ANTHOLOGY OF MEDIEVAL LITERATURE



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Anthology of Medieval Literature

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SELECTED LITERATURE

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1: Caedmon’s Hymn

Praise we the Lord
Of the heavenly kingdom,
God’s power and wisdom,
The works of His hand ;

As the Father of glory,
Eternal Lord,
Wrought the beginning
Of all His wonders !
Holy Creator !
Warden of men !
First, for a roof,
O’er the children of earth,
He stablished the heavens,
And founded the world,
And spread the dry land
For the living to dwell in.
Lord Everlasting !
Almighty God !

Source:

Caedmon. “Caedmon’s Hymn.” *The Caedmon Poems*. Trans. Charles W. Kennedy. New York: Dutton, 1916. HathiTrust. 3. Web. 12 Apr. 2016. <http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc2.ark:/13960/t2n60zn7s>

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2: The Wife's Lament

Translation by Dr. Christian Beck

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3: The Dream of the Rood

Listen! The choicest of visions I wish to tell,
which came as a dream in middle-night,
after voice-bearers lay at rest.
It seemed that I saw a most wondrous tree
born aloft, wound round by light,
brightest of beams. All was that beacon
sprinkled with gold. Gems stood
fair at earth's corners; there likewise five
shone on the shoulder-span[1]. All there beheld the Angel of God[2],
fair through predestiny[3]. Indeed, that was no wicked one's gallows,
but holy souls beheld it there,
men over earth, and all this great creation.
Wondrous that victory-beam – and I stained with sins,
with wounds of disgrace. I saw glory's tree
honored with trappings, shining with joys,
decked with gold; gems had
wrapped that forest tree worthily round.
Yet through that gold I clearly perceived
old strife of wretches[4], when first it began
to bleed on its right side. With sorrows most troubled,
I feared that fair sight. I saw that doom-beacon[5]
turn trappings and hews: sometimes with water wet,
drenched with blood's going; sometimes with jewels decked.
But lying there long while, I,
troubled, beheld the Healer's tree,
until I heard its fair voice.
Then best wood spoke these words:
"It was long since – I yet remember it –
that I was hewn at holt's end,
moved from my stem. Strong fiends seized me there,
worked me for spectacle; cursèd ones lifted me.[6]
On shoulders men bore me there, then fixed me on hill;
fiends enough fastened me. Then saw I mankind's Lord
come with great courage when he would mount on me.
Then dared I not against the Lord's word
bend or break, when I saw earth's
fields shake. All fiends
I could have felled, but I stood fast.
The young hero stripped himself – he, God Almighty –
strong and stout-minded. He mounted high gallows,
bold before many, when he would loose mankind.
I shook when that Man clasped me. I dared, still, not bow to earth,
fall to earth's fields, but had to stand fast.
Rood was I reared. I lifted a mighty King,
Lord of the heavens, dared not to bend.
With dark nails they drove me through: on me those sores are seen,
open malice-wounds. I dared not scathe anyone.
They mocked us both, we two together[7]. All wet with blood I was,
poured out from that Man's side, after ghost he gave up.
Much have I born on that hill
of fierce fate. I saw the God of hosts
harshly stretched out. Darknesses had
wound round with clouds the corpse of the Wielder,
bright radiance; a shadow went forth,

dark under heaven. All creation wept,
King's fall lamented. Christ was on rood.
But there eager ones came from afar
to that noble one. I beheld all that.
Sore was I with sorrows distressed, yet I bent to men's hands,
with great zeal willing. They took there Almighty God,
lifted him from that grim torment. Those warriors abandoned me
standing all blood-drenched, all wounded with arrows.
They laid there the limb-weary one, stood at his body's head;
beheld they there heaven's Lord, and he himself rested there,
worn from that great strife. Then they worked him an earth-house,
men in the slayer's sight carved it from bright stone,
set in it the Wielder of Victories. Then they sang him a sorrow-song,
sad in the eventide, when they would go again
with grief from that great Lord. He rested there, with small company.
But we there lamenting a good while
stood in our places after the warrior's cry
went up. Corpse grew cold,
fair life-dwelling. Then someone felled us
all to the earth. That was a dreadful fate!
Deep in a pit one delved us. Yet there Lord's thanes,
friends, learned of me,. . . . . .
adorned me with silver and gold.
Now you may know, loved man of mine,
what I, work of baleful ones, have endured
of sore sorrows. Now has the time come
when they will honor me far and wide,
men over earth, and all this great creation,
will pray for themselves to this beacon. On me God's son
suffered awhile. Therefore I, glorious now,
rise under heaven, and I may heal
any of those who will reverence me.
Once I became hardest of torments,
most loathly to men, before I for them,
voice-bearers, life's right way opened.
Indeed, Glory's Prince, Heaven's Protector,
honored me, then, over holm-wood. [8]
Thus he his mother, Mary herself,
Almighty God, for all men,
also has honored over all woman-kind.
Now I command you, loved man of mine,
that you this seeing[9] tell unto men;
discover with words that it is glory's beam
which Almighty God suffered upon
for all mankind's manifold sins
and for the ancient ill-deeds of Adam.
Death he tasted there, yet God rose again
by his great might, a help unto men.
He then rose to heaven. Again sets out hither
into this Middle-Earth, seeking mankind
on Doomsday, the Lord himself,
Almighty God, and with him his angels,
when he will deem – he holds power of doom –
everyone here as he will have earned
for himself earlier in this brief life.
Nor may there be any unafraid
for the words that the Wielder speaks.
He asks before multitudes where that one is

who for God's name would gladly taste
bitter death, as before he on beam did.
And they then are afraid, and few think
what they can to Christ's question answer.[10]
Nor need there then any be most afraid [11]
who ere in his breast bears finest of beacons;
but through that rood shall each soul
from the earth-way enter the kingdom,
who with the Wielder thinks yet to dwell."
I prayed then to that beam with blithe mind,
great zeal, where I alone was
with small company[12]. My heart was
impelled on the forth-way, waited for in each
longing-while. For me now life's hope:
that I may seek that victory-beam
alone more often than all men,
honor it well. My desire for that
is much in mind, and my hope of protection
reverts to the rood. I have not now many
strong friends on this earth; they forth hence
have departed from world's joys, have sought themselves glory's King;
they live now in heaven with the High-Father,
dwell still in glory, and I for myself expect
each of my days the time when the Lord's rood,
which I here on earth formerly saw,
from this loaned life will fetch me away
and bring me then where is much bliss,
joy in the heavens, where the Lord's folk
is seated at feast, where is bliss everlasting;
and set me then where I after may
dwell in glory, well with those saints
delights to enjoy. May he be friend to me
who here on earth earlier died
on that gallows-tree for mankind's sins.
He loosed us and life gave,
a heavenly home. Hope was renewed
with glory and gladness to those who there burning endured.
That Son was victory-fast[13] in that great venture,
with might and good-speed[14], when he with many,
vast host of souls, came to God's kingdom,
One-Wielder Almighty: bliss to the angels
and all the saints – those who in heaven
dwelt long in glory – when their Wielder came,
Almighty God, where his homeland was.

Annotations

[1] shoulder-span. OE eaxlegespanne. Of this hapax legomenon, Swanton writes: "It would be tempting to identify this with the 'axle-tree' or centre-piece of the cross, although 'axle' in this sense of wheel-centre is not otherwise recorded before the thirteenth century.... It might ... simply refer to the beam of the gallows along which Christ's arms were stretched, although the 'crux gemmata' normally has jewels along all four arms."

[2] All ... God. Most editors assume that engel 'angel' is the subject of the sentence, but I follow Swanton in treating ealle 'all' as subject and engel as object. Swanton considers this to cause difficulties about identifying the engel, but the OE word can carry the sense 'messenger,' which obviously suggests that the Cross itself is the engel dryhtnes'angel/messenger of God.'

[3] fair . . . predestiny. OE fægere þurh forðgesceaft, an ambiguous phrase, forðgesceaftbeing used elsewhere to mean both 'creation' and 'future destiny.' See Swanton for a discussion of the possibilities. My translation indicates that I take it to mean

'what is preordained.' Thus the Rood is part of an eternal plan, like "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. 13:8).

[4] old strife of wretches. OE earmra ærgewin, lit. 'of wretches ere-strife.' The phrase, in this context, appears to refer to the whole battle between Christ and Satan, Good and Evil; more immediately, of course, it refers to Christ's Passion, viewed as battle.

[5] doom-beacon. OE fuse beacen. Considering that "the word fus is commonly associated with death," Swanton notes: "Clearly, within the poet's vision we must recognize not simply the church year hastening to its sacrificial end, but a concrete symbol of death and the doom to come. This beacen is at once an emblem of death (Christ's) and of doom (that of the dreamer and world). At Judgement Day it is this symbol that will be seen again in the heavens...."

[6] cursèd . . . me. As Swanton observes, the syntax could conceivably support the rendering "made me lift cursèd ones."

[7] both . . . together. OE unc butu ætgædere 'we two both together.' Unc is dual in number, underscoring the close relationship – the near identification – of Cross and Christ in the poem.

[8] holm-wood. OE holmwudu, a hapax legomenon and obscure. Swanton notes three possible ways to find meaning in the term: (1) interpret it as 'sea-wood' (either 'ship' or – more understandably – lignum vitae 'tree of life,' which grows by the waters of Paradise); (2) emend to holtwudu 'forest wood'; or (3) take holm in the OS sense 'hill,' providing a "powerful oblique reference to the gallows of Golgotha."

[9] seeing. OE gesyhð 'thing seen, vision' (> NE sight), clearly referring to the dreamer's vision of the Cross. B. Huppé, Web of Words, entitles this poem "Gesyhþ rodes."

[10] Christ's ... answer. More literally: "what they may begin to say to Christ."

[11] most afraid. OE unforht, usually emended to anforht 'fearful'; Swanton retains the MS reading un- as an intensive: 'very afraid.'

[12] small company. See line 69. This is one of the numerous echoes set up to link Christ, Cross, and Dreamer.

[13] victory-fast. I.e., secure in or sure of victory.

[14] with . . . good-speed. OE mihtig ond spedig 'mighty and successful' (the latter being the original meaning of speedy).

Source:

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4: Marie de France "Lanval"

The adventure of another lay,
Just as it happened, I'll relay:
It tells of a very nice nobleman,
And it's called Lanval in Breton.
King Arthur was staying at Carduel–
That King of valiant and courtly estate–
His borders there he guarded well
Against the Pict, against the Scot,
Who'd cross into Logres to devastate
The countryside often, and a lot.
He held court there at Pentecost,
The summer feast we call Whitsun,
Giving gifts of impressive cost
To every count and each baron
And all knights of the Round Table.
Never elsewhere so many, such able
Knights assembled! Women and land
He shared out with generous hand
To all but one who'd served. Lanval
He forgot: no man helped his recall.
For being brave and generous,
For his beauty and his prowess,
He was envied by all the court;
Those who claimed to hold him dear,
If Fortune had brought him up short,
Would not have shed a kindly tear.
A king's son, he'd a noble lineage,
But now, far from his heritage,
He'd joined the household of the King.
He'd spent all the money he could bring
Already. The King gave him no more–
He gave just what Lanval asked for.
Now Lanval knows not what to do;
He's very thoughtful, very sad.
My lords, I don't astonish you:
A man alone, with no counsel–or bad–
A stranger in a strange land
Is sad, when no help's at hand.
It was that year (I think I can say)
After St. John's or Midsummer's Day,
Some thirty knights–knighthood's flower–
Went out to do some playing
In the orchard near the tower
Where Queen Guinevere was staying;
Among these knights was Gawain,
And his cousin, handsome Yvain.
Gawain said (valiant, frank and free,
The love of every man held he),
"In God's name, my lords, we sin
Against Lanval, our companion,
So courtly and generous in everything–
And his father's a wealthy king–
He should be here; we've done him wrong."
Right away they all turned back;

To his hostel they followed the track,
And begged Lanval to come along.
At a window, framed in stone,
The Queen leaned out–not alone,
But with three ladies. Lo and behold,
She spotted the knights of the King's household.
She recognized, and stared at, Lanval.
She gave one of her ladies a call.
She wants a group of maidens collected,
For beauty and manners they're selected,
To stroll and play with the Queen
In the orchard, where the knights were seen.
Thirty girls she leads, or more.
Down the steps and out the door.
Here to meet them come the knights,
Greatly gladdened by such sights.
Hand-in-hand, their conversations
Are free of low-class intimations.
Lanval goes off all alone,
Far from the others; for his own
Friend he just can't wait–not much–
For her kiss, her embrace, her touch.
Little he cares about others' delight
When he can't enjoy his own!
The Queen saw him go off alone,
And she headed straight for that knight.
She sat near him, she called him over,
She spoke as her heart would move her:
"Lanval, I really do respect you,
I really care, I really love,
And you can have all my love.
Tell me what you want! I expect you
Must be happy at what I say.
I'm offering to go all the way."
"Lady," he said, "Let me go!
I never thought to love you so!
I've served the King for many a day;
His faith in me I won't betray.
Not for you, your love, or anything
Would I ever act against my King!"
The Queen's heart filled with anger;
Furious, she spoke a slander:
"Lanval," she said, "I think they're right.
You don't care much for such delight;
People have told me again and again
That women offer you no pleasure–
With a few well-schooled young men
You prefer to pass your leisure.
Peasant coward, faithless sinner,
My lord the King is hardly the winner
In letting your sort hang around;
He's losing God's own grace, I've found!"
Lanval is anguished by these lies;
Quickly the accused replies.
He says a thing, in that angry moment,
Of which he'll many times repent.
"My lady: That job–don't doubt it,
I wouldn't know how to go about it.

But I do love–I alone love
A lady who'd win the prize
Over all women I've known of.
And I'll tell you this, without disguise,
Just because you need to know:
Her serving maids, a poor or low
One, even, the poorest in her train,
Is better than you are, Lady Queen:
In beauty of body and of face,
In goodness and in well-bred grace."
Away now went the Queen,
Up to her room, all crying.
Pain and anger drove her wild–
She'd been insulted and reviled.
Sick with it, she took to her bed.
Never would she get up, she said,
Unless the King her complaint oversaw,
And gave her justice according to law.
The King had just come home from the wood;
His day's hunting had been good.
He went into the Queen's chamber.
She cried out, loud, when first she
Saw him, fell at his feet, begged mercy,
Accused Lanval–he had shamed her!
He'd asked her for a love-affair,
She'd said no, with this result:
He'd offered her an ugly insult.
He boasted of a friend so fair,
So full of pride, breeding, honor,
That the chambermaid who waited on her–
The lowliest, poorest of the poor–
Compared to the Queen, was worth far more.
The King was angry, to the core.
His oath against Lanval he swore:
In court he'd prove he was no liar,
Or else he'd hang, or die by fire.
The lady rides in at the palace door,
Lovelier than any, since or before,
To come there. Up to the King she rides,
And dismounts, so she can be seen from all sides.
She drops her cloak upon the floor,
So that they all can see her more.
The King, well-bred and most polite,
Stands up to meet her, as is right.
The others, after they observe her,
Crowd up to honor her and serve her.
Once they've all tired out their eyes,
And praised her beauty to the skies,
She began to have her say there,
For she didn't want to stay there:
O King, I have loved your vassal,
This one, here! I mean Lanval.
In your court he's accused of crime.
I didn't want him to have a bad time
For what he said; all along,
You know, the Queen was in the wrong;
He never asked anything of her.
As for his boasting of his lover,

If the law's satisfied by what you see,
May your barons set him free!"
The King approves in advance
Any judgement the barons make.
They decide–and it doesn't take
Long–Lanval's made the perfect defense.
He is freed by their verdict,
And the maiden makes her exit.
The King can't keep her there at all;
She has enough servants of her own.
There was set, outside the hall
A great dark marble mounting-stone,
For an armed knight to climb on his horse,
When from the castle he set his course.
Lanval had climbed up there to wait.
When the maiden came out the gate,
Lanval made his leap, at full speed,
Up behind her, onto her steed.
With her he's gone to Avalon–
Or so say the poets in Breton–
To the fair island far away
She ravished that noble youth;
No-one can say any more with truth,
And I have no more to tell of this lay.

Source:

De France, Marie. "Sir Launfal." *Guingamor, Lanval, Tyolet, Le Bisclaveret: Four Lais Rendered into English Prose from the French of Marie De France and Others*. Trans. Jessie L. Weston. London: David Nutt, 1910. *HathiTrust*. 30-51. Web. 12 Apr. 2016. <http://hdl.handle.net/2027/mdp.39015008318621>

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5: Ywain and Gawain

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6: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

After the siege and the assault of Troy, when that burg was destroyed and burnt to ashes, and the traitor tried for his treason, the noble Æneas and his kin sailed forth to become princes and patrons of well-nigh all the Western Isles. Thus Romulus built Rome (and gave to the city his own name, which it bears even to this day); and Ticius turned him to Tuscany; and Langobard raised him up dwellings in Lombardy; and Felix Brutus sailed far over the French flood, and founded the kingdom of Britain, wherein have been war and waste and wonder, and bliss and bale, ofttimes since.

And in that kingdom of Britain have been wrought more gallant deeds than in any other; but of all British kings Arthur was the most valiant, as I have heard tell, therefore will I set forth a wondrous adventure that fell out in his time. And if ye will listen to me, but for a little while, I will tell it even as it stands in story stiff and strong, fixed in the letter, as it hath long been known in the land.*****

King Arthur lay at Camelot upon a Christmas-tide, with many a gallant lord and lovely lady, and all the noble brotherhood of the Round Table. There they held rich revels with gay talk and jest; one while they would ride forth to joust and tourney, and again back to the court to make carols; 2 for there was the feast holden fifteen days with all the mirth that men could devise, song and glee, glorious to hear, in the daytime, and dancing at night. Halls and chambers were crowded with noble guests, the bravest of knights and the loveliest of ladies, and Arthur himself was the comeliest king that ever held a court. For all this fair folk were in their youth, the fairest and most fortunate under heaven, and the king himself of such fame that it were hard now to name so valiant a hero.

Now the New Year had but newly come in, and on that day a double portion was served on the high table to all the noble guests, and thither came the king with all his knights, when the service in the chapel had been sung to an end. And they greeted each other for the New Year, and gave rich gifts, the one to the other (and they that received them were not wroth, that may ye well believe!), and the maidens laughed and made mirth till it was time to get them to meat. Then they washed and sat them down to the feast in fitting rank and order, and Guinevere the queen, gaily clad, sat on the high daïs. Silken was her seat, with a fair canopy over her head, of rich tapestries of Tars, embroidered, and studded with costly gems; fair she was to look upon, with her shining grey eyes, a fairer woman might no man boast himself of having seen.

But Arthur would not eat till all were served, so full of joy and gladness was he, even as a child; he liked not either to lie long, or to sit long at meat, so worked upon him his young blood and his wild brain. And another custom he had also, that came of his nobility, that he would never eat upon an high day till he had been advised of some knightly deed, or some strange and marvellous tale, of his ancestors, or of arms, or of other ventures. Or till some stranger knight should seek of him leave to joust with one of the Round Table, that they might set their lives in jeopardy, one against another, as fortune might favour them. Such was the king's custom when he sat in hall at each high feast with his noble knights, therefore on that New Year tide, he abode, fair of face, on the throne, and made much mirth withal.

Thus the king sat before the high tables, and spake of many things; and there good Sir Gawain was seated by Guinevere the queen, and on her other side sat Agravain, à la dure main; 3 both were the king's sister's sons and full gallant knights. And at the end of the table was Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain, King Urien's son, sat at the other side alone. These were worthily served on the daïs, and at the lower tables sat many valiant knights. Then they bare the first course with the blast of trumpets and waving of banners, with the sound of drums and pipes, of song and lute, that many a heart was uplifted at the melody. Many were the dainties, and rare the meats, so great was the plenty they might scarce find room on the board to set on the dishes. Each helped himself as he liked best, and to each two were twelve dishes, with great plenty of beer and wine.

Now I will say no more of the service, but that ye may know there was no lack, for there drew near a venture that the folk might well have left their labour to gaze upon. As the sound of the music ceased, and the first course had been fitly served, there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth; from neck to loin so strong and thickly made, and with limbs so long and so great that he seemed even as a giant. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that might mount a steed; broad of chest and shoulders and slender of waist, and all his features of like fashion; but men marvelled much at his colour, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over.

For he was clad all in green, with a straight coat, and a mantle above; all decked and lined with fur was the cloth and the hood that was thrown back from his locks and lay on his shoulders. Hose had he of the same green, and spurs of bright gold with silken fastenings richly worked; and all his vesture was verily green. Around his waist and his saddle were bands with fair stones set upon silken work, 'twere too long to tell of all the trifles that were embroidered thereon–birds and insects in gay gauds of green

and gold. All the trappings of his steed were of metal of like enamel, even the stirrups that he stood in stained of the same, and stirrups and saddle-bow alike gleamed and shone with green stones. Even the steed on which he rode was of the same hue, a green horse, great and strong, and hard to hold, with broidered bridle, meet for the rider.

The knight was thus gaily dressed in green, his hair falling around his shoulders; on his breast hung a beard, as thick and green as a bush, and the beard and the hair of his head were clipped all round above his elbows. The lower part of his sleeves were fastened with clasps in the same wise as a king's mantle. The horse's mane was crisp and plaited with many a knot folded in with gold thread about the fair green, here a twist of the hair, here another of gold. The tail was twined in like manner, and both were bound about with a band of bright green set with many a precious stone; then they were tied aloft in a cunning knot, whereon rang many bells of burnished gold. Such a steed might no other ride, nor had such ever been looked upon in that hall ere that time; and all who saw that knight spake and said that a man might scarce abide his stroke.

The knight bore no helm nor hauberk, neither gorget nor breast-plate, neither shaft nor buckler to smite nor to shield, but in one hand he had a holly-bough, that is greenest when the groves are bare, and in his other an axe, huge and uncomely, a cruel weapon in fashion, if one would picture it. The head was an ell-yard long, the metal all of green steel and gold, the blade burnished bright, with a broad edge, as well shapen to shear as a sharp razor. The steel was set into a strong staff, all bound round with iron, even to the end, and engraved with green in cunning work. A lace was twined about it, that looped at the head, and all adown the handle it was clasped with tassels on buttons of bright green richly broidered.

The knight rideth through the entrance of the hall, driving straight to the high daïs, and greeted no man, but looked ever upwards; and the first words he spake were, "Where is the ruler of this folk? I would gladly look upon that hero, and have speech with him." He cast his eyes on the knights, and mustered them up and down, striving ever to see who of them was of most renown.

Then was there great gazing to behold that chief, for each man marvelled what it might mean that a knight and his steed should have even such a hue as the green grass; and that seemed even greener than green enamel on bright gold. All looked on him as he stood, and drew near unto him wondering greatly what he might be; for many marvels had they seen, but none such as this, and phantasm and faërie did the folk deem it. Therefore were the gallant knights slow to answer, and gazed astounded, and sat stone still in a deep silence through that goodly hall, as if a slumber were fallen upon them. I deem it was not all for doubt, but some for courtesy that they might give ear unto his errand.

Then Arthur beheld this adventurer before his high daïs, and knightly he greeted him, for fearful was he never. "Sir," he said, "thou art welcome to this place–lord of this hall am I, and men call me Arthur. Light thee down, and tarry awhile, and what thy will is, that shall we learn after."

"Nay," quoth the stranger, "so help me He that sitteth on high, 'twas not mine errand to tarry any while in this dwelling; but the praise of this thy folk and thy city is lifted up on high, and thy warriors are holden for the best and the most valiant of those who ride mail-clad to the fight. The wisest and the worthiest of this world are they, and well proven in all knightly sports. And here, as I have heard tell, is fairest courtesy, therefore have I come hither as at this time. Ye may be sure by the branch that I bear here that I come in peace, seeking no strife. For had I willed to journey in warlike guise I have at home both hauberk and helm, shield and shining spear, and other weapons to mine hand, but since I seek no war my raiment is that of peace. But if thou be as bold as all men tell thou wilt freely grant me the boon I ask."

And Arthur answered, "Sir Knight, if thou cravest battle here thou shalt not fail for lack of a foe."

And the knight answered, "Nay, I ask no fight, in faith here on the benches are but beardless children, were I clad in armour on my steed there is no man here might match me. Therefore I ask in this court but a Christmas jest, for that it is Yule-tide, and New Year, and there are here many fain for sport. If any one in this hall holds himself so hardy, 4 so bold both of blood and brain, as to dare strike me one stroke for another, I will give him as a gift this axe, which is heavy enough, in sooth, to handle as he may list, and I will abide the first blow, unarmed as I sit. If any knight be so bold as to prove my words let him come swiftly to me here, and take this weapon, I quit claim to it, he may keep it as his own, and I will abide his stroke, firm on the floor. Then shalt thou give me the right to deal him another, the respite of a year and a day shall he have. Now haste, and let see whether any here dare say aught."

Now if the knights had been astounded at the first, yet stiller were they all, high and low, when they had heard his words. The knight on his steed straightened himself in the saddle, and rolled his eyes fiercely round the hall, red they gleamed under his green and bushy brows. He frowned and twisted his beard, waiting to see who should rise, and when none answered he cried aloud in mockery, "What, is this Arthur's hall, and these the knights whose renown hath run through many realms? Where are now your pride and your conquests, your wrath, and anger, and mighty words? Now are the praise and the renown of the Round Table overthrown by one man's speech, since all keep silence for dread ere ever they have seen a blow!"

