supposition that the Sienese play was derived from the novel, is beaten

don't know how old is this particular romantic device, nor can remember having found it in anything earlier than Boccaccio. There is something not unlike it in one of Lucian's Dialogues, and it probably is, like most notions, of Greek invention.

It is a delicate subject, treated by Shakespeare — in "Twelfth Night" at least — with beautiful, delicate discretion. If I am right in thinking that he took the story from Bandello, one can admire his honesty without reserve; for Bandello — a thick-fingered, heavy-handed prelate — was at no pains to refine away what he thought helpful to a good story. He prefixes the following argument to his tale: *How Nicuola, being in love with Lattanzio, goes to serve him dressed as a page, and after many adventures marries him; and what happened to a brother of hers.*

It should be added to that, for the fact is, that Nicuola and a brother Paolo are twins, and as like as two peas in a pod; and one may be pardoned for thinking that

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upon that matter of dates: the probabilities point to a common origin for both, but it is not yet clear from which Shakespeare drew his profit. I should have said, myself, that Bandello would have been the more accessible, and I remember that our man quarried from him more than once. This is curious, perhaps, that *Gl'Ingannati*, or rather *Il Sacrificizio*, which is the "induction" to it, contains a character called Malevolti, a well-known Sienese family name — name, in fact, of the historian of the city. Mr. Morton Luce suggests that Olivia's steward may be scented here; but Malvolio has nothing else in common with Malevolti except that first syllable of his name, and against the vantage of that I can set the fact that in Bandello's story the phrase *Mala Voglia* occurs on nearly every page — so much so as to become an eyesore and offence. It is impossible to read the tale and not be conscious of this "damn'd iteration;" and Mala Voglia is much nearer Malvolio than Malevolti is. The question of origin has only an academic interest, except in the case of the Malvolio underplot — and here the learned fail me.

Shakespeare's version would have gained in probability if he had contrived to hint at some such previous inclination of Viola to Orsino as Nicuola had to Lattanzio. But Shakespeare thought otherwise; or wanted his shipwreck; or did not trouble himself in the matter; and Bandello, as might be expected, must needs wreck his own invention by another, and fatal, touch, whereby he asks us to believe that Lattanzio had also been in love with Nicuola before the story opens. This necessitates the extreme absurdity that he has totally forgotten her, and can go so far as to talk to her of his former mistress Nicuola. The incredible postulate is too much; imagination boggles at it, and finds all that depends upon such a shift a weariness. Such as it is, however, the rest of the story is nearly preserved in "Twelfth Night": there is much interwoven love-making. Nicuola, as a page, goes the embassy to Catella, whom her oblivious Lattanzio now loves; Catella falls in love with her; Paolo arrives and takes his sister's place in Catella's heart; Lattanzio returns to his Nicuola; the bells ring. Instead of the complications of Antonio and Sebastian in our play, Bandello has some not too savoury intrigues of an old Gherardo, who wants to marry Nicuola and mistakes her brother for herself. The novel becomes, indeed, as it proceeds, highly Bandellian, and shows clearly enough in what, to the likes of him, lay the attractiveness of the theme. Shakespeare saves us all that, and gives us instead some of his most delicate love-music. The growth of the emotion in Olivia, from her "Why, what would you?" to her serious, "You might do much," and

almost final "What is your parentage?" is surely as subtle a thing as one can find in Shakespeare. Directly we catch the drift of the pondered words, see that they tend to a confession of love, they become charged with significance, a significance which really, in themselves, they do not hold; and it is an instance of the admirable frugality of Shakespeare's literary economy that he contents himself with a bare disclosure of their import, and confidently leaves us to do the rest. What Olivia has said is in truth almost nothing — yet there is no abrupt transition into her swift, following rush of soliloquy, when after she has mused over her questions and Cesario's answers —

> "'What 's your parentage?'
> 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
> 'I am a gentleman'"

she breaks out,

> "I 'll be sworn thou art:
> Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
> Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft! soft!"

The woman is in an ecstasy of love; we accept it as a matter of course; and there 's the work of a master. Equally fine, equally delicate and gradual, is the same sort of suggestion of the dawn of Viola's love for Orsino, if we except, as surely we must, her tag at the end of I, iv, —

> . . . "a barful strife!
> Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife."

That was for the ears of the groundlings; and it is one of the puzzles of the play that an audience needing such italics as those before they could grasp at a plot could be made to understand the subtle revealing of Olivia's heart-trouble. Once over that shoal, Viola's story is exquisitely displayed. She is too eloquent one day; she nearly betrays herself — when to her Duke's "How dost thou like this tune?" she thrills her answer,

> "It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where love is thron'd."

Orsino hears: that is indeed to "speak masterly!" Says he:

> "My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
> Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves;
> Hath it not, boy?"

She owns to it. What kind of a woman? he asks her. Of his complexion, saith she, of about his years — and so on. Here is wonderful comedy, full of "sudden glory" for us; which deepens, when Feste and his wailing song —

> "Not a flower, not a flower sweet
> On my black coffin let there be strown" —

have departed, into the lovely gravity, the measured words of the girl-page —

> "My father had a daughter loved a man,
> As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
> I should your lordship" —

and then music which will never die so long as the English have ears and hearts. This too is comedy, even

as "Come away, Death," is comedy; for there is nothing to prevent our sudden glory of laughter ending in a lump in the throat.

All the scenes that follow between these three were never to be surpassed by their poet. There is a dainty perfume about them, a noble discretion, a parsimony beyond words exciting. It is with the introduction of Sebastian that interest threatens to flag: one has had no chance of loving the young man; one would have him get out of the garden and leave us alone with our enchanted trio. As things are, the business ends with unmannerly haste. In IV, i, which is the first meeting of Sebastian with Olivia, he falls in love with her; in IV, iii, he marries her. This will never do! Let be for Sebastian, in whom our only interest is that he is Viola's brother; let be for Bandello, whose Paolo thought Catella a lady of the town, and behaved accordingly; but for Olivia, whose privilege had been to love Viola, to slip so lightly into wedlock with a mere surface image of that lovely person — this, for Viola's lovers, is too much. We feel that we have been tricked into it. It is almost an affront that Shakespeare, having suffered us to linger in a garden of delights, should on a sudden give a smack with his wand. The yew-tree bowers fall down and discover pasteboard; the flowers droop their heads and show us canvas-backing; the moon is a lantern behind a cloth. Or we have been at our dreaming, our make-believe: he tells us there 's nothing in it, and hardly feigns an interest in his own magic.

But he has dealt so with us during four acts that

a gracious image remains on the mind, too largely gracious even for Malvolio's wrongs to disturb. Seen in reminiscence, "Twelfth Night" appears as one of those lovely things, "wrought of moonbeams and flowing water," which will not bear, and is not meant to bear, examination through a magnifying glass. That way you may enlarge defects, but you dissipate beauties, not enhance them. These romantic figures passing and repassing over the sward, sighing and longing, bowing, curtseying, in hedged gardens, in a green shade; this Countess love-lorn for a girl, this page adoring his master, these pert, peering maids, and recluse dreamers of states too lofty, and pranked gallants, and "dogs at a catch" — fantasies, things of gossamer: we know that now, but an hour ago could not have dreamed it. Perhaps they are as vain as Ferrarese pictures by Cosimo Tura or Dosso Dossi; they are of the same tender and immature charm. "The earth hath bubbles as the water hath;" this may be of them and needs to make no greater claim.

Lamb has a good saying about "Twelfth Night": "Then a music-piece by Titian — a thousand-pound picture — five figures standing behind a piano, the sixth playing; none of the heads, as M. observed, indicating great men, or affecting it, but so sweetly disposed, all leaning separate ways, but so easy — like a flock of some divine shepherd; the colouring, like the economy of the picture, so sweet and harmonious — as good as Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' — almost, that is." So sweetly disposed, so easy, so sweet and harmonious! One may always trust Elia to get the rights of a Shakespeare play.

Now we come to Malvolio and the clowns, upon whose part in the piece there are many things to say; and the first of them is to record the consideration that while, in our day, Shakespeare's tragedy still stands entire and unquestioned, his comedy frequently does not. I explain myself ill, for I mean rather that what Shakespeare shows us to be tragic we think tragic still, but what he found to be comical does not always so appear to us. The Shylock story may be comedy, but we cannot find it comical; Caliban is by no means comical; "Twelfth Night" gives us another case. The contention, if it could seriously be made, that Malvolio is still a comic personage throughout, and his discomfiture a comical episode, is sufficiently answered by the fact that whenever the part is played by a good actor, the play becomes a kind of tragedy. This is not only the experience of those of our generation who may have had the fortune to see Mr. Phelps as Malvolio, it was equally the case with Charles Lamb when Bensley played it. "I confess," he says, "that I never saw the catastrophe of this character while Bensley played it without a kind of tragic interest."[1] The objection that to play it so is to throw the comedy out of balance is beside the point. It must be played so, more or less, nowadays, because so we feel it. Malvolio is too much of a gentleman that such treatment of him

[1] All that Lamb says of Malvolio, and of Bensley, is much to the point. It is in "On some of the old Actors" (ed. Lucas, Vol. II, pp. 280 *seq.*). See especially p. 282 - "Bensley threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness" . . . — Elia at his highest. He does not forget either that Malvolio had an examplar in Antonio, steward to the Duchess of Malfy, whom that unhappy lady wedded, to her undoing. That play also, be it noted, came from Bandello.

should be tolerable to us. Perhaps, as Lamb says, he *is* too serious, perhaps "his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria," perhaps he *is* "opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest." I think all that is quite true. Up to the scene where he is to pick up the letter we have been watching one who seems to be a grave and punctilious gentleman. In that scene Shakespeare shows him indulging in extravagant dreams — before he finds the letter — for which we are unprepared; but from the moment he goes into his cell he resumes his gentle blood, and wins our pity. In Shakespeare's day, it may well be, there was something comical in the notion that a servant should be a gentleman. Gentleness was then a matter of hard and fast category: either you were born a gentleman, or you were a menial. At that rate our times are out of joint; we now agree with Mr. Lang — or *diabolus* — who to the caviller against Dickens's ability to portray a gentleman set up Joe Gargery, and was unanswerable. The comic element in Malvolio is actually more out of our reach than what there may be of it in Shylock, where the Jew is a bogey, acting inhumanly in the beginning that he may be inhumanly treated in the end. Caliban is perhaps more tragic: but Malvolio's sufferings are gratuitous; there is assuredly nothing like them in comedy. We are scandalised, not tickled; we fatally miss our "sudden glory." Hazlitt, who felt the difficulty, as Lamb did, but never confessed it, was driven to a very halting defence. "If poor Malvolio's treatment," says he, "is a little hard, poetical justice is done in

the uneasiness which Olivia suffers," etc., etc. Poetical justice![1]

It is worth remarking — it is important to remark — that Malvolio and the plot woven about him took the lead of the main story at once. The famous diary of John Manningham, under date February 2, 1601, has this: —

> "At our feast (in Middle Temple Hall) wee had a play called 'Twelve Night, or What you Will,' much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward beleeve his Lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practice, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."[2]

Here it is obvious which part of the play struck the diarist in 1601, and equally obvious that he was diverted by it; in 1623, when it was done at Court, for the Candlemas revels, it was called "Malvolio" outright, and evidently so known in general. Charles I annotated his folio — the second — in his own hand, and against Shakespeare's title, "Twelfth Night," scored "Malvolio" in the

[1] If Campbell, as I am told is the case, really considered Malvolio "an exquisitely vulgar coxcomb," why, then, Campbell's memory must pay the shot.

[2] Let not the unwary be deceived by the *Inganni*, here referred to, into thinking he has a proof that Shakespeare must have used *Gl'Ingannati*. There were many plays called *Gl'Inganni* or *L'Inganno*. The word meant *cheat*, *deception*, and it is probable that Manningham used it generically, to describe a class of play. *Inganno* is a cheat, *ingannare* to cheat, *ingannati*, the cheated.

margin. All this learning comes from Professor Aldis Wright, who also cites Digges, writing in 1640,

> . . . "lo, in a trice
> The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full
> To hear *Malvolio*, that cross-gartered Gull."

A Gull! That was what Shakespeare meant him for, and what we must assume he appeared to be to Caroline audiences. He was not so acceptable to the Restoration play-goer, if Pepys was a type. By Professor Aldis Wright's direction once more we may open the Diary twice. Pepys saw "Twelfth Night" in January, 1663: "but a silly play," he judges it. Perhaps it was a hard winter. Yet six years later, again in January, he again sat it out. "One of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage."

The learned consider the underplot to be Shakespeare's invention, and I cannot urge anything to the contrary. Perhaps he knew Bandello's story, from which Webster afterwards took his sombre tragedy, and took it lightly. I think he took everything in "Twelfth Night" lightly, as lightly as he chose the titles. For the titles of the beautiful, flimsy, iridescent, provoking thing are two: the first, from the occasion of its first performance, *Twelfth Night;* the second, *What you Will.* Is it extravagant to say that a deal of Shakespeare's shrouded history is unveiled in this? Is it not plain that he wrote to order, and equally plain that he set little store by his achievement — set little store by Viola? Great Apollo herded cattle for King Admetus, we know. He had his

reasons, but need not be supposed to have been proud of the feat. So here, the divine hack, having written for hire a play of no value in his own eyes, gave it a flick of the finger, and let it go. A name for the thing? *What you will!*

MAURICE HEWLETT.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, FESTE, a Clown, } servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

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

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it*

[1] The piece was printed for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into acts and scenes. Rowe in his edition of 1709 was the first to supply a list of characters with an indication of the "Scene."

ACT FIRST — SCENE I

AN APARTMENT IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and other* Lords; 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:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.

5 *sound*] This is the reading of the Folios, for which Pope, followed by many other editors, substituted *south*, *i. e.*, the south wind. But

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

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:

there is no need for any alteration. The sweet low hum (of the summer air) may well be imagined by poets to give forth an "odour." Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 555–557: "At last a soft and solemn-breathing *sound Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes*, and stole upon the air."

11 *Receiveth as the sea*] Cf. *Sonnet* cxxxv, 9: "*The sea*, all water, yet *receives rain* still."

21–23 *turn'd into a hart*] A vague reminiscence of the story of Actæon. See note on *M. Wives*, II, i, 106. The precise imagery of the "hart,"

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. 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, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

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pursued by "thoughts like hounds," figures in Daniel's *Delia* (1592), Sonnet, v. The common quibble, "hart" and "heart," is repeated, IV, i, 58, *infra*.

26 *The element . . . heat*] The sky, till the heat of seven years, seven summers, have passed away. The word "element" was in hackneyed use for "the sky." Cf. III, i, 55–56, *infra:* "out of my welkin, I might say *element*, but the word is over-worn." In III, iv, 118, *infra*, Malvolio uses the word in the sense of "sphere" or "rank in life."

38–39 *fill'd . . . king!*] The verb ("fill'd") and its subject ("perfections") are inverted. The sentence means: Her sweet perfections, all her perfect qualities, are "filled," complemented, completed, by submission to one and the same "king" or master-passion. For this use of "perfections" cf. *3 Hen. VI*, III, ii, 86: "All her *perfections* challenge sovereignty."

SCENE II—THE SEA-COAST

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors

VIO. What country, friends, is this?
CAP. This is 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.
CAP. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
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?

10 *those . . . number*] The noun of multitude is treated as a plural. Cf. I, v, 83, *infra*, "*these* set *kind* of fools."

15 *like Arion*] The familiar story of the rescue from drowning by a dolphin of the poet Arion is told by Ovid, *Fasti*, II, 83, *seq.*, and is alluded to by many Elizabethan poets, notably by Spenser, *Fairie Queene* IV, xi, 23.

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.
VIO. What is his name?
CAP. Orsino.
VIO. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
CAP. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was 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 love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
VIO. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,

25 *Duke*] Orsino is subsequently spoken of merely as "Count." See I, iv, 8, *infra*, and note.

40–41 *company And sight*] This is Hanmer's alteration of the Folio reading *sight And company*. Thus the metre is made regular.

42–44 *And might . . . estate is!*] Would that my name might not be announced publicly, till I had myself prepared the occasion (for disclosing) what my condition is.

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
CAP. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.
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 will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
CAP. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
VIO. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—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, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her except, before excepted.

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

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

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undoe 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-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word

6 *except, before excepted*] This is a legal tag common in leases. Like many of Sir Toby's drunken repartees, it is introduced here without much point.

20 *ducats*] the most familiar coin in the silver currency of Venice. Its value approximated to the American dollar, and the term was colloquially used in England in much the same way as "dollar" is nowadays.

for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is 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 coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

26 *indeed, almost natural*] Thus the First Folio. Much is to be said for the emendation *indeed all, most natural*, which seems logically to follow Toby's remark, "He hath *all* the good gifts of *nature*," and Maria's earlier comment, "He's a very *fool*." There is an obvious quibble on "natural" in the sense of "idiotic."

28 *allay the gust*] qualify the gusto or taste.

37 *coystrill*] This is a common term of contempt, meaning "a base fellow." Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, IV, ii, "You whoreson bragging *coystril*." It seems to have been specially applied to a low kind of camp follower.

38 *parish-top*] A large top provided by the parochial authorities in Shakespeare's day for the boys to play with. Cf. Jonson's *New Inn*, II, ii, "Spins like the *parish-top*."