With that he laughed so loudly that the blood rushed to the king's fair face for very shame; he waxed wroth, as did all his knights, and sprang to his feet, and drew near to the stranger and said, "Now by heaven foolish is thy asking, and thy folly shall find its fitting answer. I know no man aghast at thy great words. Give me here thine axe and I shall grant thee the boon thou hast asked." Lightly he sprang to him and caught at his hand, and the knight, fierce of aspect, lighted down from his charger.

Then Arthur took the axe and gripped the haft, and swung it round, ready to strike. And the knight stood before him, taller by the head than any in the hall; he stood, and stroked his beard, and drew down his coat, no more dismayed for the king's threats than if one had brought him a drink of wine.

Then Gawain, who sat by the queen, leaned forward to the king and spake, "I beseech ye, my lord, let this venture be mine. Would ye but bid me rise from this seat, and stand by your side, so that my liege lady thought it not ill, then would I come to your counsel before this goodly court. For I think it not seemly when such challenges be made in your hall that ye yourself should undertake it, while there are many bold knights who sit beside ye, none are there, methinks, of readier will under heaven, or more valiant in open field. I am the weakest, I wot, and the feeblest of wit, and it will be the less loss of my life if ye seek sooth. For save that ye are mine uncle naught is there in me to praise, no virtue is there in my body save your blood, and since this challenge is such folly that it beseems ye not to take it, and I have asked it from ye first, let it fall to me, and if I bear myself ungallantly then let all this court blame me."

Then they all spake with one voice that the king should leave this venture and grant it to Gawain.

Then Arthur commanded the knight to rise, and he rose up quickly and knelt down before the king, and caught hold of the weapon; and the king loosed his hold of it, and lifted up his hand, and gave him his blessing, and bade him be strong both of heart and hand. "Keep thee well, nephew," quoth Arthur, "that thou give him but the one blow, and if thou redest him rightly I trow thou shalt well abide the stroke he may give thee after."

Gawain stepped to the stranger, axe in hand, and he, never fearing, awaited his coming. Then the Green Knight spake to Sir Gawain, "Make we our covenant ere we go further. First, I ask thee, knight, what is thy name? Tell me truly, that I may know thee."

"In faith," quoth the good knight, "Gawain am I, who give thee this buffet, let what may come of it; and at this time twelvemonth will I take another at thine hand with whatsoever weapon thou wilt, and none other."

Then the other answered again, "Sir Gawain, so may I thrive as I am fain to take this buffet at thine hand," and he quoth further, "Sir Gawain, it liketh me well that I shall take at thy fist that which I have asked here, and thou hast readily and truly rehearsed all the covenant that I asked of the king, save that thou shalt swear me, by thy troth, to seek me thyself wherever thou hopest that I may be found, and win thee such reward as thou dealest me to-day, before this folk."

"Where shall I seek thee?" quoth Gawain. "Where is thy place? By Him that made me, I wot never where thou dwellest, nor know I thee, knight, thy court, nor thy name. But teach me truly all that pertaineth thereto, and tell me thy name, and I shall use all my wit to win my way thither, and that I swear thee for sooth, and by my sure troth."

"That is enough in the New Year, it needs no more," quoth the Green Knight to the gallant Gawain, "if I tell thee truly when I have taken the blow, and thou hast smitten me; then will I teach thee of my house and home, and mine own name, then mayest thou ask thy road and keep covenant. And if I waste no words then farest thou the better, for thou canst dwell in thy land, and seek no further. But take now thy toll, and let see how thy strikest."

"Gladly will I," quoth Gawain, handling his axe.

Then the Green Knight swiftly made him ready, he bowed down his head, and laid his long locks on the crown that his bare neck might be seen. Gawain gripped his axe and raised it on high, the left foot he set forward on the floor, and let the blow fall lightly on the bare neck. The sharp edge of the blade sundered the bones, smote through the neck, and clave it in two, so that the edge of the steel bit on the ground, and the fair head fell to the earth that many struck it with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood spurted forth, and glistened on the green raiment, but the knight neither faltered nor fell; he started forward with out-stretched hand, and caught the head, and lifted it up; then he turned to his steed, and took hold of the bride, set his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. His head he held by the hair, in his hand. Then he seated himself in his saddle as if naught ailed him, and he were not headless. He turned his steed about, the grim corpse bleeding freely the while, and they who looked upon him doubted them much for the covenant.

For he held up the head in his hand, and turned the face towards them that sat on the high daïs, and it lifted up the eyelids and looked upon them and spake as ye shall hear. "Look, Gawain, that thou art ready to go as thou hast promised, and seek leally till

thou find me, even as thou hast sworn in this hall in the hearing of these knights. Come thou, I charge thee, to the Green Chapel, such a stroke as thou hast dealt thou hast deserved, and it shall be promptly paid thee on New Year's morn. Many men know me as the knight of the Green Chapel, and if thou askest, thou shalt not fail to find me. Therefore it behoves thee to come, or to yield thee as recreant."

With that he turned his bridle, and galloped out at the hall door, his head in his hands, so that the sparks flew from beneath his horse's hoofs. Whither he went none knew, no more than they wist whence he had come; and the king and Gawain they gazed and laughed, for in sooth this had proved a greater marvel than any they had known aforetime.

Though Arthur the king was astonished at his heart, yet he let no sign of it be seen, but spake in courteous wise to the fair queen: "Dear lady, be not dismayed, such craft is well suited to Christmas-tide when we seek jesting, laughter and song, and fair carols of knights and ladies. But now I may well get me to meat, for I have seen a marvel I may not forget." Then he looked on Sir Gawain, and said gaily, "Now, fair nephew, hang up thine axe, since it has hewn enough," and they hung it on the dossal above the daïs, where all men might look on it for a marvel, and by its true token tell of the wonder. Then the twain sat them down together, the king and the good knight, and men served them with a double portion, as was the share of the noblest, with all manner of meat and of minstrelsy. And they spent that day in gladness, but Sir Gawain must well bethink him of the heavy venture to which he had set his hand. *****

This beginning of adventures had Arthur at the New Year; for he yearned to hear gallant tales, though his words were few when he sat at the feast. But now had they stern work on hand. Gawain was glad to begin the jest in the hall, but ye need have no marvel if the end be heavy. For though a man be merry in mind when he has well drunk, yet a year runs full swiftly, and the beginning but rarely matches the end.

For Yule was now over-past5, and the year after, each season in its turn following the other. For after Christmas comes crabbed Lent, that will have fish for flesh and simpler cheer. But then the weather of the world chides with winter; the cold withdraws itself, the clouds uplift, and the rain falls in warm showers on the fair plains. Then the flowers come forth, meadows and grove are clad in green, the birds make ready to build, and sing sweetly for solace of the soft summer that follows thereafter. The blossoms bud and blow in the hedgerows rich and rank, and noble notes enough are heard in the fair woods.

After the season of summer, with the soft winds, when zephyr breathes lightly on seeds and herbs, joyous indeed is the growth that waxes thereout when the dew drips from the leaves beneath the blissful glance of the bright sun. But then comes harvest and hardens the grain, warning it to wax ripe ere the winter. The drought drives the dust on high, flying over the face of the land; the angry wind of the welkin wrestles with the sun; the leaves fall from the trees and light upon the ground, and all brown are the groves that but now were green, and ripe is the fruit that once was flower. So the year passes into many yesterdays, and winter comes again, as it needs no sage to tell us.

When the Michaelmas moon was come in with warnings of winter, Sir Gawain bethought him full oft of his perilous journey. Yet till All Hallows Day he lingered with Arthur, and on that day they made a great feast for the hero's sake, with much revel and richness of the Round Table. Courteous knights and comely ladies, all were in sorrow for the love of that knight, and though they spake no word of it, many were joyless for his sake.

And after meat, sadly Sir Gawain turned to his uncle, and spake of his journey, and said, "Liege lord of my life, leave from you I crave. Ye know well how the matter stands without more words, to-morrow am I bound to set forth in search of the Green Knight."

Then came together all the noblest knights, Ywain and Erec, and many another. Sir Dodinel le Sauvage, the Duke of Clarence, Launcelot and Lionel, and Lucan the Good, Sir Bors and Sir Bedivere, valiant knights both, and many another hero, with Sir Mador de la Porte, and they all drew near, heavy at heart, to take counsel with Sir Gawain. Much sorrow and weeping was there in the hall to think that so worthy a knight as Gawain should wend his way to seek a deadly blow, and should no more wield his sword in fight. But the knight made ever good cheer, and said, "Nay, wherefore should I shrink? What may a man do but prove his fate?"

He dwelt there all that day, and on the morn he arose and asked betimes for his armour; and they brought it unto him on this wise: first, a rich carpet was stretched on the floor6(and brightly did the gold gear glitter upon it), then the knight stepped on to it, and handled the steel; clad he was in a doublet of silk, with a close hood, lined fairly throughout. Then they set the steel shoes upon his feet, and wrapped his legs with greaves, with polished knee-caps, fastened with knots of gold. Then they cased his thighs in cuisses closed with thongs, and brought him the byrny of bright steel rings sewn upon a fair stuff. Well burnished braces they set on each arm with good elbow-pieces, and gloves of mail, and all the goodly gear that should shield him in his need. And they cast over all a rich surcoat, and set the golden spurs on his heels, and girt him with a trusty sword fastened with a silken bawdrick. When he was thus clad his harness was costly, for the least loop or latchet gleamed with gold. So armed as he was he hearkened Mass and made his offering at the high altar. Then he came to the king, and the knights of his court, and courteously took leave

of lords and ladies, and they kissed him, and commended him to Christ.

With that was Gringalet ready, girt with a saddle that gleamed gaily with many golden fringes, enriched and decked anew for the venture. The bridle was all barred about with bright gold buttons, and all the covertures and trappings of the steed, the crupper and the rich skirts, accorded with the saddle; spread fair with the rich red gold that glittered and gleamed in the rays of the sun.

Then the knight called for his helmet, which was well lined throughout, and set it high on his head, and hasped it behind. He wore a light kerchief over the vintail, that was broidered and studded with fair gems on a broad silken ribbon, with birds of gay colour, and many a turtle and true-lover's knot interlaced thickly, even as many a maiden had wrought diligently for seven winter long. But the circlet which crowned his helmet was yet more precious, being adorned with a device in diamonds. Then they brought him his shield, which was of bright red, with the pentangle painted thereon in gleaming gold.7 And why that noble prince bare the pentangle I am minded to tell you, though my tale tarry thereby. It is a sign that Solomon set ere-while, as betokening truth; for it is a figure with five points and each line overlaps the other, and nowhere hath it beginning or end, so that in English it is called "the endless knot." And therefore was it well suiting to this knight and to his arms, since Gawain was faithful in five and five-fold, for pure was he as gold, void of all villainy and endowed with all virtues. Therefore he bare the pentangle on shield and surcoat as truest of heroes and gentlest of knights.

For first he was faultless in his five senses; and his five fingers never failed him; and all his trust upon earth was in the five wounds that Christ bare on the cross, as the Creed tells. And wherever this knight found himself in stress of battle he deemed well that he drew his strength from the five joys which the Queen of Heaven had of her Child. And for this cause did he bear an image of Our Lady on the one half of his shield, that whenever he looked upon it he might not lack for aid. And the fifth five that the hero used were frankness and fellowship above all, purity and courtesy that never failed him, and compassion that surpasses all; and in these five virtues was that hero wrapped and clothed. And all these, five-fold, were linked one in the other, so that they had no end, and were fixed on five points that never failed, neither at any side were they joined or sundered, nor could ye find beginning or end. And therefore on his shield was the knot shapen, red-gold upon red, which is the pure pentangle. Now was Sir Gawain ready, and he took his lance in hand, and bade them all Farewell, he deemed it had been for ever.

Then he smote the steed with his spurs, and sprang on his way, so that sparks flew from the stones after him. All that saw him were grieved at heart, and said one to the other, "By Christ, 'tis great pity that one of such noble life should be lost! I'faith, 'twere not easy to find his equal upon earth. The king had done better to have wrought more warily. Yonder knight should have been made a duke; a gallant leader of men is he, and such a fate had beseemed him better than to be hewn in pieces at the will of an elfish man, for mere pride. Who ever knew a king to take such counsel as to risk his knights on a Christmas jest?" Many were the tears that flowed from their eyes when that goodly knight rode from the hall. He made no delaying, but went his way swiftly, and rode many a wild road, as I heard say in the book.

So rode Sir Gawain through the realm of Logres, on an errand that he held for no jest. Often he lay companionless at night, and must lack the fare that he liked. No comrade had he save his steed, and none save God with whom to take counsel. At length he drew nigh to North Wales, and left the isles of Anglesey on his left hand, crossing over the fords by the foreland over at Holyhead, till he came into the wilderness of Wirral8, where but few dwell who love God and man of true heart. And ever he asked, as he fared, of all whom he met, if they had heard any tidings of a Green Knight in the country thereabout, or of a Green Chapel? And all answered him, Nay, never in their lives had they seen any man of such a hue. And the knight wended his way by many a strange road and many a rugged path, and the fashion of his countenance changed full often ere he saw the Green Chapel.

Many a cliff did he climb in that unknown land, where afar from his friends he rode as a stranger. Never did he come to a stream or a ford but he found a foe before him, and that one so marvellous, so foul and fell, that it behoved him to fight. So many wonders did that knight behold, that it were too long to tell the tenth part of them. Sometimes he fought with dragons and wolves; sometimes with wild men that dwelt in the rocks; another while with bulls, and bears, and wild boars, or with giants of the high moorland that drew near to him. Had he not been a doughty knight, enduring, and of well-proved valour, and a servant of God, doubtless he had been slain, for he was oft in danger of death. Yet he cared not so much for the strife, what he deemed worse was when the cold clear water was shed from the clouds, and froze ere it fell on the fallow ground. More nights than enough he slept in his harness on the bare rocks, near slain with the sleet, while the stream leapt bubbling from the crest of the hills, and hung in hard icicles over his head.

Thus in peril and pain, and many a hardship, the knight rode alone till Christmas Eve, and in that tide he made his prayer to the Blessed Virgin that she would guide his steps and lead him to some dwelling. On that morning he rode by a hill, and came into a thick forest, wild and drear; on each side were high hills, and thick woods below them of great hoar oaks, a hundred together, of hazel and hawthorn with their trailing boughs intertwined, and rough ragged moss spreading everywhere. On the bare twigs the birds chirped piteously, for pain of the cold. The knight upon Gringalet rode lonely beneath them, through marsh and mire, much troubled at heart lest he should fail to see the service of the Lord, who on that self-same night was born of a maiden for the cure

of our grief; and therefore he said, sighing, “I beseech Thee, Lord, and Mary Thy gentle Mother, for some shelter where I may hear Mass, and Thy mattins at morn. This I ask meekly, and thereto I pray my Paternoster, Ave, and Credo.” Thus he rode praying, and lamenting his misdeeds, and he crossed himself, and said, “May the Cross of Christ speed me.”

Now that knight had crossed himself but thrice ere he was aware in the wood of a dwelling within a moat, above a lawn, on a mound surrounded by many mighty trees that stood round the moat. ‘Twas the fairest castle that ever a knight owned9; built in a meadow with a park all about it, and a spiked palisade, closely driven, that enclosed the trees for more than two miles. The knight was ware of the hold from the side, as it shone through the oaks. Then he lifted off his helmet, and thanked Christ and S. Julian that they had courteously granted his prayer, and hearkened to his cry. “Now,” quoth the knight, “I beseech ye, grant me fair hostel.” Then he pricked Gringalet with his golden spurs, and rode gaily towards the great gate, and came swiftly to the bridge end.

The bridge was drawn up and the gates close shut; the walls were strong and thick, so that they might fear no tempest. The knight on his charger abode on the bank of the deep double ditch that surrounded the castle. The walls were set deep in the water, and rose aloft to a wondrous height; they were of hard hewn stone up to the corbels, which were adorned beneath the battlements with fair carvings, and turrets set in between with many a loophole; a better barbican Sir Gawain had never looked upon. And within he beheld the high hall, with its tower and many windows with carven cornices, and chalk-white chimneys on the turreted roofs that shone fair in the sun. And everywhere, thickly scattered on the castle battlements, were pinnacles, so many that it seemed as if it were all wrought out of paper, so white was it.

The knight on his steed deemed it fair enough, if he might come to be sheltered within it to lodge there while that the Holy-day lasted. He called aloud, and soon there came a porter of kindly countenance, who stood on the wall and greeted this knight and asked his errand.

“Good sir,” quoth Gawain, “wilt thou go mine errand to the high lord of the castle, and crave for me lodging?”

“Yea, by S. Peter,” quoth the porter. “In sooth I trow that ye be welcome to dwell here so long as it may like ye.”

Then he went, and came again swiftly, and many folk with him to receive the knight. They let down the great drawbridge, and came forth and knelt on their knees on the cold earth to give him worthy welcome. They held wide open the great gates, and courteously he bid them rise, and rode over the bridge. Then men came to him and held his stirrup while he dismounted, and took and stabled his steed. There came down knights and squires to bring the guest with joy to the hall. When he raised his helmet there were many to take it from his hand, fain to serve him, and they took from him sword and shield.

Sir Gawain gave good greeting to the noble and the mighty men who came to do him honour. Clad in his shining armour they led him to the hall, where a great fire burnt brightly on the floor; and the lord of the household came forth from his chamber to meet the hero fitly. He spake to the knight, and said: “Ye are welcome to do here as it likes ye. All that is here is your own to have at your will and disposal.”

“Gramercy!” quote Gawain, “may Christ requite ye.”

As friends that were fain each embraced the other; and Gawain looked on the knight who greeted him so kindly, and thought ’twas a bold warrior that owned that burg.

Of mighty stature he was, and of high age; broad and flowing was his beard, and of a bright hue. He was stalwart of limb, and strong in his stride, his face fiery red, and his speech free: in sooth he seemed one well fitted to be a leader of valiant men.

Then the lord led Sir Gawain to a chamber, and commanded folk to wait upon him, and at his bidding there came men enough who brought the guest to a fair bower. The bedding was noble, with curtains of pure silk wrought with gold, and wondrous coverings of fair cloth all embroidered. The curtains ran on ropes with rings of red gold, and the walls were hung with carpets of Orient, and the same spread on the floor. There with mirthful speeches they took from the guest his byrny and all his shining armour, and brought him rich robes of the choicest in its stead. They were long and flowing, and became him well, and when he was clad in them all who looked on the hero thought that surely God had never made a fairer knight: he seemed as if he might be a prince without peer in the field where men strive in battle.

Then before the hearth-place, whereon the fire burned, they made ready a chair for Gawain, hung about with cloth and fair cushions; and there they cast around him a mantle of brown samite, richly embroidered and furred within with costly skins of ermine, with a hood of the same, and he seated himself in that rich seat, and warmed himself at the fire, and was cheered at heart. And while he sat thus the serving men set up a table on trestles, and covered it with a fair white cloth, and set thereon salt-cellar,

and napkin, and silver spoons; and the knight washed at his will, and set him down to meat.

The folk served him courteously with many dishes seasoned of the best, a double portion. All kinds of fish were there, some baked in bread, some broiled on the embers, some sodden, some stewed and savoured with spices, with all sorts of cunning devices to his taste. And often he called it a feast, when they spake gaily to him all together, and said, “Now take ye this penance, and it shall be for your amendment.” Much mirth thereof did Sir Gawain make.

Then they questioned that prince courteously of whence he came; and he told them that he was of the court of Arthur, who is the rich royal King of the Round Table, and that it was Gawain himself who was within their walls, and would keep Christmas with them, as the chance had fallen out. And when the lord of the castle heard those tidings he laughed aloud for gladness, and all men in that keep were joyful that they should be in the company of him to whom belonged all fame, and valour, and courtesy, and whose honour was praised above that of all men on earth. Each said softly to his fellow, “Now shall we see courteous bearing, and the manner of speech befitting courts. What charm lieth in gentle speech shall we learn without asking, since here we have welcomed the fine father of courtesy. God has surely shewn us His grace since He sends us such a guest as Gawain! When men shall sit and sing, blithe for Christ’s birth, this knight shall bring us to the knowledge of fair manners, and it may be that hearing him we may learn the cunning speech of love.”

By the time the knight had risen from dinner it was near nightfall. Then chaplains took their way to the chapel, and rang loudly, even as they should, for the solemn evensong of the high feast. Thither went the lord, and the lady also, and entered with her maidens into a comely closet, and thither also went Gawain. Then the lord took him by the sleeve and led him to a seat, and called him by his name, and told him he was of all men in the world the most welcome. And Sir Gawain thanked him truly, and each kissed the other, and they sat gravely together throughout the service.

Then was the lady fain to look upon that knight; and she came forth from her closet with many fair maidens. The fairest of ladies was she in face, and figure, and colouring, fairer even than Guinevere, so the knight thought. She came through the chancel to greet the hero, another lady held her by the left hand, older than she, and seemingly of high estate, with many nobles about her. But unlike to look upon were those ladies, for if the younger were fair, the elder was yellow. Rich red were the cheeks of the one, rough and wrinkled those of the other; the kerchiefs of the one were broidered with many glistening pearls, her throat and neck bare, and whiter than the snow that lies on the hills; the neck of the other was swathed in a gorget, with a white wimple over her black chin. Her forehead was wrapped in silk with many folds, worked with knots, so that naught of her was seen save her black brows, her eyes, her nose and her lips, and those were bleared, and ill to look upon. A worshipful lady in sooth one might call her! In figure was she short and broad, and thickly made–far fairer to behold was she whom she led by the hand.

When Gawain beheld that fair lady, who looked at him graciously, with leave of the lord he went towards them, and, bowing low, he greeted the elder, but the younger and fairer he took lightly in his arms, and kissed her courteously, and greeted her in knightly wise. Then she hailed him as friend, and he quickly prayed to be counted as her servant, if she so willed. Then they took him between them, and talking, led him to the chamber, to the hearth, and bade them bring spices, and they brought them in plenty with the good wine that was wont to be drunk at such seasons. Then the lord sprang to his feet and bade them make merry, and took off his hood, and hung it on a spear, and bade him win the worship thereof who should make most mirth that Christmas-tide. “And I shall try, by my faith, to fool it with the best, by the help of my friends, ere I lose my raiment.” Thus with gay words the lord made trial to gladden Gawain with jests that night, till it was time to bid them light the tapers, and Sir Gawain took leave of them and gat him to rest.

In the morn when all men call to mind how Christ our Lord was born on earth to die for us, there is joy, for His sake, in all dwellings of the world; and so was there here on that day. For high feast was held, with many dainties and cunningly cooked messes. On the daïs sat gallant men, clad in their best. The ancient dame sat on the high seat, with the lord of the castle beside her. Gawain and the fair lady sat together, even in the midst of the board, when the feast was served; and so throughout all the hall each sat in his degree, and was served in order. There was meat, there was mirth, there was much joy, so that to tell thereof would take me too long, though peradventure I might strive to declare it. But Gawain and that fair lady had much joy of each other’s company through her sweet words and courteous converse. And there was music made before each prince, trumpets and drums, and merry piping; each man hearkened his minstrel, and they too hearkened theirs.

So they held high feast that day and the next, and the third day thereafter, and the joy on S. John’s Day was fair to hearken, for ’twas the last of the feast and the guests would depart in the grey of the morning. Therefore they awoke early, and drank wine, and danced fair carols, and at last, when it was late, each man took his leave to wend early on his way. Gawain would bid his host farewell, but the lord took him by the hand, and led him to his own chamber beside the hearth, and there he thanked him for the favour he had shown him in honouring his dwelling at that high season, and gladdening his castle with his fair countenance. “I wis, sir, that while I live I shall be held the worthier that Gawain has been my guest at God’s own feast.”

“Gramercy, sir,” quoth Gawain, “in good faith, all the honour is yours, may the High King give it you, and I am but at your will to work your behest, inasmuch as I am beholden to you in great and small by rights.”

Then the lord did his best to persuade the knight to tarry with him, but Gawain answered that he might in no wise do so. Then the host asked him courteously what stern behest had driven him at the holy season from the king’s court, to fare all alone, ere yet the feast was ended?

“Forsooth,” quoth the knight, “ye say but the truth: ’tis a high quest and a pressing that hath brought me afield, for I am summoned myself to a certain place, and I know not whither in the world I may wend to find it; so help me Christ, I would give all the kingdom of Logres an I might find it by New Year’s morn. Therefore, sir, I make request of you that ye tell me truly if ye ever heard word of the Green Chapel, where it may be found, and the Green Knight that keeps it. For I am pledged by solemn compact sworn between us to meet that knight at the New Year if so I were on life; and of that same New Year it wants but little–I’faith, I would look on that hero more joyfully than on any other fair sight! Therefore, by your will, it behoves me to leave you, for I have but barely three days, and I would as fain fall dead as fail of mine errand.”

Then the lord quoth, laughing, “Now must ye needs stay, for I will show you your goal, the Green Chapel, ere your term be at an end, have ye no fear! But ye can take your ease, friend, in your bed, till the fourth day, and go forth on the first of the year and come to that place at mid-morn to do as ye will. Dwell here till New Year’s Day, and then rise and set forth, and ye shall be set in the way; ’tis not two miles hence.”

Then was Gawain glad, and he laughed gaily. “Now I thank you for this above all else. Now my quest is achieved I will dwell here at your will, and otherwise do as ye shall ask.”

Then the lord took him, and set him beside him, and bade the ladies be fetched for their greater pleasure, tho’ between themselves they had solace. The lord, for gladness, made merry jest, even as one who wist not what to do for joy; and he cried aloud to the knight, “Ye have promised to do the thing I bid ye: will ye hold to this behest, here, at once?”

“Yea, forsooth,” said that true knight, “while I abide in your burg I am bound by your behest.”

“Ye have travelled from far,” said the host, “and since then ye have waked with me, ye are not well refreshed by rest and sleep, as I know. Ye shall therefore abide in your chamber, and lie at your ease tomorrow at Mass-tide, and go to meat when ye will with my wife, who shall sit with you, and comfort you with her company till I return; and I shall rise early and go forth to the chase.” And Gawain agreed to all this courteously.

“Sir knight,” quoth the host, “we shall make a covenant. Whatsoever I win in the wood shall be yours, and whatever may fall to your share, that shall ye exchange for it. Let us swear, friend, to make this exchange, however our hap may be, for worse or for better.”

“I grant ye your will,” quoth Gawain the good; “if ye list so to do, it liketh me well.”

“Bring hither the wine-cup, the bargain is made,” so said the lord of that castle. They laughed each one, and drank of the wine, and made merry, these lords and ladies, as it pleased them. Then with gay talk and merry jest they arose, and stood, and spoke softly, and kissed courteously, and took leave of each other. With burning torches, and many a serving-man, was each led to his couch; yet ere they gat them to bed the old lord oft repeated their covenant, for he knew well how to make sport. *****

Full early, ere daylight, the folk rose up; the guests who would depart called their grooms, and they made them ready, and saddled the steeds, tightened up the girths, and trussed up their mails. The knights, all arrayed for riding, leapt up lightly, and took their bridles, and each rode his way as pleased him best.

The lord of the land was not the last. Ready for the chase, with many of his men, he ate a sop hastily when he had heard Mass, and then with blast of the bugle fared forth to the field.10 He and his nobles were to horse ere daylight glimmered upon the earth.

Then the huntsmen coupled their hounds, unclosed the kennel door, and called them out. They blew three blasts gaily on the bugles, the hounds bayed fiercely, and they that would go a-hunting checked and chastised them. A hundred hunters there were of the best, so I have heard tell. Then the trackers gat them to the trysting-place and uncoupled the hounds, and forest rang again with their gay blasts.

At the first sound of the hunt the game quaked for fear, and fled, trembling, along the vale. They betook them to the heights, but the liers in wait turned them back with loud cries; the harts they let pass them, and the stags with their spreading antlers, for the lord had forbidden that they should be slain, but the hinds and the does they turned back, and drave down into the valleys. Then might ye see much shooting of arrows. As the deer fled under the boughs a broad whistling shaft smote and wounded each sorely,

so that, wounded and bleeding, they fell dying on the banks. The hounds followed swiftly on their tracks, and hunters, blowing the horn, sped after them with ringing shouts as if the cliffs burst asunder. What game escaped those that shot was run down at the outer ring. Thus were they driven on the hills, and harassed at the waters, so well did the men know their work, and the greyhounds were so great and swift that they ran them down as fast as the hunters could slay them. Thus the lord passed the day in mirth and joyfulness, even to nightfall.

So the lord roamed the woods, and Gawain, that good night, lay ever a-bed, curtained about, under the costly coverlet, while the daylight gleamed on the walls. And as he lay half slumbering, he heard a little sound at the door, and he raised his head, and caught back a corner of the curtain, and waited to see what it might be. It was the lovely lady, the lord's wife; she shut the door softly behind her, and turned towards the bed; and Gawain was shamed, laid him down softly and made as if he slept. And she came lightly to the bedside, within the curtain, and sat herself down beside him, to wait till he wakened. The knight lay there awhile, and marvelled within himself what her coming might betoken; and he said to himself, "'Twere more seemly if I asked her what hath brought her hither." Then he made feint to waken, and turned towards her, and opened his eyes as one astonished, and crossed himself; and she looked on him laughing, with her cheeks red and white, lovely to behold, and small smiling lips.

"Good morrow, Sir Gawain," said that fair lady; "ye are but a careless sleeper, since one can enter thus. Now are ye taken unawares, and lest ye escape me I shall bind you in your bed; of that be ye assured!" Laughing, she spake these words.

"Good morrow, fair lady," quoth Gawain blithely. "I will do your will, as it likes me well. For I yield me readily, and pray your grace, and that is best, by my faith, since I needs must do so." Thus he jested again, laughing. "But an ye would, fair lady, grant me this grace that ye pray your prisoner to rise. I would get me from bed, and array me better, then could I talk with ye in more comfort."

"Nay, forsooth, fair sir," quoth the lady, "ye shall not rise, I will rede ye better. I shall keep ye here, since ye can do no other, and talk with my knight whom I have captured. For I know well that ye are Sir Gawain, whom all the world worships, wheresoever ye may ride. Your honour and your courtesy are praised by lords and ladies, by all who live. Now ye are here and we are alone, my lord and his men are afield; the serving men in their beds, and my maidens also, and the door shut upon us. And since in this hour I have him that all men love, I shall use my time well with speech, while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my company, for it behoves me in sooth to be your servant."

"In good faith," quoth Gawain, "I think me that I am not him of whom ye speak, for unworthy am I of such service as ye here proffer. In sooth, I were glad if I might set myself by word or service to your pleasure; a pure joy would it be to me!"

"In good faith, Sir Gawain," quoth the gay lady, "the praise and the prowess that pleases all ladies I lack them not, nor hold them light; yet are there ladies enough who would liever now have the knight in their hold, as I have ye here, to dally with your courteous words, to bring them comfort and to ease their cares, than much of the treasure and the gold that are theirs. And now, through the grace of Him who upholds the heavens, I have wholly in my power that which they all desire!"

Thus the lady, fair to look upon, made him great cheer, and Sir Gawain, with modest words, answered her again: "Madam," he quoth, "may Mary requite ye, for in good faith I have found in ye a noble frankness. Much courtesy have other folk shown me, but the honour they have done me is naught to the worship of yourself, who knoweth but good."

"By Mary," quoth the lady, "I think otherwise; for were I worth all the women alive, and had I the wealth of the world in my hand, and might choose me a lord to my liking, then, for all that I have seen in ye, Sir Knight, of beauty and courtesy and blithe semblance, and for all that I have hearkened and hold for true, there should be no knight on earth to be chosen before ye!"

"Well I wot," quoth Sir Gawain, "that ye have chosen a better; but I am proud that ye should so prize me, and as your servant do I hold ye my sovereign, and your knight am I, and may Christ reward ye."

So they talked of many matters till mid-morn was past, and ever the lady made as though she loved him, and the knight turned her speech aside. For though she were the brightest of maidens, yet had he forborne to shew her love for the danger that awaited him, and the blow that must be given without delay.

Then the lady prayed her leave from him, and he granted it readily. And she gave [the text reads "have"] him good-day, with laughing glance, but he must needs marvel at her words:

"Now He that speeds fair speech reward ye this disport; but that ye be Gawain my mind misdoubts me greatly."

"Wherefore?" quoth the knight quickly, fearing lest he had lacked in some courtesy.

And the lady spake: "So true a knight as Gawain is holden, and one so perfect in courtesy, would never have tarried so long with a

lady but he would of his courtesy have craved a kiss at parting."

Then quoth Gawain, "I wot I will do even as it may please ye, and kiss at your commandment, as a true knight should who forbears to ask for fear of displeasure."

At that she came near and bent down and kissed the knight, and each commended the other to Christ, and she went forth from the chamber softly.

Then Sir Gawain arose and called his chamberlain and chose his garments, and when he was ready he gat him forth to Mass, and then went to meat, and made merry all day till the rising of the moon, and never had a knight fairer lodging than had he with those two noble ladies, the elder and the younger.

And even the lord of the land chased the hinds through holt and heath till eventide, and then with much blowing of bugles and baying of hounds they bore the game homeward; and by the time daylight was done all the folk had returned to that fair castle. And when the lord and Sir Gawain met together, then were they both well pleased. The lord commanded them all to assemble in the great hall, and the ladies to descend with their maidens, and there, before them all, he bade the men fetch in the spoil of the day's hunting, and he called unto Gawain, and counted the tale of the beasts, and showed them unto him, and said, "What think ye of this game, Sir Knight? Have I deserved of ye thanks for my woodcraft?"

"Yea, I wis," quoth the other, "here is the fairest spoil I have seen this seven year in the winter season."

"And all this do I give ye, Gawain," quoth the host, "for by accord of covenant ye may claim it as your own."

"That is sooth," quoth the other, "I grant you that same; and I have fairly won this within walls, and with as good will do I yield it to ye." With that he clasped his hands round the lord's neck and kissed him as courteously as he might. "Take ye here my spoils, no more have I won; ye should have it freely, though it were greater than this."

"'Tis good," said the host, "gramercy thereof. Yet were I fain to know where ye won this same favour, and if it were by your own wit?"

"Nay," answered Gawain, "that was not in the bond. Ask me no more: ye have taken what was yours by right, be content with that."

They laughed and jested together, and sat them down to supper, where they were served with many dainties; and after supper they sat by the hearth, and wine was served out to them; and oft in their jesting they promised to observe on the morrow the same covenant that they had made before, and whatever chance might betide to exchange their spoil, be it much or little, when they met at night. Thus they renewed their bargain before the whole court, and then the night-drink was served, and each courteously took leave of the other and gat him to bed.

By the time the cock had crowed thrice the lord of the castle had left his bed; Mass was sung and meat fitly served. The folk were forth to the wood ere the day broke, with hound and horn they rode over the plain, and uncoupled their dogs among the thorns. Soon they struck on the scent, and the hunt cheered on the hounds who were first to seize it, urging them with shouts. The others hastened to the cry, forty at once, and there rose such a clamour from the pack that the rocks rang again. The huntsmen spurred them on with shouting and blasts of the horn; and the hounds drew together to a thicket betwixt the water and a high crag in the cliff beneath the hillside. There where the rough rock fell ruggedly they, the huntsmen, fared to the finding, and cast about round the hill and the thicket behind them. The knights wist well what beast was within, and would drive him forth with the bloodhounds. And as they beat the bushes, suddenly over the beaters there rushed forth a wondrous great and fierce boar, long since had he left the herd to roam by himself. Grunting, he cast many to the ground, and fled forth at his best speed, without more mischief. The men hallooed loudly and cried, "Hay! Hay!" and blew the horns to urge on the hounds, and rode swiftly after the boar. Many a time did he turn to bay and tare the hounds, and they yelped, and howled shrilly. Then the men made ready their arrows and shot at him, but the points were turned on his thick hide, and the barbs would not bite upon him, for the shafts shivered in pieces, and the head but leapt again wherever it hit.

But when the boar felt the stroke of the arrows he waxed mad with rage, and turned on the hunters and tare many, so that, affrightened, they fled before him. But the lord on a swift steed pursued him, blowing his bugle; as a gallant knight he rode through the woodland chasing the boar till the sun grew low.

So did the hunters this day, while Sir Gawain lay in his bed lapped in rich gear; and the lady forgat not to salute him, for early was she at his side, to cheer his mood.

She came to the bedside and looked on the knight, and Gawain gave her fit greeting, and she greeted him again with ready words,

and sat her by his side and laughed, and with a sweet look she spoke to him:

“Sir, if ye be Gawain, I think it a wonder that ye be so stern and cold, and care not for the courtesies of friendship, but if one teach ye to know them ye cast the lesson out of your mind. Ye have soon forgotten what I taught ye yesterday, by all the truest tokens that I knew!”
“What is that?” quoth the knight. “I trow I know not. If it be sooth that ye say, then is the blame mine own.”
“But I taught ye of kissing, ” quoth the fair lady. “Wherever a fair countenance is shown him, it behoves a courteous knight quickly to claim a kiss.”
“Nay, my dear,” said Sir Gawain, “cease that speech; that durst I not do lest I were denied, for if I were forbidden I wot I were wrong did I further entreat.”
“I’ faith,” quoth the lady merrily, “ye may not be forbid, ye are strong enough to constrain by strength an ye will, were any so discourteous as to give ye denial.”
“Yea, by Heaven,” said Gawain, “ye speak well; but threats profit little in the land where I dwell, and so with a gift that is given not of good will! I am at your commandment to kiss when ye like, to take or to leave as ye list.”

Then the lady bent her down and kissed him courteously.

And as they spake together she said, “I would learn somewhat from ye, an ye would not be wroth, for young ye bare and fair, and so courteous and knightly as ye are known to be, the head of all chivalry, and versed in all wisdom of love and war–’tis ever told of true knights how they adventured their lives for their true love, and endured hardships for her favours, and avenged her with valour, and eased her sorrows, and brought joy to her bower; and ye are the fairest knight of your time, and your fame and your honour are everywhere, yet I have sat by ye here twice, and never a word have I heard of love! Ye who are so courteous and skilled in such love ought surely to teach one so young and unskilled some little craft of true love! Why are ye so unlearned who art otherwise so famous? Or is it that ye deemed me unworthy to hearken to your teaching? For shame, Sir Knight! I come hither alone and sit at your side to learn of ye some skill; teach me of your wit, while my lord is from home.”

“In good faith,” quoth Gawain, “great is my joy and my profit that so fair a lady as ye are should deign to come hither, and trouble ye with so poor a man, and make sport with your knight with kindly countenance, it pleaseth me much. But that I, in my turn, should take it upon me to tell of love and such like matters to ye who know more by half, or a hundred fold, of such craft than I do, or ever shall in all my lifetime, by my troth ’twere folly indeed! I will work your will to the best of my might as I am bounden, and evermore will I be your servant, so help me Christ!”

Then often with guile she questioned that knight that she might win him to woo her, but he defended himself so fairly that none might in any wise blame him, and naught but bliss and harmless jesting was there between them. They laughed and talked together till at last she kissed him, and craved her leave of him, and went her way.

Then the knight arose and went forth to Mass, and afterward dinner was served and he sat and spake with the ladies all day. But the lord of the castle rode ever over the land chasing the wild boar, that fled through the thickets, slaying the best of his hounds and breaking their backs in sunder; till at last he was so weary he might run no longer, but made for a hole in a mound by a rock. He got the mound at his back and faced the hounds, whetting his white tusks and foaming at the mouth. The huntsmen stood aloof, fearing to draw nigh him; so many of them had been already wounded that they were loth to be torn with his tusks, so fierce he was and mad with rage. At length the lord himself came up, and saw the beast at bay, and the men standing aloof. Then quickly he sprang to the ground and drew out a bright blade, and waded through the stream to the boar.

When the beast was aware of the knight with weapon in hand, he set up his bristles and snorted loudly, and many feared for their lord lest he should be slain. Then the boar leapt upon the knight so that beast and man were one atop of the other in the water; but the boar had the worst of it, for the man had marked, even as he sprang, and set the point of his brand to the beast’s chest, and drove it up to the hilt, so that the heart was split in twain, and the boar fell snarling, and was swept down by the water to where a hundred hounds seized on him, and the men drew him to shore for the dogs to slay.

Then was there loud blowing of horns and baying of hounds, the huntsmen smote off the boar’s head, and hung the carcase by the four feet to a stout pole, and so went on their way homewards. The head they bore before the lord himself, who had slain the beast at the ford by force of his strong hand.

It seemed him o’er long ere he saw Sir Gawain in the hall, and he called, and the guest came to take that which fell to his share. And when he saw Gawain the lord laughed aloud, and bade them call the ladies and the household together, and he showed them the game, and told them the tale, how they hunted the wild boar through the woods, and of his length and breadth and height; and Sir Gawain commended his deeds and praised him for his valour, well proven, for so mighty a beast had he never seen before.

Then they handled the huge head, and the lord said aloud, “Now, Gawain, this game is your own by sure covenant, as ye right well know.”

“‘Tis sooth,” quoth the knight, “and as truly will I give ye all I have gained.” He took the host round the neck, and kissed him courteously twice. “Now are we quits,” he said, “this eventide, of all the covenants that we made since I came hither.”

And the lord answered, “By S. Giles, ye are the best I know; ye will be rich in a short space if ye drive such bargains!”

Then they set up the tables on trestles, and covered them with fair cloths, and lit waxen tapers on the walls. The knights sat and were served in the hall, and much game and glee was there round the hearth, with many songs, both at supper and after; song of Christmas, and new carols, with all the mirth one may think of. And ever that lovely lady sat by the knight, and with still stolen looks made such feint of pleasing him, that Gawain marvelled much, and was wroth with himself, but he could not for his courtesy return her fair glances, but dealt with her cunningly, however she might strive to wrest the thing.

When they had tarried in the hall so long as it seemed them good, they turned to the inner chamber and the wide hearthplace, and there they drank wine, and the host proffered to renew the covenant for New Year’s Eve; but the knight craved leave to depart on the morrow, for it was nigh to the term when he must fulfil his pledge. But the lord would withhold him from so doing, and prayed him to tarry, and said,

“As I am a true knight I swear my troth that ye shall come to the Green Chapel to achieve your task on New Year’s morn, long before prime. Therefore abide ye in your bed, and I will hunt in this wood, and hold ye to the covenant to exchange with me against all the spoil I may bring hither. For twice have I tried ye, and found ye true, and the morrow shall be the third time and the best. Make we merry now while we may, and think on joy, for misfortune may take a man whensoever it wills.”

Then Gawain granted his request, and they brought them drink, and they gat them with lights to bed.

Sir Gawain lay and slept softly, but the lord, who was keen on woodcraft, was afoot early. After Mass he and his men ate a morsel, and he asked for his steed; all the knights who should ride with him were already mounted before the hall gates.

‘Twas a fair frosty morning, for the sun rose red in ruddy vapour, and the welkin was clear of clouds. The hunters scattered them by a forest side, and the rocks rang again with the blast of their horns. Some came on the scent of a fox, and a hound gave tongue; the huntsmen shouted, and the pack followed in a crowd on the trail. The fox ran before them, and when they saw him they pursued him with noise and much shouting, and he wound and turned through many a thick grove, often cowering and hearkening in a hedge. At last by a little ditch he leapt out of a spinney, stole away slily by a copse path, and so out of the wood and away from the hounds. But he went, ere he wist, to a chosen tryst, and three started forth on him at once, so he must needs double back, and betake him to the wood again.

Then was it joyful to hearken to the hounds; when all the pack had met together and had sight of their game they made as loud a din as if all the lofty cliffs had fallen clattering together. The huntsmen shouted and threatened, and followed close upon him so that he might scarce escape, but Reynard was wily, and he turned and doubled upon them, and led the lord and his men over the hills, now on the slopes, now in the vales, while the knight at home slept through the cold morning beneath his costly curtains.

But the fair lady of the castle rose betimes, and clad herself in a rich mantle that reached even to the ground, left her throat and her fair neck bare, and was bordered and lined with costly furs. On her head she wore no golden circlet, but a network of precious stones, that gleamed and shone through her tresses in clusters of twenty together. Thus she came into the chamber, closed the door after her, and set open a window, and called to him gaily, “Sir Knight, how may ye sleep? The morning is so fair.”

Sir Gawain was deep in slumber, and in his dream he vexed him much for the destiny that should befall him on the morrow, when he should meet the knight at the Green Chapel, and abide his blow; but when the lady spake he heard her, and came to himself, and roused from his dream and answered swiftly. The lady came laughing, and kissed him courteously, and he welcomed her fittingly with a cheerful countenance. He saw her so glorious and gaily dressed, so faultless of features and complexion, that it warmed his heart to look upon her.

They spake to each other smiling, and all was bliss and good cheer between them. They exchanged fair words, and much happiness was therein, yet was there a gulf between them, and she might win no more of her knight, for that gallant prince watched well his words–he would neither take her love, nor frankly refuse it. He cared for his courtesy, lest he be deemed churlish, and yet more for his honour lest he be traitor to his host. “God forbid,” quoth he to himself, “that it should so befall.” Thus with courteous words did he set aside all the special speeches that came from her lips.

Then spake the lady to the knight, “Ye deserve blame if ye hold not that lady who sits beside ye above all else in the world, if ye have not already a love whom ye hold dearer, and like better, and have sworn such firm faith to that lady that ye care not to loose it–and that am I now fain to believe. And now I pray ye straitly that ye tell me that in truth, and hide it not.”

And the knight answered, “By S. John” (and he smiled as he spake) “no such love have I, nor do I think to have yet awhile.”

“That is the worst word I may hear,” quoth the lady, “but in sooth I have mine answer; kiss me now courteously, and I will go hence; I can but mourn as a maiden that loves much.”

Sighing, she stooped down and kissed him, and then she rose up and spake as she stood, “Now, dear, at our parting do me this grace: give me some gift, if it were but thy glove, that I may bethink me of my knight, and lessen my mourning.”

“Now, I wis,” quoth the knight, “I would that I had here the most precious thing that I possess on earth that I might leave ye as love-token, great or small, for ye have deserved forsooth more reward than I might give ye. But it is not to your honour to have at this time a glove for reward as gift from Gawain, and I am here on a strange errand, and have no man with me, nor mails with goodly things–that mislikes me much, lady, at this time; but each man must fare as he is taken, if for sorrow and ill.”

“Nay, knight highly honoured,” quoth that lovesome lady, “though I have naught of yours, yet shall ye have somewhat of mine.” With that she reached him a ring of red gold with a sparkling stone therein, that shone even as the sun (wit ye well, it was worth many marks); but the knight refused it, and spake readily,

“I will take no gift, lady, at this time. I have none to give, and none will I take.”

She prayed him to take it, but he refused her prayer, and sware in sooth that he would not have it.

The lady was sorely vexed, and said, “If ye refuse my ring as too costly, that ye will not be so highly beholden to me, I will give you my girdle 11 as a lesser gift.” With that she loosened a lace that was fastened at her side, knit upon her kirtle under her mantle. It was wrought of green silk, and gold, only braided by the fingers, and that she offered to the knight, and besought him though it were of little worth that he would take it, and he said nay, he would touch neither gold nor gear ere God give him grace to achieve the adventure for which he had come hither. “And therefore, I pray ye, displease ye not, and ask me no longer, for I may not grant it. I am dearly beholden to ye for the favour ye have shown me, and ever, in heat and cold, will I be your true servant.”

“Now,” said the lady, “ye refuse this silk, for it is simple in itself, and so it seems, indeed; lo, it is small to look upon and less in cost, but whoso knew the virtue that is knit therein he would, peradventure, value it more highly. For whatever knight is girded with this green lace, while he bears it knotted about him there is no man under heaven can overcome him, for he may not be slain for any magic on earth.”

Then Gawain bethought him, and it came into his heart that this were a jewel for the jeopardy that awaited him when he came to the Green Chapel to seek the return blow–could he so order it that he should escape unslain, ’twere a craft worth trying. Then he bare with her chiding, and let her say her say, and she pressed the girdle on him and prayed him to take it, and he granted her prayer, and she gave it him with good will, and besought him for her sake never to reveal it but to hide it loyally from her lord; and the knight agreed that never should any man know it, save they two alone. He thanked her often and heartily, and she kissed him for the third time.

Then she took her leave of him, and when she was gone Sir Gawain arose, and clad him in rich attire, and took the girdle, and knotted it round him, and hid it beneath his robes. Then he took his way to the chapel, and sought out a priest privily and prayed him to teach him better how his soul might be saved when he should go hence; and there he shrived him, and showed his misdeeds, both great and small, and besought mercy and craved absolution; and the priest assoiled him, and set him as clean as if Doomsday had been on the morrow. And afterwards Sir Gawain made him merry with the ladies, with carols, and all kinds of joy, as never he did but that one day, even to nightfall; and all the men marvelled at him, and said that never since he came thither had he been so merry.

Meanwhile the lord of the castle was abroad chasing the fox; awhile he lost him, and as he rode through a spinny he heard the hounds near at hand, and Reynard came creeping through a thick grove, with all the pack at his heels. Then the lord drew out his shining brand, and cast it at the beast, and the fox swerved aside for the sharp edge, and would have doubled back, but a hound was on him ere he might turn, and right before the horse’s feet they all fell on him, and worried him fiercely, snarling the while.

Then the lord leapt from his saddle, and caught the fox from the jaws, and held it aloft over his head, and hallooed loudly, and many brave hounds bayed as they beheld it; and the hunters hied them thither, blowing their horns; all that bare bugles blew them

at once, and all the others shouted. 'Twas the merriest meeting that ever men heard, the clamour that was raised at the death of the fox. They rewarded the hounds, stroking them and rubbing their heads, and took Reynard and stripped him of his coat; then blowing their horns, they turned them homewards, for it was nigh nightfall.

The lord was gladsome at his return, and found a bright fire on the hearth, and the knight beside it, the good Sir Gawain, who was in joyous mood for the pleasure he had had with the ladies. He wore a robe of blue, that reached even to the ground, and a surcoat richly furred, that became him well. A hood like to the surcoat fell on his shoulders, and all alike were done about with fur. He met the host in the midst of the floor, and jesting, he greeted him, and said, "Now shall I be first to fulfil our covenant which we made together when there was no lack of wine." Then he embraced the knight, and kissed him thrice, as solemnly as he might.

"Of a sooth," quoth the other, "ye have good luck in the matter of this covenant, if ye made a good exchange!"