39 *Castiliano vulgo*] literally, the Spanish for "Castilian people." Apparently a meaningless bacchanalian exclamation, intended to turn

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, —

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 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?

the conversation, like Christopher Sly's "paucas pallabris," *T. of Shrew*, Ind., i, 5. Hanmer substitutes for *vulgo*, *vulto* or *volto*. The phrase would then mean "a Castilian face," a grave, solemn countenance, and might be an ironical direction to Maria to be serious as Sir Andrew enters. But it is unwise to press the meaning far.

45 *Accost*] The meaning of the word is sufficiently explained in lines 52, 53, below.

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? 70

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 lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I 80

65 "*thought is free*"] a common proverbial apology for good-natured effrontery.

65–66 *bring . . . drink*] Maria would seem to offer to kiss Sir Andrew's hand, and to suggest at the same time a gift of money.

69 *It 's dry*] A dry hand was commonly held to be a sign of indifference to love, as well as of debility and old age. A moist hand was commonly taken to be the sign of an amorous disposition. Cf. *Othello*, III, iv, 33–35: "This *hand is moist*, my lady . . . This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart."

72 *A dry jest*] An insipid jest. Cf. I, v, 37, *infra:* "you're a *dry* fool."

75 *barren*] dull, witless, tedious: used in the same sense as "dry" at line 69. Cf. I, v, 78, *infra.*

am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR AND. What is "pourquoi"? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then had'st thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

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

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

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.

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 himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TO. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match

87 *in the tongues*] This word was often written and commonly pronounced as "tongs," and Sir Toby's retort about Sir Andrew's "head of hair" obviously shows that a pun on "tongs" in the sense of curling irons was intended.

93 *curl by*] This is Theobald's brilliant emendation of the original reading *cool my*.

above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

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.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TO. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

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

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? why dost thou

111 *an old man*] Theobald tentatively suggested *a nobleman*. Sir Andrew's language is intentionally foolish, and he is clumsily expressing a youth's conventional respect for age.

115 *back-trick*] Apparently a caper backwards in dancing, with a quibbling hint at turning one's back in fight. No other example of the word is found.

119 *Mistress Mall's picture*] Any lady's picture; Mall, the familiar abbreviation of Mary, was the commonest of all female Christian names. It is improbably suggested that reference is made to the famous woman cutpurse, Mary Frith, who was, early in the seventeenth century, widely known as Moll Cutpurse; she was not born before 1584, and did not achieve notoriety until some nine years after this play was written. For another reference to a picture concealed by a curtain, see I, v, 218, *infra*.

not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured 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. 130

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

120 *galliard . . . coranto*] names of lively dances.

122 *sink-a-pace*] a phonetic spelling of "cinque pace," a lively dance. See note on *Much Ado*, II, i, 66.

125 *under the star of a galliard*] an astrological reference to the controlling influences of the stars at birth. See line 29 below, and line 34 of the next scene. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, i, 302: "a star danced, and under that was I born."

127 *flame-colour'd*] This is Rowe's emendation of the original reading of the Folios, *dam'd coloured*, which is unintelligible. "Damned" as an adverbial imprecation does not seem known to Shakespeare's era. "Flame-coloured" occurs in *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 9: "a fair hot wench in *flame-coloured* taffeta."

130 *Taurus*] Astrology assumed that each part of the body was under the control of one or other signs of the zodiac. But both Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are in error in their reference to Taurus, who, according to the authorities, controls neither the "sides and hearts" nor the "legs and thighs," but the neck and throat.

SCENE IV—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 constant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

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

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

8 *the count*] In the stage directions throughout the play, Orsino is called "Duke," and is so spoken of at I, ii, 25. But everywhere else in the text he is referred to as "the count."

DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited 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's 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; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

27 *nuncio's*] This, the original reading, is hardly grammatical, but there is a colloquial ellipse of "person," which is suggested by "thy youth," *i. e.*, "thy youthful person" of the previous line.
31 *rubious*] apparently a once-used word; formed from "ruby."
33 *semblative*] also a once-used word, though "semblable" and "semblably" appear elsewhere in the same sense of "like" or "similar to." Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, v, i, 72, and *1 Hen. IV*, v, iii, 21.
34 *constellation*] See note on I, iii, 124–125, *supra*.

VIO. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife! 40
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter MARIA *and* 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 hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

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

CLO. Where, good Mistress Mary? 10

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 hanged for being so long ab-

40 *barful*] another once-used word, meaning "full of obstacles."

9 " *I fear no colours* "] According to line 11 below, the saying was born "in the wars," and clearly means "I fear no enemy." It is a common phrase expressive of boldness. There is an obvious quibble here with "collars" (cf. l. 6).

13 *that have it*] that have repute for it.

sent; or, to be turned 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.

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? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

19 *for turning away . . . out*] If I am threatened with dismissal, — no uncommon experience, — let us wait for next season, — next summer, — and see if the threat take effect, *i.e.*, wait awhile and see.

21 *points*] a pun on the word "point" in the sense of metal hook or tag, which attaches the gaskins, *i.e.*, breeches or hose, to the doublet.

25–26 *as witty . . . Illyria*] Cf. *Much Ado*, IV, ii, 76: "as pretty a *piece of flesh as any* is in Messina."

32 *Quinapalus*] An apocryphal philosopher invented for the occasion, somewhat in the Rabelaisian vein, which reappears in II, iii, 22–24, in Sir Andrew's talk of "Pigrogromitus," etc.

Enter LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO

God bless thee, lady!

OLI. Take the fool away.

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

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

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

OLI. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLO. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucul-

37 *a dry fool*] Cf. I, iii, 72, *supra*, "A *dry* [*i.e.*, insipid] jest."

39 *seq. Two faults, etc.*] The clown's whimsical wit is hardly capable of literal paraphrase. Many of his remarks are nearly allied to nonsense, and he seems talking against time, in order to escape rebukes which his freedom of speech invites.

46 *cuckold*] apparently a wilful blunder for "school" or "counsellor."

50 *Misprision*] Legally the term "misprision," which literally means "contempt," was applied to evil speaking of the sovereign, and was synonymous with "lèse majesté."

50-51 *cucullus . . . monachum*] "The cowl does not make the monk," a proverb in vogue throughout Europe.

lus non facit monachum; that 's as much to say as 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 mournest 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?

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 two pence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

55 *Dexteriously*] This form of "dexterously" seems to have been a common vulgarism, like the modern "mischevious" for "mischievous."

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

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

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest 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: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

---

79 *barren*] dull, witless. Cf. I, iii, 75, *supra*.

83 *these . . . kind*] Cf. I, i, 10, *supra*, and note, and *Lear*, II, ii, 96: "*These kind* of knaves I know."

84 *fools' zanies*] Cf. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV, i: "The other gallant is his *zany* [*i.e.*, the servant mimicking his master], and doth most of these tricks after him."

91 *Mercury . . . leasing*] May the god of cheats or liars endow thee, to thy profit, with the gift of lying.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?
MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. 99
OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie 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, to 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 he comes, — one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin? 110
SIR TO. A gentleman.
OLI. A gentleman! what gentleman?
SIR TO. 'T is a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!
CLO. Good Sir Toby!
OLI. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
SIR TO. Lechery! I defy 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.* 121
OLI. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

113 *pickle-herring*] The favourite relish for drunkards.

CLO. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: 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 drowned: 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 foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL. 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 mankind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

124 *above heat*] above ordinary strength.

140 *sheriff's post*] A post which was often carved with elaborate ornament stood before the door of the house occupied by a city mayor and sheriff.

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 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 153

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. 157

Enter VIOLA, *and* Attendants

VIO. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

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 loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLI. Whence came you, sir?

VIO. I can say little more than I have studied, and

149 *squash . . . codling*] terms respectively for an unripe peascod and an unripe apple.

150 *in standing water*] just at the turn of the tide, in the condition of stationary water that neither ebbs nor flows.

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 't is poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is 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.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little

172 *my profound heart*] An ironical compliment on Olivia's sagacious suggestion that the speaker is acting a part.

191 *swabber*] one who mops the ship's deck at sea.

hull] drift with the sails furled.

longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

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? 200

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

OLI. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] 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. 210

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?

---

192 *giant*] an ironical reference to Maria, the diminutive guardian of her mistress. Cf. *infra*, II, iii, 166, "Penthesilea," II, v, 11, "the *little* villain," and III, ii, 62, "wren of nine."

193 *Tell . . . messenger*] This is the original reading. But most editors credit Olivia with this speech, "Tell me your mind," and Viola with the words, "I am a messenger."

203 *maidenhead*] maidenhood. Cf. "maidhood," III, i, 147, *infra*.

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. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'T is 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 labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

218 *draw the curtain*] Cf. I, ii, 118–119, and note.

219 *such a one . . . present*] I was this a moment ago, when you expressed doubt of my identity. See line 176, *supra*.

221 *if God did all*] a hint at the liberal use of cosmetics, to which Elizabethan ladies were prone.

222 *in grain*] of a fast dye that will not wash out. Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 33, "robe of darkest *grain*."

225–227 *Lady . . . copy*] The same idea is elaborated in Shakespeare's opening sonnets, especially *Sonnets* iii, iv, ix, xiii. Cf. "She [*i.e.*, nature] carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby Thou shouldst print more, not let that *copy* die" (*Sonnet* xi, 13,14).

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 adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
OLI. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
OLI. Why, what would you?
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;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air

244 *well divulged*] well spoken of by the world.
245 *dimension*] proportion, form. Cf. v, i, 229.
249 *deadly life*] life charged with the pangs of death.

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:
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 five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

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268 *fee'd post*] hired messenger.

277 *five-fold blazon*] Cf. *Sonnet* cvi, 5-6: "Then, in the *blazon* [*i.e.*, description] of sweet beauty's best, Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow."

278 *Unless . . . man*] Olivia seems to be thinking almost unconsciously of the Duke whose suit she could not bring herself to entertain, unless the master were like the man.

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.
OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.
MAL. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
OLI. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*

285 *The county's man*] This is Capell's emendation, for metrical reasons, of the First Folio reading *countes* and the later Folios' reading *counts*. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, IV, v, 6, "The *County* Paris."

293 *Mine eye . . . mind*] My eye may take too flattering a view of the youth's beauty for my reason to resist the effect.

ACT SECOND — SCENE I

THE SEA-COAST

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO

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 extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a

9–10 *determinate . . . extravagancy*] The voyage I have resolved upon is mere vagrancy, mere roaming.

touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called 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, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANT. Alas the day!

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

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

12–13 *charges me . . . myself*] good manners compel me to reveal myself.

15 *Messaline*] An imaginary place, for which editors sometimes substitute *Metelin*, the modern name of Mitylene. Cf. V, i, 224, *infra*.

21 *with such estimable wonder*] in view of such estimable and wondrous beauty.

31–32 *If you . . . servant*] If you do not wish to kill me because I love you, let me be your servant.

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

ANT. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II — 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 hardy to come again in his

36 *so near . . . my mother*] of so womanish a temperament. Cf. *Hen. V*, IV, vi, 31: "*And all my mother* came into mine eyes."

affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIO. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*

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 methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.

11 *She took the ring of me*] This is the original reading. Viola is screening Olivia, and forbears to question Malvolio's statement. Malone needlessly substituted *She took no ring of me.*

26 *the pregnant enemy*] the alert enemy of mankind, *i.e.*, the devil.

27-28 *How easy . . . forms!*] How easy is it for the handsome deceivers to make an impression on women's waxen hearts! Cf. *Lucrece*, 1240, 1241: "For men have marble, *women waxen, minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will.*"

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
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 to untie! [*Exit.*

SCENE III — OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW

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 unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

31 *fadge*] turn out. Cf. Florio's *Ital.-Eng. Dict.:* "Andár' a vánga, to *fadge* or prosper with."

2 "*diluculo surgere*"] *sc.* saluberrimum est, "To rise at dawn is very healthy," — an adage drawn from Lily's Grammar, which was the standard text-book in Elizabethan schools.

9 *four elements*] earth, water, fire, and air, according to the popular learning of the day. Cf. *Hen. V*, III, vii, 21–22, "he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."

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. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

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. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

CLO. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's

16 *picture of "we three"*] A common ale-house sign on which was painted the heads of two fools, or two asses, with the legend "We three loggerheads be." The spectator makes up the trio.

22–23 *Pigrogromitus . . . Queubus*] These proper names, which seem to be invented for the occasion, are in the vein of Rabelais, and suggest some acquaintance with *Pantagruel's Voyage de la Dive Bouteille.* Cf. I, v, 32 *supra*, "Quinapalus."

25–27 *I did impeticos . . . houses*] The clown talks nonsense to something of this effect: "I impocketed thy diminutive gratuity (or I gave it to my petticoat companion). Malvolio's inquisitive nose may smell out our sins, but cannot punish them. My sweetheart is a lady of refinement, and the myrmidons, the humbler retainers of a noble household, are not of the vulgar and coarse character attaching to pot-houses."

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.

CLO. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TO. Good, good.

CLO. [*Sings*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:

38 *seq. O mistress mine*] This song figures — words and music — in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599. It was probably borrowed by Shakespeare, and is not his own composition.

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
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? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? 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. 'T is 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.

SIR AND. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

50 *sweet and twenty*] sweetly and twenty times.

57–58 *catch . . . weaver*] Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 125–126: "I would I were a *weaver;* I could sing psalms or any thing." Weavers were commonly held to be good singers. The "catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver" must have rare powers of enchantment.

62–63 "*Thou knave*"] The music of this catch is given in a music book called *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

Enter MARIA

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

SIR TO. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and " Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally. Lady! [*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, the twelfth day of December," —

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

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73 *Cataian*] Cf. *M. Wives*, II, i, 129: "I will not believe such a *Cataian*" (*i.e.*, "Heathen Chinee," impostor).

74 *Peg-a-Ramsey*] A popular tune. An early version of the notes without words is in William Ballet's Lute-book, an early Elizabethan manuscript volume in Trinity College, Dublin.

"*Three merry men, etc.*"] This burden of an old song figures in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* (1598), I, i, 22. The original tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*.

76 *There dwelt a man in Babylon*] See note on *M. Wives*, III, i, 22, where the ballad to which this line belongs is again quoted.

81 *O, the twelfth day of December*] A line from some lost ballad.

like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. " Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MAR. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO. " His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MAL. Is 't even so?

SIR TO. " But I will never die."

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. " Shall I bid him go? "

CLO. " What an if you do? "

SIR TO. " Shall I bid him go, and spare not? "

86 *coziers'*] cobblers'. Cf. Minsheu's *Dict.*, "Cosier or sowter from the Spanish word *coser*, *i.e.*, to sew. *Vide* Botcher, Souter or Cobler."

97 "*Farewell, dear heart, etc.*"] A popular ballad first found in print (with words and music) in Robert Jones' *Booke of Ayres*, 1601. All the lines in quotations in the next eight lines are drawn from this piece. In later poetical miscellanies it is entitled "Corydon's farewell to Phillis."

CLO. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

SIR TO. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 110

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 crums. 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. 'T were 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. 121

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

113–114 *rub your chain with crums*] Stewards wore gold chains round their necks in right of their office. In Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, III, ii, 229, it was said of a steward that he "scours his gold chain" with "the chippings of the buttery."

117 *uncivil rule*] revelry; cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 5, "night-*rule*."

118 *shake your ears*] A common phrase, usually meaning "go away," "good riddance to you." Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, IV, i, 25–26: "turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to *shake his ears*."

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. 129

SIR TO. 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 'ld beat him like a dog!

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. 136

MAR. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 143

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,

127 *gull him . . . nayword*] hoax him so that he become a byword or laughing-stock. Rowe first substituted *a nayword* for the original reading *an ayword*. The latter form seems unknown. "Nayword" is used both for "by-word" and "password." Cf. *M. Wives*, II, ii, 131.

131 *puritan*] See II, v, 7, *infra*.

138–139 *cons . . . swarths*] learns by heart gossip of state affairs and spouts it in great lengths or masses.

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

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 't will 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 construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Good night, Penthesilea.

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.

166 *Penthesilea*] Queen of the Amazons, mentioned by Ovid in his *Ars Amatoria*, III, 2, and *Heroides*, XXI, 118. Maria's diminutive stature gives ironical point to the exclamation. Cf. I, v, 192, "your giant."

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; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. 180

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others*

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

176 *cut*] A common expression of contempt, "cut" meaning a bobtailed horse. Cf. Falstaff's "spit in my face; call me *horse*," *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 187.

179 *burn . . . sack*] Cf. *M. Wives*, II, i, 191: "a pottle of *burnt sack*," and note.

5 *recollected terms*] studied or stilted expressions; phrases lacking spontaneity. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 406, "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise."

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. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*

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 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
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

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! 40

Re-enter CURIO *and* 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,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

CLO. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

33 *lost and worn*] This is the original reading, for which Hanmer, followed by other editors, substitutes *lost and won*. "Worn" in the sense of "worn out," "exhausted," "past," is common. Cf. "*worn* times," in *Wint. Tale*, V, i, 142.

44 *And the free maids . . . bones*] And the happy maids, free from care, who weave bone lace, make lace with bone bobbins.