"Yea, it matters naught of the exchange," quoth Gawain, "since what I owe is swiftly paid."

"Marry," said the other, "mine is behind, for I have hunted all this day, and naught have I got but this foul fox-skin, and that is but poor payment for three such kisses as ye have here given me."

"Enough," quoth Sir Gawain, "I thank ye, by the Rood."

Then the lord told them of his hunting, and how the fox had been slain.

With mirth and minstrelsy, and dainties at their will, they made them as merry as a folk well might till 'twas time for them to sever, for at last they must needs betake them to their beds. Then the knight took his leave of the lord, and thanked him fairly.

"For the fair sojourn that I have had here at this high feast may the High King give ye honour. I give ye myself, as one of your servants, if ye so like; for I must needs, as you know, go hence with the morn, and ye will give me, as ye promised, a guide to show me the way to the Green Chapel, an God will suffer me on New Year's Day to deal the doom of my weird."

"By my faith," quoth the host, "all that ever I promised, that shall I keep with good will." Then he gave him a servant to set him in the way, and lead him by the downs, that he should have no need to ford the stream, and should fare by the shortest road through the groves; and Gawain thanked the lord for the honour done him. Then he would take leave of the ladies, and courteously he kissed them, and spake, praying them to receive his thanks, and they made like reply; then with many sighs they commended him to Christ, and he departed courteously from that folk. Each man that he met he thanked him for his service and his solace, and the pains he had been at to do his will; and each found it as hard to part from the knight as if he had ever dwelt with him.

Then they led him with torches to his chamber, and brought him to his bed to rest. That he slept soundly I may not say, for the morrow gave him much to think on. Let him rest awhile, for he was near that which he sought, and if ye will but listen to me I will tell ye how it fared with him thereafter. *****

Now the New Year drew nigh, and the night passed, and the day chased the darkness, as is God's will; but wild weather wakened therewith. The clouds cast the cold to the earth, with enough of the north to slay them that lacked clothing. The snow drave smartly, and the whistling wind blew from the heights, and made great drifts in the valleys. The knight, lying in his bed, listened, for though his eyes were shut, he might sleep but little, and hearkened every cock that crew.

He arose ere the day broke, by the light of a lamp that burned in his chamber, and called to his chamberlain, bidding him bring his armour and saddle his steed. The other gat him up, and fetched his garments, and robed Sir Gawain.

First he clad him in his clothes to keep off the cold, and then in his harness, which was well and fairly kept. Both hauberk and plates were well burnished, the rings of the rich byrny freed from rust, and all as fresh as at first, so that the knight was fain to thank them. Then he did on each piece, and bade them bring his steed, while he put the fairest raiment on himself; his coat with its fair cognizance, adorned with precious stones upon velvet, with broidered seams, and all furred within with costly skins. And he left not the lace, the lady's gift, that Gawain forgot not, for his own good. When he had girded on his sword he wrapped the gift twice about him, swathed around his waist. The girdle of green silk set gaily and well upon the royal red cloth, rich to behold, but the knight ware it not for pride of the pendants, polished though they were with fair gold that gleamed brightly on the ends, but to save himself from sword and knife, when it behoved him to abide his hurt without question. With that the hero went forth, and thanked that kindly folk full often.

Then was Gringalet ready, that was great and strong, and had been well cared for and tended in every wise; in fair condition was that proud steed, and fit for a journey. Then Gawain went to him, and looked on his coat, and said by his sooth, "There is a folk in this place that thinketh on honour; much joy may they have, and the lord who maintains them, and may all good betide that lovely

lady all her life long. Since they for charity cherish a guest, and hold honour in their hands, may He who holds the heaven on high requite them, and also ye all. And if I might live anywhere on earth, I would give ye full reward, readily, if so I might." Then he set foot in the stirrup and bestrode his steed, and his squire gave him his shield, which he laid on his shoulder. Then he smote Gringalet with his golden spurs, and the steed pranced on the stones and would stand no longer.

By that his man was mounted, who bare his spear and lance, and Gawain quoth, "I commend this castle to Christ, may He give it ever good fortune." Then the drawbridge was let down, and the broad gates unbarred and opened on both sides; the knight crossed himself, and passed through the gateway, and praised the porter, who knelt before the prince, and gave him good-day, and commended him to God. Thus the knight went on his way with the one man who should guide him to that dread place where he should receive rueful payment.

The two went by hedges where the boughs were bare, and climbed the cliffs where the cold clings. Naught fell from the heavens, but 'twas ill beneath them; mist brooded over the moor and hung on the mountains; each hill had a cap, a great cloak, of mist. The streams foamed and bubbled between their banks, dashing sparkling on the shores where they shelved downwards. Rugged and dangerous was the way through the woods, till it was time for the sun-rising. Then were they on a high hill; the snow lay white beside them, and the man who rode with Gawain drew rein by his master.

"Sir," he said, "I have brought ye hither, and now ye are not far from the place that ye have sought so specially. But I will tell ye for sooth, since I know ye well, and ye are such a knight as I well love, would ye follow my counsel ye would fare the better. The place whither ye go is accounted full perilous, for he who liveth in that waste is the worst on earth, for he is strong and fierce, and loveth to deal mighty blows; taller is he than any man on earth, and greater of frame than any four in Arthur's court, or in any other. And this is his custom at the Green Chapel; there may no man pass by that place, however proud his arms, but he does him to death by force of his hand, for he is a discourteous knight, and shews no mercy. Be he churl or chaplain who rides by that chapel, monk or mass priest, or any man else, he thinks it as pleasant to slay them as to pass alive himself. Therefore, I tell ye, as sooth as ye sit in saddle, if ye come there and that knight know it, ye shall be slain, though ye had twenty lives; trow me that truly! He has dwelt here full long and seen many a combat; ye may not defend ye against his blows. Therefore, good Sir Gawain, let the man be, and get ye away some other road; for God's sake seek ye another land, and there may Christ speed ye! And I will hie me home again, and I promise ye further that I will swear by God and the saints, or any other oath ye please, that I will keep counsel faithfully, and never let any wit the tale that ye fled for fear of any man."

"Gramercy," quoth Gawain, but ill-pleased. "Good fortune be his who wishes me good, and that thou wouldst keep faith with me I will believe; but didst thou keep it never so truly, an I passed here and fled for fear as thou sayest, then were I a coward knight, and might not be held guiltless. So I will to the chapel let chance what may, and talk with that man, even as I may list, whether for weal or for woe as fate may have it. Fierce though he may be in fight, yet God knoweth well how to save His servants."

"Well," quoth the other, "now that ye have said so much that ye will take your own harm on yourself, and ye be pleased to lose your life, I will neither let nor keep ye. Have here your helm and the spear in your hand, and ride down this same road beside the rock till ye come to the bottom of the valley, and there look a little to the left hand, and ye shall see in that vale the chapel, and the grim man who keeps it. Now fare ye well, noble Gawain; for all the gold on earth I would not go with ye nor bear ye fellowship one step further." With that the man turned his bridle into the wood, smote the horse with his spurs as hard as he could, and galloped off, leaving the knight alone.

Quoth Gawain, "I will neither greet nor groan, but commend myself to God, and yield me to His will."

Then the knight spurred Gringalet, and rode adown the path close in by a bank beside a grove. So he rode through the rough thicket, right into the dale, and there he halted, for it seemed him wild enough. No sign of a chapel could he see, but high and burnt banks on either side and rough rugged crags with great stones above. An ill-looking place he thought it.

Then he drew in his horse and looked around to seek the chapel, but he saw none and thought it strange. Then he saw as it were a mound on a level space of land by a bank beside the stream where it ran swiftly, the water bubbled within as if boiling. The knight turned his steed to the mound, and lighted down and tied the rein to the branch of a linden; and he turned to the mound and walked round it, questioning with himself what it might be. It had a hole at the end and at either side, and was overgrown with clumps of grass, and it was hollow within as an old cave or the crevice of a crag; he knew not what it might be.

"Ah," quoth Gawain, "can this be the Green Chapel? Here might the devil say his mattins at midnight! Now I wis there is wizardry here. 'Tis an ugly oratory, all overgrown with grass, and 'twould well beseem that fellow in green to say his devotions on devil's wise. Now feel I in five wits, 'tis the foul fiend himself who hath set me this tryst, to destroy me here! This is a chapel of mischance: ill-luck betide it, 'tis the cursedest kirk that ever I came in!"

Helmet on head and lance in hand, he came up to the rough dwelling, when he heard over the high hill beyond the brook, as it were in a bank, a wondrous fierce noise, that rang in the cliff as if it would cleave asunder. 'Twas as if one ground a scythe on a grindstone, it whirred and whetted like water on a mill-wheel and rushed and rang, terrible to hear.

"By God," quoth Gawain, "I trow that gear is preparing for the knight who will meet me here. Alas! naught may help me, yet should my life be forfeit, I fear not a jot!" With that he called aloud. "Who waiteth in this place to give me tryst? Now is Gawain come hither: if any man will aught of him let him hasten hither now or never."

"Stay," quoth one on the bank above his head, "and ye shall speedily have that which I promised ye." Yet for a while the noise of whetting went on ere he appeared, and then he came forth from a cave in the crag with a fell weapon, a Danish axe newly dight, wherewith to deal the blow. An evil head it had, four feet large, no less, sharply ground, and bound to the handle by the lace that gleamed brightly. And the knight himself was all green as before, face and foot, locks and beard, but now he was afoot. When he came to the water he would not wade it, but sprang over with the pole of his axe, and strode boldly over the brent that was white with snow.

Sir Gawain went to meet him, but he made no low bow. The other said, "Now, fair sir, one may trust thee to keep tryst. Thou art welcome, Gawain, to my place. Thou hast timed thy coming as befits a true man. Thou knowest the covenant set between us: at this time twelve months agone thou didst take that which fell to thee, and I at this New Year will readily requite thee. We are in this valley, verily alone, here are no knights to sever us, do what we will. Have off thy helm from thine head, and have here thy pay; make me no more talking than I did then when thou didst strike off my head with one blow."

"Nay," quoth Gawain, "by God that gave me life, I shall make no moan whatever befall me, but make thou ready for the blow and I shall stand still and say never a word to thee, do as thou wilt."

With that he bent his head and shewed his neck all bare, and made as if he had no fear, for he would not be thought a-dread.

Then the Green Knight made him ready, and grasped his grim weapon to smite Gawain. With all his force he bore it aloft with a mighty feint of slaying him: had it fallen as straight as he aimed he who was ever doughty of deed had been slain by the blow. But Gawain swerved aside as the axe came gliding down to slay him as he stood, and shrank a little with the shoulders, for the sharp iron. The other heaved up the blade and rebuked the prince with many proud words:

"Thou art not Gawain," he said, "who is held so valiant, that never feared he man by hill or vale, but thou shrinkest for fear ere thou feelest hurt. Such cowardice did I never hear of Gawain! Neither did I flinch from thy blow, or make strife in King Arthur's hall. My head fell to my feet, and yet I fled not; but thou didst wax faint of heart ere any harm befell. Wherefore must I be deemed the braver knight."

Quoth Gawain, "I shrank once, but so will I no more, though an my head fall on the stones I cannot replace it. But haste, Sir Knight, by thy faith, and bring me to the point, deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I will stand thee a stroke and move no more till thine axe have hit me–my troth on it."

"Have at thee, then," quoth the other, and heaved aloft the axe with fierce mien, as if he were mad. He struck at him fiercely but wounded him not, withholding his hand ere it might strike him.

Gawain abode the stroke, and flinched in no limb, but stood still as a stone or the stump of a tree that is fast rooted in the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then spake gaily the man in green, "So now thou hast thine heart whole it behoves me to smite. Hold aside thy hood that Arthur gave thee, and keep thy neck thus bent lest it cover it again."

Then Gawain said angrily, "Why talk on thus? Thou dost threaten too long. I hope thy heart misgives thee."

"For sooth," quoth the other, "so fiercely thou speakest I will no longer let thine errand wait its reward." Then he braced himself to strike, frowning with lips and brow, 'twas no marvel that it pleased but ill him who hoped for no rescue. He lifted the axe lightly and let it fall with the edge of the blade on the bare neck. Though he struck swiftly it hurt him no more than on the one side where it severed the skin. The sharp blade cut into the flesh so that the blood ran over his shoulder to the ground. And when the knight saw the blood staining the snow, he sprang forth, swift-foot, more than a spear's length, seized his helmet and set it on his head, cast his shield over his shoulder, drew out his bright sword, and spake boldly (never since he was born was he half so blithe), "Stop, Sir Knight, bid me no more blows. I have stood a stroke here without flinching, and if thou give me another, I shall requite thee, and give thee as good again. By the covenant made betwixt us in Arthur's hall but one blow falls to me here. Halt, therefore."

Then the Green Knight drew off from him and leaned on his axe, setting the shaft on the ground, and looked on Gawain as he stood all armed and faced him fearlessly–at heart it pleased him well. Then he spake merrily in a loud voice, and said to the knight, “Bold sir, be not so fierce, no man here hath done thee wrong, nor will do, save by covenant, as we made at Arthur’s court. I promised thee a blow and thou hast it–hold thyself well paid! I release thee of all other claims. If I had been so minded I might perchance have given thee a rougher buffet. First I menaced thee with a feigned one, and hurt thee not for the covenant that we made in the first night, and which thou didst hold truly. All the gain didst thou give me as a true man should. The other feint I proffered thee for the morrow: my fair wife kissed thee, and thou didst give me her kisses–for both those days I gave thee two blows without scathe–true man, true return. But the third time thou didst fail, and therefore hadst thou that blow. For ’tis my weed thou wearest, that same woven girdle, my own wife wrought it, that do I wot for sooth. Now know I well thy kisses, and thy conversation, and the wooing of my wife, for ’twas mine own doing. I sent her to try thee, and in sooth I think thou art the most faultless knight that ever trode earth. As a pearl among white peas is of more worth than they, so is Gawain, i’ faith, by other knights. But thou didst lack a little, Sir Knight, and wast wanting in loyalty, yet that was for no evil work, nor for wooing neither, but because thou lovedst thy life–therefore I blame thee the less.”

Then the other stood a great while, still sorely angered and vexed within himself; all the blood flew to his face, and he shrank for shame as the Green Knight spake; and the first words he said were, “Cursed be ye, cowardice and covetousness, for in ye is the destruction of virtue.” Then he loosed the girdle, and gave it to the knight. “Lo, take there the falsity, may foul befall it! For fear of thy blow cowardice bade me make friends with covetousness and forsake the customs of largess and loyalty, which befit all knights. Now am I faulty and false and have been afeared: from treachery and untruth come sorrow and care. I avow to thee, Sir Knight, that I have ill done; do then thy will. I shall be more wary hereafter.”

Then the other laughed and said gaily, “I wot I am whole of the hurt I had, and thou hast made such free confession of thy misdeeds, and hast so borne the penance of mine axe edge, that I hold thee absolved from that sin, and purged as clean as if thou hadst never sinned since thou wast born. And this girdle that is wrought with gold and green, like my raiment, do I give thee, Sir Gawain, that thou mayest think upon this chance when thou goest forth among princes of renown, and keep this for a token of the adventure of the Green Chapel, as it chanced between chivalrous knights. And thou shalt come again with me to my dwelling and pass the rest of this feast in gladness.” Then the lord laid hold of him, and said, “I wot we shall soon make peace with my wife, who was thy bitter enemy.”

“Nay, forsooth,” said Sir Gawain, and seized his helmet and took it off swiftly, and thanked the knight: “I have fared ill, may bliss betide thee, and may He who rules all things reward thee swiftly. Commend me to that courteous lady, thy fair wife, and to the other my honoured ladies, who have beguiled their knight with skilful craft. But ’tis no marvel if one be made a fool and brought to sorrow by women’s wiles, for so was Adam beguiled by one, and Solomon by many, and Samson all too soon, for Delilah dealt him his doom; and David thereafter was wedded with Bathsheba, which brought him much sorrow–if one might love a woman and believe her not, ’twere great gain! And since all they were beguiled by women, methinks ’tis the less blame to me that I was misled! But as for thy girdle, that will I take with good will, not for gain of the gold, nor for samite, nor silk, nor the costly pendants, neither for weal nor for worship, but in sign of my frailty. I shall look upon it when I ride in renown and remind myself of the fault and faintness of the flesh; and so when pride uplifts me for prowess of arms, the sight of this lace shall humble my heart. But one thing would I pray, if it displease thee not: since thou art lord of yonder land wherein I have dwelt, tell me what thy rightful name may be, and I will ask no more.”

“That will I truly,” quoth the other. “Bernlak de Hautdesert am I called in this land. Morgain le Fay dwelleth in mine house 12, and through knowledge of clerkly craft hath she taken many. For long time was she the mistress of Merlin, who knew well all you knights of the court. Morgain the goddess is she called therefore, and there is none so haughty but she can bring him low. She sent me in this guise to yon fair hall to test the truth of the renown that is spread abroad of the valour of the Round Table. She taught me this marvel to betray your wits, to vex Guinevere and fright her to death by the man who spake with his head in his hand at the high table. That is she who is at home, that ancient lady, she is even thine aunt, Arthur’s half-sister, the daughter of the Duchess of Tintagel, who afterward married King Uther. Therefore I bid thee, knight, come to thine aunt, and make merry in thine house; my folk love thee, and I wish thee as well as any man on earth, by my faith, for thy true dealing.”

But Sir Gawain said nay, he would in no wise do so; so they embraced and kissed, and commended each other to the Prince of Paradise, and parted right there, on the cold ground. Gawain on his steed rode swiftly to the king’s hall, and the Green Knight got him whithersoever he would.

Sir Gawain who had thus won grace of his life, rode through wild ways on Gringalet; oft he lodged in a house, and oft without, and many adventures did he have and came off victor full often, as at this time I cannot relate in tale. The hurt that he had in his neck was healed, he bare the shining girdle as a baldric bound by his side, and made fast with a knot ‘neath his left arm, in token that he was taken in a fault–and thus he came in safety again to the court.

Then joy awakened in that dwelling when the king knew that the good Sir Gawain was come, for he deemed it gain. King Arthur kissed the knight, and the queen also, and many valiant knights sought to embrace him. They asked him how he had fared, and he told them all that had chanced to him–the adventure of the chapel, the fashion of the knight, the love of the lady–at last of the lace. He showed them the wound in the neck which he won for his disloyalty at the hand of the knight, the blood flew to his face for shame as he told the tale.

“Lo, lady,” he quoth, and handled the lace, “this is the bond of the blame that I bear in my neck, this is the harm and the loss I have suffered, the cowardice and covetousness in which I was caught, the token of my covenant in which I was taken. And I must needs wear it so long as I live, for none may hide his harm, but undone it may not be, for if it hath clung to thee once, it may never be severed.”

Then the king comforted the knight, and the court laughed loudly at the tale, and all made accord that the lords and the ladies who belonged to the Round Table, each hero among them, should wear bound about him a baldric of bright green for the sake of Sir Gawain.13 And to this was agreed all the honour of the Round Table, and he who ware it was honoured the more thereafter, as it is testified in the best book of romance. That in Arthur’s days this adventure befell, the book of Brutus bears witness. For since that bold knight came hither first, and the siege and the assault were ceased at Troy, I wis

Many a venture herebefore

Hath fallen such as this:

May He that bare the crown of thorn

Bring us unto His bliss.

Amen.

Source:

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7: Chaucer's The Miller's Prologue and Tale

Access

The text is located at https://sites.fas.harvard.edu/~chaucer/teachslf/milt-par.htm

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8: John Gower

“The Tale of Terius”
from the Confessio Amanits

Ther was a real noble king,
Royal
And riche of alle worldee thing,
Worldes
Which of his propre enheritance
Athenes hadde in governance,
And who so thenke therupon,
His name was King Pandion.
Tuo douhtres hadde he be his wif,
two
The whiche he lovede as his lif.
The ferste douhter Progné hihte,
was called Procne
And the secounde, as sche wel mihte,
Was cleped faire Philomene,
callked
To whom fell after mochel tene.
suffering
The fader of his pourveance
foresight
His doughter Progné wolde avance,
advanced
And gaf hire unto mariage
A worthi king of hih lignage,
noble;birth
A noble kniht eke of his hond,
also
So was he kid in every lond,
famous
Of Trace he hihte Tereus;
was called
The clerk Ovide telleth thus.
This Tereus his wif hom ladde;
A lusti lif with hire he hadde,
Til it befell upon a tyde,
time
This Progné, as sche lay him besyde,
Bethoughte hir hou it mihte be
That sche hir soster myhte se,
And to hir lord hir will sche seide
With goodly wordes, and him preide
That sche to hire mihte go,
And if it liked him noght so,
did not please him
That thanne he wolde himselve wende,
go
Or elles be som other sende,
someone else
Which mihte hire diere soster griete,
great

And schape hou that thei mihten miete.
figure out houw;meet
Hir lord anon to that he herde
at once to what he heard
Gaf his acord, and thus ansuerde:
‘I wole,’ he seide, ‘for thi sake
The weie after thi soster take
Miself, and bringe hire, if I may.’
And sche with that, there as he lay,
Began him in hire armes clippe
embrace
And kist him with hir softe lippe,
And seide, ‘Sire, grant mercy.’
And he sone after was redy,
And tok his leve for to go;
In sori time dede he so.
This Tereus goth forth to schipe
With him and with his felaschipe.
Be see the rihte cours he nam,
Into the contré til he cam
Wher Philomene was duellinge,
And of hir soster the tidinge
He tolde, and tho thei weren glade,
And mochel joie of him thei made.
The fader and the moder bothe
To leve here douhter weren lothe,
leave their
Bot if thei weren in presence.
Unless;were in attendance
And natheles at reverence
out of respect
Of him, that wolde himself travaile,
For;carry out the mission
Thei wolden noght he scholde faile
Of that he preide, and give hire leve.
asked;their permission
And sche, that wolde noght beleve,
be left behind
In alle haste made hire yare
made herself ready
Toward hir soster for to fare
With Tereus, and forth sche wente.
And he, with al his hole entente
Whan sche was fro hir frendes go
Assoteth of hire love so,
Became so besotted with love of her
His yhe myhte he noght withholde,
[That] his eye
That he ne moste on hir beholde.
And with the sihte he gan desire
And sette his oghne herte on fyre.
And fyr, whan it to tow aprocheth,
straw
To him anon the strengthe acrocheth,
To itself at once gathers
Til with his hete it be devoured;
its heat
The tow ne mai noght be socoured.

straw;rescued
And so that tirant raviner,
tyrannical ravager
Whan that sche was in his pouer
And he therto sawh time and place,
As he that lost hath alle grace
Forgat he was a wedded man,
And in a rage on hire he ran,
Riht as a wolf which takth his preie.
prey
And sche began to crie and preie,
'O fader, o mi moder diere,
Nou help!' Bot thei ne mihte it hiere,
hear
And sche was of to litel myht
strength
Defense agein so ruide a knyht
To make, whanne he was so wod
reckless
That he no reson understod,
Bot hield hire under in such wise
That sche ne myhte noght arise,
Bot lay oppressed and desesed
distressed
As if a goshauk hadde sesed
seized
A brid, which dorste noght for fere
who dared not;fear
Remue: and thus this tirant there
flee
Beraft hire such thing as men sein
Mai neveremor be yolde agein,
yielded
And that was the virginité:
Of such Ravine it was pité.
Bot whan sche to hirselven com,
And of hir meschief hiede nom,
took heed
And knew hou that sche was no maide,
With wofull herte thus sche saide:
'O thou of alle men the worste,
Wher was ther evere man that dorste
breadth
Do such a dede as thou hast do?
What you have done;force
That dai schal falle, I hope so,
That I schal telle out al mi fille,
And with mi speche I schal fulfille
The wyde world in brede and lengthe.
That thou hast do to me be strengthe,
If I among the poeple duelle,
Unto the poeple I schal it telle;
call
And if I be withinne wall
Of stones closed, thanne I schal
Unto the stones clepe and crie,
And tellen hem thi felonie;
And if I to the wodes wende,

Ther schal I tellen tale and ende,
And crie it to the briddes oute,
That thei schul hiere it al aboute.
For I so loude it schal reherce,
That my vois schal the hevene perce,
pierce
That it schal soune in Goddes ere.
ear
Ha, false man, where is thi fere?
reverence
O mor cruel than eny beste,
beast
Hou hast thou holden thi beheste
promise
Which thou unto my soster madest?
O thou, which alle love ungladest,
And art ensample of alle untrewe,
Nou wolde God mi soster knewe,
Of thin untrouthe, hou that it stod!'
And he thanne as a lyon wod
enraged
With hise unhappi handes stronge
Hire cauhte be the tresses longe,
With whiche he bond ther bothe hire armes –
That was a fieble dede of armes –
And to the grounde anon hire caste,
And out he clippeth also faste
Hire tunge with a peire scheres.
scissors
So what with blod and what with teres
Out of hire yhe and of hir mouth,
eyes
He made hire faire face uncouth.
unrecognizable
Sche lay swounende unto the deth,
Ther was unethes eny breth.
scarcely
Bot yit whan he hire tunge refte,
A litel part therof belefte,
was left
Bot sche with al no word mai soune,
articulate
Bot chitre and as a brid jargoune.
chitter;chatter
And natheles that wode hound
insane friend
Hir bodi hent up fro the ground,
And sente hir there as be his wille
[to a place] where
Sche scholde abyde in prison stille
Foreveremo. Bot nou tak hiede
What after fell of this misdede.
Whanne al this meschief was befalle,
This Tereus – that foule him falle! –
who may evile befall
Unto his contré hom he tyh;
came
And whan he com his paleis nyh,

His wif al redi there him kepte.
Whan he hir sih, anon he wepte,
And that he dede for deceite.
For sche began to axe him streite,
‘Wher is mi soster?’ And he seide
That sche was ded; and Progné abreide,
As sche that was a wofull wif,
And stod betuen hire deth and lif,
Of that sche herde such tidinge.
Bot for sche sih hire lord wepinge,
Sche wende noght bot alle trouthe,
And hadde wel the more routhe.
The perles weren tho forsake
To hire, and blake clothes take;
As sche that was gentil and kinde,
In worschipe of hir sostres mynde
Sche made a riche enterement,
For sche fond non amendement
To syghen or to sobbe more:
So was ther guile under the gore.
Nou leve we this king and queene,
And torne agein to Philomene,
As I began to tellen erst.
Whan sche cam into prison ferst,
It thoghte a kinges douhter strange
To maken so soudein a change
Fro welthe unto so grete a wo;
And sche began to thenke tho,
Thogh sche be mouthe nothing preide,
Withinne hir herte thus sche seide:
‘O thou, almyhty Jupiter,
That hihe sist and lokest fer,
Thou soffrest many a wrong doinge,
And yit it is noght thi willinge.
To thee ther mai nothing ben hid,
Thou wost hou it is me betid.
I wolde I hadde noght be bore,
For thanne I hadde noght forlore
Mi speche and mi virginité.
Bot, goode lord, al is in thee,
Whan thou therof wolt do vengance
And schape mi deliverance.’
And evere among this ladi wepte,
And thoghte that sche nevere kepte
To ben a worldes womman more,
And that sche wissheth everemore.
Bot ofte unto hir soster diere
Hire herte spekth in this manere,
And seide, ‘Ha, soster, if ye knewe
Of myn astat, ye wolde rewe,
I trowe, and my deliverance
Ye wolde schape, and do vengance
On him that is so fals a man.
And natheles, so as I can,
I wol you sende som tokninge,
Wherof ye schul have knowlechinge
Of thing I wot, that schal you lothe,
The which you toucheth and me bothe.’