47 *Like the old age*] Cf. *Sonnet* cxxvii, 1: "In *the old age* [*i. e.*, past time] black was not counted fair."

SONG

CLO. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
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 lover 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 intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

51 *cypress*] coffin of cypress wood.

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

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 't is 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 suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare

95 *retention*] power of retaining. Cf. V, i, 75, *infra*, "without *retention*," and *Sonnet* cxxii, 9: "That poor *retention* could so much hold."

98 *cloyment*] A word meaning "satiety," of Shakespeare's invention. It is found nowhere else.

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;
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
DUKE. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

113 *like patience on a monument*] Cf. *Pericles*, V, i, 136–138: "yet thou dost look Like *Patience* gazing on kings' graves, and *smiling Extremity* out of act."

SCENE V—OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *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 boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out 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: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives. 10

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India!

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,

5 *sheep-biter*] A contemptuous term derived from a dog that worries sheep by biting. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 352: "your *sheep-biting* face."

7 *bear-baiting*] This form of sport was warmly condemned by Puritans, with whose sourness of disposition Malvolio has been already credited: Act II, iii, 131, *supra*, "sometimes he is a kind of *puritan*."

12 *my metal of India*] my treasure of gold.

in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO

MAL. 'T is 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!

SIR AND. 'Slight, 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.

SIR TO. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

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22 *she*] *i. e.*, Olivia, Maria's mistress.

29 *jets . . . plumes*] proudly struts with his feathers uplifted.

36 *the lady of the Strachy*] Who this lady was, and why she was chosen as the type of a high-born and wealthy dame who married an officer of her household, are questions that have not been satisfactorily settled. The reading has been disputed, but no acceptable emendation has been proposed. The context indicates that "the Strachy" must be the name either of the lady's residence or of some high office at a royal court held by the lady herself or by her deceased husband.

SIR AND. Fie on him Jezebel!

FAB. O, peace! now he 's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

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

SIR TO. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I 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, 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.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me, —

SIR TO. Shall this fellow live?

But no place-name nor any designation of a titular court-office at home or abroad which has been suggested corresponds with sufficient verbal closeness to "the Strachy" to give it a hearing.

44 *branched*] Cotgrave in his *Fr.-Eng. Dict.* explains "velours figurés" as "*branched* velvet" (*i. e.*, velvet ornamented with patterns of leaves and flowers).

49–50 *to have the humour . . . regard*] to assume the high air of authority, and after gravely scanning my attendants one by one.

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

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

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 't was 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!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her

59 *with cars*] The general meaning is that our silence must be preserved, though the heaviest strain be applied to draw it from us, or make us break it. The strain of "cars" pulling against one satisfies the context. The proposed substitutions of *carts*, *cables*, *racks*, *cords*, seem needless. Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, i, 265: "a *team of horse* shall not *pluck* that from me."

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: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins, him, liver and all.

MAL. [*reads*]
Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know:" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TO. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL. [*reads*]
I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FAB. A fustian riddle!

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 dressed him!

86 *impressure her Lucrece*] Seals, bearing the figure of the Roman matron, Lucrece, were in common use. The figure of Lucrece was very familiar to Elizabethan Londoners as the sign of Purfoot's well-known printing-office in St. Paul's Churchyard.

SIR TO. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

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

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105 *staniel*] The original reading is *stallion*, for which Hanmer cleverly substituted *staniel*, *i. e.*, a hawk. The mention of "wings" and "checking" renders "stallion" impossible. "Check," a technical term in falconry, is applied to the sudden swoop of the hawk in flight when she catches sight of winged prey. Cf. III, i, 61, *infra*.

108 *formal capacity*] well regulated mind.

113–114 *Sowter . . . fox*] Fabian is here, as in his succeeding speech, ironical. "Sowter" (*i. e.*, botcher, cobbler) is used as the name of a bad, dull hound. So poor a cur, although capable of any amount of bungling, must take this scent.

see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. 127

[*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 tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, 140

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

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125 *this simulation . . . former*] this disguise is not quite so easy of detection as what went before.

129 *born*] The original reading is *become*, for which Rowe substituted *born*. The expression is so quoted in the Folios at the two other places of this play where it is repeated. See III, iv, 39, *infra*, and V, i, 357.

134 *the trick of singularity*] the affectation of eccentricity or originality.

136–137 *yellow stockings and . . . cross-gartered*] Yellow was at the time a popular colour of stockings. The boys of Christ's Hospital, whose dress dates from Edward VI's time, still wear yellow stockings. Men of fashion were in the habit of wearing their garters crossed both above and below the knee, with the ends fastened together behind the knee.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do 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. 161

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 another jest.

142 *Daylight . . . more*] Broad day and the open country cannot make things plainer.

143 *politic authors*] writers on statecraft.

161 *the Sophy*] the Shah of Persia. He is mentioned again, III, iv, 266, *infra*.

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, and become thy bond-slave? 171

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. 176

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 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her 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, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR AND. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

170 *play my freedom at tray-trip*] stake my liberty at the game of dice, called tray [*i. e.*, trey-, three]-trip.

176 *aqua-vitæ*] strong spirit, "eau de vie." See *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 776.

184 *Tartar*] Hell. Cf. *Hen. V*, II, ii, 123: "vasty *Tartar*."

ACT THIRD — SCENE I

OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor*

VIOLA

SAVE THEE, FRIEND, AND thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman?

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 lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

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

10 *sentence*] maxim. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, ii, 9.

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.

VIO. Thy reason, man? 20

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

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

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: 30 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.

11 *cheveril glove*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 80: "O, here's a *wit of cheveril* [*i. e.*, kid leather], that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!"

19 *words . . . rascals, etc.*] The clown, continuing his perverse and incoherent argument, concludes that words are capable of any rascality in order to escape from the bonds in which grammar and logic confine their significance. There is no ground for detecting in "bonds" an allusion to legislation of 1600, which placed new restrictions on the liberties of the actor's profession in London.

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. 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.

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; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, 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; 't is well begged.

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

37-38 *but the fool should be*] unless the fool were, if the fool were not.

40 *pass upon*] Cf. V, i, 339, *infra*, "This practice hath most shrewdly *pass'd upon* thee," where "pass upon" means "impose," "deceive," "trick." This may be the meaning here. But it is usually interpreted metaphorically as making a quick thrust or pass in fencing.

53 *Cressida was a beggar*] In Robert Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid*, a poem often attributed in popular error to Chaucer, Cressida was condemned to a life of begging for her fickleness.

56 "*element*"] For an example of the use of this word for "sky," see I, i, 26, *supra*.

VIO. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW

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.
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.

61 *haggard, check*] Cf. II, v, 105, *supra*, and note.

65] The First Folio reads here *wisemens folly falne, quite taint.* The reading adopted here was suggested independently by both Theobald and Capell. The meaning seems to be that wise men who descend to folly imperil all their intelligence. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 75–76: "Folly in fools bears not so strong a note *As foolery in the wise*, when wit doth dote."

74 *list*] bound, limit. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, IV, i, 51: "The very *list*, the very utmost bound." So in "lists" of a tournament.

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 accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. 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. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:" I 'll get 'em all three all 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! 'T was 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:
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!

79 *gait and entrance*] going and entering.

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, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
VIO. I pity you.
OLI. That 's a degree to love.

117 *That tyrannous heart . . . receiving*] The exceptional length of the line is sufficiently justified by Olivia's emotional disturbance. "Receiving" in the sense of "receptivity" is rare.

118 *cypress*] Cf. Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 35: "sable stole of *cypress* lawn" (*i. e.*, mourning garments).

120–121 *degree . . . grize*] Both words here mean "step."

VIO. No, not a grize; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLI. Why, then, methinks, 't is 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!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
OLI. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
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. 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 maidenhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

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
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—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *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 bestowed 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.

150–151 *Do not . . . cause*] From this clause, short sentence, or avowal that I woo you, do not wring the conclusion that you have no cause to woo me on your part.

152 *reason fetter*] restrain one inference or reflection by another.

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

SIR AND. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement 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 banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

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.

25–26 *like an icicle . . . beard*] This simile seems to have been suggested by an English translation of a Dutch account of the discovery by a Dutchman, Willem Barents, in 1596, of Nova Zembla, and of the explorer's sufferings from extremity of cold. The translation seems to have been first published in 1598, though no copy earlier than 1609 has been met with.

29 *Brownist . . . politician*] Both terms are usually employed by the dramatists in a contemptuous sense. A "politician" meant in Shake-

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.

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 curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

speare's vocabulary a venal political intriguer. "Brownist" was a member of the religious sect of Puritan separatists or independents, which was founded by Robert Brown about 1580, and rapidly spread in secret, despite efforts made to suppress it. Cf. *Ram Alley*, 1611 (I, i): "Pandarism! Why, 't is grown a liberal science, Or a new sect, and the good professors Will (like the *Brownist*) frequent gravel-pits shortly. For they use woods and obscure holes already." For scornful allusions to puritans, see *supra*, II, iii, 131, and II, v, 7.

41–42 *thou thou'st*] To address a person as "thou" was held to be insulting. Coke, at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603, passionately denounced the prisoner with the words: "I *thou* thee, thou traitor."

44 *bed of Ware*] A bed of gigantic size, capable of holding twelve persons, long gave notoriety to an inn at Ware, a village in Hertfordshire. It is said to be now preserved at the Rye House in Epping Forest.

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

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

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

Enter MARIA

SIR TO. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chris-

49 *the cubiculo*] Sir Toby's bombastic periphrasis for Sir Andrew's lodging or bedroom.

62 *wren of nine*] The original reading is *wren of mine*, and may be right. For *mine* Theobald substituted *nine*. The allusion is to Maria's diminutive stature. The wren is "the most diminutive of birds" (*Macb.*, IV, ii, 10), and lays at a time nine or ten eggs, usually of descending size

63 *the spleen*] Cf. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, XI, 37: "Intemperate *laughers* alwaies have great *spleenes*."

tian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

SIR TO. And cross-gartered?

MAR. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is. 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.

---

67 *passages of grossness*] acts of absurdity.

70–71 *pedant . . . church*] "Pedant" usually meant "pedagogue." In country places churches were often used as schoolhouses.

74 *new map . . . Indies*] A new map of the world was made in 1599 by Emmerie Mollineux. It is multilineal, and plainly marks recent exploration in both the East and the West hemispheres. It is sometimes, but very rarely, found inserted in copies of Hakluyt's *Navigations*, second edition, 1598. It was published quite separately. There is a facsimile in Maclehose's new edition of *Hakluyt*, 1903, vol. I, *ad fin.*

ANT. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being 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....oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
ANT. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
SEB. I am not weary, and 't is 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 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys

15 *And thanks . . . turns*] The original reading is *And thankes: and ever oft good turnes*, a line from which a foot is missing. Theobald substituted *And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns*, which seems a satisfactory emendation.

I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people.
ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
SEB. Do not then walk too open.
ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your 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

28 *it . . . answer'd*] the charge could hardly be met. In line 33 "answer'd" is used in the sense of "met by payment of compensation."

36 *lapsed*] There is no other example of "lapsed" in its present sense of "caught," "surprised." "Latch," in the sense of catch, is used elsewhere in Shakespeare. Cf. *Macb.*, IV, iii, 195, "words . . . in the desert air, *Where hearing* should not *latch* them," and *Sonnet* cxiii, 6. "Latched" may be the right reading here.

39 *Elephant*] See *infra*, IV, iii, 5. Several taverns in Elizabethan England bore this sign. Tom Taylor, the water-poet, writing in 1636, mentions one at Wantage and another at Henley. The "Elephant and Castle," in Newington, a southern suburb of London, was almost as well known an inn in Shakespeare's day as at the present time.

You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

ANT. To the Elephant.

SEB. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA

OLI. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

MAR. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

OLI. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

MAR. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

OLI. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

1 *he says he 'll come*] Olivia is anxiously deliberating with herself: suppose, she says, he promises to come.

2 *what bestow of him ?*] what shall I bestow on him, make him a present of?

3 *sad and civil*] grave and solemn.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

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."

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?

23 *sonnet . . . "Please one, and please all"*] The title of a popular ballad, a composition which was often termed a "sonnet." It seems to have been first published in 1591. An original copy is in the Huth Library. There are seventeen stanzas.

30 *ay, sweet-heart . . . to thee*] A line from an old ballad, also quoted in *Tarlton's Jests* (1611), ed. Halliwell, p. 39, and Brome's *English Moor* (1659), Act I, Sc. iii, ed. Pearson, vol. II, p. 13.

MAL. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.
OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
MAL. "Some are born great," —
OLI. Ha!
MAL. "Some achieve greatness," —
OLI. What sayest thou?
MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."
OLI. Heaven restore thee!
MAL. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," —
OLI. Thy yellow stockings!
MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."
OLI. Cross-gartered!
MAL. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;" —
OLI. Am I made?
MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."
OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
OLI. I 'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*
MAL. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly

61 *come near*] understand.

with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN

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?

70 *some sir of note*] Cf. *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 352: "O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient *sir*."

72 *fellow*] often used for companion, and implying equal social standing.

80 *drawn in little*] contracted into a narrow space, into a small compass. The context does not admit the meaning "depicted in miniature," which these words bear elsewhere.

Legion] Cf. *Mark* v, 9: "My name is *Legion*."

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 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 bewitched!

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.

MAL. How now, mistress!

MAR. O Lord!

SIR TO. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

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

SIR TO. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir!

SIR TO. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is

110 *Ay, Biddy, come with me*] Probably a fragment of a song.

not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

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? 120

FAB. If this were played 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.

FAB. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MAR. The house will be the quieter. 128

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 de-

111 *cherry-pit*] A child's game of pitching cherry stones into a little hole. Cf. Rowley's *Witch of Edmonton*, III, i: "I have loved a witch ever since *I played at cherry-pit*."

118 *element*] sphere, or rank in life. Elsewhere in the play, I, i, 26, and III, i, 56, *supra*, the word is used in the sense of "sky."

123–124 *His very genius, . . . device*] His very soul has got grip of the plot.

vice to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

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 to exceeding good sense — less.

SIR TO. [*reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, —

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. [*reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

134 *a finder of madmen*] Under the writ "de lunatico inquirendo," "finders of madmen," were appointed to report on persons suspected of madness, after the manner of the modern "commissioners in lunacy."

136 *More matter for a May morning*] On May Day it was the custom to perform comic interludes or fantastic dances.

156 *windy side*] Cf. note on *Much Ado*, II, i, 283: "On the *windy side* of care."

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 seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

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 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.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

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

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is 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?

VIO. Nothing but this; — your true love for my master.

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

192 *And laid . . . out*] *Out* is Theobald's emendation of the original reading *on 't*, and is hardly open to question. Olivia has exposed her honour too prodigally. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iii, 36: "The *chariest* [*i. e.*, strictest] maid" is prodigal enough.

Re-enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN

SIR TO. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIO. And you, sir. 209

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. 218

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, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private

213–214 *dismount thy tuck*] draw thy sword or rapier.

224–225 *knight . . . on carpet consideration*] Cf. *Much Ado*, V, ii, 29: *carpet-mongers*, *i. e.*, carpet knights, whose title is not derived from military service. *Unhatched rapier* is obviously "rapier that has seen no genuine service." Pope needlessly substituted *unhack'd*, which gives the same sort of sense. "Hatch" has often the technical sense, as in cross-hatching, of "engrave," "ornament," and both blade and hilt of a good serviceable rapier were more or less richly "hatched." "Unhatched" might well be applied figuratively to a weapon which bore no marks of usage in battle. Cf. Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, II, v: "I am no soldier . . . *unhatcht* [*i. e.*, unmarked] with blood."

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 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 undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

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

233 *quirk*] caprice, odd humour. Cf. *All 's Well*, III, ii, 47: "*quirks* of joy and grief."

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.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW

SIR TO. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

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 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TO. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a

263 *stuck in*] Sir Toby has already miscalled "virago," "firago." Now he corrupts the Italian fencing term for "thrust," "stoccata," into "stuck in."

266 *Sophy*] the Shah of Persia. Cf. II, v, 161, *supra.*

273 *Capilet*] apparently a diminutive, formed from "capul" or "caple," a north-country word for a horse.

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.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

FAB. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. 280

SIR TO. [*To Vio.*] 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 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. 288

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!

VIO. I do assure you, 't is against my will. [*They draw.*

277 *take up*] Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 92, 93: "I knew when seven justices could not *take up* [*i. e.*, make up] a quarrel"

279 *He is . . . of him*] He has formed as horrible or terrifying an idea of him.

291 *duello*] The code of the duel which Shakespeare had studied in Vincentio Saviolo's *Practise*, 1595. Cf. *As You Like It*, V, iv, 81, *seq.*

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. 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, I am for you.
[*They draw.*

Enter Officers

FAB. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

SIR TO. I 'll be with you anon.

VIO. 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.

FIRST OFF. This is the man; do thy office.

SEC. OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST 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.

302 *undertaker*] Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, "Entrepreneur. An . . . *undertaker*, Broker, Pettifogger, or intermedler in other mens controuersies."

308 *reins well*] Cf. Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 244): "Youth never *reineth* well [*i. e.*, answers to the rein], but when age holdeth the bridle." Sir Andrew refers to his horse (see l. 273).

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.
SEC. 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 's half my coffer.
ANT. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
VIO. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,

329 *having*] property, fortune. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, ii, 62.
330 *my present*] my present store.
339 *lying vainness*] lying boastfulness.

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
ANT. O heavens themselves!
SEC. OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
FIRST OFF. What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!
ANT. But O how vile an idol proves his 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:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
FIRST OFF. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.
ANT. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*
VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
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

354 *o'erflourish'd*] ornamented with scroll work. Cf. *Sonnet* lx, 9: "Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth."

Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: 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. 372

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 't will be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

364 *Yet living in my glass*] Still surviving in the reflection of my own face in the glass.

373 *religious in it*] religiously practising it, *i. e.*, cowardice.

ACT FOURTH — SCENE

BEFORE OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown

CLOWN

WILL YOU MAKE ME BE-lieve that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou 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.

SER. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st 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 lubber, the world, will prove a

cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

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

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, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

SEB. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

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

CLO. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

12-13 *Vent my folly! . . . cockney*] If affected mincing words, like "vent," are to come into common use, then this great awkward lubber, the mass of mankind, is likely to prove a simpering fool. "Cockney" is an ordinary synonym for "an effeminate fellow."

14 *ungird thy strangeness*] put off, have done with this reserve, this stand-offish manner.

17 *Greek*] Greek, like Trojan, was in colloquial use for "fellow" or "companion."

22 *after . . purchase*] at a very extravagant rate. The current price of land or houses — commodities ordinarily valued at so many years' purchase — was estimated at only twelve years' rent.

SIR TO. Come on, sir; hold.

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 fleshed; come on.

SEB. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? 40
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TO. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

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 Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*
I prithee, gentle friend, 50
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent

50 *Rudesby*] Cf. Guazzo's *Civile Conversation* (translated by Pettie, 1581, p. 78): "A clowne, a *rudesby* [*i. e.*, a boor], or a contemner of others."

52 *extent*] properly a legal term for seizure of property under a writ of

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. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: 60
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLI. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter MARIA *and* Clown

MAR. Nay, I prithee, 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.*

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execution Cf. *As you like it*, III, i, 17, and note. Here the word is employed without legal significance in the general sense of violent assault.

58 *He started one poor heart*] There is a slight quibble here on "hunting the hart," and "touching the heart," as at I, i, 21, *supra* The suggestion is that one of Olivia's hearts or half her heart is housed in her lover, and that what touches him affects her.

59 *What relish is in this?*] How does this taste? What does this mean?

2 *Sir Topas the curate*] Sir Tophas or Sir Topas is the name of the "foolish braggart" in Lyly's *Endimion*, a play familiar to Shakespeare. See *L. L. L.*, Introduction. "Sir," the title ordinarily conferred on

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.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA

SIR TO. Jove 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"?

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

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

Elizabethan clergy, translates "dominus," the academic title of bachelors of arts in Cambridge University.

14 *a niece of King Gorboduc*] The clown's nonsense suggests Shakespeare's familiarity with the first regular English tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex* (1561), in which King Gorboduc of Britain was a chief character.

SIR TO. Well said, master Parson.

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

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: sayest thou that house is dark?

MAL. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

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. 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 any constant question.

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

37 *clearstories*] The First Folio reads *cleere stores*. The Second and later Folios read blunderingly *clear stones*. "Clearstories" [*i. e.*, "clerestories"] was first adopted in the variorum edition of 1821.

47 *constant question*] serious coherent conversation.

48 *Pythagoras*] Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 131, and *As You Like It*, III, ii, 164.

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

CLO. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL. 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.

MAL. 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 delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

CLO. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

MAL. Fool, —

CLO. My lady is unkind, perdy.

61 *I am for all waters*] I can swim in any sort of stream, I can turn my hand to anything.

70 *Hey, Robin*] This song was in circulation as early as the reign of Henry VIII. Music dating from the sixteenth century is extant.

MAL. Fool, —

CLO. Alas, why is she so?

MAL. Fool, I say, —

CLO. She loves another — Who calls, ha?

MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

CLO. Master Malvolio!

MAL. Ay, good fool.

CLO. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLO. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MAL. Sir Topas, —

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

83 *five wits*] The wits were reckoned of the same number as the senses. Cf. *Sonnet* cxli, 9: "But my *five wits* nor my five senses can." The "five wits" were common wit or intellectual power, imagination, fancy, estimation, and memory.

88 *propertied*] "Property" is sometimes used as a verb, "to make property of," "to make a tool of." But here there seems a sly allusion to "property" in a theatrical sense. "They have used me as a theatrical 'property' for purposes of sport."

Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MAL. Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MAL. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLO. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

MAL. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLO. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

MAL. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

CLO. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MAL. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

CLO. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,

116 *I am gone, sir*] Another old song, of which the original music is extant. Shakespeare probably borrowed the words.

120–122 *the old vice . . . dagger of lath*] The Vice was a conventional comic character or buffoon in attendance on the devil in the old morality plays. Ben Jonson refers to the "wooden dagger," — the mock weapon of the Vice in *The Devil is an Ass*, I, i, 84–85.

Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III — 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 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

126 *Pare thy nails*] The devil owed it to his popular reputation to keep his nails unpared. According to *Hen V*, IV, iv, 76, the "roaring devil i' th' old play" becomes an object of scorn when "every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger."

127 *Adieu, goodman devil*] This, the original reading, is a playful ejaculation — "good-bye, Mister Devil" — which doubtless concludes the old song. On the gratuitous assumption that the words were the clown's parting salute to Malvolio and that the speaker had no reason to address him as "devil," many feeble changes have been suggested, *e. g.*, *goodman Civil* and *goodman Drivel*.

5 *the Elephant*] See *supra*, III, iii, 39, and note.

6 *this credit*] this belief or opinion. At line 15 "trust" is used in much the same sense.

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 am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Priest

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

12 *all instance, all discourse*] all example and argument.

18 *Take . . . dispatch*] The first verb seems to govern only the first noun, and the second verb the second noun. "Take affairs and give back their dispatch" means "take up business affairs and see to their discharge."

21 *deceivable*] Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, Bk. II, p. 179, l. 29: "the *deceivable* [*i. e.*, deceiving, deceptive] style of affection."

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.*

29 *Whiles . . . note*] Until you are willing that it shall be announced.
30 *our celebration*] the marriage ceremony, the preliminary to which — the plighting of troth — is alone arranged for in this scene.
34 35 *heavens . . . act of mine!*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, vi, 1–2 : "So smile the heavens upon this holy act, That after hours with sorrow chide us not."

ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

BEFORE OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter Clown *and* Fabian

FABIAN

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 DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords

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, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

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.

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, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

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18 *conclusions to be as kisses*] conclusions (in a syllogism) being like kisses (because duality is characteristic of both) Conclusions (in logic) come from the meeting of two premises as kisses come from the meeting of two persons' lips. The clown subtly quibbles in the words that follow on the grammatical rule, — "two negatives affirm," — which Sidney in *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet lxiii, had already turned to poetic uses.

28–29 *your grace . . . obey it*] "Grace" is quibblingly used in the double sense of "a ducal title of courtesy" and "claim to salvation" in the theological meaning. The last suggestion is continued in "let your flesh and blood obey it" (*i.e.*, let your unregenerate being obey your "ill counsel").

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

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; or 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.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers

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;

34 *bells of Saint Bennet*] a reference to the chimes sounded by the bells of St. Bennet's Church on Paul's Wharf, which was destroyed in the great fire of London.

48–49 *bawbling . . . unprizable*] Both words mean "trifling," of "small value." "Unprizable," like "inestimable" and "unvalued," is sometimes used in the sense of "valueless," and sometimes in that of "invaluable." See *Cymb.*, I, iv, 86, "*unprizeable* estimations," where the word seems to mean "invaluable."

With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What 's the matter?
FIRST OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix 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,
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 't was but distraction.
DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth

50–53 *scathful grapple . . . on him*] He grappled with such destructive violence with the finest ship of our fleet that those who had best right to hate him and loudly lamented their loss, extolled him.

58 *desperate of shame and state*] reckless of disgrace and oblivious of his rank.

63 *dear*] dire, grievous. Cf. *Timon*, V. i. 226, "*dear* peril."

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,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

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.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

75 *retention*] power of retaining (a part). See II, iv, 95, and note.
76 *All his in dedication*] The whole dedicated, made over, to him.
77 *pure*] the adjective used adverbially, "purely," "solely."
82 *face me . . . acquaintance*] brazenly deny knowledge of me.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
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 fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
DUKE. Still so cruel?
OLI. Still so constant, lord.
DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

103 *fat and fulsome*] nauseous and cloying.
112 *the Egyptian thief*] A reference to the story of Theagenes and Chariclea in Heliodorus, *Ethiopica* (translated by Thomas Underdowne, 1569), where Thyamis, an Egyptian thief, slays a captive whom he mistakes for the object of his affection, in the fear that he is about to be robbed of her.
115 *to non-regardance cast my faith*] destine my loyalty to neglect.

And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
VIO. And I, most jocund, apt and willing,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
OLI. Where goes Cesario?
VIO. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
OLI. Ay 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.
DUKE. 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

127 *To do you rest*] To give you repose, ease.

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter 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 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

DUKE. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

141 *strangle thy propriety*] suppress or deny thy identity or individuality.
150 *A contract . . . love*] The priest described the ordinary ceremony of a betrothal, which preceded the marriage rite.
155 *in my function*] in the discharge of my office as chaplain to Olivia.
159 *a grizzle on thy case*] a touch of grey on thy skin.

VIO. My lord, I do protest —
OLI. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLI. What 's the matter?

SIR AND. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLI. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. The count's gentleman, 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 your 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.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* Clown

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

165 *Hold little faith*] Keep a little faith, do not abandon all truth.

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 agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning. 191

SIR TO. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

OLI. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR AND. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed 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. 200

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and 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.

192 *a rogue, and a passy measures pavin*] The Folio reads here *a rogue, and a passy measures panyn*. The later Folios read, *a Rogue, after a passy measures Pavin*. Malone suggested the reading adopted here. The meaning seems to be that the surgeon is "a rogue and a solemn coxcomb to boot." "Pavin" is the name of a stately dance, and "passy measures" is clearly a corruption of "passamezzo," a slow and solemn step which formed chief part of the "pavin."

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, 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!
SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
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.

209 *A natural perspective*] A "perspective" was an ingeniously contrived glass, which was capable of producing the optical delusion of making one person look like two. Sebastian's entrance produces by natural means the effect of a mechanical glass.
219–220 *that deity . . . every where*] that divine attribute of ubiquity.
224 *Messaline*] See note on II, i, 15, *supra*.
226 *suited*] in such a suit of clothes.

SEB. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"
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 in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
SEB. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.

229 *dimension*] proportion, form. Cf. I, v, 245.
231 *as the rest goes even*] "ceteris paribus," other things being equal.
252 *But . . . that*] But nature there obeyed her bias or inclination.

You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
DUKE. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*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 orbed continent 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,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

"Bias" is the technical term for the oblique movement of the bowl in the game of bowls.

257 *as yet the glass seems true*] In allusion to the "perspective" or mechanical glass mentioned at line 209 *supra*. There is no optical delusion. There are really two persons.

263 *that orbed continent*] the vaulted firmament of heaven, which sustains the fire, *i. e.*, the sun.

Re-enter Clown *with a letter, and* Fabian

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub 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 when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of

273 *extracting frenzy*] a frenzy that drove every object but one out of my mind. The Second Folio reads *exacting*, which gives the sense required.

286 *allow Vox*] allow me the use of my voice.

288 *read his right wits*] declare his present state of mind.

my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

OLI. Did he write this?

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 the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLI. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLI. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no.
MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 't is 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 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,

319 *Write from it*] Write differently from it.
330 *geck*] Cf. *Cymb.*, V, iv, 67, "to become the *geck* [*i. e.*, dupe] and scorn."
339 *This practice . . . thee*] This trick has been most wickedly played off on thee.

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 against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLI. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

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. "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 gagged:" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MAL. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

OLI. He hath been most notoriously abused.

348–349 *Upon . . . against him*] Owing to his offensively obstinate and discourteous demeanour which we conceived him to have assumed.

356 *baffled*] mocked, insulted, bullied.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

CLO. [*Sings*]

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, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

375 *When that I was and a little tiny boy*] "and" is grammatically redundant; it is awkwardly introduced in order to suit the musical accompaniment. The song was doubtless a popular ditty of the day, which Shakespeare borrowed. The burden in the second and fourth lines of each stanza is repeated in the fool's song, *Lear*, III, ii, 75. The words with traditional tune, of which no early copy is known to be extant, appear in Chappell's *Popular Music*.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

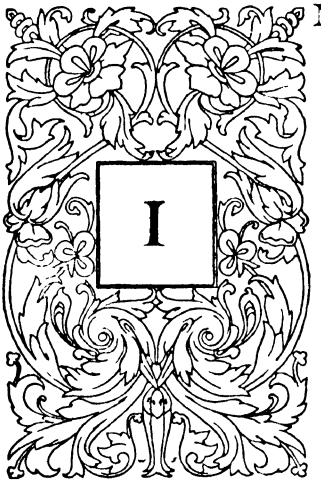
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ANDREW J. GEORGE
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY MELTON FISHER

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INTRODUCTION



IN the study of great movements in the history of our literature we should observe certain principles. We should not attempt to place rigid boundaries to these movements; we should view literature as an organic whole, — the revelation of the complex life which created it. As the soil, atmosphere, and general environment determine the growth of the plant and the character of its fruit, so every experience through which a nation passes modifies its literature and its art.

Every literature has its formative period, — a period in which its soil is being prepared through a variety of experiences. England produced a soil for the reception of that many-sided and complex awakening of the human spirit, the Renaissance, — that movement of childlike wonder, curiosity, and abounding enthusiasm,

— in a long period of unconscious preparation. She experienced the following modifying influences: contact with the Romans in war, the refining element which came with the introduction of Christianity, the establishment of the schools of Cædmon at Whitby and of Alfred at Winchester, the destruction wrought by the inroads of the Danes, the removal of anarchy by the Normans, and the splendid energy of the native tongue as it broke forth in the full-throated ease of Chaucer. During the sixteenth century, art, philosophy, poetry, history, romance, and religious idealism flourished under the magic of More, Raleigh, and Sidney, Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare,— all children of the Renaissance.

If we are to understand the mind and art of the greatest of these, — Shakespeare, — we must know first, the origin and nature of the Renaissance in Europe; second, how it reached England, and through what channels its influence spread; and, third, how this spirit found expression in the drama which grew, put forth its blossom, and bore abundant fruit under the influence of Shakespeare and his companions.

The régime of the Middle Ages — with its contempt of human loves and human sorrows; its relinquishment of things of sense for a vision of Paradise; its belief that the earth was in the power of Satan, and that the only escape was in the mystic joys of asceticism, with its reaction in a life of mere physical pleasure, shallow skepticism, and mocking irony — was at an end, and in its place came that new spirit of intellectual and

spiritual delight in the newly discovered world and the newly created man.

A preparatory stage to this new impulse of the Renaissance is to be found in the awakening of the mind of Europe by the discussions of the Schoolmen; the rise of schools and universities in Italy, France, and England; the wealth of scientific lore brought to light by Arabian scholars; the expansion of ideas through the Crusades; and the rise of modern language and literature with its wealth of song and romance.

There were other causes which prepared the way for the Renaissance. The study of Roman law in the city republics of Italy led naturally to the study of the Latin poets. Under Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Italian scholars were conducted to the fountain-head of Humanism — the Greek and Latin classics. The search for old manuscripts began; monasteries, libraries, and cathedrals were visited by these pious pilgrims, and great was their transport when they discovered some dusty and begrimed scrap of a Greek or Latin author.

This outburst of enthusiasm, this revolution in human tastes and sympathies which was to leave no province of human intelligence and action untouched, was augmented by the downfall of Constantinople in 1453. Scholars fled from the ruins of the Empire to Western Europe, carrying with them the precious manuscripts of the old masters, and so the torch of learning was lighted anew in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England. The exiles became leaders in the schools and universities of the West, and the young world spoke in

the language of genius and power. It was the beginning of the grand age of Europe, the most significant epoch of the human mind. The cities of Italy vied with each other in their passion for the new ideas, but Florence, under the splendid patronage of the Medici, surpassed them all. Michael Angelo, her greatest son, is the typical Renaissance spirit. He was the embodiment of the soul of this glorious city, in the creation of which poet, architect, sculptor, and painter united in love and holy passion to reveal

"The truth of man, as by God first spoken."

The reaction from the life of the Middle Ages which manifested itself in the unbounded energy and enthusiasm of the English people under the reign of the Tudors produced conditions which fostered the ideas of the Renaissance. The expansion of commercial enterprise, by which English merchants traversed all seas and visited all lands, stimulated the adventures of Raleigh, Drake, and Frobisher, by which the imagination was dazzled with visions of wealth, power, and extended influence. The growth of religious ideals through the Reformation enabled the English people to win a measure of political and intellectual freedom. The new impulse in literary and educational activity through the printing press, and the founding of schools and colleges, enabled England to become a leader in thought. The enrichment of social life through the Court of Elizabeth, and the recognition of the unity of the people in the plays, pageants, and progresses, prepared the

way for the English character to impress itself upon the world at large.