And tho withinne a whyle als tyt
Sche waf a cloth of selk al whyt
With lettres and ymagerie,
In which was al the felonie
Which Tereus to hire hath do;
And lappede it togedre tho
And sette hir signet therupon
And sende it unto Progné anon.
The messager which forth it bar,
What it amonteth is noght war;
And natheles to Progné he goth
And prively takth hire the cloth,
And wente agein riht as he cam.
The court of him non hiede nam.
Whan Progné of Philomene herde,
Sche wolde knowe hou that it ferde,
And opneth that the man hath broght,
And wot therby what hath be wroght
And what meschief ther is befalle.
In swoune tho sche gan doun falle,
And efte aros and gan to stonde,
And eft sche takth the cloth on honde,
Behield the lettres and th'ymages.
Bot ate laste, 'Of suche oultrages,'
Sche seith, 'wepinge is noght the bote,'
And swerth, if that sche live mote,
It schal be venged otherwise.
And with that sche gan hire avise
Hou ferst sche mihte unto hire winne
Hir soster, that no man withinne,
Bot only thei that were suore,
It scholde knowe, and schop therfore
That Tereus nothing it wiste;
And yit riht as hirselven liste,
Hir soster was delivered sone
Out of prison, and be the mone
To Progné sche was broght be nyhte.
Whan ech of other hadde a sihte,
In chambre, ther thei were alone,
Thei maden many a pitous mone;
Bot Progné most of sorwe made,
Which sihe hir soster pale and fade
And specheles and deshonoured,
Of that sche hadde be defloured;
And ek upon hir lord sche thoghte,
Of that he so untreuly wroghte
And hadde his espousaile broke.
Sche makth a vou it schal be wroke,
And with that word sche kneleth doun
Wepinge in gret devocioun.
Unto Cupide and to Venus
Sche preide and seide thanne thus:
'O ye, to whom nothing asterte
Of love mai, for every herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben above
The god and the goddesse of love:
Ye witen wel that evere yit
With al mi will and al my wit,

Sith ferst ye schopen me to wedde,
That I lay with mi lord abedde,
I have be trewe in mi degré,
And evere thoghte for to be,
And nevere love in other place,
Bot al only the king of Trace,
Which is mi lord and I his wif.
Bot nou allas this wofull strif!
That I him thus ageinward finde
The most untrewe and most unkinde
That evere in ladi armes lay.
And wel I wot that he ne may
Amende his wrong, it is so gret;
For he to lytel of me let,
Whan he myn oughne soster tok,
And me that am his wif forsok.'
Lo, thus to Venus and Cupide
Sche preide, and furthermor sche cride
Unto Appollo the hiheste,
And seide, 'O myhti god of reste,
Thou do vengance of this debat.
Mi soster and al hire astat
Thou wost, and hou sche hath forlore
Hir maidenhod, and I therfore
In al the world schal bere a blame
Of that mi soster hath a schame,
That Tereus to hire I sente.
And wel thou wost that myn entente
Was al for worschipe and for goode.
O lord, that gifst the lives fode
To every wyht, I prei thee hiere
Thes wofull sostres that ben hiere,
And let ous noght to thee ben lothe;
We ben thin oghne wommen bothe.'
Thus pleigneth Progné and axeth wreche,
As, thogh hire soster lacke speche,
To him that alle thinges wot
Hire sorwe is noght the lasse hot.
Bot he that thanne had herd hem tuo,
Him oughte have sorwed everemo
For sorwe which was hem betuene.
With signes pleigneth Philomene,
And Progné seith, 'It schal be wreke,
That al the world therof schal speke.'
And Progné tho seknesse feigneth,
Wherof unto hir lord sche pleigneth,
And preith sche moste hire chambres kepe,
And as hir liketh wake and slepe.
And he hire granteth to be so;
And thus togedre ben thei tuo,
That wolde him bot a litel good.
Nou herk hierafter hou it stod
Of wofull auntres that befelle:
Thes sostres, that ben bothe felle
(And that was noght on hem along,
Bot onliche on the grete wrong
Which Tereus hem hadde do),
Thei schopen for to venge hem tho.

This Tereus be Progné his wif
A sone hath, which as his lif
He loveth, and Ithis he hihte:
His moder wiste wel sche mihte
Do Tereus no more grief
Than sle this child, which was so lief.
Thus sche, that was, as who seith, mad
Of wo, which hath hir overlad,
Withoute insihte of moderhede
Forgat pité and loste drede,
And in hir chambre prively
This child withouten noise or cry
Sche slou, and hieu him al to pieces.
And after with diverse spieces
The fleissh, whan it was so toheewe,
Sche takth, and makth therof a sewe,
With which the fader at his mete
Was served, til he hadde him ete;
That he ne wiste hou that it stod,
Bot thus his oughne fleissh and blod
Himself devoureth agein kinde,
As he that was tofore unkinde.
And thanne, er that he were arise,
For that he scholde ben agrise,
To schewen him the child was ded,
This Philomene tok the hed
Betwen tuo disshes, and al wrothe
Tho comen forth the sostres bothe,
And setten it upon the bord.
And Progné tho began the word,
And seide, ‘O werste of alle wicke,
Of conscience whom no pricke
Mai stere, lo, what thou hast do!
Lo, hier be nou we sostres tuo;
O raviner, lo hier thi preie,
With whom so falsliche on the weie
Thou hast thi tirannye wroght.
Lo, nou it is somdel aboght,
And bet it schal, for of thi dede
The world schal evere singe and rede
In remembrance of thi defame.
For thou to love hast do such schame,
That it schal nevere be forgete.’
With that he sterte up fro the mete,
And schof the bord unto the flor,
And cauhte a swerd anon and suor
That thei scholde of his hondes dye
And thei unto the goddes crie
Begunne with so loude a stevene,
That thei were herd unto the hevene;
And in a twinclinge of an yhe
The goddes, that the meschief syhe,
Here formes changen alle thre.
Ech on of hem in his degré
Was torned into briddes kinde;
Diverseliche, as men mai finde,
After th’astat that thei were inne,
Here formes were set atwinne.

And as it telleth in the tale,
The ferst into a nyhtingale
Was schape, and that was Philomene,
Which in the wynter is noght sene,
For thanne ben the leves falle
And naked ben the buisshes alle.
For after that sche was a brid,
Hir will was evere to ben hid,
And for to duelle in privé place,
That no man scholde sen hir face
For schame, which mai noght be lassed,
Of thing that was tofore passed,
Whan that sche loste hir maidenhiede.
Forevere upon hir wommanhiede,
Thogh that the goddes wolde hire change,
Sche thenkth, and is the more strange,
And halt hir clos the wyntres day.
Bot whan the wynter goth away,
And that Nature the goddesse
Wole of hir oughne fre largesse
With herbes and with floures bothe
The feldes and the medwes clothe,
And ek the wodes and the greves
Ben heled al with grene leves,
So that a brid hire hyde mai,
Betwen Averil and March and Maii,
Sche that the wynter hield hir clos,
For pure schame and noght aros,
Whan that sche seth the bowes thikke,
And that ther is no bare sticke,
Bot al is hid with leves grene,
To wode comth this Philomene
And makth hir ferste yeres flyht;
Wher as sche singeth day and nyht,
And in hir song al openly
Sche makth hir pleignte and seith, ‘O why,
O why ne were I yit a maide?’
For so these olde wise saide,
Which understoden what sche mente,
Hire notes ben of such entente.
And ek thei seide hou in hir song
Sche makth gret joie and merthe among,
And seith, ‘Ha, nou I am a brid,
Ha, nou mi face mai ben hid.
Thogh I have lost mi maidenhede,
Schal no man se my chekes rede.’
Thus medleth sche with joie wo
And with hir sorwe merthe also,
So that of loves maladie
Sche makth diverse melodie,
And seith love is a wofull blisse,
A wisdom which can no man wisse,
A lusti fievere, a wounde softe:
This note sche reherceth ofte
To hem whiche understonde hir tale.
Nou have I of this nyhtingale,
Which erst was cleped Philomene,
Told al that evere I wolde mene,

Bothe of hir forme and of hir note,
Wherof men mai the storie note.
And of hir soster Progné I finde,
Hou sche was torned out of kinde
Into a swalwe swift of winge,
Which ek in wynter lith swounynge,
Ther as sche mai nothing be sene.
Bot whan the world is woxe grene
And comen is the somertide,
Than fleth sche forth and ginth to chide,
And chitreth out in hir langage
What falshod is in mariage,
And telleth in a maner speche
Of Tereus the spousebreche.
Sche wol noght in the wodes duelle,
For sche wolde openliche telle;
And ek for that sche was a spouse,
Among the folk sche comth to house,
To do thes wyves understonde
The falshod of here housebonde,
That thei of hem be war also,
For ther ben manye untrewe of tho.
Thus ben the sostres briddes bothe,
And ben toward the men so lothe,
That thei ne wole of pure schame
Unto no mannes hand be tame.
Forevere it duelleth in here mynde
Of that thei founde a man unkinde,
And that was false Tereus.
If such on be amonges ous
I not, bot his condicion
Men sein in every region
Withinne toune and ek withoute
Nou regneth comunliche aboute.
And natheles in remembrance
I wol declare what vengance
The goddes hadden him ordeined,
Of that the sostres hadden pleigned.
For anon after he was changed
And from his oghne kinde stranged,
A lappewincke mad he was,
And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
And on his hed ther stant upriht
A creste in tokne he was a kniht;
And yit unto this dai men seith,
A lappewincke hath lore his feith
And is the brid falseste of alle.
[**Confessor**] Bewar, mi sone, er thee so falle;
For if thou be of such covine,
To gete of love be Ravine
Thi lust, it mai thee falle thus,
As it befell of Tereus."
[**Amans**]"Mi fader, goddes forebode!
Me were levere be fortrode
With wilde hors and be todrawe,
Er I agein love and his lawe
Dede eny thing or loude or stille,
Which were noght mi ladi wille.

Men sein that every love hath drede;
So folweth it that I hire drede,
For I hire love, and who so dredeth,
To plese his love and serve him nedeth.
Thus mai ye knowen be this skile
That no Ravine don I wile
Agein hir will be such a weie.
Bot while I live, I wol obeie
Abidinge on hire courtesie,
If eny merci wolde hir plie.
Forthi, mi fader, as of this
I wot noght I have don amis.
Bot furthermore I you beseche,
Som other point that ye me teche,
And axeth forth, if ther be auht,
That I mai be the betre tauht."

[**Robbery**]

Uiuat vt ex spoliis grandi quamsepe tumultu,
Quo graditur populus, latro perurget iter.
Sic amor, ex casu poterit quo carpere predam,
Si locus est aptus, cetera nulla timet.11

[**Confessor**]"Whan Covoitise in povere astat
Stant with himself upon debat
Thurgh lacke of his misgovernance,
That he unto his sustienance
Ne can non other weie finde
To gete him good, thanne as the blinde,
the blind man
Which seth noght what schal after falle,
Who sees
That ilke vice which men calle
Of Robberie, he takth on honde;
Wherof be water and be londe
by
Of thing which othre men beswinke
produce by labor
He get him cloth and mete and drinke.
Him reccheth noght what he beginne,
it does not concern himn
Thurgh thefte so that he mai winne.
Forthi to maken his pourchas
He lith awaitende on the pas,
And what thing that he seth ther passe,
He takth his part, or more or lasse,
If it be worthi to be take.
He can the packes wel ransake,
So prively berth non aboute
His gold, that he ne fint it oute,
may not discover it
Or other juel, what it be;
He takth it as his propreté.
In wodes and in feldes eke
also
Thus Robberie goth to seke,
seek

Wher as he mai his pourpos finde.
And riht so in the same kinde,
Mi goode sone, as thou miht hiere,
To speke of love in the matiere
And make a verrai resemblance,
Riht as a thief makth his chevance
acquisition
And robbeth mennes good aboute
In wode and field, wher he goth oute,
So be ther of these lovers some,
In wylde stedes wher thei come
And finden there a womman able,
And therto place covenable,
Withoute leve, er that thei fare,
Thei take a part of that chaffare:
commodity
Yee, though sche were a scheperdesse,
Yit wol the lord of wantounesse
Assaie, althogh sche be unmete,
displeasing
For other mennes good is swete.
Bot therof wot nothing the wif
knows
At hom, which loveth as hir lif
Hir lord, and sitt alday wisshinge
After hir lordes hom comynge.
Bot whan that he comth hom at eve,
Anon he makth his wif beleve,
For sche noght elles scholde knowe.
He telth hire hou his hunte hath blowe,
And hou his houndes have wel runne,
And hou ther schon a merye sunne,
And hou his haukes flowen wel;
Bot he wol telle hire nevere a diel
Hou he to love untrewe was,
Of that he robbede in the pas,
And tok his lust under the schawe
woods
Agein love and agein his lawe.
Against its law
[**Confessor**]Which thing, mi sone, I thee forbede,
For it is an ungoodly dede.
For who that takth be Robberie
His love, he mai noght justefie
His cause, and so fulofte sithe
times
For ones that he hath be blithe
He schal ben after sory thries.
thrice
Ensample of suche Robberies
I finde write, as thou schalt hiere,
Acordende unto this matiere.

Source:

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9: The York Play of the Crucification

Persons of the Play
Jesus, Soldiers 1,2,3,4
[Scence, Golgotha, afterwards Mount Calvary]

1st Soldier.
Sir knights, take heed hither in haste
This death without trouble we cannot draw,
Ye know yourselves as well as I
How lords and leaders of our law
Have given doom that this dolt shall die.
2nd Soldier.
Sir, all their counsel well we know,
Since we are come to Calvary,
Let every man help now as he ought.
3rd Soldier.
We are all ready lo ! that promise to fulfil.
4th Soldier
Let's hear how we shall do, and go we quick thereto.
1st Soldier.
It may not help here for to wait,
2nd Soldier.
He must be dead, indeed, by noon.
3rd Soldier.

Then is good time that we begin.

4th Soldier.
Let's strike him down, then is he done,
He shall not harm us with his din.
1st Soldier.
He shall be set and learned soon
With grief to him and all his kin.
2nd Soldier.

The foulest death of all shall he die for his

deeds.
3rd Soldier.

That means cross him we shall

4th Soldier.
Behold so right he redis
1st Soldier.
Then to this work we must take heed,
So that our working be not wrong.
2nd Soldier.
None other note to name we need.
But let us haste him for to hang.
3rd Soldier.
And I have gone for gear good speed.
Both hammers and nails large and long.
4th Soldier.

Then may be boldly do this deed.
Come on, let's kill this traitor strong.
1st Soldier.
Ye might, mayhap, do in company,
That has wrought in this way.
2nd Soldier.
We need not for to learn
Such liars to chastise.
3rd Soldier.
Since such a thing is right arrayed
The wiselier now work may we.
4th Soldier.
The cross on ground is goodly placed,
And bored even as it ought to be.
1st Soldier.
Look that the lad on length be laid,
And made full fast unto this tree.
2nd Soldier.
For all his acts he shall be flayed
That one assay soon shall ye see.
3rd Soldier.
Come forth thou cursed knave,
Thy comfort soon shall cool.
4th Soldier.
Thy reward here shalt thou have.

1st Soldier.
Walk on, now work we will.
Jesus.
Almighty God my Father free,
Let this matter be kept in mind,
Thou bid'st that I should obedient be,
For Adam's guilt I should be pyned
Here to death I oblige me
From that sin to save mankind,
And sovereignly beseech I thee,
That they for me may favor find
And bored even as it ought to be.
And from the fiend them (de)fend,
arrayed, put in order.
So that their souls be saved
In weal withouten end.
I care naught else to crave.
1st Soldier.
We! hark, sir knights, for Mahomet's blood!
Of Adam-kind is all his thought.
2nd Soldier.
The wizard waxeth worse than mad,
This doleful deed he dreadeth not.
3rd Soldier.
Thou shouldst have minde, with might and mood,
Of wicked works that thou hast wrought.
4th Soldier.
I think that he had been as good
To have ceased these sayings that he upbrought.
1st Soldier.
Those words shall rue him sore,
For all his sauntering, soon.

2nd Soldier.
Ill speed them that him spare
Till he to death be done !
3rd Soldier.
Have done now, boy, and make thee boune
And bend thy back unto this tree. [Jesus lies down.
4th Soldier.
Behold, himself has laid him down,
In length and breadth as he should be.
1st Soldier.
This traitor here tainted of treason,
Go fast and fetch him then ye three,
And since he claimeth kingdom with crown,
Even as a king here have them shall he.
2nd Soldier.
Now, certis, I shall not feign
Before his right hand be fast.
3rd Soldier.
The left hand then is mine,
Let's see who bears him best.
4th Soldier.
His limbs on length then shall I lead,
And even unto the bore them bring
1st Soldier.
Unto his head I shall take heed,
And with mine hand help him to hang.
2nd Soldier.
Now since we four shall do this deed,
And meddle with this unthrifty thing
Let no man spare for special speed
Till that we have made of this an end.
3rd Soldier.
This order may not fail,
Now we are right arrayed.
4th Soldier.
This boy here in our charge
Shall bide full bitter blows.
1st Soldier.
Sir Knights, how work we now !
2nd Soldier.
Certis, sir, I hope I hold this hand.
3rd Soldier.
And to the boreI have it brought.
Full easily withouten band.
4th Soldier.
Strike on them hard, help him ye ought.
1st Soldier.
Yes, here is a stub will stiffly stand.
Through bones and sinews it shall be sought.
This work is well done, I warrant.
2nd Soldier.
Say, sir, how do we there? This affair may not hold.
3rd Soldier.
It fails a foot and more The sinews are so gone in.
4th Soldier.
I hope that mark amiss be bored.
2nd Soldier.
Then must he bide in bitter pain.

3rd Soldier.
In faith it was o'er scantly scored;
That makes it greatly for to fail.
1st Soldier.
Why speak ye so? fasten a cord
And tug him to it, by head and tail
3rd Soldier.
Yea, thou command'st us lightly as a lord.
Come help to haul, with ille haile.
1st Soldier.
Now certis that shall I do,
Full surely as a snail. And
3rd Soldier.
And I shall fasten him, too,
Full nimbly with a nail.
This work will hold, that dare I promise
For now are bound fast both his hands
4th Soldier.
Go we all four then to his feet
So shall our space be speedily spent.
2nd Soldier.
Let's see what jest his grief might
(a)mend.
There to my back now would I bend.
4th Soldier.
Oh ! this work is all unfit
This boring must be all amend
1st Soldier.
Ah! peace man, for Mahomet,
Let no man know that wonder,
A rope shall pull him down
If all his sinews go asunder.
2nd Soldier.
That cord full kindly can I tie
The comfort of this carle to cool
1st Soldier.
Bind on then fast that all be fit.
It is no matter how cruel it feels.
2nd Soldier.
Pull on ye both a little yet.
3rd Soldier.
I shall not cease, as I have bliss.
4th Soldier.
And I shall go forward, him to hit.
2nd Soldier.
Ow! haul!
4th Soldier.
How now, I hauled it well.
1st Soldier.
Have done, drive in that nail.
So that no fault be found.
4th Soldier.
This working would not fail
If four bulls here were bound.
1st Soldier.
These cords have much increased his pains,
Before he was to the borings brought.
2nd Soldier.

Yea, asunder are both sinews and veins
On either side, so have we sought.
3rd Soldier.
Now all his tricks no thing him gains.
His sauntering shall with grief be bought.
4th Soldier.
I will go say to our sovereigns
Of all this work how we have wrought.
1st Soldier.
Nay sirs, another thing
Falls first to you and me,
I was told we should him hang,
On high that men may see.
2nd Soldier.
We know well so their words were
But sir, that deed will do us harm.
1st Soldier.
It may not mend to argue more.
This caitiff must be hanged here.
2nd Soldier.
The mortice is made fit therefore
3rd Soldier.
Bind on your fingers then, in feere “
4th Soldier.
I think it will never come there.
We four raise it not right this year.
1st Soldier.
Say man, why carp’st thou so?
Thy lifting was but light.
2nd Soldier.
He means there must be more
To heave him up on high.
3rd Soldier.
Now, certis, I hope it shall not need
To call to us more company.
Methinks we four should do this deed
And bear him to yon hill on high.
1st Soldier.
It must be done withouten fear,
No more but look ye be ready ;
And this part shall I lift and lead,
On length he shall no longer lie.
Therefore now make you advance
Let’s bear him to yon hill.
4th Soldier.
Then will I bear here down
And tend his toes unto.
2nd Soldier.
We two shall see to either side,
For else this work will twist all wrong.
3rd Soldier.
We are ready, in God, sirs, abide
And let me first his feet up catch.
2nd Soldier.
Why heed ye so to tales this tyde?
1st Soldier.
Lift up ! [All lift the cross together
4th Soldier.

Let's see!
2nd Soldier.
Oh ! lift along.
3rd Soldier.
From all this harm he should him hide
If he were God.
4th Soldier.
The devil him hang!
1st Soldier.
For great harm have I taken,
My shoulder is in sunder.
2nd Soldier.
And certis, I am near ruined
So long have I borne under.
3rd Soldier.
This cross and I in two must divide
Else breaks my back in sunder soon.
4th Soldier.
Lay down again and leave your din.
This deed for us will never be done.
[They lay it down
1st Soldier.
Assay, sirs, let's see if any thing
May help him up without delay;
For here should strong men honor win
And not with tricks all day to go on.
2nd Soldier.
But stronger men than we
Full few I hope ye find.
3rd Soldier.
This bargain will not be For certis I want wind.
4th Soldier.
So useless at work we never were.
I hope this wretch some cunning cast.
2nd Soldier.
My burden set me wondrous sore.
Unto the hill I might not last.
1st Soldier.
Lift up and soon he shall be there
Therefore fasten on your fingers fast.
3rd Soldier.
Oh, lift ! [They take up the cross again
1st Soldier.
We, lo !
4th Soldier.
A little more.
2nd Soldier.
Hold then !
1st Soldier.
How now!
2nd Soldier.
The worst is past.
3rd Soldier.
He weighs a wicked weight.
2nd Soldier.
So may we all four say,
Ere he was heaved on high,
And raised in this array.