The impulse of the Renaissance reached England through a variety of channels, and produced a result in harmony with the nature of the age and the people. Literature in England was at its lowest stage, and as the interests of the people were largely practical, political, and commercial, the literary effect of the Renaissance was not so immediately felt as it had been in France. England's intercourse with Italy up to this time had been chiefly commercial, and as her merchants returned and told the story of the new life of art and letters, curiosity was aroused in the minds of the young nobles to visit the new centres of activity, and so the first contact of England with the Renaissance was brought about. These young enthusiasts absorbed new ideas of the world and of man, listened to the romantic tales, and came under the spell of the new life to such an extent that there was danger of their despising their native tongue and their native manners. The enthusiasm became so great that English scholars sought out the new teachers. Grocyn and Linacre, representing literary and scientific enthusiasm respectively, the one studied under the Greek exile Chalcondylas, and the other under the Florentine Politian, and returning they became the leaders of the New Learning in England. Colet and Erasmus, their pupils, became the leaders in turn of the new religious and educational movements in the general awakening of national life. At the same time scholars from Italy, attracted by the advantages offered in the

new schools and colleges of England, became teachers of the New Humanism.

The final stage in the progress of the New Learning was found at Court. Through the traveller and the scholar the spirit of the Renaissance had been introduced into England and had found a congenial home there. It only remained for the Court of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, through the atmosphere of chivalry and romance, to give it national significance. From Wyatt to Shakespeare the union of university scholarship, in which the spirit of the Greek and Latin classics prevailed, and the refinements which came from sojourn on the continent and association with its new language and literature, were united in that outburst of national enthusiasm for things English which surrounded the Court. Court manners, Court dialect, Court romance, Court allegory, and Court drama flourished in the Merrie England of Elizabeth and received their chief influence from the Queen.

The most complex, the richest and most national, of the varieties of English literature is the drama. Originating in the church, and passing from the Miracle Play to the Morality in the hands of the Guilds and travelling players, thence into the Interlude, Comedy, and Tragedy at the Court, its evolution is steady and direct until at last it finds a home in the theatre, where it reaches the proportions of a national institution and appeals to the people. That the play became the thing for this town life is attested by the fact that eighteen theatres and fifty dramatists flourished in the age of Elizabeth. But it

should be noticed that in becoming thus popular it ceased to be considered literature; it was merely playing. This accounts for the fact that even a Shakespeare cared neither for printing nor editing his plays, while he carefully corrected the proofs of his two narrative poems. His recognition as a dramatist was first popular, later courtly.

The chief sources of the material for the drama in the time of Shakespeare were translations from the Greek and Latin classics which came from the universities, the chronicles of England and Scotland, and the collections, translations, and imitations of French, Spanish, and Italian tales with which the shops abounded. If one will review the sources of Shakespeare's plots, one will find that more than one-third of them are taken, directly or indirectly, from these old tales.

" Measure for Measure " reveals Shakespeare's familiarity with the old Italian tales, translations, and adaptations, for the ground-work of the plot is to be found in a collection of novels by Giraldi Cinthio, known as the " Hecatommithi," or Hundred Tales, published in 1565. Cinthio also dramatised the story in his " Epitia." George Whetstone, an English aspirant for dramatic fame, had twice translated and adapted Cinthio's romance; once in a double play of " Promos and Cassandra " in 1578, and again in his collection of prose tales " Heptameron of Civil Discourses," in 1852. Shakespeare evidently knew all of these works, although Cinthio's play was not translated into English, for his leading character, Angelo, is, in name at least, suggested by Angela of

the play; but he followed Whetstone's play in many details. The society of the city in which Shakespeare lays the scene of his play is the same in character as that of Whetstone; but the leading characters are as far removed from his as art is from the commonplace. The works both of Cinthio and Whetstone are sordid in nature and crude in form; neither has any redeeming feature, as both sacrifice the heroine's chastity to redeem her brother from death. Shakespeare lifted the play out of the depths of cruelty and dishonour by a master movement of artistic ingenuity when he caused Isabella to maintain her dignity and chastity in spite of temptation from every side. Again, by diverting the plot of the old play at a critical juncture in creating the character of Mariana, he was able to save Isabella from humiliation, while at the same time he yielded a motive for the strange conduct of the Duke, and produced Angelo's pardon. Here as everywhere Shakespeare is true to his ideal of art in that he never preaches, but sets pity, honour, and chastity over against cruelty, baseness, and lust.

"Measure for Measure" undoubtedly belongs to the year 1604, the second in the reign of King James; it was probably presented at Whitehall, as "Othello" assuredly was, late in the same year. There is only one bit of reliable external evidence as to date of composition. This is to be found in a poem of William Barkstead, published in 1607, entitled "Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis." This poem contains the following passage reminiscent of that in "Measure for Measure," II, iv, 24–27:

"And like as when some sudden extasie
Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man;
When he 's discerned to swoon, straight by and by
Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran;
And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke."

But there are probable internal evidences in the allusions to James's dislike of being gazed upon by crowds, notwithstanding his profession of love of the people, in Act I, Sc. i, 67–72, where the Duke says:

"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."

In Act II, Sc. iv, 26–30, Angelo says:

"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 propriety of the above allusions becomes more apparent when we remember that soon after his accession, in 1603, James showed special favour to Shakespeare, and others of the Lord Chamberlain's servants playing at the Globe, by granting them license "freely to use and exercise the arte and facultie of playing . . . as well for the recreation of our loving subjectes as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see

them during our pleasure." Of the nine actors so honoured, Shakespeare's name stands second and Burbadge's third. They were thenceforth known as the King's Servants, and frequently played in James's presence.

Notwithstanding the play is a product of the maturity of Shakespeare's genius, it has not succeeded in becoming a favourite with the general reader. Various reasons have been assigned for this; the first being that the subject-matter is repellent to modern taste; and the second, that the poet has presented puritanical severity and the vices contrasted with it in too glaring colours for the purposes of art. The third and most plausible reason has been given by Hazlitt. He says: "Shakespeare was in one sense the least moral of all writers; for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies; and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations." Professor Raleigh adds significantly: "This is indeed the everlasting difficulty of Shakespeare criticism, that the critics are so much more moral than Shakespeare, and so much less experienced. He makes his appeal to thought, and they respond to the appeal by a display of delicate taste." Whatever the causes of this neglect may be, the fact remains that few plays so rich in the elements of language and composition, so representative of the highest artistic merit in many of its scenes, so masterly in the development of character, and so noble in moral temper, have received so little approbation.

The story out of which this play, so full of moral and

practical wisdom, was created is of the simplest nature, and may be told in a few words.

In Vienna, where moral corruption "boils and bubbles till it o'erruns," reigns a Duke who has allowed laws against unchastity to lie in oblivion, until, fearing his power to alter the conditions, he decides to withdraw himself from the scene, and calls in his deputy Angelo to undertake the administration of justice. Angelo's somewhat puritanical morals and strict adherence to externals of conduct lead him to revive the old laws. The Duke, disguised as a friar, watches every step in the career of the new Governor, who, instead of punishing the chief offenders against morality, seeks out one Claudio, a young nobleman whose only semblance of violation of the law has been that he has become united to Juliet under the law of pre-contract, and has postponed the outward form of marriage because Juliet's dower remained in the charge of her friends whose favour had to be gained for the solemnisation of the nuptials. Claudio sends for his sister, Isabella, who is on the point of taking the veil at St. Clare, and asks her to plead for him before the magistrate. She consents, and presents her brother's cause to Angelo, who at last makes the dastardly suggestion that pardon might be granted on condition that she sacrifice her purity. The climax of the story is reached by her indignant scorning of such terms, and the discovery that Angelo himself is guilty of the crime of casting off his legally affianced Mariana because her dowry had been lost at sea; he has also soiled her good name by alleged discoveries of evil doing. Now he is

the criminal, and the Duke pronounces his death in the place of Claudio's. Mariana pleads in his behalf, and the Duke for her sake pardons him.

The characters in the play fall naturally into three groups: one represented by the aristocratic Barnardine and his associates in Vagabondia, who make no excuses for being what they are, and have at least one good trait, that of being honestly base; a second, represented by Isabella and her friends, who make no claims for praise because they prefer to follow honour; and the third, of which Angelo is the type, who, obedient to the letter of the law, claim to be superior to ordinary mortals, while in reality they are the supreme law-breakers. These three types are still constituent parts of our latest and somewhat boastful civilisation, and it is in the contrast of these three that the moral purpose of Shakespeare's art is to be seen.

The action of the play centres in those masterly scenes where the Duke, Angelo, and Isabella are the prominent characters. By the Duke the plot is made possible, by Angelo it is developed, and by Isabella justice is rendered possible, — justice tempered by love. The motive which leads the Duke to lay aside his robes of office seems to be a mixed one, for he evidently wishes to avoid the responsibility of punishing those whom his inactivity has somewhat encouraged in their evil courses; and at the same time, being suspicious of Angelo's moral and political motives, he wishes to have an opportunity of testing them. By adopting the garb of a friar the Duke makes it possible for him to take a very active part in

the development of the plot, for as an adviser of men's souls he gets at the heart of the mystery. He becomes a kind of unseen Providence in the play by which evil plans are led to good results. In the various interviews with Friar Thomas and with those who are in trouble, we see his humility, wisdom, and goodness at their best. Those with the friar are personal confessions; while those with the afflicted spirits, Juliet, Claudio, and Isabella and Mariana, are full of that tenderness and sympathy, that moral and meditative wisdom, which characterise the noblest wearers of the cowl. Although some have thought the Duke manifested too much the spirit of intrigue to be altogether honourable, yet the results show that he pursued the good and the true, according to the best light that was given him, and disprove the old saying that the cowl does not make a monk.

Although "Measure for Measure" lacks attractiveness of subject and situations, has less harmony of tone and consonance of parts, and fewer elements of perfection as a whole, than many of the plays, yet it is confessedly one of the best illustrations of the purpose of playing, whose end is "to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to Nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Mastery in this kind of revelation is found in the poet's development of the character of Angelo. It is evident that Angelo has been somewhat critical of the Duke for his leniency in matters of government, and has assumed that he himself possessed the qualities needed to enforce the law; as a result we

see that he is not surprised at his promotion, when naturally the honour belonged to the wise, conservative, and statesmanlike Escalus. Thus, early in the play, Shakespeare, true to his philosophy of human character, that habit is the determining element in life, involves those forces out of which the catastrophe is to be evolved; and he does this so subtly that the hasty reader is often confused by the very method which to the careful reader becomes self-evident. By a few bold strokes he shows us how ignorant Angelo is of his own frailty; how blinded he is to his own condition. When Escalus mildly chides him for his severity toward others, and reminds him of the danger of similar crimes in himself, he answers in his self-righteousness, "'T is one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall." Claudio sees through his pride of virtue, his love of praise for purity and integrity, and says:

> "and for a name,
> Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
> Freshly on me · 't is surely for a name."

The same note is struck by the Duke when, speaking to Friar Thomas, he says:

> "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."

To unmask this seeming is the purpose of the play; and in those wonderfully dramatic scenes with Isabella,

scenes so full of power, passion, and pathos as to be unsurpassed in the whole range of the Shakespearean drama, the contrast between seeming and being, between hidden vice and open virtue, is made manifest. Angelo's true nature becomes revealed to himself, and in the depth of his degradation he cries:

> "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."

For his threefold crime the Duke utters this judgment:

> "'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
> Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
> Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure."

Many wish the play had ended here in tragic dignity and justice, but the poet ruled otherwise, and by the introduction of Mariana turned justice into mercy, and revealed his own philosophy of moral government,

> "We do pray for mercy;
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy."

The fundamental traits of Isabella's character are strength of intellect, depth of feeling, simplicity and purity of thought and action, passionate religious enthusiasm, intense and balanced imagination. These are the weapons she uses with matchless skill in the task she

is called from the quiet and seclusion of the cloister to perform for her suffering brother. At first she shrinks from the call and asks:

> "what poor ability 's in me
> To do him good?"

but as she gradually rises to the consciousness of her great undertaking, not even the base-minded Lucio can refrain from paying her homage. He says:

> "I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
> By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
> And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
> As with a saint."

She raises no objection against the law by which her brother suffers, but she pleads for mercy in language unsurpassed for modesty, firmness, womanly gentleness, and pity for human weakness. What a piercing thrust she gives to Angelo's pride and pretended righteousness in the following:

> "How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgement, should
> But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made."

Nevertheless he does not yield, but sentences her brother to die on the morrow, and she says:

> "O, it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant."

Her indignation now bursts forth in a withering scorn of great ones of the earth who, drest in brief authority, play fantastic tricks before high heaven. By the almost supernatural power of her virgin mind and heart, "dedicate to nothing temporal," in thus appealing to the personal element in his office he confesses when alone:

> "Amen:
> For I am that way going to temptation,
> . . . .
> O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
> With saints dost bait thy hook!"

At the next interview he begins by talking in riddles, which at first Isabella thinks merely a means of testing her; but as her replies cause him to doubt her real intentions, he at last unblushingly reveals his villainous desires; then she bursts out in vehement passion full of immortal wisdom, beauty, and nobility:

> "Most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seeming! —
> I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
> . . . I'll tell the world aloud,
> What man thou art."

She now goes to seek her brother with this saintly soliloquy upon her lips:

> "Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
> More than our brother is our chastity."

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the character of Isabella is the fact that, notwithstanding the play is so little read, the most of what she voiced with such felicity,

grace, and wisdom, has retained "its freshness of immortal youth," and has become almost as universal as the language itself.

Shakespeare nowhere presents so definitely as in "Measure for Measure" the central truth of Christian morality. The main theme of the play, contained in the following from Isabella, is never lost sight of:

> "Alas, alas!
> Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

Shakespeare has been blamed by Coleridge and Hazlitt because he acted consistently with this high philosophy, because he punished no one. In the presence of the Puritan justice he pleads for charity and mercy and in the presence of Bohemian callousness he asserts the claims of virtue and honour. In his godlike sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men lies the secret of his greatness as a teacher of mankind. His feelings compassed the total of humanity.

> "All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
> All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
> Find their sole speech in that victorious brow."

ANDREW J. GEORGE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute 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*

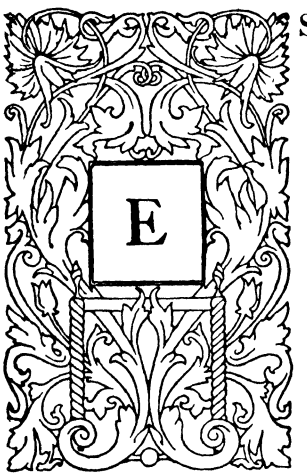
[1] This play was first printed in the First Folio. It was there divided into Acts and Scenes. At the end of the text "The Scene" was described as "Vienna," and "The Names of all the Actors" were given at length.

ACT FIRST — SCENE I

AN APARTMENT IN THE DUKE'S PALACE

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords *and* Attendants

DUKE



SCALUS.

ESCAL. My lord.

DUKE. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency . .
. . . . . as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms

4 *to affect speech*] to love talk for its own sake.

5 *I am put to know*] Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, III, i, 43: "Had I been first *put* [*i. e.*, compelled] to speak."

For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love, 20
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

ESCAL. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

DUKE. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO

ANG. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

7–10 *then no more remains . . . work*] This is obscure, and it is usually assumed that some words have accidentally dropped out. Theobald inserted in the dotted spaces *you add Due diligency*, for which Spedding substituted *I add Commission ample*. The meaning obviously is: Nothing more remains for me to tell you except to commit my authority to your own fit knowledge, with which your moral worth is on a level, and to let the principles or properties of government work out their way.

11–12 *the terms . . . justice*] the technical language of the courts.

13 *art and practice*] Cf. *Hen. V*, I, i, 51 : "*art and practic* part of life."

17 *figure of us*] resemblance to us.

18 *with special soul*] out of my special affection for him. Cf. *Tempest*, III, i, 44: "*With so full soul.*"

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, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo: —
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna

31 *thine own so proper*] so exclusively thine own property.
36–37 *Spirits . . . issues*] The soul is not endowed with nobleness, but for realising noble purposes.
39–41 *she determines . . . use*] she allots to herself the creditor's splendid advantages both of gratitude for service rendered and of interest on the loan.
42 *can . . . advertise*] can give instruction as to the part of deputy which I bestow on him. *Advertise* is accented on the second syllable.
44 *In our remove*] On our withdrawal.
45 *Mortality and mercy*] Power of capital punishment and of granting pardon.

Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.
ANG. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
DUKE. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
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:

47 *Though . . . secondary*] Though he was first under consideration for this post, [Escalus] now thy subordinate.
52 *leaven'd*] well fermented, mature.
55 *prefers . . . unquestion'd*] takes precedence of everything else, and leaves undiscussed.

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. 'T is 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.*

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.

68 *I love the people, etc.*] Shakespeare is commonly credited here with an allusion to King James I's notorious dislike of demonstrations in his honour by crowds in public places. The same sentiment is repeated II, iv, 27–30, *infra:* "The general subject . . . appear offence."

FIRST GENT. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

SEC. GENT. Amen.

LUCIO. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

SEC. GENT. "Thou shalt not steal"?

LUCIO. Ay, that he razed.

FIRST GENT. Why, 't was 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, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

SEC. GENT. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCIO. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

SEC. GENT. No? a dozen times at least.

FIRST GENT. What, in metre?

LUCIO. In any proportion or in any language.

FIRST 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.

FIRST GENT. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

17 *dislike*] express dislike Cf *As You Like It*, V, iv, 66, and note.

22 *proportion*] measure.

27 28 *Well, there went . . . us*] we are of the same piece; a proverbial expression suggesting that men are all alike save for the tailor's interposition Cf. Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, IV, 2 (ed. Bullen, I, 290): "*There goes but a pair of shears* betwixt an emperor and the son of a bagpiper."

LUCIO. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

FIRST GENT. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou 'rt a three-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.

FIRST GENT. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

SEC. GENT. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

LUCIO. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to —

SEC. GENT. To what, I pray?

LUCIO. Judge.

SEC. GENT. To three thousand dolours a year.

FIRST GENT. Ay, and more.

LUCIO. A French crown more.

32 *three-piled*] Cf. *All 's Well*, IV, v, 88, and note.

34 *piled . . . velvet*] a quibble on "piled" in the sense of "pealed," made bald (by the French venereal disease), and "piled," richly woven (of velvet).

37 *begin thy health*] begin drinking to the recovery of thy health.

50 *A French crown*] A bald pate. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, I, ii, 86: "Some of your *French crowns have no hair* at all." There is a tacit allusion to the medical term, "corona veneris."

FIRST GENT. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

LUCIO. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

FIRST GENT. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

MRS OV. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

SEC. GENT. Who 's that, I pray thee? 60

MRS OV. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

FIRST GENT. Claudio to prison? 't is not so.

MRS OV. Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

MRS OV. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

LUCIO. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet 70 me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

SEC. GENT. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

FIRST GENT. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

LUCIO. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

MRS OV. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY

How now! what 's the news with you?

POM. Yonder man is carried to prison.

MRS OV. Well; what has he done?

POM. A woman.

MRS OV. But what 's his offence?

POM. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

MRS OV. 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 OV. What proclamation, man?

POM. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

MRS OV. 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 OV. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

POM. To the ground, mistress.

79 *sweat*] probably the recent epidemic of the "sweating sickness." A reference to the "sweating tub" methods of curing venereal disease would be less pertinent. Cf. "the tub," III, i, 53, *infra*, and note.

86 *peculiar*] in private ownership.

91 *All houses in the suburbs*] Disorderly houses in Elizabethan London were usually located in the districts outside the city boundaries. Cf. Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, II, 3: "The pretty *suburbians*," *i. e.*, women of the town.

MRS OV. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! 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 OV. 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.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers

CLAUD. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the 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 by weight
The words of heaven; — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

106 *Thomas tapster*] A colloquial class-name, like Tom Tinker or Tom Tosspot, playfully applied here to Pompey.

116-117 *The words of heaven . . . it will not, so*] This, the punctuation of the Folios, is clearly right. Authority can make us suffer for our offence precisely the retribution described in the Bible. The Scriptural words to which "on whom it will," etc., allude, are in two verses in Romans ix (v. 15): "For He saith to Moses: 'I will have mercy *on whom I will* have mercy,'" and (v. 18) "Therefore hath He mercy *on whom He will* have mercy."

Re-enter LUCIO *and 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.

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?

CLAUD. Call it so.

PROV. Away, sir! you must go.

CLAUD. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

122–124 *Our natures . . . we die*] Cf. Chapman's adaptation of the same image in his *Revenge for Honour*, II, i, 113–115: " . . . men like poison'd rats, which when they've swallowed The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink, And can rest then much less until they burst with 't."

128 *morality*] Sir William D'Avenant's happy change (in his *Law for Lovers*, an adapted version of the play) for the Folio reading *mortality*.

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 the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.
LUCIO. With child, perhaps?
CLAUD. Unhappily, even so.
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;

138 *true contract*] a genuine contract (accented on the second syllable) of betrothal, which preceded the marriage rites. Cf. III, i, 210, *infra*. The ceremony of the contract is fully described in *Tw. Night*, V, i, 150–155.

141–143 *we do the denunciation . . . dower*] we are without the formal ceremony of public announcement (of our union); this we deferred merely to allow of some increase in the amount of the lady's dowry.

146 *Till time . . . for us*] Till time had reconciled her friends to our purpose.

151 *fault . . . newness*] inherent defect and hasty vision of one in a new position.

Whether the tryanny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: — but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 't is surely for a name.

LUCIO. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle 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 prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
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,

161 *nineteen zodiacs*] In the next scene (I, iii, 21) the Duke declares he has suffered the law to be in abeyance not *nineteen*, but *fourteen* years. The discrepancy may be due to the dramatist's carelessness, or it may be that, although the law has been in desuetude nineteen years, the Duke may have reigned no more than fourteen.

171 *receive her approbation*] enter on her term of probation, her novitiate.

176 *prone, etc.*] "Prone" seems here used in the sense of "prompt," or "apt." The sentence means that youth has an aptitude to move or persuade without use of words. Cf. for the thought, *Win. Tale*, II, ii, 41: "The *silence* often of pure innocence *Persuades* when speaking fails."

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade. 179

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, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. 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 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
Of burning youth.

FRI. T. May your grace speak of it?

DUKE. My holy sir, none better knows than you

181–182 *stand under grievous imposition*] be liable to grievous penalties.
183 *tick-tack*] A loose reference to a game resembling backgammon.
2–3 *dribbling dart . . . complete bosom*] Love's weakly aimed, feebly fluttering arrow cannot pierce a completely armed, self-possessed heart. In archery a "dribbler" means a bad marksman.

How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is 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 weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod

20 *weeds*] This is the reading of the Folios, for which Theobald substituted *steeds*. Shakespeare was often careless with his metaphors, and the figure of the rank and noisome growths which deface a neglected garden suits the context. Cf. Iago's words in *Othello*, I, iii, 320 *seq.*: "Our *bodies are our gardens*, to the which our *wills are gardeners*."

21 *fourteen years . . . slip*] At I, ii, 161, *supra*, the laws in question are said to have been in abeyance for nineteen years (see note, *ibid*). For *let slip*, the reading of the Folios, D'Avenant (in his altered version, followed by Theobald and others) substituted *let sleep*. The change is supported by II, ii, 90, *infra*, where the law is said to have *slept*. But "let slip" in the sense of "neglect," "suffer to pass unnoticed," is often found. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 272: "Let the matter *slip*."

Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
FRI. T. It rested in your Grace
To 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 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me

27 *Becomes*] D'Avenant's version inserted this needful word, which is missing from the Folios.

42–43 *And yet . . . slander*] This is the original reading. Pope substituted *sight* for *fight*, Theobald *so do* for *to do*, and Hanmer *it* for *in* (line 43). The meaning seems to be that the Duke's person will not figure in Angelo's war with crime, so as to incur injurious comments (either for past mildness or present sternness).

Like a true friar. Moe 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.*

SCENE IV—A NUNNERY

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA

ISAB. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
FRAN. Are not these large enough?
ISAB. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the 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;

51 *Stands at a guard with envy*] Stands on his guard against, is able to defend himself against, malicious tongues.

53–54 *hence . . . be*] The Duke will discover whether the possession of power work any change in Angelo's character, whether men are really what they seem to be.

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
ISAB. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO

LUCIO. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so 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 story.
LUCIO. It is true.
I would not — though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

30 *make me not your story*] make me not your subject of mirth, your jest. Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 154: "I am your *theme*."

32 *lapwing*] The "lapwing" or peewit often figures as the symbol of fickleness and inconstancy from its wily habits. Cf. Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, II, 329: "a *lapwing* has *lost its faith* And is the bird *falsest of all*."

Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

ISAB. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO. Do you believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is thus: —
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full, — as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, — even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISAB. Some one with child by him? — My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO. Is she your cousin?

ISAB. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

LUCIO. She it is.

ISAB. O, let him marry her.

LUCIO. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn

39 *Fewness and truth*] Briefly and truly.

43–44 *womb . . . husbandry*] Cf. *Sonnet* iii, 5–6: "whose unear'd *womb* Disdains the *tillage* of thy *husbandry*."

51–52 *Bore . . . action*] Deluded and raised false hopes of action. For "*and* hope of action" editors sometimes substitute "*with*" or "*in* hope of action," a construction harmonising better with the common phrase "bear in hand," *i. e.*, "delude."

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 rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He — to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions — hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

ISAB. Doth he so seek his life?

LUCIO. Has censured 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.

60 *rebate*] "Rebate" and "blunt" mean the same thing. Cf. Massinger, *Roman Actor*, IV, 2, where a foil is described as with "the point and edge *rebated*."

62 *to give fear . . . liberty*] to offer the restraint of fear to habit and license.

ISAB. My power? Alas, I doubt, —
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 owe 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 night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
LUCIO. I take my leave of you.
ISAB. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

83 *owe*] have. "Owe" is commonly used for "own," "possess."

ACT SECOND — SCENE I

A HALL IN ANGELO'S HOUSE

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *and a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other* Attendants, *behind*

ANGELO

WE MUST NOT MAKE A scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
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,

8 *know*] examine, consider, take cognizance of. The word is used in the same sense, line 22, *infra:* "what *know* the laws," etc., *i. e.*, "What

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 the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

ANG. 'T is 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 know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

ESCAL. Be it as your wisdom will.

ANG. Where is the provost?

PROV. Here, if it like your honour.

ANG. See that Claudio

cognizance can the laws take of the circumstance that thieves may possibly pass judgment on thieves?"

28 *For*] For the reason that, because.

31 *nothing come in partial*] no partiality intervene.

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. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* FROTH *and* POMPEY

ELB. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

ANG. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

ELB. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's 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

39 *Some run . . . none*] This is the original reading, and is not easily explained. "Brake" is variously used for "thicket," "bridle," "trap," and other forms of entanglement. "Brakes of ice" may mean "frozen ground rendered dangerous by traps of ice," and hence "danger" generally. The sentence would then mean "Some run free from dangerous situations and are not called to account." Rowe and many succeeding editors substitute *vice* for *ice*, and understand by "brakes of vice" traps or entanglements of sin, which gives the sense required by the context more obviously than the original reading.

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, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

ESCAL. How know you that?

ELB. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour, —

ESCAL. How? thy wife?

ELB. Ay, sir; — whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman, —

ESCAL. Dost thou detest her therefore?

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.

56 *This comes off well*] This is eloquently spoken.

61 *parcel-bawd*] "Parcel" for "part" is frequently used in this sort of combination. Cf. line 208, *infra*, "partly a *bawd*," and *2 Hen. IV*, II, i, 84, "*parcel*-gilt."

63–64 *she professes . . . hot-house*] she pretends to keep a bathing establishment.

66 *detest*] Mrs. Quickly also in *M. Wives*, I, iv, 135, blunderingly uses "detest" for "protest" or "attest."

ESCAL. How dost thou know that, constable?

ELB. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness 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. Do you hear how he misplaces?

POM. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes, —

ESCAL. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

POM. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

87 *stewed prunes*] a dish invariably provided in brothels, according to ample testimony of Elizabethan writers.

88 *distant*] blunder for "instant."

FROTH. No, indeed.

POM. Very well; — you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes, —

FROTH. Ay, so I did indeed.

POM. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, 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, — 110

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 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-hallond eve. 120

POM. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

122 *a lower chair*] a low or easy chair.

122–123 *Bunch of Grapes*] The name given to a particular room in the tavern. In *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 26, 35, mention is made of rooms in the Boar's-Head tavern termed respectively "Half-moon" and "Pomgarnet," *i. e.* Pomegranate.

FROTH. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

POM. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

ANG. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

ESCAL. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.
[*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

POM. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

ELB. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

POM. I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCAL. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

POM. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

ESCAL. Ay, sir, very well.

POM. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCAL. Well, I do so.

POM. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCAL. Why, no.

POM. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the

125–126 *an open room . . . winter*] Possibly a pointless remark on the part of Froth, who is described in the original *dramatis personæ* as "a foolish gentleman." An "open" room is one open either to the public or to the sun.

148 *supposed*] blunder for "deposed," *i. e.*, "sworn."

worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour. 152

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. 161

POM. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCAL. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? 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. 171

164 *Justice or Iniquity*] Constable or Pompey, the accuser or the accused. In the old morality plays, "Iniquity" was often the name formally conferred on the "Vice" or villain of the piece. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 438, "that reverend *vice*, that grey *iniquity*," and *Rich. III*, III, iv, 82, "thus like the *formal vice, Iniquity*."

170 *Hannibal*] Blunder for "Cannibal." Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 157, where Pistol makes the reverse error, and speaks of "Cannibals" for "Hannibals."

ESCAL. If he took you a box o' th' 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 knowest what they are.

ELB. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. 182

ESCAL. 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. What trade are you of, sir?

POM. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

ESCAL. Your mistress' name?

POM. Mistress Overdone. 190

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.

FROTH. I thank your worship. For mine own part,

195 *they will draw you . . . hang*] A quibble on varied senses of "draw," *i. e.*, "draw ale," "drain or empty a glass," and "draw a convict to and from the scaffold on the hurdle." Cf. "drawn in," line 199. "Hang" means here "cause to be hanged," "be the means of hanging (them)."

I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

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; 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 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.

206 *the greatest thing*] A jesting allusion to the enormously wide and unsightly trunk-hose worn by Elizabethan gentlemen.

222 *take order . . . drabs*] take measures for dealing with the loose women.

ESCAL. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

POM. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a 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 dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

POM. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
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.

229-230 *three-pence a bay*] A "bay" seems to have been a recognised standard in the measurement of houses, each bay being about twenty feet in length. Rowe's substitution of *day* for *bay* is needless. In Hall's *Satires*, Lib. IV, a silly "cote," *i. e.*, "cot," is described as of "one bay's breadth." "After" here means "at the rate of."

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.

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;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, — poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

248 *your readiness*] Pope's emendation of the original reading *the readiness.*

SCENE II—ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME

Enter 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 will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter ANGELO

ANG. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
PROV. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
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, Judgement 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 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!
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.
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 faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
ISAB. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. — Heaven keep your honour!
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.
ISAB. But can you, if you would?
ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
ISAB. But might you 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; 't is 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,

40 *To fine . . . record*] To adjudge punishment for the fault, penalty for which is duly prescribed.

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 slipt 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 't were 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 judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
ANG. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:

76 *top of judgement*] Dante uses precisely the same phrase: "Cima di giudicio," *Purg.*, 673.

79 *Like man new made*] Like man regenerated, in the scriptural sense. Cf. *St. John* iii, 3–8: "Except a man be born again," etc.

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: 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:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.
ISAB. Yet show some pity.
ANG. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;

85 *fowl of season*] a fowl when fit for killing, at the right season.
92 *If the first, etc.*] The metre seems to require some such change as *If he the first* or *If the first man.*
95 *glass*] magic crystal.
102 *Which a dismiss'd . . . gall*] Whom the dismissal or dropping of the charge would cause subsequent irritation.

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, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.
ISAB. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, 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.
LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.

120 *His glassy essence*] His brittle being.
122–123 *who . . . mortal*] who, with human capacity for mirth, would all laugh till they died, laugh themselves out of their immortality, never do anything but laugh.

PROV. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she wins him!
ISAB. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
LUCIO. 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? 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. 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 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.
ISAB. Gentle my lord, turn back.
ANG. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

126 *weigh . . . with ourself*] One cannot treat one's neighbour as on precisely the same level with one's self; we are not all of the same scale. Cf. V, i, 111, *infra*: "He would have *weigh'd* [*i.e.*, judged] *thy brother by himself*."

132 *Art avised o' that?*] Are you sure of that?

136 *skins the vice*] covers with a skin. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, iv, 147: "It [*i.e.*, that flattering unction] will but *skin and film* the ulcerous place."

142 *my sense breeds with it*] my sensual desire is generated, excited by what she says, by her reasonableness. "Sense" in its lustful significance figures in I, iv, 59, *supra*, and in line 169, *infra*.

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 sicles 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 preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANG. Well; come to me to-morrow.

LUCIO. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 't is well; away!

ISAB. Heaven keep your honour safe!

ANG. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANG. At any time 'fore noon.

ISAB. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*

ANG. From thee, — even from thy virtue!

149 *sicles*] The Folio reading is *sickles*, which Pope altered to *shekels*. No doubt "shekels" is what is meant. In the translation of the Bible known as "The Bishop's Bible," which was the authorised version of Elizabeth's reign, the word is spelt "sicles."

159 *cross*] hinder, in the way.

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. 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 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: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,

165–168 *I . . . season*] Unlike the violet, the flower which flourishes in the summer sun, I, like carrion, grow putrid in the sunlight, in the season that should encourage healthy growth.

169 *sense*] sensual desire. Cf. line 142, *supra*, and note.

172 *evils*] doubtfully explained as "privies." The word may merely be used for "evil, unsanctified deeds." Collier suggested "offalls."