4th Soldier.
He made us stand as any stones,
So mighty-big was he for to bear.
1st Soldier.
Now raise him nimbly for the nonce.
And set him by this mortise here.
And let him fall in all at once
For certis that pain shall have no peer.
3rd Soldier.
Heave up!
4th Soldier.
Let down, so all his bones
Are asunder now on many sides.
1st Soldier.
His falling was more cruel
Than all the hurts he had.
Now may a man well count
The last joint of this lad.
3rd Soldier.
Me thinketh this cross will not abide
Nor stand still in this mortise yet.
4th Soldier.
At the first time was it made o'er wide
That makes it sway, thou may'st well see.
1st Soldier.
It shall be set on every side
So that it shall no further wave.
Good wedges shall we take this tide
And fasten the foot, then is all fit.
2nd Soldier.
Here are wedges well made
For that, both large and small.
3rd Soldier.
Where are our hammers laid?
That we should work withal?
4th Soldier.
We have them here even at our hand.
2nd Soldier.
Give me that wedge, I shall it drive.
4th Soldier.
Here is another yet prepared.
3rd Soldier.
Do bring it me hither at once.
1st Soldier.
Lay on then fast.
3rd Soldier.
Yes, I warrant.
I press them together, so may I thrive,
Now will this cross full stably stand
And if he tear they will not rive.
1st Soldier,
(to Jesus. Say, sir, how lik'st thou now
This work that we have wrought?
4th Soldier.
We pray you tell us how
Ye feel, or faint ye ought?
Jesus.
All men that walk by path or street,

Take heed ye shall no labor lose,
Behold mine head, mine hands, mine feet,
And fully feel now ere ye stay,
If any mourning may be mete
Or mischief measured unto mine.
My Father that all grief may mend,
Forgive these men that do me pain.
What they do know they not,
Therefore, my Father I crave
Let never their sins be sought,
But see their souls to save.
1st Soldier.
We! hark! he prates like a jay.
2nd Soldier.
Methinks he chatters like a pye.
3rd Soldier.
He has been talking all this day
And made great praying of mercy.
4th Soldier.
Is this the same that ‘gan us say,
That he was God’s son almighty?
1st Soldier.
Therefor he feels full sharp afraid,
And doomed this day for to die.
2nd Soldier.
Vah ! ” whoso destroys this temple.”
3rd Soldier.
His sayings were so certain.
4th Soldier.
And, sirs, he said to some
He might raise it again.
1st Soldier.
To show that, he had no might,
For all the cunning that he could cause
And if he were in words so wight,
For all his force now he is fast.
As Pilate judged is done and dight,
Therefore I counsel that we go rest.
2nd Soldier.
This course must be rehearsed right
Through the world, both east and west.
3rd Soldier.
Yea, let him hang here still
And make mouths at the moon.
4th Soldier.
Then may we wend at will.
1st Soldier.
Nay, good sirs, not so soon.
For certis we need look to another note
This kirtle would I of you crave.
2nd Soldier.
Nay, nay sir, we will try by lot.
Which of us four it falls to to have.
3rd Soldier.
I advise we draw cuts for this coat ;
Lo! see how soon all sides to save.
4th Soldier.
The short cut shall win, that well

ye know. Whether it fall to knight or knave.
1st Soldier.
Fellows, ye need not scold,
For this mantle is mine.
2nd Soldier.
Go we then hence at once,
This labor here we lose.

Source:

"The Crucifixion of Christ." *A Rosary of Mystery Plays*. Trans. Margaret S. Mooney. Albany: Frank H. Evory, 1915. *HathiTrust*. 99-108. Web. 12 Apr. 2016. <http://hdl.handle.net/2027/hvd.32044009972274>

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10: The Second Shepherd's Play

Cast of Characters

COLL – The leader and oldest of the three shepherds

GIB – The second shepherd

DAW – The youngest of the shepherds

MAK – A thief

GILL – Mak's Wife

ANGEL

MARY

CHILD

Scene Locations

A Moor: The shepherd's field

Mak and Gill's Home: A bed, cradle and a door

The Crooked Thorn: The side of a road pub

Stable: The place where Jesus is born

(COLL enters alone)

COLL:
Lord, but this weather is cold! And I am ill wrapped.
I'm nearly numb, so long have I napped.
My legs give way, my fingers are chapped.
It is not what I wanted, for I am all sapped
From sorrow
In storms and tempest
Now in the east, now in the west
Woe is he that never has rest
Through the day or tomorrow.
But we are silly shepherds that walk on the moor,
Actually, we are nearly homeless, turned out of the door;
Our harsh lords oppress us and keep us poor.
Whatever we do, they always want more.
You know this information.
We are worked till we're lamed
Overtaxed and disdained
It is like we've been tamed
By these gentlemen.

(GIB enters)

GIB:

Lord, have mercy, what does this mean?
The world in such shape, this we haven't seen.
Lord, these winds are cruel, and this weather – I'm not too keen.
The frost is so hideous it seems obscene.
No lie.
Now in dry, now in wet,
Now in snow, now in sleet,
When my shoes freeze to my feet
It is not at all easy.
But as far as I know, everywhere that I go,
We poor married men suffer as much woe;
We have sorrow constantly – it is often so.
A wife is like a hen, going to a fro.
She cackles;
But when she begins to croak,
To groan and to poke,
It is not a joke,
For he is in shackles.
The truth is I have my own and let me describe her,
She is as sharp as a thistle and rough as a briar,
She as brows like pig's bristles and a face without cheer,
If she once wets her whistle she can sing full and clear
The Pater Noster.
She is as big as a whale withal,
She has a gallon of gall,
And by Him who died for us all
I wish I had lost her.
COLL:
Gib, I'm on the other side of the hedge. And your talking so loud I'm going deaf
GIB:
Well, what are you doing being so late? Have you seen Daw?
COLL:
Yes, out in the pasture. I heard him blow his horn. Here he comes now.
Stand still.
GIB:
Why
COLL:
Because he's coming.
GIB:
He will make up some lie if we don't beware.

(Daw enters, not seeing the others)

DAW:
Christ bless me quickly and Saint Nicholas!
I am in need of help – it is worse than it was.
But now I know to take heed and I'll let the world pass.
The ground is in doubt and brittle as glass
And slips.
The world fared never so;
With marvels mo' and mo'
Now it's well, now it's woe,
Time always flips.
We that walk in the nights, our cattle to keep,
We see unexpected sights when other men sleep.
But I think my heart jumps, I see thieves peep. (Sees men hiding)
You are two tall creatures. I think my sheep
Need tending.

(Tries to turn and run away, but the other two catch him. He recognizes them)

Ah, Sir, God save you master mine!
I need something to drink and someplace to dine.
COLL:
You knave, you are a worthless servant.
GIB:
What! Let the boy rave. He can wait till later. We have already had our dinner.
DAW:
Servants like me toil and sweat,
We eat our bread dry, which I don't get;
We are often wet and weary when our masters sleep yet,
We are home late, but in food and drink we get
Less than is profitable.
So why should I worry,
I am in no hurry,
A cheap servant will curry
A cheap bill.
COLL:
You would be a bad servant for a poor man to take wooing with him.
GIB:
Peace boy! No more joking. Where are the sheep, we are wasting time
DAW:
Sir, I left them in the corn this morning when the bells rang for dawn services. They are in good pasture and can't go wrong.
COLL:
Good. By the cross, these nights are long! To cheer us up let's sing a song
GIB: I was thinking the same thing.
DAW: Good idea.
COLL:
Let me sing the tenor.
GIB:
And I will sing the high treble.
DAW:
Then the middle part falls to me. Let's see how we chant.

(They sing, not very well. Mak enters with a cloak on)

MAK:
Oh, Lord who made both the moon and the stars, which I cannot count,
I do not understand your will. What is this that disturbs my mind?
God grant that I was in heaven, for there are to children crying there.
COLL:
Who is it that sings so poorly?
MAK:
(aside) Only God knows how badly I fare! (aloud) It is a man who walks on the moor and has no peace!
GIB:
Mak, where have you been. Tell us the news.
DAW:
Is he coming? Everyone look out for your things. (grabs Mak's cloak)
MAK:
What?! I am a yeoman, I tell you, sent from the king. A messenger from a great lord or some such thing. Fie on you! Go hence out of my presence: I must have reverence.
COLL:
Why are you being so unfriendly?

GIB:
Mak, do you want to act like some sort of saint? I think you do.
MAK:
I will make a complaint and have you all flogged if you keep talking like this.
COLL:
Mak, stop talking like that. We know who you are.
MAK:
Well, look at you three. I thought I knew you. You are a good company.
GIB:
Watch out rascal, as late as it is, what are we supposed to think. You have a reputation of stealing sheep.
MAK:
I am honest and true as steel, all men know that. But I am not feeling well. I have not eaten much this month or the last.
COLL:
How fares you wife?
MAK:
Lies lounging by the fire there,
With a house full of kids, she drinks without care,
It's the only thing she does fare
Other wise
She eats as fast as she can,
And every year that comes to a man
She adds another one to the clan,
And some years two.
GIB:
I have had more sleepless nights than anyone in the shire. I need to sleep even if I take less for my hire.
DAW:
I am cold and nearly naked and would love to have a fire. I am weary from running around in the mire. You stay awake.
GIB:
No, I will lie down here, I'm tired too.
DAW:
I am as good a man as any of you, but Mak, come here and lie down in the middle of us.
MAK:
But then I might hinder you if you needed to talk together. Don't worry. From my head to my toe I promise.

(crosses himself and lies down away from them, when the others are asleep he gets up)

Now it's time for a man whose plate is cold,
To stalk secretly as he can into the fold
And nimbly to work, and not be too bold,
For he might pay for the deed of it were told
At the ending.
Lord, how they sleep hard – as you can hear,
If the flock aren't scared, then I shall get near.
Look, one comes over. Now turn to cheer
From our sorrow!
A fat sheep, I dare say!
With a good fleece I do pray!
When I can I'll repay,
But this I will "borrow".

(takes sheep and exits)

Scene 2

Mak and Gill's Home

MAK:
Gill are you in there? Get us some light.
GILL:
Who make such a noise at this time of night?
I have sat down to spin; I hope now I might
Get something done without such a fight.
Oh well.
This happens to anyone who has been a housewife – you have to get up all the time.
MAK:
Good wife, open the door! Come see what I have brought.
GILL:
Why don't you open it yourself?
MAK:
You don't care much for how long I have been standing here.

(she opens the door, sees the sheep)

GILL:
By your naked neck, your are going to hang for this.
MAK:
Oh, don't worry, I am worthy of my meat. When I'm in a pinch I can get more than those that work and sweat all day long. (shows her the sheep) It just fell in my lap, Gill, I had such grace.
GILL:
It would be a shame to be hanged for this.
MAK:
I have escaped many times from things like this.
GILL:
But "So long as the pot goes to get water, someday it will come home broken."
MAK:
Well, I have it here now. Come help me fast. I want to have it skinned so we can eat it. It has been twelve months since we had sheep's meat.
GILL:
What if they come near while he is being slain and here him bleat?
MAK:
Then I might me taken – that doesn't sound very good. Go fasten the street gate.
GILL:
Yes, Mak, but what if they come back?
MAK:
Then I might really be in trouble.
GILL:
I have a good trick, since you can't think of one. We will hide him here until they are gone. In my cradle. Leave me alone and I will lie in bed a groan
MAK:
Get ready. I will say that you have delivered a boy child tonight.
GILL:
Well, bless this day. This is a good trick. It took a woman's advise to get out of this at last.
MAK:
If they wake before I get back , they'll blow the trumpet. I will go to sleep (returns to the shepherds). They are still sleeping. I will walk quietly, as though it

had never been I who stole their sheep.

Scene 3

A Moor

COLL:
(waking from a bad dream) Ahhh – hold my had! I can't stand up. My foot is asleep and I haven't had anything to eat. I dreamed we were somewhere in England.
GIB:
Oh yeah? Lord, how I have slept well! As fresh as an eel, so light do I feel, as a leaf on a tree.
DAW:
(still under the blanket) God bless me! My body's quaking. My heart is beating out of it's skin and I don't know what's causing it. Why is it so dark? My eyes are blind! Where is Mak?
GILL:
Man, praise God, he hasn't gone anywhere yet.
DAW:
I dreamt he was covered in a wolfskin.
COLL:
So are many now covered, especially within.
DAW:
While we were sleeping so long, I dreamed that he trapped a fat sheep, but made no noise.
GIB:
Be still. Your dreaming makes you mad.
COLL:
God can turn all to good, if it be His will.
GIB:
Rise, Mak, it's shameful. You lie around all day long.
MAK:
Now Christ's holy name be us among!
What is this! By Saint James, I can't get along.
I think I'm the same, but my neck is all wrong.

(someone twists his neck)

Enough!
I had a terrible dream.
I thought Gill began to groan and travail so bad,
Very near the first crow, she had a young lad,
To add to our flick – will I never be glad?!
I have more to care for than I ever should've had.
Ah, my head!
A house full of bellies asking to feed them again.
I haven't had any rest since I don't know when.
Woe is him who has many children,
And too little bread.
I must go home, by your leave, to Gill. I pray you examine my sleeve to see that I have stolen nothing. I would loath if you grieved or took aught with me.
DAW:
Go home. As bad as it might be. Now, I want us to look for all the sheep.
COLL:
I will go ahead. Let us meet later.
GIB:

Where?
DAW:
At the crooked thorn.

Scene 4

Mak ang Gill's Home

MAK:
Undo this door! How long do I have to stand here?
GILL:
Who makes such a noise. It must be a lunatic.
MAK:
Ah Gill, It is I, Mak, your husband. Oh, the fuss she makes. Is all does play and tickle her toes?
GILL:
What?! Who wanders? Who wakes? Who comes? Who goes? Who brews? Who bakes? What makes me so tired? If the truth be told, how woeful the household that lacks a woman. But what has happened with the shepherds?
MAK:
The last thing they said when I turned my back,
Was they would look to see if all the sheep were in their pack.I hope they will not be well paid when this sheep they lack.
Yes, Sir.
But, however the game goes, I am the one they will suspect and they will make a big ruckus and come here. So, you must do as you promised.
GILL:
I will swaddle him right here in the cradle, and lay down right away. Come, cover me up. When they come calling you will sing a lullaby loud and fast, for I must groan, and if this plan does not work you can trust me no more.

Scene 5

The Crooked Thorn

DAW:

Ah, Coll, good morning. What is that sad look?

COLL:
Alas that ever I was born. We have a big problem. We have lost a fat ram.
DAW:
God forbid, I hope not.
GIB:
Who would do us this scorn? That is not a good thing.
COLL:

Some rascal. I have looked with my dogs through all the thickets

and out of fifteen young sheep I have found only one ewe.
DAW:
Now believe me. By Saint Thomas of Kent, either Mak or Gill was part of this conspiracy.
COLL:
Peace, man, be still! I saw when he went. You slander him wrongly and

ought to repent quickly.
GIB:
Now as ever I might thrive, if I should even here die, I would say it was he that did this deed.
DAW:
I advise we run and go there. I will never eat bread until we know the truth.
COLL:
Nor will I take a drink until we meet with them.
GIB:
And I will not rest my head until this is solved.

Scene 6

Mak and Gill's Homen

DAW:

Will you hear how they bellow. Our lordship thinks he can croon.

COLL:
Never had I hears a song so clear out of tune.
GIB:
Mak, undo your door now!
MAK:
Who is it who speaks so loudly, as if it were noon. Who is it I say?
DAW:
Good companions, if it were daytime.
MAK:
(opens door) Good men, speak softly near a sick woman's head. I would rather die than she have a distress.
GILL:

Go to another place, I am not breathing well. Every step you take hurts

me from head to toe, so, get out.
COLL:
Tell us Mak, how are you doing?
MAK:
What brings you to town today? How are you?
You have run in the mire and are all wet.
I shall make you a fire if you will sit.
A nurse would I hire – but can't think of one yet.
Well, I have quite my job, my dream – this is it
At this season.
I have children, but that you knew,
Well more than we have stew,
But we must drink as we brew,
That just stands to reason.
Would you like to eat before you go? It looks like you could use it.
GIB:
No, neither drink or meat could mend our anger.
MAK:
Why sirs, is there something wrong with you?
DAW:
Yes, our one of our sheep was stolen as they walked: our loss is great.
MAK:
Sirs, drink. Had I been there, someone would have paid for that deed.

COLL:
Some men think that you were, and that is what disturbs us.
GIB:
Mak, some men think it was you.
DAW:
Either you or your wife.
MAK:
Now, don't suppose it was Gill or me!
Come, go through our house, and then you will see
Who had her.
There is not any sheep I've got,
And Gill, my wife, rose not
Since she laid down.
As I am true as steel, this is the first meal we will eat today.

(They begin to search)

GILL:
Well I die! Get out of my house thieves! You come here to rob us.
MAK:
Don't you hear how she groans. Your hearts should melt.
GILL:
Get out thieves! Don't come near my child!
MAK:

If you know how she had fared, your hearts would be sore. You do

wrong disturbing a woman who has been in labor.
GIB:
I think our sheep has been slain. What have you two found?
DAW:

All this work is in vain: we may as well go. Except for a little clothing

and who empty plates I don't see anything. But of all the livestock I have worked

with none has smelled as badly as he (approaches the cradle)

GILL:
God has blessed me and given me the joy of my child.
COLL:
We have aimed amiss: we are beguiled.
GIB:
Sir, is your child a son?
MAK:
He is a good a son as any lord would have.
GIB:
Mak, we will all be friends, since we are all in one accord.
MAK:

We?! I'll remain apart, because I have gotten no apology. Farewell you

three.

- (The shepherds leave)

COLL:
Did you give the child anything?
GIB:

I don’t even have a farthing.
DAW:

I will go back quickly, you stay here.

(Returns to house)

Mak, by your leave, may I see your son?
MAK:
No, you have caused me great shame with your behavior.
DAW:
It won’t grieve your child, if by your leave, I can give him a sixpence.
MAK:
No, you should go. He is sleeping.
DAW:
I think he opens his eyes.
MAK:
If he awakens he will cry. I pray you go.
DAW:
Let me leave him a kiss. (Lifts the cradle cover). What the devil is this?
He has a long snout.

- (The others enter)

COLL:
He is fashioned all wrong. We know mischief has been at work.
GIB:
An ill-spun web always comes out badly. I say, he looks like our sheep.
DAW:
Gib, may I peep?
COLL:
Only a parent could love a child that looked like that.
GIB:
This was a strange trick and a fine dodge. It was high fraud.
MAK:
Peace, I bid you. I am the one who stole him, this woman was not involved.
DAW:
This is a terrible thing. We must be avenged. Get a weapon.
MAK:
I have trespassed, and I must learn. I put myself at your mercy.
COLL:
Sirs, listen to my advice.
For this trespass
We will neither curse nor chide,
No more deride,
No longer bide,
Just toss him in a canvas.

(They toss him around in a canvas and Mak and Gill return home)

Scene 7

A Moor

COLL:
Lord, how I am sore to the point of burst. I must lie down and rest.
GIB:

I think that sheep weighed 140 pounds. I could fall asleep anywhere.
DAW:
Then, I pray, let's lie down on this green.
GIB:
I think this is where thieves sleep.
COLL:
Don't worry, do as I say.

- (Shepherd's fall asleep, and are woken by angels)

ANGEL:
Rise, gentle shepherds for now he is born
That shall take from the fiend what from Adam was torn
Satan is confounded, this night He is born.
God has made you His friend this morn.
He promises.
At Bethlehem go see
The one who sets you free
In a crib made poorly,
Between two beasts.

- (Angels exit)

COLL:
That was the finest voice I have ever heard. It is a marvel to tell of, even though I am scared.
GIB:
He spoke if God's Son from heaven. I thought he made the whole woods seem full of light.
DAW:
He spoke of a child in Bethlehem.
COLL:
Let us seek him there.
GIB:
Say what was that song he was singing? Did you hear how he sang it out?!
DAW:
Yes, marry he sang it. There was no note wrong, nor nothing it lacked.
GIB:
Let's see how you croon! Can you bark at the moon?
DAW:
Hold your tongues. I have done it!
COLL:
Ahh, let's hear it than!
GIB:
They said we should go to Bethlehem. I am afraid we tarry here to long.
We find by the prophesies – of this you should listen –
David and Isaiah and more I just don't know when
That prophesied through learning that a virgin
Should conceive a son to quench our sin
And relieve it,
Mankind from woe,
For Isaiah said so.
DAW:
Full glad we will be if we live that day
When we see the lovely one who takes sins away
Lord, let it be as you may
Might I kneel on my knee, with some word to say
To that child.

But the angel said
In a crib he laid,
He was poorly arrayed
Both lowly and mild.
COLL:
Patriarchs that have been, and prophets that warn
Desired to see this child that is born,
They are gone and have lost what they have sworn,
We shall see him, I think, before it is morn,
As a sign
When I see him and feel,
In my heart it will seal
A true as steel
What the prophets have spoken.
GIB:
Let us go now, the place is near.
DAW:
I am ready and prepared, let us go together to that glorious one. Lord, if it is your will – we are all three ignorant shepherds – please grant us some kind of cheer to comfort us creatures.

Scene 8

Stable

COLL:
Hail, comely and clean! Hail, young child!
Hail Maker, born of a maiden so mild!
You have put a curse on the devil so wild.
The false grievous deceiver, now go he beguiled.
Look, he merries!
Look he laughs!
Laid next to the calf.
I have here on my staff,
A bunch of cherries.
GIB:
Hail, sovereign Saviour, for you we have sought!
Hail noble child through whom all things were wrought!
Hail, full of favor, that made all from nought!
Hail, I kneel and crouch. A bird I have brought
To my child.
Hail, child as they said,
Of our creed you are head
I would eat of your bread
And drink of your cup.
DAW:
Hail, darling dear, full of Godhead!
I pray you be near when all round is dread.
So sweat is your face, but my heart nearly bled,
To see you lay there without any bed,
And no toy.
Hail, put forth your hand small,
I bring you a ball:
Have and play as you crawl
And have joy.
COLL:
Farewell, sir and lady, and the child on your knee.

GIB:
Lord, I am well. How we must go and tell what it is we have beheld.
COLL:
What grace we have received!
GIB:
Come forth, we are now redeemed!
DAW:
We are bound to sing. Let's raise our voices!
End

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11: William Shakespeare Twelfth Night

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria

SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian

A SEA CAPTAIN, friend to Viola

VALENTINE, gentleman attending on the Duke

CURIO, gentleman attending on the Duke

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia

FABIAN, servant to Olivia

FESTE, a clown, servant to Olivia

OLIVIA, a rich countess

VIOLA

MARIA, Olivia's waiting woman

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants

SCENE: A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it

ACT I.

SCENE I. An apartment in the DUKE'S palace.

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.
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.
CURIO
Will you go hunt, my lord?
DUKE
What, Curio?
CURIO
The hart.
DUKE
Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd 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.
How now! what news from her?
VALENTINE
So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
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 flow'rs;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bow'rs.

SCENE II. The sea-coast.

VIOLA
What country, friends, is this?
CAPTAIN
This is Illyria, lady.
VIOLA
And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd. What think you, sailors?
CAPTAIN
It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
VIOLA
O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
CAPTAIN
True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd 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 liv'd 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.
VIOLA
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?
CAPTAIN
Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
VIOLA
Who governs here?
CAPTAIN
A noble duke, in nature as in name.
VIOLA
What is his name?
CAPTAIN
Orsino.
VIOLA
Orsino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a bachelor then.
CAPTAIN
And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur–as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of–
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
VIOLA
What's she?
CAPTAIN
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 abjur'd the company
And sight of men.
VIOLA
O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
CAPTAIN
That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
VIOLA
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 silence to my wit.
CAPTAIN
Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
VIOLA
I thank thee; lead me on.

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.

SIR TOBY
What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.
MARIA
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.
MARIA
Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
SIR TOBY
Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.
MARIA
That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.
SIR TOBY
Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
MARIA
Ay, he.
SIR TOBY
He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
MARIA
What's that to th' purpose?
SIR TOBY
Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
MARIA
Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.
SIR TOBY
Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.
MARIA
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, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.
SIR TOBY
By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?
MARIA
They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY
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' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.
SIR ANDREW
Sir Toby Belch; how now, Sir Toby Belch!
SIR TOBY
Sweet Sir Andrew!
SIR ANDREW
Bless you, fair shrew.
MARIA
And you too, sir.
SIR TOBY
Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
SIR ANDREW
What's that?
SIR TOBY
My niece's chambermaid.
SIR ANDREW
Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
MARIA
My name is Mary, sir.
SIR ANDREW
Good Mistress Mary Accost,–
SIR TOBY
You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.
SIR ANDREW
By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
MARIA
Fare you well, gentlemen.
SIR TOBY
An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.
SIR ANDREW
And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?
MARIA
Sir, I have not you by th' hand.
SIR ANDREW
Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.
MARIA
Now, sir, 'thought is free.' I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar and let it drink.
SIR ANDREW
Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?
MARIA
It's dry, sir.
SIR ANDREW
Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?
MARIA
A dry jest, sir.
SIR ANDREW
Are you full of them?

MARIA
Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.
SIR TOBY
O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; when did I see thee so put down?
SIR ANDREW
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 am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.
SIR TOBY
No question.
SIR ANDREW
And I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.
SIR TOBY
Pourquoi, my dear knight?
SIR ANDREW
What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting! O, had I but follow'd the arts!
SIR TOBY
Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.
SIR ANDREW
Why, would that have mended my hair?
SIR TOBY
Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.
SIR ANDREW
But it becomes me well enough, does't not?
SIR TOBY
Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.
SIR ANDREW
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 wooes her.
SIR TOBY
She'll none o' th' count. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.
SIR ANDREW
I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.
SIR TOBY
Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?
SIR ANDREW
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 TOBY
What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
SIR ANDREW
Faith, I can cut a caper.
SIR TOBY
And I can cut the mutton to't.
SIR ANDREW
And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.
SIR TOBY

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 not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY

What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY

No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper. Ha! higher! ha, ha, excellent!

SCENE IV. The DUKE'S palace.

VALENTINE

If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the Count.

DUKE

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE

Stand you awhile 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.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

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.
VIOLA
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.
VIOLA
I'll do my best
To woo your lady,– [Aside] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
MARIA
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.
CLOWN
Let her hang me. He that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.
MARIA
Make that good.
CLOWN
He shall see none to fear.
MARIA
A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'
CLOWN
Where, good Mistress Mary?
MARIA
In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.
CLOWN
Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
MARIA
Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?
CLOWN
Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.
MARIA
You are resolute, then?
CLOWN
Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.
MARIA
That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.
CLOWN
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.