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.*

SCENE III—A ROOM IN A PRISON

Enter, severally, DUKE *disguised as a friar, and* PROVOST

DUKE. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
PROV. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
DUKE. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
PROV. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;

11 *flaws of her own youth*] *Flaws*, the original reading, was altered by D'Avenant to *flames*, with which "blister'd" in the next line undoubtedly harmonises. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, iv, 84, "*flaming* youth." But the change here is not essential. "Blister'd her report" merely means "disfigured her fame."

And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

DUKE. When must he die?

PROV. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
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,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

JUL. I 'll gladly learn.

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. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,

30-34 *lest . . . stand in fear*] The speech is unfinished, owing to Juliet's interruption. The Duke bids the girl beware lest her repentance is merely because her sin has brought her to shame. Such sorrow is a selfish sense of personal disgrace; she is not conscious of an offence against God. This shows that we avoid offending God not from love of him, but from selfish fear of consequences.

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.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

JUL. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

PROV. 'T is 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. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, 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,

40 *love*] Hanmer substituted *law*. But the original reading, *love*, probably means here indulgence or kindness.

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant

How now! who 's there?

SERV. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANG. Teach her the way. 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

9 *fear'd*] approached with fear or reluctance, dreaded. The commonly substituted reading *sear'd* is unnecessary.

11–12 *with boot . . . for vain*] with advantage . . . in vain, idly.

16–17 *Let's write . . . crest*] You may inscribe an innocent legend on the devil's horn, but you won't make innocence the genuine motto of the devil. The devil's vicious propensities are not to be changed by any external label.

27–30] See note on I, i, 68, *supra*. "The general" means "the crowd," as in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 430: "caviare to *the general*."

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid?

ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure.

ANG. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB. Even so. — Heaven keep your honour!

ANG. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

ISAB. Under your sentence?

ANG. Yea.

ISAB. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

ANG. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy

40 *so fitted*] so furnished, so prepared (with religious counsel).

42–46 *It were . . . forbid*] It were as right to pardon a murder as to pardon the wanton indulgence in the sweet sin of fornication. The metaphor of coinage in this connection is very common. Cf. *Edward III* (1596), II, i, 258: "To *stamp* his [*i.e.*, the king of heaven's] *image in forbidden metal*," and *Cymb.*, II, v, 5: "When I was *stamped*, some *coiner* with his tools Made me a *counterfeit*."

Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

ISAB. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANG. 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 for accompt.

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.

48 *in restrained means*] after forbidden methods.

54 *sweet uncleanness*] Cf. line 45, *supra*, "saucy sweetness."

57-58 *our compell'd sins . . . accompt*] Sinful acts, to which we are forced by violence, are ciphered up but are not entered in the account for which we are held liable.

ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
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.
ANG. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are 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 an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
ISAB. So.

73 *nothing of your answer*] nothing for which you should be made responsible.

80 *Proclaim an enshield beauty*] The general meaning is that beauty, which hides behind black masks, excites more public notice or expectation than beauty which is openly displayed. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* I, i, 236–237: "These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair." The word "enshield," the original reading, is not found elsewhere. It is ordinarily interpreted as "shielded" or "concealed." Unsatisfactory emendations, *e.g.*, *inshell'd*, *concealed*, have been suggested. A seventeenth-century gloss (in the copy of the First Folio now belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry of Providence, R. I.) substituted *enshrined*. This reading is strongly supported by Spenser's *Hymn in Honour of Beautie* (line 188): "What booteth that celestial ray If it in darkness be *enshrined* ever?"

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,
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-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
ISAB. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.
ANG. Then must your brother die.
ISAB. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,

86 *that pain*] the prescribed penalty, punishment.
90 *in the loss of question*] in idle talk, in the waste of words for the sake of argument.
94 *all-building law*] law on which everything is built, law which is the foundation of everything. Dr. Johnson substituted *all-binding*, but the original reading is more pointed.
103 *longing have been*] "I" is here implied to govern "have been." Such an ellipse is rare.

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 kin 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.
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 feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.
ANG. Nay, women are frail too.
ISAB. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;

111 *Ignomy*] A common abbreviation of ignominy. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, x, 33: "*ignomy* and shame."

122–123 *If not a feodary . . . weakness*] I would let my brother die, if he stood alone; if he had no "feodary" (*i. e.*, associate) in his sin; if he alone owned and followed the weakness, which you admit.

127–128 *men . . . by them*] men debase their nature by taking advantage of these weak creatures.

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 are 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.
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 it.
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.
ANG. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

130 *credulous to false prints*] apt to trust falsehood, prone to receive counterfeited impressions. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, ii, 30–31: "How easy is it for the proper-*false* In women's *waxen* hearts to *set* their *forms!*"

132–133 *no stronger . . . Than faults . . .*] not so strong but that faults . . .

145–147 *your virtue . . . To pluck on others*] Your virtue assumes this tone of licentiousness, which sounds worse than it is, in order to test other people, to draw them into damaging admissions.

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 aloud
What man thou art.
ANG. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the 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 the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
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 the 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.*

150 *Seeming*] Hypocrisy, counterfeit virtue. Cf. *false seeming*, line 14, *supra*.

156 *My vouch*] My declaration, testimony. Cf. "as he *vouches*" (*i. e.*, asserts, declares), *infra*, V, i, 148.

160 *sensual race*] sensual bent, disposition. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 358: "thy vile *race*."

162 *prolixious blushes*] blushes inviting delay. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ix, 311, "and sweet, *reluctant*, amorous *delay*."

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 court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A ROOM IN THE PRISON

Enter DUKE *disguised as before,* CLAUDIO, *and* PROVOST

DUKE

SO, THEN, YOU HOPE OF pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUD. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I 've hope to live, and am 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 dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

5 Be absolute] Be resolved, make up your mind.

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
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 unloads 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 hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,

16-17 *fork Of a poor worm*] forked tongue of a snake or adder. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, i, 16, "adder's *fork*."

24-25 *thy complexion . . . moon*] thy temperament is liable to strange manifestations of change under the influence of the inconstant moon.

34-36 *thy blessed youth . . . eld*] Youth is a prey to the cares of age and begs money of trembling and decrepit old men.

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

CLAUD. I humbly thank you.
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 sir, 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, signior, 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 concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

CLAUD. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

ISAB. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

57 *As all . . . indeed*] The line scans ill. But Isabella's perturbation justifies the irregularity. The sense is improved by the substitution of a comma for the semicolon after "are." Pope and other editors omit the second *most good.*

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment 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.

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 vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

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,

---

60 *an everlasting leiger*] a permanent resident minister.

61 *appointment*] preparation for travel, outfit, equipment. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, v, 77, "disappointed" (*i.e.*, unprepared, ill equipped), and in modern usage "a well-*appointed* household."

69–71 *a restraint . . . scope*] a confinement, although you had the vastness of the world to roam over, within the fixed limits (of shame and remorse). The Folio reading, *Through* in line 70, is indefensible. Rowe substituted *Though*.

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.
CLAUD. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
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 emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

82 *As when a giant dies*] A giant feels no greater pang in dying than a beetle; only the apprehension of death is painful.
82-84 *Why give me . . . flowery tenderness?*] Why shame me by assuming that I can get courage out of this florid and gentle philosophising?
90 *In base appliances*] In degraded ways.
92-93 *follies . . . the fowl*] coops follies up, forces them into cover, like the falcon, which, when it takes wing, forces the timid fowl to hide.
94 *being cast*] being diagnosed. Cf. Greene's *Menaphon* (ed. Arber, p. 35) "able to *cast* his disease."

CLAUD. The prenzie Angelo!
ISAB. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio? —
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.
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 'ld 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 the nose,

95 *The prenzie Angelo*] Thus the First Folio, for which the Second and later Folios reasonably substitute *princely*, both here and in line 98. "Prenzie" has been justified as a variant of the old Scotch "prunse," *i. e.*, "prim," "demure," which Burns used in the form "primsie." But no such word seems known elsewhere to Elizabethan literature.

98 *guards*] The ornamental facings or border of a livery or uniform. Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 54, "*guards* on wanton Cupid's hose."

101–102 *he would give . . . still*] he would give you, as the result of this noisome sin of mine, liberty to commit the offence, for which he now condemns you.

109–111 *affections . . . force*] passions . . . enforce.

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 is a fearful thing.
ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.
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 region of thick-ribbed ice;
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 thought
Imagine howling: — 't is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

122 *delighted*] accustomed to delight or joy.

128 *thought*] Thus the Folios. Theobald substituted *thoughts*, making the word the subject of "imagine." This emendation seems reasonable. As the text stands, "those that" must govern "imagine," of which "thought" must be the object.

131 *penury*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio has the misprint *periury*.

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?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
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:
'T is best that thou diest quickly.
CLAUD. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE

DUKE. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
ISAB. What is your will?

136 *dispenses with*] grants dispensation for.
142 *Heaven shield*] Cf. *All 's Well*, I, iii, 159: "*God shield* [*i.e.*, forbid] you mean it not!" "God shield," *i. e.*, "God forbid," is common in Elizabethan authors.
143 *slip of wilderness*] slip of wildness, wild cub.

DUKE. Might you dispense with your leisure, 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. 159

[*Walks apart.*

DUKE. Son, I have overheard what hath passed 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 judgement 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. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: tomorrow 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. 171

DUKE. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter 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.

163 *practise . . . natures*] exercise his judgment in the study of different temperaments.

167–168 *do not satisfy . . . fallible*] do not feed your courage with false hopes.

PROV. In good time. 178

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

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 conveyed 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 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. 191

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 uprighteously 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.

178 *In good time*] À la bonne heure, so be it.

180–181 *goodness . . . goodness*] When virtue in a beautiful woman is held cheap, her beauty does not keep its purity long.

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. 207

DUKE. She 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 wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell 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 combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISAB. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her? 218

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, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake;

210 *contract and limit of the solemnity*] the contract of betrothal and the prescribed time within which the wedding ceremony should have taken place. Cf. I, ii, 138, *supra*, and note.

216 *combinate*] This word, which is found nowhere else, clearly means "bound," "pledged." It would appear to be formed from "combine," which is occasionally used for "knit together," "pledge." Cf. IV, iii, 141, *infra*, "I am *combined* [*i. e.* pledged] by a sacred vow."

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. 230

DUKE. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, — and now follows all, — we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid

236–237 *refer yourself to this advantage*] bear this consideration in mind.

245 *scaled*] used in a similar sense to that in *Cor.* II, iii, 246, "*scaling* [*i. e.*, weighing] his present bearing with his past." Angelo will be weighed (and found wanting).

will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISAB. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

DUKE. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISAB. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II—THE STREET BEFORE THE PRISON

Enter, on one side, DUKE *disguised as before; on the other,* ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* POMPEY

ELB. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE. O heavens! what stuff is here?

POM. 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and

3 *bastard*] A quibble on the word, which was the name of a sweet Spanish wine.

7 *a furred gown*] The dress of merchants, whose business often included

furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELB. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

DUKE. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

ELB. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

DUKE. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is 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.

money-lending. Cf. *Lear*, IV, vi, 163–165: "The *usurer* hangs the cozener . . . Robes and *furr'd gowns* hide all."

11 *brother father*] a play on Elbow's "father *friar*" (*i.e.*, brother) in the preceding line.

22 *array*] Theobald's happy emendation for the original reading *away*.

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 From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

ELB. His neck will come to your waist, — a cord, 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 Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the

33–34 *he were . . . errand*] he were well out of the way.

36 *From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!*] The Duke seems to wish that we were all as unmistakably true ("free from faults") as downright offences are innocent of hypocrisy or the counterfeit of virtue. Isabella had already called Angelo's hypocrisy "seeming" (II, iv, 150, *supra*).

37 *your waist, — a cord*] His neck will be tied like the friar's waist, — with a rope.

42 *newly made woman*] women as fresh and untouched as Pygmalion's statue of Galatea, when it became flesh and blood. Lucio is asking in his frivolous way whether the supply of such unsullied greatness is exhausted, even if one is ready to pay the full price.

45 *Is't not drowned, etc.*] A colloquial expression for "are our prospects damped?"

46 *Trot*] A familiar term of address, usually applied to a bawd or to a

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, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

POM. Yes, faith, sir.

LUCIO. Why, 't is 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, 't is 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.

decrepit old woman. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 77–78: "an old *trot* with ne'er a tooth in her head."

52–55 *beef . . . tub . . . powdered*] a coarse allusion. Salted or powdered beef was kept in tubs, and tubs called "sweating tubs," or "powdering tubs," were used in the medicinal treatment of venereal disease. Cf. *Hen. V*, II, i, 70: "the *powdering* [*i.e.*, salt]-*tub* of infamy." Cf. "*the sweat*," I, ii, 79, *supra*, and note.

56 *unshunned*] unshunnable, inevitable.

66 *husband . . . house*] an allusion to the etymology of husband from "house," and "band" (*i.e.*, dweller or holder).

POM. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

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, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

ELB. Come your ways, sir; come.

LUCIO. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] 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 this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

DUKE. How should he be made, then? 99

LUCIO. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; 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 hanged 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. 112

DUKE. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO. O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE. 'T is not possible.

LUCIO. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of

104–105 *he is a motion generative*] he has the reproductive powers of a puppet or puppet-show. "This ungenitured agent" (lines 162–163, *infra*) has the like significance, but Theobald's proposal to read *ungenerative* for *generative* is unconvincing.

113 *detected*] "charged," "accused," "arraigned," a common usage. Cf. Hooker, *Eccl. Polity* (1594): "The gentlewoman . . . *detecteth* herself of a crime."

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.

DUKE. You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO. No, pardon; 't is a secret must be locked within 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 soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

118 *clack-dish*] a wooden dish carried by beggars; the movable lid of which was clacked to attract notice.

128 *the greater file of the subject*] the majority of the people.

132–135 *the business . . . bringings-forth*] the affairs he has guided (or steered through) must, on an occasion which warranted (the production of evidence), declare a higher reputation. Let testimony be produced of what he has effected.

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 report 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 hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow 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 returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have

141 *dearer*] Hanmer's emendation of the original reading *dear*.

155 *too unhurtful an opposite*] too harmless an adversary.

162–163 *this ungenitured agent*] this deputy without generative power. See lines 104–105, *supra*, and note.

dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, 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. Farewell. [*Exit.*

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, PROVOST, *and* Officers *with* MISTRESS OVERDONE

ESCAL. Go; away with her to prison!

MRS OV. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

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.

169–170 *eat mutton on Fridays*] A quibble on mutton in the slang sense of "loose woman." It would be sinful in the Duke, as a pious Catholic, to eat meat on Fridays.

170 *not past*] Hanmer's sensible emendation of the original reading *now past*.

181 *forfeit*] transgress. In early English this is the usual meaning of the word.

MRS OV. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown 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: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me! 191

ESCAL. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished 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. 200

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? 208

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 it as dangerous to be aged in any

189–190 *come Philip and Jacob*] a reference to the first of May, the festival of the apostles SS. Philip and James (Lat. Jacob-us).
206 *the See*] the See of Rome.

kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst: — 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? 220

ESCAL. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed 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. 232

214 *but security . . . accurst*] Here "security" means "the act of standing surety" (for an embarrassed acquaintance, with the prospect of ruin to one's own estate). Social relations (*i. e.*, fellowships) are cursed by the commonness of the practice. Cf. *Proverbs* xi, 15: "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretiship is sure."

224 *events*] fortunes.

ESCAL. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured 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.

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.

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;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offenses weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

233 *have . . . your function*] discharged your duty to Heaven.

237 *he is indeed Justice*] An allusion to the maxim "Summum jus, summa injuria."

246 *Grace . . . virtue go*] Grace whereon to stand secure (against temptation), and virtue wherewith to walk

252 *To weed my vice*] To uproot another's vice.

How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

255-258 *How may likeness . . . substantial things*] This is the original reading, for which numerous unconvincing changes have been suggested. "Likeness" is probably identical with "seeming" (*i. e.*, hypocrisy, the counterfeit of virtue). See II, iv, 150, *supra*. The general meaning is, that hypocrisy, the product of crimes, which plot against or hoodwink the age, is capable, by means of frauds, flimsy as spiders' threads, of capturing weighty and substantial objects like riches and power.

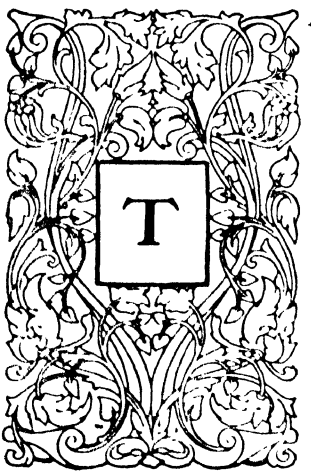
262-264 *So disguise shall . . . contracting*] Thus the Folios. The words are difficult to interpret, and have not been satisfactorily emended. The meaning seems to be that the disguise which Mariana is assuming will, by the agency of the vicious Angelo, who wears the *false guise* of sanctity, satisfy deceptively his base demand, and fulfil an old standing contract.

ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

THE MOATED GRANGE AT ST. LUKE'S

Enter MARIANA *and a* BOY

BOY *sings*



AKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS
way,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd
in vain.

MARI. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advise
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE *disguised as before*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

DUKE. 'T is good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

MARI. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA

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. 20

MARI. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

ISAB. He hath a garden circummured with brick,

1–6] This stanza is repeated with the addition of a second stanza by Fletcher in the latter's *Bloody Brother, or Rollo Duke of Normandy,* in Act V, Sc. 2. The two stanzas reappear together in Shakespeare's *Poems,* 1640. Shakespeare's exclusive responsibility for the first stanza need not be questioned.

6 *Seals of love . . . in vain*] Cf. *Sonnet* cxlii, 5–7, "those lips of thine . . . *seal'd false bonds of love* as oft of mine."

13 *My mirth . . . woe*] The music was out of tune with any disposition to merriment on my part. But it assuaged my sorrow.

17 *meet*] often used intransitively by Shakespeare. Cf. *As You Like It,* V, ii, 111–112, "as you love Phoebe, *meet:* and as I love no woman, I 'll *meet.*"

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 have 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.

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28 *planched*] made of planks. Cf. Gorges' translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1614, Bk. I, p. 18, "The *planched* floore," *i. e.*, floor made of boards or planks.

29 *his opening*] its opening, *i. e.*, the opening of the gate.

32-34 *There have . . . upon him*] In the Folios these three lines are printed as two, the second line beginning at "heavy." Possibly Isabella suddenly lapses into prose.

38 *In action . . . precept*] Giving direction only by action, gesture.

40 *her observance*] her keeping the appointment.

DUKE. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

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 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?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*

DUKE. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes 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.

58 *false eyes*] insidious, treacherous eyes.
60–61 *Run . . . escapes of wit*] Overflow with lying and self-contradictory prying inquiries into thy doings! thousand sportive and scurrilous sallies of wit, etc.

DUKE. It is 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."
MARI. Fear me not.
DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—A ROOM IN THE PRISON

Enter 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

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73 *flourish the deceit*] make the deceit fair or reputable. Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, iv, 354: "empty trunks, *o'erflourish'd* [*i.e.*, glossed or varnished over] by the devil."

74 *Our corn . . . sow*] Johnson conjectured this expression to be proverbial, and regarded "tithe" as standing for "harvest." It is probably to be used for "grain." Theobald and others recommend the substitution for *tithe*, of *tilth*, *i. e.*, land ready for sowing. But "tithe" in the sense of "grain" makes the line intelligible.

and Barnardine. There 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 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?

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?

30 *mystery*] "Mystery," in the sense of calling or trade (from the Latin *ministerium*), has no etymological connection with "mystery" in the sense of a secret rite (from the Greek μυστήριον). The two words are here quibblingly confused.

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 hanged, I cannot imagine.

ABHOR. Sir, it is a mystery.

POM. Proof?

ABHOR. Every true man's 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.

Re-enter 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, sir: and I hope, if you have

39–42 *if it be too little . . . fits your thief*] The Folios assign this part of the speech to Pompey, and the poor chop logic which seeks to identify the honest man with the thief seems to be in his vein. But Capell and most succeeding editors transferred these far-fetched quibbles to the cynical hangman on the reasonable ground that they suggest professional knowledge, which Pompey would be unlikely to claim.

46 *ask forgiveness*] Cf. *As You Like It*, III, v, 3–6, "The common *executioner* . . . *first begs pardon*" (of his victim).

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 Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*

The 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:
'T is 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. —
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter 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?

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54 *a good turn*] a turn off the ladder, on which the convict mounts the gallows; a slang term for a hanging.

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 stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; 80
But this being so, he 's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possess'd with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter PROVOST

PROV. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

71 *They*] The Duke expects Mariana as well as Isabella.

75-76 *his life . . . justice*] his life runs parallel or square with the mark and character of his high conception of justice.

79 *meal'd*] stained, defiled. Cf. *Macb.*, IV, i, 123: "blood-*bolter'd* Banquo."

85 *unsisting*] Thus the first three Folios. The Fourth Folio substitutes *insisting*, and Rowe conjectured *unresisting*. "Unsisting" is unknown elsewhere. The meaning would seem to be that the postern gate offers comparatively small resistance.

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:

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94 *siege*] seat. Cf. Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, II, iv, 44, line 5, "A stately *siege* [*i. e.*, seat, throne] of sovereign majesty."

96 *This is his lordship's man*] In the Folios this sentence is given to the Duke, and the following one to the provost. The change in the text, though generally adopted, is not essential.

When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

PROV. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; 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.

DUKE. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered 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, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

DUKE. It is now apparent?

PROV. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

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111 *putting-on*] spur, incitement. The verb "put on" is often used thus.

DUKE. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

PROV. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully 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 showed 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 manifest 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

138 *desperately mortal*] either hopelessly involved in mortal sin, or likely to die hopeless and unrepentant.

148–149 *in the boldness . . . hazard*] confident in my sagacity, I will run the risk.

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.

DUKE. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie 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

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168 *bared*] shaved. Cf. *All 's Well*, IV, i, 46: "the *baring* of my beard."

180 *attempt*] tempt. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, IV, i, 416, "of force I must *attempt* you further."

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 entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. 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 and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.* 198

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 cus-

191 *the unfolding star*] the morning star. Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 94–95 [of the evening star]: "The star that bids the *shepherd fold*, Now the top of heaven doth hold."

2 *house of profession*] a house professedly applied to immoral uses.

tomers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, 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-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now " for the Lord's sake."

5 *brown paper and old ginger*] worthless articles foisted by money-lenders as things of value on foolish borrowers.

7–8 *ginger . . . dead*] See note on *Merch of Ven.*, III, i, 9: "As lying a gossip in that as ever knapped *ginger*."

10 *peaches him a beggar*] supplies the evidence that he is a beggar.

13 *rapier and dagger man*] the duellist who usually fought with both weapons.

15 *Shooty*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *Shootie*, *i. e.*, shoe-tie. The reasonable suggestion that the reference is to Tom Coryate, who made his reputation by walking to Venice and back in the same pair of shoes in 1608, can only be adopted if we assume that the words were interpolated after the first production of the play in 1604.

17 "*for the Lord's sake*"] This was the common cry with which prisoners begged from behind the prison-bars of passers by.

Enter ABHORSON

ABHOR. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POM. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

ABHOR. What, ho, Barnardine!

BAR. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

POM. Your friends, 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?

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 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.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter 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 do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;

And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

DUKE. O, 't is 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 the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

PROV. I am your free dependant.

DUKE. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo, —
The provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,

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80 *continue*] keep.

84–85 *his journal greeting . . . generation*] The Folios here read *yond* (for *the under*) *generation*, which Rowe extended to *yonder generation*. Hanmer sensibly proposed *the under generation*, understanding that the words referred to the sun's daily greeting of the Antipodes. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, ii, 37–38: "the searching eye of heaven is hid, Behind the globe, that lights the *lower world*."

And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
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 PROVOST

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 comforts 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.

106–107 *To . . . expected*] To cause her despair to give place to happiness when she least looked for it.

ISAB. Nay, but you are 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!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!
DUKE. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
ISAB. I am directed by you.
DUKE. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company

125 *covent*] Thus the Folios: a variant of "convent," as in *Covent* Garden.
126 *instance*] assurance, intimation.
131 *bosom*] heart's desire.

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. — Who 's here?

Enter LUCIO

LUCIO. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost?

DUKE. Not within, sir.

LUCIO. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I 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 than thou takest him for.

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141 *combined*] bound, pledged. Cf. III, i, 216, *supra*: "*combinate* husband" and note.

158 *woodman*] Used colloquially of a hunter after female game, or women. Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 25: "Am I *a woodman*, ha?" Also see Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Chances*, I, viii, "I see you are *a woodman* and can choose your deer tho' it be i' the dark."

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. 170

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.*

SCENE IV—A ROOM IN ANGELO'S HOUSE

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS

ESCAL. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched 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?

5 *redeliver*] This is Capell's emendation of the *reliver* of the First Folio, and *deliver* of the Second and later Folios. Shakespeare possibly had in mind the French verb "relivrer," which Cotgrave interprets as "redeliver."

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 proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit 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,
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,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that this riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life

15 *sort and suit*] men of rank, owing suit and service to their feudal lord.

23 *dares her no*] Thus the Folios. The language, though crabbed, is quite plain. Reason warns her not to employ her tongue.

24 *bears of a credent*] supports such great weight of credit.

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 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 from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, 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.*

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.*

5 *blench*] "Blench," which commonly means "start in fright," here has the weaker significance of "diverge," "move away."

SCENE VI—STREET NEAR THE CITY-GATE

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA

ISAB. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full 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 't is 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.*

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4 *to veil full*] Malone's ingenious emendation of *to vaile full* of the Folios. Theobald adopted the reading *t' availful*, which he interpreted "to profitable purpose."

13–14 *The generous . . . gates*] The high-born and most influential citizens have seized or reached the gates.

ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

THE CITY-GATE

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and* FRIAR PETER, *at their stand.* *Enter* DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Officers, *and* Citizens, *at several doors*

DUKE

MY VERY WORTHY cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANG. } Happy return be to
ESCAL. } your royal Grace!

DUKE. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

ANG. You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,

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 razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward*

FRI. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

ISAB. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

DUKE. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
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,

16 *Favours . . . within*] Marks of recognition that are in my heart.
20 *Vail your regard*] Lower your eyes. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 956, "She *vail'd* her eyelids."

Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

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-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

DUKE. Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISAB. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

DUKE. Away with her! — Poor soul,
She speaks this in the 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: 't is 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,

54 *shy . . . absolute*] modestly reserved . . . perfect.

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 e'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,
And hide the false seems true.

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, an 't like your Grace
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her

56 *dressings, characts*] habiliments, badges of office. "Characts" is no uncommon abbreviation of "characters."

65 *For inequality*] Because my speech is unequal or inconsistent.

67 *hide the false seems true*] seclude the falsehood which now seems truth.

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 't.
ISAB. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale, —
LUCIO. Right.
DUKE. It may be right; but you are i' 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.
DUKE. Mended again. The matter; — proceed.
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,

94 *refell'd*] refuted. Cf. "confutes," line 100, *infra*.

Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes 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 likely!
ISAB. O, that it were as like as it is true!
DUKE. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
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 camest here to complain.
ISAB. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! — Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

100 *My sisterly . . . confutes*] My sisterly pity overthrows.

108–110 *it imports . . . to himself*] there is no cause in reason why he should attack with such vehemence faults inherent in himself.

111 *weigh'd*] See note on II, ii, 126, *supra*.

117–118 *wrapt up . . . In countenance*] concealed owing to the countenance or partiality extended to the offender. Cf. line 166, *infra*: "In this I'll be *impartial*."

DUKE. I know you 'ld fain be gone. — An officer!
To prison with her! — Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
ISAB. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.
DUKE. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?
LUCIO. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
DUKE. Words against me! this 's a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.
LUCIO. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
FRI. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
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,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;

145 *a temporary meddler*] one who meddles in temporal or secular affairs.

And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
LUCIO. My lord, most villanously; 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,
Whensoever 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?

158 *convented*] summoned. Cf. *Cor.*, II, ii, 58–59: "We are *convented* Upon a pleasant treaty."

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 have 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:
He 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 the effect of love.
ANG. Charges she moe 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 knows 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 promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years

217–218 *her promised . . . composition*] her promised portion or dowry fell short of the agreement. Cf. *Two Gent.*, II, iii, 3: "I have received my *proportion*."

219–220 *her reputation . . . levity*] her good name was depreciated owing to her loose behaviour.

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,
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;
[illegible]nd punish them to your height of pleasure.
[illegible]ou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
[illegible]mpact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
[illegible]ough they would swear down each particular saint,
[illegible]ere te[illegible]monies against his worth and credit,

234 *informal*] crazy, irrational; an uncommon usage, though "formal" is frequently used by Shakespeare in the sense of "rational." Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, II, v, 41: "Thou shouldst come like a Fury . . . Not like a *formal* man."

That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is 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.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
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
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

LUCIO. "Cucullus non facit monachum:" honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous 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 notable fellow.

---

243 *seal'd in approbation*] ratified or certified by proof. The seal is the final mark of legal validity.

253 *hear . . . forth*] hear out, hear to the end.

261 "*Cucullus . . . monachum*"] This familiar Latin proverb has been already quoted by Shakespeare in *Tw. Night*, I, v, 50. It is translated in *Hen. VIII*, III, i, 23: "all hoods make not monks."

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 midnight.

Re-enter OFFICERS *with* ISABELLA; *and* PROVOST *with the* DUKE *in his friar's habit*

ESCAL. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

LUCIO. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

ESCAL. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

LUCIO. Mum.

ESCAL. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

DUKE. 'T is false.

ESCAL. How! know you where you are?

DUKE. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

278 *light at midnight*] A favourite quibble with Shakespeare. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, V, i, 129: "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 't is 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 unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We 'll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, "unjust"!
DUKE. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

299 *retort . . . appeal*] refer back to Angelo your deliberate appeal to the Duke against Angelo.

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.

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. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: 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 notedly, sir.

LUCIO. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

312–314 *his subject . . . provincial*] I am not the Duke's subject, nor amenable to the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authorities of the province or district.

stew] In this culinary metaphor "stew" seems used for the "stew-pan," or contents of a saucepan, with a quibbling allusion to "stews," *i. e.*, brothels.

319 *the forfeits in a barber's shop*] lists of petty fines or forfeits, often of farcical character, which hung on the walls of a barber's shop. They were playfully intended to keep order among the customers.

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 close now, after his treasonable abuses! 341

ESCAL. Such a fellow is not to be talked 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 too, and with the other confederate companion!

DUKE. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

ANG. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

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 pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke*

340 *close*] Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, III, ii, 47: "an 't were dark, you 'ld [*i. e.*, come to terms] sooner." The suggested change to *gloze* quite needless.

345 *giglets*] Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, IV, vii, 41: "a *giglot* [*i. e.*, wanton] wench."

352 *sheep-biting face . . . hour!*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, v, 5: "rascally *sheep-biter*" and note. A "sheep-biter" is a sneaking cur that worries sheep. "An hour" seems here an emphatic synonym for "a while." Cf. *As You Like It*, I, ii, 31, "be naught awhile," and Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, II, i: "be cursed awhile."

DUKE. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a Duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[*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. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:
We 'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? 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. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
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.

---

362 *can do thee office?*] can do thee service?
368 *passes*] The word here is almost equivalent to "trespass." But there is an allusion to the passes (*i. e.*, tricks) of jugglery.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.*
ESCAL. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.
DUKE. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising 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 are 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,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance 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 my purpose. But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,

381 *Advertising . . . business*] Counselling, and faithful to your affai
384 *employ'd and pain'd*] given trouble to, given cause for labour. "Painful" is frequently found in the sense of "laborious."
390 *rash remonstrance*] hasty demonstration, manifestation, display.
394 *brain'd my purpose*] knocked my desire on the head. Cf. *Tempest*, III, ii, 84: "thou mayst *brain* him."

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

ISAB. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *and* PROVOST

DUKE. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt 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 of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life, —
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"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 's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block

---

399 *salt imagination*] Cf. *Othello*, II, i, 237: "His *salt* [*i. e.*, lustful] and most hidden loose affection."

402–404 *Being criminal . . . life*] The language is here irregular. The meaning is Angelo was guilty of two crimes: first, of violating sacred chastity, and then of breaking the promise given on condition of that violation to preserve the brother's life.

409 *Measure . . . for Measure*] A proverbial expression equivalent to "tit for tat." Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, II, vi, 55: "*Measure for measure* must be answered."

411 *Which . . . vantage*] The denial of which is no advantage to thee. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, III, ii, 84: "Which to deny concerns more than avails."

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.
MAR. 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:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,

421 *confiscation*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *confutation*, which has been explained to mean "conviction," "confutare" being found in the sense of "to convict" in post-classical authors. No example of this usage of "confutation" has been discovered.

422 *instate and widow*] confer as the dower or jointure of a widow.

432 *in mercy of this fact*] by way of pardoning this deed or crime. For "fact" in this sense cf. IV, ii, 129, *supra*.

Her brother's ghost his paved 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: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
DUKE. He dies for Claudio's death.
ISAB. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
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: thoughts are no subjects;
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.

449 *His act . . . intent*] Cf. *Macb.*, IV, i, 145–146. "The flighty *purpose* never is *o'ertook* Unless the *deed* go with it."

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:
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 am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.
ANG. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

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.

---

462 *after more advice*] on further consideration.

Sirrah, thou art 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;
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 Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
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 you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.

But . . . all] But for those faults punishable on earth, cognizable by temporal power, I forgive them all.

491 *Give me . . . brother too*] These lines are somewhat elliptical. The Duke seems to mean that provided Isabella give him her hand, Claudio will then be his brother too. Isabella expresses no emotion by word of mouth on finding Claudio alive. Much is here left to be supplied by the gesture of the actors.

494 *your evil quits you well*] your ill-doing lets you off easily.

496 *an apt remission*] an inclination to pardon.

[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

LUCIO. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

DUKE. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman 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 whipt 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 death, whipping, and hanging.

502–503 *according to the trick*] according to sportive custom, thoughtlessly; a mere "façon de parler."

518 *forfeits*] punishments, penalties.

520 *pressing to death*] This was the cruel punishment, "peine et dure," dealt out, according to English law, to persons accused of felony who refused to plead.

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.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The 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.*

527 *more gratulate*] more to be rejoiced at, more worthy of congratulation.

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