MARIA
Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.
CLOWN
Wit, and '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.' God bless thee, lady!
OLIVIA
Take the fool away.
CLOWN
Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
OLIVIA
Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.
CLOWN
Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.
OLIVIA
Sir, I bade them take away you.
CLOWN
Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus 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.
OLIVIA
Can you do it?
CLOWN
Dexteriously, good madonna.
OLIVIA
Make your proof.
CLOWN
I must catechize you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.
OLIVIA
Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
CLOWN
Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?
OLIVIA
Good fool, for my brother's death.
CLOWN
I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
OLIVIA
I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
CLOWN
The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
OLIVIA
What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?
MALVOLIO

Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.
CLOWN
God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.
OLIVIA
How say you to that, Malvolio?
MALVOLIO
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 gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.
OLIVIA
O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.
CLOWN
Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!
MARIA
Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.
OLIVIA
From the Count Orsino, is it?
MARIA
I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.
OLIVIA
Who of my people hold him in delay?
MARIA
Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
OLIVIA
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.
CLOWN
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.
OLIVIA
By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?
SIR TOBY
A gentleman.
OLIVIA
A gentleman! what gentleman?
SIR TOBY
'T is a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!
CLOWN
Good Sir Toby!
OLIVIA

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?
SIR TOBY
Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.
OLIVIA
Ay, marry, what is he?
SIR TOBY
Let him be the devil, and he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.
OLIVIA
What's a drunken man like, fool?
CLOWN
Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.
OLIVIA
Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go look after him.
CLOWN
He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.
MALVOLIO
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.
OLIVIA
Tell him he shall not speak with me.
MALVOLIO
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.
OLIVIA
What kind o' man is he?
MALVOLIO
Why, of mankind.
OLIVIA
What manner of man?
MALVOLIO
Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.
OLIVIA
Of what personage and years is he?
MALVOLIO
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-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.
OLIVIA
Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.
MALVOLIO
Gentlewoman, my lady calls.
OLIVIA
Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.
VIOLA
The honourable lady of the house, which is she?
OLIVIA

Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?
VIOLA
Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,– I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.
OLIVIA
Whence came you, sir?
VIOLA
I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.
OLIVIA
Are you a comedian?
VIOLA
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?
OLIVIA
If I do not usurp myself, I am.
VIOLA
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.
OLIVIA
Come to what is important in't; I forgive you the praise.
VIOLA
Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.
OLIVIA
It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be 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.
MARIA
Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.
VIOLA
No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind; I am a messenger.
OLIVIA
Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.
VIOLA
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.
OLIVIA
Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?
VIOLA
The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.
OLIVIA
Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity.

[Exeunt MARIA and ATTENDANTS.] Now, sir, what is your text?
VIOLA
Most sweet lady,–
OLIVIA
A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies
your text?
VIOLA
In Orsino's bosom.
OLIVIA
In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?
VIOLA
To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
OLIVIA
O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?
VIOLA
Good madam, let me see your face.
OLIVIA
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?
VIOLA
Excellently done, if God did all.
OLIVIA
'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.
VIOLA
'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.
OLIVIA
O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers
schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every
particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips,
indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item,
one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise
me?
VIOLA
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 recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!
OLIVIA
How does he love me?
VIOLA
With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
OLIVIA
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 divulg'd, 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.
VIOLA

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.
OLIVIA
Why, what would you?
VIOLA
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
Cry out, 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
OLIVIA
You might do much. What is your parentage?
VIOLA
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a gentleman.
OLIVIA
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.
VIOLA
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
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
OLIVIA
'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?
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!
MALVOLIO
Here, madam, at your service.
OLIVIA
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.
MALVOLIO
Madam, I will.
OLIVIA

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!

ACT II.

SCENE I. The sea-coast

ANTONIO
Will you stay no longer; nor will you not that I go with you?
SEBASTIAN
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.
ANTONIO
Let me know of you whither you are bound.
SEBASTIAN
No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a 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 pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.
ANTONIO
Alas the day!
SEBASTIAN
A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembl'd me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.
ANTONIO
Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.
SEBASTIAN
O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!
ANTONIO
If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.
SEBASTIAN
If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so 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.
ANTONIO
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.

SCENE II. A street

MALVOLIO
Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?
VIOLA
Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but
hither.
MALVOLIO
She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have sav'd 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 affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking
of this. Receive it so.
VIOLA
She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.
MALVOLIO
Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it
should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies
in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.
VIOLA
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.
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!

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house

SIR TOBY
Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up
betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st–
SIR ANDREW
Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be
up late.
SIR TOBY
A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after
midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed

after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?
SIR ANDREW
Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.
SIR TOBY
Thou ‘rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!
SIR ANDREW
Here comes the fool, i’ faith.
CLOWN
How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of ‘We Three’?
SIR TOBY
Welcome, ass. Now let’s have a catch.
SIR ANDREW
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?
CLOWN
I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio’s nose is no whipstock; my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.
SIR ANDREW
Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.
SIR TOBY
Come on; there is sixpence for you: let’s have a song.
SIR ANDREW
There’s a testril of me too. If one knight give a–
CLOWN
Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?
SIR TOBY
A love-song, a love-song.
SIR ANDREW
Ay, ay; I care not for good life.
CLOWN
[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 ANDREW
Excellent good, i’ faith.
SIR TOBY
Good, good.
CLOWN
[Sings.]
What is love? ‘T is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What’s to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth’s a stuff will not endure.

SIR ANDREW
A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
SIR TOBY
A contagious breath.
SIR ANDREW
Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
SIR TOBY
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 ANDREW
And you love me, let's do 't; I am dog at a catch.
CLOWN
By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
SIR ANDREW
Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'
CLOWN
'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.
SIR ANDREW
'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'
CLOWN
I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
SIR ANDREW
Good, i' faith! Come, begin.
[Catch sung.]
MARIA
What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
SIR TOBY
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!'
CLOWN
Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
SIR ANDREW
Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
SIR TOBY
[Sings]
'O, the twelfth day of December,'–
MARIA
For the love o' God, peace!
MALVOLIO
My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do 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 TOBY
We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!
MALVOLIO
Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kins-man, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your

misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
SIR TOBY
'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'
MARIA
Nay, good Sir Toby.
CLOWN
'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'
MALVOLIO
Is 't even so?
SIR TOBY
'But I will never die.'
CLOWN
Sir Toby, there you lie.
MALVOLIO
This is much credit to you.
SIR TOBY
'Shall I bid him go?'
CLOWN
'What and if you do?'
SIR TOBY
'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'
CLOWN
'O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.'
SIR TOBY
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?
CLOWN
Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.
SIR TOBY
Th 'rt i' th' right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!
MALVOLIO
Mistress Mary, if you priz'd 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.
MARIA
Go shake your ears.
SIR ANDREW
'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.
SIR TOBY
Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
MARIA
Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.
SIR TOBY
Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.
MARIA
Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.
SIR ANDREW

O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!
SIR TOBY
What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?
SIR ANDREW
I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.
MARIA
The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, 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.
SIR TOBY
What wilt thou do?
MARIA
I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.
SIR TOBY
Excellent! I smell a device.
SIR ANDREW
I have 't in my nose too.
SIR TOBY
He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.
MARIA
My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
SIR ANDREW
And your horse now would make him an ass.
MARIA
Ass, I doubt not.
SIR ANDREW
O, 't will be admirable!
MARIA
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.
SIR TOBY
Good night, Penthesilea.
SIR ANDREW
Before me, she's a good wench.
SIR TOBY
She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?
SIR ANDREW
I was ador'd once too.
SIR TOBY
Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.
SIR ANDREW
If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
SIR TOBY
Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me cut.
SIR ANDREW
If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

SIR TOBY
Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed
now. Come, knight; come, knight.

SCENE IV. The DUKE'S palace

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.
CURIO
He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.
DUKE
Who was it?
CURIO
Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father
took much delight in. He is about the house.
DUKE
Go seek him out, and play the tune the while.
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 belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?
VIOLA
It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.
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?
VIOLA
A little, by your favour.
DUKE
What kind of woman is 't?
VIOLA
Of your complexion.
DUKE
She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
VIOLA
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.
VIOLA
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.
VIOLA
And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!
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.
CLOWN
Are you ready, sir?
DUKE
Ay; prithee, sing.
SONG
CLOWN
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.
CLOWN
No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
DUKE
I 'll pay thy pleasure, then.
CLOWN
Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.
DUKE
Give me now leave to leave thee.
CLOWN
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.
DUKE
Let all the rest give place.
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.
VIOLA
But if she cannot love you, sir?
DUKE
I cannot be so answer'd.
VIOLA
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
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
VIOLA
Ay, but I know–
DUKE
What dost thou know?
VIOLA
Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
DUKE
And what's her history?
VIOLA
A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd 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?
VIOLA
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.

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden.

SIR TOBY
Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
FABIAN
Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.
SIR TOBY
Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
FABIAN
I would exult, man; you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
SIR TOBY
To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?
SIR ANDREW
And we do not, it is pity of our lives.
[Enter MARIA.]
SIR TOBY
Here comes the little villain.
How now, my metal of India!
MARIA
Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [throws down a letter], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.
[Enter MALVOLIO.]
MALVOLIO
'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 TOBY
Here 's an overweening rogue!
FABIAN
O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!
SIR ANDREW
'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
SIR TOBY
Peace, I say.
MALVOLIO
To be Count Malvolio!
SIR TOBY
Ah, rogue!
SIR ANDREW
Pistol him, pistol him.
SIR TOBY
Peace, peace!
MALVOLIO
There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the

yeoman of the wardrobe.
SIR ANDREW
Fie on him, Jezebel!
FABIAN
O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.
MALVOLIO
Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,–
SIR TOBY
O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
MALVOLIO
Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,–
SIR TOBY
Fire and brimstone!
FABIAN
O, peace, peace!
MALVOLIO
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 TOBY
Bolts and shackles!
FABIAN
O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.
MALVOLIO
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; curtsies there to me,–
SIR TOBY
Shall this fellow live?
FABIAN
Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.
MALVOLIO
I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,–
SIR TOBY
And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?
MALVOLIO
Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,'–
SIR TOBY
What, what?
MALVOLIO
'You must amend your drunkenness.'–
SIR TOBY
Out, scab!
FABIAN
Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.
MALVOLIO
'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'–
SIR ANDREW
That's me, I warrant you.
MALVOLIO
'One Sir Andrew.'
SIR ANDREW
I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.
MALVOLIO

What employment have we here?
[Taking up the letter.]
FABIAN
Now is the woodcock near the gin.
SIR TOBY
O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!
MALVOLIO
By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.
SIR ANDREW
Her C's, her U's, and her T's; why that?
MALVOLIO
[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?
FABIAN
This wins him, liver and all.
MALVOLIO
[Reads]
Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.
'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers alter'd!
'No man must know.' If this should be thee, Malvolio?
SIR TOBY
Marry, hang thee, brock!
MALVOLIO
[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.
FABIAN
A fustian riddle!
SIR TOBY
Excellent wench, say I.
MALVOLIO
'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.
FABIAN
What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!
SIR TOBY
And with what wing the staniel checks at it!
MALVOLIO
'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 TOBY
O, ay, make up that; he is now at a cold scent.
FABIAN
Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a

fox.
MALVOLIO
M,– Malvolio; M,–why, that begins my name.
FABIAN
Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.
MALVOLIO
M,– but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.
FABIAN
And O shall end, I hope.
SIR TOBY
Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!
MALVOLIO
And then I comes behind.
FABIAN
Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.
MALVOLIO
M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.
— [Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue 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 wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,
THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.
Daylight and champain 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-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.
[Reads] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.
Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.
FABIAN
I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TOBY
I could marry this wench for this device.
SIR ANDREW
So could I too.
SIR TOBY
And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.
SIR ANDREW
Nor I neither.
FABIAN
Here comes my noble gull-catcher.
SIR TOBY
Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
SIR ANDREW
Or o' mine either?
SIR TOBY
Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
SIR ANDREW
I' faith, or I either?
SIR TOBY
Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
MARIA
Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
SIR TOBY
Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.
MARIA
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-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
SIR TOBY
To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!
SIR ANDREW
I'll make one too.

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden.

VIOLA
Save thee, friend, and thy music! dost thou live by thy tabor?
CLOWN
No, sir, I live by the church.
VIOLA
Art thou a churchman?
CLOWN
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.
VIOLA
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.
CLOWN
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 turn'd outward!
VIOLA
Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.
CLOWN
I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.
VIOLA
Why, man?
CLOWN
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 disgrac'd them.
VIOLA
Thy reason, man?
CLOWN
Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.
VIOLA
I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.
CLOWN
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.
VIOLA
Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
CLOWN
No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.
VIOLA
I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
CLOWN
Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.
VIOLA
Nay, and thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.
CLOWN
Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
VIOLA
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?
CLOWN
Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
VIOLA
Yes, being kept together and put to use.
CLOWN
I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
VIOLA
I understand you, sir; 't is well begg'd.
CLOWN
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.
VIOLA
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.
SIR TOBY
Save you, gentleman!
VIOLA
And you, sir.
SIR ANDREW
Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
VIOLA
Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
SIR ANDREW
I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
SIR TOBY
Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
VIOLA
I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
SIR TOBY
Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
VIOLA
My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
SIR TOBY
I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
VIOLA
I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.
Most excellent accomplish’d lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
SIR ANDREW
That youth’s a rare courtier. ‘Rain odours’; well.
VIOLA
My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
SIR ANDREW
‘Odours,’ ‘pregnant,’ and ‘vouchsafed’: I’ll get ’em all three all ready.
OLIVIA
Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
[Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.
VIOLA
My duty, madam, and most humble service.
OLIVIA
What is your name?
VIOLA
Cesario is your servant’s name, fair princess.
OLIVIA
My servant, sir! ‘T was never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call’d compliment;

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
VIOLA
And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
OLIVIA
For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
VIOLA
Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
OLIVIA
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.
VIOLA
Dear lady,–
OLIVIA
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 th' 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.
VIOLA
I pity you.
OLIVIA
That's a degree to love.
VIOLA
No, not a grize; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
OLIVIA
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.
VIOLA
Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
OLIVIA
Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
VIOLA
That you do think you are not what you are.
OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIOLA
Then think you right; I am not what I am.
OLIVIA
I would you were as I would have you be!
VIOLA
Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
OLIVIA
O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre 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.
VIOLA
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.
OLIVIA
Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house

SIR ANDREW
No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
SIR TOBY
Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
FABIAN
You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
SIR ANDREW
Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw 't i' th' orchard.
SIR TOBY
Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
SIR ANDREW
As plain as I see you now.
FABIAN
This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
SIR ANDREW
'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?
FABIAN
I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
SIR TOBY
And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.
FABIAN

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

SIR ANDREW

And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY

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.

FABIAN

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY

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.

SIR ANDREW

Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY

We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

FABIAN

This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY

I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FABIAN

We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver 't?

SIR TOBY

Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

FABIAN

And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

SIR TOBY

Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of

grossness. He’s in yellow stockings.
SIR TOBY
And cross-garter’d?
MARIA
Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i’ th’ church. I have dogg’d him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp’d to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than 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 TOBY
Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

SCENE III. A street

SEBASTIAN
I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.
ANTONIO
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.
SEBASTIAN
My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; too oft good turns
Are shuffl’d 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?
ANTONIO
To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.
SEBASTIAN
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.
ANTONIO
Would you’d pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight, ‘gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That, were I ta’en here, it would scarce be answer’d.
SEBASTIAN
Belike you slew great number of his people.
ANTONIO
Th’ offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel

Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
SEBASTIAN
Do not then walk too open.
ANTONIO
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.
SEBASTIAN
Why I your purse?
ANTONIO
Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
SEBASTIAN
I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.
ANTONIO
To th' Elephant.
SEBASTIAN
I do remember.

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden

OLIVIA
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's Malvolio? He is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?
MARIA
He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner.
He is, sure, possess'd, madam.
OLIVIA
Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
MARIA
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.
OLIVIA
Go call him hither.
I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now Malvolio!
MALVOLIO
Sweet lady, ho, ho.
OLIVIA
Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
MALVOLIO

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.’

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO

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.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I’ll come to thee.

OLIVIA

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

‘Be not afraid of greatness’; ’twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What mean’st thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

‘Some are born great,’–

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

‘Some achieve greatness,’–

OLIVIA

What say’st thou?

MALVOLIO

‘And some have greatness thrust upon them.’

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

‘Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,’–

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO

‘And wish’d to see thee cross-garter’d.’

OLIVIA

Cross-garter’d!

MALVOLIO

‘Go to, thou art made, if thou desir’st to be so;’–

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

‘If not, let me see thee a servant still.’

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

SERVANT

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino’s is return’d: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship’s

pleasure.
OLIVIA
I'll come to him. [Exit SERVANT] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
MALVOLIO
O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with 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 lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be look'd to'; fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. 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 thank'd.
SIR TOBY
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.
FABIAN
Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?
MALVOLIO
Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.
MARIA
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.
MALVOLIO
Ah, ha! does she so?
SIR TOBY
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.
MALVOLIO
Do you know what you say?
MARIA
La you, and you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd! My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.
MALVOLIO
How now, mistress!
MARIA
O Lord!
SIR TOBY
Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.
FABIAN
No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

SIR TOBY
Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?
MALVOLIO
Sir!
SIR TOBY
Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! ‘t is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!
MARIA
Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.
MALVOLIO
My prayers, minx!
MARIA
No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.
MALVOLIO
Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things. I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.
SIR TOBY
Is ‘t possible?
FABIAN
If this were play’d upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.
SIR TOBY
His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.
MARIA
Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.
FABIAN
Why, we shall make him mad indeed.
MARIA
The house will be the quieter.
SIR TOBY
Come, we ‘ll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he ‘s mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.
FABIAN
More matter for a May morning.
SIR ANDREW
Here ‘s the challenge, read it; I warrant there ‘s vinegar and pepper in ‘t.
FABIAN
Is ‘t so saucy?
SIR ANDREW
Ay, is ‘t, I warrant him; do but read.
SIR TOBY
Give me. [Reads] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.
FABIAN
Good and valiant.
SIR TOBY
[Reads] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for ‘t.
FABIAN
A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.
SIR TOBY
[Reads] Thou com’st 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.
FABIAN
Very brief, and to exceeding good sense– less.
SIR TOBY
[Reads] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,–
FABIAN
Good.
SIR TOBY
[Reads.] Thou kill ‘st me like a rogue and a villain.
FABIAN
Still you keep o’ th’ windy side of the law; good.
SIR TOBY
[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.
MARIA
You may have very fit occasion for ‘t; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.
SIR TOBY
Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou see’st him, draw; and as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang’d off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn’d him. Away!
SIR ANDREW
Nay, let me alone for swearing.
SIR TOBY
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.
FABIAN
Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.
SIR TOBY
I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.
OLIVIA
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.
VIOLA
With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master’s grief.
OLIVIA

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 sav’d may upon asking give?
VIOLA
Nothing but this,– your true love for my master.
OLIVIA
How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?
VIOLA
I will acquit you.
OLIVIA
Well, come again to-morrow; fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.
SIR TOBY
Gentleman, God save thee!
VIOLA
And you, sir.
SIR TOBY
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.
VIOLA
You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.
SIR TOBY
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.
VIOLA
I pray you, sir, what is he?
SIR TOBY
He is knight, dubb’d with unhatch’d rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc’d 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.
VIOLA
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 TOBY
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.
VIOLA
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 TOBY
I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.
VIOLA
Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?
FABIAN
I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.
VIOLA
I beseech you, what manner of man is he?
FABIAN
Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.
VIOLA
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.
SIR TOBY
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 ANDREW
Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.
SIR TOBY
Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.
SIR ANDREW
Plague on 't; and I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I 'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.
SIR TOBY
I 'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.
[To FABIAN] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.
FABIAN
He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.
SIR TOBY
[To VIOLA] 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.
VIOLA
[Aside] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.
FABIAN
Give ground, if you see him furious.
SIR TOBY

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 promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.
SIR ANDREW
Pray God, he keep his oath!
VIOLA
I do assure you 't is against my will. [They draw]
[Enter ANTONIO.]
ANTONIO
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 TOBY
You, sir! why, what are you?
ANTONIO
One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
SIR TOBY
Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[They draw]
FABIAN
O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
SIR TOBY
I 'll be with you anon.
VIOLA
Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
SIR ANDREW
Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I 'll be as good as my word; he will bear you easily, and reins well.
1 OFFICER
This is the man; do thy office.
2 OFFICER
Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.
ANTONIO
You do mistake me, sir.
1 OFFICER
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.
ANTONIO
I must obey. [To VIOLA] 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 amaz'd;
But be of comfort.
2 OFFICER
Come, sir, away.
ANTONIO
I must entreat of you some of that money.
VIOLA
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.
ANTONIO
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.
VIOLA
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,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
ANTONIO
O heavens themselves!
2 OFFICER
Come, sir, I pray you, go.
ANTONIO
Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch’d one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev’d him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1 OFFICER
What ‘s that to us? The time goes by; away!
ANTONIO
But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there ‘s no blemish but the mind;
None can be call’d deform’d but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o’erflourish’d by the devil.
1 OFFICER
The man grows mad; away with him!
Come, come, sir.
ANTONIO
Lead me on.
VIOLA
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 TOBY
Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we ‘ll whisper o’er a
couplet or two of most sage saws.
VIOLA
He nam’d Sebastian. I my brother know
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!
SIR TOBY
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.
FABIAN
A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
SIR ANDREW
'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
SIR TOBY
Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
SIR ANDREW
And I do not,–
FABIAN
Come, let's see the event.
SIR TOBY
I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA'S house.

CLOWN
Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
SEBASTIAN
Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.
CLOWN
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.
SEBASTIAN
I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.
CLOWN
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?
SEBASTIAN
I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.
There 's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.
CLOWN
By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give
fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years'
purchase.
SR ANDREW.
Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.
SEBASTIAN
Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?
SIR TOBY
Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.
CLOWN
This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your
coats for twopence.
SIR TOBY

Come on, sir; hold.
SIR ANDREW
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.
SEBASTIAN
Let go thy hand.
SIR TOBY
Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh’d; come on.
SEBASTIAN
I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar’st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
SIR TOBY
What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
OLIVIA
Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!
SIR TOBY
Madam!
OLIVIA
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!
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
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.
SEBASTIAN
What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!
OLIVIA
Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou’dst be rul’d by me!
SEBASTIAN
Madam, I will.
OLIVIA
O, say so, and so be!

SCENE II. OLIVIA’S house.

MARIA
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.
CLOWN
Well, I ‘ll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in ‘t; and I would I were the first that ever dissembl’d 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.
SIR TOBY
Jove bless thee, master parson!
CLOWN
Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to 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 TOBY
To him, Sir Topas.
CLOWN
What, ho, I say, peace in this prison!
SIR TOBY
The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.
MALVOLIO
[Within] Who calls there?
CLOWN
Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.
MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.
CLOWN
Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
SIR TOBY
Well said, master parson.
MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong’d; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.
CLOWN
Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say’st thou that house is dark?
MALVOLIO
As hell, Sir Topas.
CLOWN
Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?
MALVOLIO
I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.
CLOWN
Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzl’d than the Egyptians in their fog.
MALVOLIO
I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus’d. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.
CLOWN
What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
MALVOLIO
That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
CLOWN
What think’st thou of his opinion?
MALVOLIO
I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

CLOWN
Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold th' 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.
MALVOLIO
Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
SIR TOBY
My most exquisite Sir Topas!
CLOWN
Nay, I am for all waters.
MARIA
Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.
SIR TOBY
To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him; I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.
CLOWN
[Singing] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
MALVOLIO
Fool,–
CLOWN
My lady is unkind, perdy.
MALVOLIO
Fool,–
CLOWN
Alas, why is she so?
MALVOLIO
Fool, I say,–
CLOWN
She loves another– Who calls, ha?
MALVOLIO
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.
CLOWN
Master Malvolio?
MALVOLIO
Ay, good fool.
CLOWN
Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
MALVOLIO
Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
CLOWN
But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
MALVOLIO
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.
CLOWN
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.

MALVOLIO
Sir Topas!
CLOWN
Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas! Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.
MALVOLIO
Fool, fool, fool, I say!
CLOWN
Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.
MALVOLIO
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.
CLOWN
Well-a-day that you were, sir!
MALVOLIO
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.
CLOWN
I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?
MALVOLIO
Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.
CLOWN
Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
MALVOLIO
Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree; I prithee, be gone.
CLOWN
[Singing]
I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
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.

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

SEBASTIAN
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,
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.
OLIVIA
Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by. There, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?
SEBASTIAN
I ‘ll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
OLIVIA
Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before OLIVIA’s house.

FABIAN
Now, as thou lov’st me, let me see his letter.
CLOWN
Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
FABIAN
Any thing.
CLOWN
Do not desire to see this letter.
FABIAN
This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.
DUKE
Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
CLOWN
Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
DUKE
I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?
CLOWN
Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
DUKE
Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
CLOWN
No, sir, the worse.
DUKE
How can that be?

CLOWN
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 abus'd: 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.
CLOWN
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.
CLOWN
But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
DUKE
O, you give me ill counsel.
CLOWN
Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
DUKE
Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.
CLOWN
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.
CLOWN
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.
VIOLA
Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.
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 baubling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
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?
1 OFFICER
Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA
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?
ANTONIO
Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas’d 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 enrag’d and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto ad
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.
VIOLA
How can this be?
DUKE
When came he to this town?
ANTONIO
To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute’s vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.
DUKE
Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow,– fellow, thy words are madness;
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
OLIVIA
What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
VIOLA
Madam!
DUKE
Gracious Olivia,–
OLIVIA
What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,–
VIOLA
My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
OLIVIA
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?
OLIVIA
Still so constant, lord.
DUKE
What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st off'rings have breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
OLIVIA
Even what it please my lord that shall become him.
DUKE
Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?– a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
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.
VIOLA
And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
OLIVIA
Where goes Cesario?
VIOLA
After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than ere I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
OLIVIA
Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
VIOLA
Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
OLIVIA
Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
DUKE
Come, away!
OLIVIA
Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
DUKE
Husband!
OLIVIA
Ay, husband! can he that deny?
DUKE
Her husband, sirrah!
VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.
OLIVIA
Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
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.
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.
VIOLA
My lord, I do protest,–
OLIVIA
O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou has too much fear.
SIR ANDREW
For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.
OLIVIA
What 's the matter?
SIR ANDREW
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.
OLIVIA
Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
SIR ANDREW
The count's gentleman, one Cesario; we took him for a coward, but
he 's the very devil incardinate.
DUKE
My gentleman Cesario?
SIR ANDREW
'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.
VIOLA
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 ANDREW
If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set

nothing by a bloody coxcomb.
Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickl'd you othergates than he did.
DUKE
How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?
SIR TOBY
That 's all one. Has hurt me, and there 's th' end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?
CLOWN
O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.
SIR TOBY
Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.
OLIVIA
Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
SIR ANDREW
I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dress'd together.
SIR TOBY
Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave! a thin-fac'd knave, a gull!
OLIVIA
Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
SEBASTIAN
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.
DUKE
One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
SEBASTIAN
Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!
ANTONIO
Sebastian are you?
SEBASTIAN
Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
ANTONIO
How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
OLIVIA
Most wonderful!
SEBASTIAN
Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
VIOLA
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.
SEBASTIAN
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!’
VIOLA
My father had a mole upon his brow.
SEBASTIAN
And so had mine.
VIOLA
And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numb’red thirteen years.
SEBASTIAN
O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
VIOLA
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 preserv’d to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
SEBASTIAN
[To OLIVIA] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv’d,
You are betroth’d both to a maid and man.
DUKE
Be not amaz’d; 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.
VIOLA
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.
VIOLA
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.

OLIVIA
He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither;
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he ‘s much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish’d his.
How does he, sirrah?
CLOWN
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 deliver’d.
OLIVIA
Open ‘t, and read it.
CLOWN
Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads] By the Lord, madam,–
OLIVIA
How now! art thou mad?
CLOWN
No, madam, I do but read madness: and your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.
OLIVIA
Prithee, read i’ thy right wits.
CLOWN
So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
OLIVIA
[To FABIAN] Read it you, sirrah.
FABIAN
[Reads] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it; though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induc’d 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-US’D MALVOLIO.
OLIVIA
Did he write this?
CLOWN
Ay, madam.
DUKE
This savours not much of distraction.
OLIVIA
See him deliver’d, Fabian; bring him hither.
[Exit FABIAN.]
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th’ alliance on ‘t, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.
DUKE
Madam, I am most apt t’ embrace your offer.
[To VIOLA] Your master quits you; 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.
OLIVIA
A sister! you are she.
DUKE
Is this the madman?
OLIVIA
Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!
MALVOLIO
Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
OLIVIA
Have I, Malvolio? no.
MALVOLIO
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.
OLIVIA
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 cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
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,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
FABIAN
Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wond'red 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 conceiv'd 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.
OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd thee!
CLOWN
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? and you smile not, he 's gagg'd': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
MALVOLIO
I 'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.
OLIVIA
He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
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.
CLOWN
[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,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain,
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain,
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain,
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

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12: The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus

Cast of Charcters

THE POPE

CARDINAL OF LORRAIN

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY

DUKE OF VANHOLT

FAUSTUS

VALDES, friend to FAUSTUS

CORNELIUS, friend to FAUSTUS

WAGNER, servant to FAUSTUS

Clown

ROBIN

RALPH

Vintner

Horse-courser

A Knight

An Old Man

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT

LUCIFER

BELZEBUB

MEPHISTOPHILIS

Good Angel

Evil Angel

The Seven Deadly Sins

Devils

Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER THE GREAT of his Paramour, and of HELEN

Chorus

[*Enter* Chorus]

CHORUS
Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love ;
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,— we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes :
Of riper years, to Wittenberg he went.
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him.
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit]

Scene I. Faustus's study

FAUSTUS discovered

FAUST.
Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end ?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:*
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinae sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [Reads.
Si una eademque res legatur, duobus, alter rem, alter -valorem ret, etc.
A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads
Exhaereditare JUium non potest pater, nisi, etc.
Such is the subject of the institute,

And universal body of the law:

His study fits a mercenary drudge.
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well. [Reads.
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, etc.*

The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [Reads.

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis -Veritas;
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and
there 's no truth in us.
Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight.
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence.
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces.
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

[Enter Wagner]

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request tliem earnestly to visit me.
WAG.
I will, sir.

[Exit]

FAUST.

Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.
Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.
G. ANG.
O, Faustus, lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures :—that is blasphemy,
E. ANG.
Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

[Exeunt Angels]

FAUST.
How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will ?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl.
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all our provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

[Enter VALIDES and CORNELIUS]

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musaeus when he came to hell,

Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.
VALD.
Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience.
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,

Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;

Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
rom Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.
FAUST.
Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.
CORN.
The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowm'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea.

And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,

Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?
FAUST.
Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.
VALD.
Then haste thee to some solitary grove.
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works.
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.
CORN.
Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.
VALD.
First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;

For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do :
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[Exeunt]

Scene II *Before Faustus's house*

[*Enter* Two Scholars]

FIRST SCHOL.
I wonder what 's become of Faustus, that
was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.
SEC. SCHOL.
That shall we know; for see, here comes his boy.

[Enter Wagner]

FIRST SCHOL.
How now, sirrah ! where 's thy master?
WAG.
God in heaven knows.
SEC. SCHOL.
Why, dost not thou know ?
WAG.
Yes, I know; but that follows not.
FIRST SCHOL.
Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell
us where he is.
WAG.
That follows not necessary by force of argument,
that you, being licentiates, should stand upon't: therefore
acknowledge your error, and be attentive.
SEC. SCHOL.
Why, didst thou not say thou knewest ?
WAG.
Have you any witness on 't ?
FIRST SCHOL.
Yes, sirrah, I heard you.
WAG.
Ask my fellow if I be a thief.
SEC. SCHOL.
Well, you will not tell us?
WAG.
Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not
dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is
not he corpus naturalel and is not that mobile} then where-
fore should you ask me such a question ? But that I am by
nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, it were not for you to
come within forty foot of the place of execution, although
I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions.
Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my counten-
ance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my
dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes
and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, it would inform
vyour worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and
keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren!

[Exit]

FIRST SCHOL.
Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that
damned art for which they two are infamous through the
world.
SEC. SCHOL.
Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet
should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform
the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim
him.
FIRST SCHOL.
O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!
SEC. SCHOL.
Yet let us try what we can do.

[Exeunt]

Scene III. *A grove*

[Enter FAUSTUS *to conjure*]

FAUST.
Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look.
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest.
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name.
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars.
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute.
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—
Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae!
Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, sal'vete! Orientis princeps Bel-
tebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus
vos, ut apparent et surgat Mephistophilis, quod tumeraris: per
Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecrata, aquam quam nunc spargo,
signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc
surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!

[Enter Mephistophilis]

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit Mephistophilis]

I see there 's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility !
Such is the force of magic and my spells:

No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat.
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

[*Re-enter* MEPHISTOPHILIS *like a Franciscan friar*]

MEPH.
Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?
FAUST.
I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or th' ocean to overwhelm the world.
MEPH.
I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.
FAUST.
Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
MEPH.
No, I came hither of mine own accord.
FAUST.
Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.
MEPH.
That was the cause, but yet per accidens ;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.
FAUST.
So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle.
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word 'damnation' terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls.
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?
MEPH.
Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
FAUST.
Was not that Lucifer an angel once ?
MEPH.
Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.
FAUST.
How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?
MEPH.
O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.
FAUST.
And what are you that live with Lucifer?
MEPH.
Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.
FAUST.
Where are you damn'd?
MEPH.
In hell.
FAUST.
How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?
MEPH.
Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!
FAUST.
What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul.
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.
MEPH.
I will, Faustus.

[Exit]

FAUST.
Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men ;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore.
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

Scene IV *A street*

[*Enter* Wagner *and* Clown]

WAG.
Sirrah boy, come hither.
CLOWN
How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen
many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have: boy, quotha!
WAG.
Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?
CLOWN
Ay, and goings out too; but you may see else.
WAG.
Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his
nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so
hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil
for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.
CLOWN
How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of
mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend:
by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce
to it, if I pay so dear.
WAG.
Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee
go like*Qui mi hi discipulus?*
CLOWN
How, in verse?
WAG.
No, sirrah ; in beaten silk and staves-acre.
CLOWN
How, how, knaves-acre! ay, I thought that was
all the land his father left him. Do ye hear? I would be
sorry to rob you of your living.
WAG.
Sirrah, I say in staves-acre.
CLOWN
Oho, oho, staves-acre! why, then, belike, if I
were your man, I should be full of vermin.
WAG.
So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no.
But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently
unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee
into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces.
CLOWN
Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour;
they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are
as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for their
meat and drink.
WAG.
Well, do you hear, sirrah ? hold, tnke these
guilders. [Gi'ves money.
CLOWN
Gridirons, what be they?
WAG.
Why, French crowns.
CLOWN
Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man
were as good have as many English counters. And what
should I do with these ?
WAG.
Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning,

whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.
CLOWN
No, no; here, take your gridirons again.
WAG.
Truly, I'll none of them.
CLOWN
Truly, but you shall.
WAG.
Bear witness I gave them him.
CLOWN
Bear witness I give them you again.
WAG.
Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee
away.—Baliol and Belcher!
CLOWN
Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here,
and I'll knock them, they were never so knocked
since they were devils: say I should kill one of them,
what would folks say? 'Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the
round slop? he has killed the devil.' So I should be called
Kill-devil all the parish over.

- [Enter two Devils ; *and theClown runs up and down crying.*]

WAG.
Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away ! Exeunt Devils.
CLOWN
What, are they gone? a vengeance on them!
they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-
devil: I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils
has horns, and all she-devils has cloven feet.
WAG.
Well, sirrah, follow me.
CLOWN
But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would
you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos ?
WAG.
I will teach thee to turn thyself to any thing, to
a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.
CLOWN
How! a Christian fellow to a
dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat! no, no, sir; if you turn me into any
thing, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea,
that I may be here and there and everywhere.
WAG.
Well, sirrah, come.
CLOWN
But, do you hear, Wagner?
WAG.
How!—Baliol and Belcher!
CLOWN
O Lord, I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go
sleep.
WAG.
Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left
eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi*
vestigias nostras insistere.

[Exit]

CLOWN
God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well,
I'll follow him; I'll serve him, that's flat.

[Exit]

Scene V *Faustus's study*

FAUSTUS discovered

FAUST.
Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
'Abjure this magic, turn to God again!
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God ? he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church.
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

[Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel]

G. ANG.
Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
FAUST.
Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them ?
G. ANG.
O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!
E. ANG.
Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy.
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.
G. ANG.
Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.
E. ANG.
No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[Exeunt Angels]

FAUST.
Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is 't not midnight ?—come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

[Enter Mephistophilis]

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?
MEPH.
That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
FAUST.
Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
MEPH.
But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly.
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.
FAUST.
Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord?
MEPH.
Enlarge his kingdom.
FAUST.
Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?
MEPH.
Solamen miseris socios hahuisse doloris.
FAUST.
Why, have you any pain that torture others?
MEPH.
As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee.
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.
FAUST.
Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
MEPH.
Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously.
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
FAUST.
[Stabbing his arm] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of
thee, I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.
MEPH.
But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.
FAUST.
Ay, so I will [Writes]. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.
MEPH.
I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[Exit. Faust]

What might the staying of my blood portend ?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faiistus gi'ves to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again,

Faustus gi’ves to thee his soul.

[*Re-enter* Mephistophilis *with a chafer of coals*]

MEPH.
Here ‘s fire; come, Faustus, set it on.
FAUST.
So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [Writes.
MEPH.
O, what will not I do to obtain his soul ? [Aside.
FAUST.
Consummatum est; this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath’d his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm ?
Homo,fuge : whither should I fly ?
If unto God, he’ll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv’d; here ‘s nothing writ:—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.
MEPH.
I’ll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[Aside, and then exit.]

[*Re-enter* MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Devils, *who give crowns and*

rich apparel to FAUSTUS, *dance, and then depart*]

FAUST.
Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?
MEPH.
Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal.
And to shew thee what magic can perform.
FAUST.
But may I raise up spirits when I please ?
MEPH.
Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.
FAUST.
Then there ‘s enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescrib’d between us both.
MEPH.
Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!
FAUST.
Then hear me read them. [Reads]
On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever [he desires]. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John austus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them,

twenty four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full powver to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, JOHN FAUSTUS.
MEPH.
Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?
FAUST.
Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on 't!
MEPH.
Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.
FAUST.
First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?
MEPH.
Under the heavens
.
FAUST.
Ay, but whereabout?
MEPH.
Within the bowels of these elements.
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified.
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
FAUST.
Come, I think hell's a fable.
MEPH.
Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.
FAUST.
Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd ?
MEPH.
Ay, of necessity, for here 's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.
FAUST.
Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this Hfe, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.
MEPH.
But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary;
For I am damn'd, and now in hell.
FAUST.
How ! now in hell! Nay, an this be hell,
I'll willingly be damn'd here:
What! walking, disputing, etc.
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany.
MEPH.
How! a wife! I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.
FAUST.
Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one; for I
will have one.
MEPH.
Well, thou wilt have one ?
Sit there till I come:

I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.

- [Exit]

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* Devil *drest like a Woman,*

with Fire-works]

MEPH.
Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?
FAUST.
A plague on her !
MEPH.
Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly: [Gi'ves book.
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.
FAUST.
Thanks, Mephistophilis; yet fain would I have a
book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations,
that I might raise up spirits when I please.
MEPH.
Here they are in this book. [Turns to them.
FAUST.
Now would I have a book where I might see all
characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know
their motions and dispositions.
MEPH.
Here they are too. [Turns to them.
FAUST.
Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I
have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees,
that grow upon the earth.
MEPH.
Here they be.
FAUST.
O, thou art deceived.
MEPH.
Tut, I warrant thee. [Turns to them.

Scene VI. *In the house of Faustus*

FAUST.
When I behold the heavens, then I repent.
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.
MEPH.
Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.
FAUST.
How prov'st thou that ?
MEPH.
'Twas made for man, therefore is man more
excellent.
FAUST.
If it were made for man, 'twas made for me :
I will renounce this magic and repent.

[Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel]

G. ANG.
Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.
E. ANG.
Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.
FAUST.
Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.
E. ANG.
Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt Angels]

FAUST.
My heart's so hardened, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
' Faustus, thou art damn'd!' then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Oenon's death ?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis ?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.
— Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth ?
MEPH.
As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree.
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars.
Faust, But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*
MEPH.
All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four
hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their mo-

tion upon the poles of the zodiac.
FAUST.
Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
The first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years;
Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year;
the Moon in twenty-eight days.
Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions.
But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or intelligentia ?
MEPH.
Ay.
FAUST.
How many heavens or spheres are there?
MEPH.
Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.
FAUST.
Well, resolve me in this question: why have we
not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one
time, but in some years we have more, in some less?
MEPH.
Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.
FAUST.
Well, 1 am answered. Tell me who made the
world ?
MEPH.
I will not.
FAUST.
Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.
MEPH.
Move me not, for I will not tell thee.-
FAUST.
Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any
thing ?
MEPH.
Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is.
Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

[*Re-enter* Good Angel *and* Evil Angel]

G. ANG.
Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.
MEPH.
Remember this.

[Exit]

FAUST.
Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!
Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.
Is 't not too late ?
E. ANG.
Too late.
G. ANG.
Never too late, if Faustus can repent.
E. ANG.
If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. ANG.
Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[Exeunt Angels]

FAUST.
Ay, Christ, my Saviour, Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!

[Enter LUCIFER, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis]

LUC.
Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There 's none but I have interest in the same.
FAUST.
O, who art thou that look'st so terrible ?
LUC.
I am Lucifer, And this is my companion-prince in hell.
FAUST.
O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!
LUC.
"We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil.
And of his dam too.
FAUST.
Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers.
And make my spirits pull his churches down.
LUC.
Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to shew thee some pastime:
sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins ap-
pear in their proper shapes.
FAUST.
That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.
LUC.
Talk not of Paradise nor creation ; but mark this
show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Gome away!

[Enter the Seven Deadly Sins]

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names
and dispositions.
FAUST.
What art thou, the first?
PRIDE
I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents.
I am like Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner; some-
times, like a perriwig, I sit upon a wench's brow; or, like
a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips. But, fie, what a scent
is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground
were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.
FAUST.
What art thou, the second?
COVET

I am Covetousness; and, might I have my wish,
I would desire that this house and all the people in it were
turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest,
O my sweet gold!
FAUST.
What art thou, the third?
WRATH
I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother:
I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-
hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the
world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I
had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look
to it, for some of you shall be my father.
FAUST.
What art thou, the fourth?
ENVY
I am Envy, born of a chimney-sweeper and an
oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books
were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that
there would come a famine through all the world, that all
might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat
I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down,
with a vengeance!
FAUST.
Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth ?
GLUT
Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all
dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare
pension, and that is thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,—
a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal
parentage ! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my
grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers
were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-
beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman,
and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was
Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast
heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?
FAUST.
No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.
GLUT
Then the devil choke thee!
FAUST.
Choke thyself, glutton !—What art thou, the sixth ?
SLOTH
I am Sloth. I was born on a sunny bank, where
I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury
to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again
by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for
a king's ransom.
FAUST.
What are you. Mistress Minx, the seventh and last ?
LECHERY
Lechery. Who, I, sir ? The first letter of my name begins
with L.
LUC.
Away, to hell, to hell!

[Exeunt the Sins]

Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?
FAUST.
O, this feeds my soul!
LUC.
Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.
FAUST.
O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!
LUC.
Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
FAUST.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
FAUST.
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.
FAUST.
Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
FAUST.
This will I keep as chary as my life.
LUC.
Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.
FAUST.
Farewell, great Lucifer. Come, Mephistophilis.

[Exeunt *omnes*]

[*Enter* Chorus]

CHORUS
Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament.
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top.
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd.

SCENE VII *To see the Pope and manner of his court*

[*Enter* FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS]

FAUST.
Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops./
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents ;
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,

The way he cut, an English mile in length.
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest.
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands.
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this ?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?
MEPH.
Faustus, I have ; and, because we will not be un-
provided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for
our use.
FAUST.
I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.
MEPH.
Tut, 'tis no matter, man ; we'll be bold with his
good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carved brass,
As match the days within one c6mplete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides.
Which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.
FAUST.
Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the mountains
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.
MEPH.
Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the
Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum honum* is in belly-cheer.
FAUST.
Well, I'm content to compass then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please,
Unseen by any whilst I stay in Rome.

[Mephistophilis charms him]

MEPH.
So, Faustus ; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

[*Sound a Sonnet. Enter the* POPE *and the* CARDINAL OF

LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* Friars *attending*]

POPE
My Lord of Lorrain, will't please you draw near?
FAUST.
Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare !
POPE
How now ! who 's that which spake ?—Friars, look about.
FIRST FRIAR
Here 's nobody, if it like your Holiness.
POPE
My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.
FAUST.
I thank you, sir. [Snatches the dish.
POPE
How now! who's that which snatched the meat
from me? will no man look?—My lord, this dish was sent
me from the Cardinal of Florence.
FAUST.
ou say true ; I '11 ha 't. [Snatches the dish.
POPE
What, again ?—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.
FAUST.
I'll pledge your grace. [Snatches the cup.
C. OF LOR.
My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out
of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.
POPE
It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the
fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[The Pope crosses himself.]

FAUST.
What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The Pope crosses himself again]

Well, there 's the second time.
Aware the third; I give you fair warning.

[*The Pope crosses himself again, and* FAUSTUS *hits him a box of the ear; and they all run away*]

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do ?
MEPH.
Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell,
book, and candle.
FAUST.
How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and
bell,—
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass
bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

[*Re-enter all the* Friars *to sing the Dirge*.]

FIRST FRIAR
Come, brethren, let's about our business
with good devotion.

[They sing]

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness meat from the table! maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus !
Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!
Cursed be he that took avoay his Holiness wine! maledicat Dominus!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS *beat the* Friars,
and fling fire-works among them ; and so exeunt]

[*Enter* Chorus]

CHORUS
When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returned home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology.
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see['t] performed.

[Exit]

Scene VIII *Near an inn.*

[*Enter* ROBIN *tbe Ostler, with a book in his hand*]

ROBIN
O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one
of Doctor Faustus' conjuring-books, and, i'faith, I mean
to search some circles for my own use.

[*Enter* RALPH, *calling* ROBIN]

RALPH
Robin, prithee, come away ; there's a gentleman
tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things
rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my

mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out;
prithee, come away.
ROBIN
Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up,
you are dismembered, Ralph : keep out, for I am about a
roaring piece of work.
RALPH
Come, what doest thou with that same book ?
thou canst not read ?
ROBIN
Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can
read.
RALPH
Why, Robin, what book is that?
ROBIN
What book ! why, the most intolerable book for
conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.
RALPH
Canst thou conjure with it?
ROBIN
I can do all these things easily with it; first, I
can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe
for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.
RALPH
Our Master Parson says that 's nothing.
ROBIN

True, Ralph : and more, Ralph, if thou hast any

mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid,
RALPH
O, brave, Robin! shall I have Nan Spit? On
that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long
as he lives, of free cost.
ROBIN
No more, sweet Ralph ; let's go and make clean
our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our
conjuring in the devil's name,

[Exeunt]

Scene IX. *The same*

[*Enter* ROBIN *and* Ralph *with a siver goblet*]

ROBIN
Come, Ralph: did I not tell thee, we were for
ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book ? *ecce, signum!*
here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers: our horses shall
eat no hay as long as this lasts.
RALPH
But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.
ROBIN
Hush ! I'll igull him supernaturally.

[Enter Vintner]

Drawer, I hope all is paid; God be with you !—Come,

RALPH
VIN.
Soft, sir; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet
paid from you, ere you go.
ROBIN
I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet!—I scorn you; and
you are but a, etc. I a goblet! search me.
VIN.
I mean so, sir, with your favour. [Searches Robin.
ROBIN
How say you now ?
VIN.
I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!
RALPH
Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill.

[Vintner searches him.]

Now, sir, you may be ashamed to
burden honest men with a matter of truth.
VIN.
Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.
RALPH
You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [Aside].—Sirrah
you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men ;—stand by;—
I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I
charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet,
Ralph [Aside to Ralph].
VIN.
What mean you, sirrah?
ROBIN
I'll tell you what I mean. [Reads from a book]
Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon—nay, I'll tickle you. Vintner.—
Look to the goblet, Ralph [Aside to Rklvu].— [Reads] *Poly-
pragmas Belseborams framanto pacostipbos tostii, Mephistophilis,
etc.*

[*Enter* MEPHOSTOHILIS, *sets squibs at their backs, and then*]

exit. They run about.
VIN.
O, *nomine Domini!* what meanest thou, Robin ?
thou hast no goblet.
RALPH
Peccatum peccatorum! —Here's thy goblet, good
Vintner.

[*Gives the goblet to* Vintner, *who* exit.]

ROBIN
Misericordia pro nobis! what shall I do? Good
devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.
MEPH.
Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie.
How am I vexed with these villains' charms!
From Constantinople am I hither come.
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

ROBIN
How, from Constantinople! you have had a great
journey: will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for
your supper, and be gone ?
MEPH.
Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform
thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so be gone. [Exit.
ROBIN
How, into an ape! that's brave: I'll have fine
sport with the boys; I'll get nuts and apples enow.
RALPH
And I must be a dog.
ROBIN
V faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-
pot. [Exeunt.

Scene X. *The Emperor's Court at Innsbruck*

[*Enter* EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, *and a* Knight, *with* Attendants, *among whom* MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

EMP.
Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange re-
port of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in
my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee
for the rare effects of magic: they say thou hast a familiar
spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This,
therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof
of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm
what mine ears have heard reported : and here I swear to
thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever
thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.
KNIGHT
I'faith, he looks much like a conjurer. [Aside.
FAUST.
My gracious sovereign, though I must confess
myself far inferior to the report men have published, and
nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty,
yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am con-
tent to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.
EMP.
Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence.
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man :
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art.

Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour.
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.
FAUST.
My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.
KNIGHT
I' faith, that's just nothing at all. [Aside.
FAUST.
But, if it Hke your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.
KNIGHT
Ay, marry. Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [Aside.
FAUST.
But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.
EMP.
Go to. Master Doctor; let me see them presently.
KNIGHT
Do you hear. Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!
FAUST.
How then, sir ?
KNIGHT
I' faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.
FAUST.
No, sir; but, when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone. [Exit Mephistophilis.
KNIGHT
Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. [Exit.
FAUST.
I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—
Here they are, my gracious lord.
EMP.
Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck : how shall I know whether it be so or no ?
FAUST.
Your highness may boldly go and see.
EMP.
Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [Execunt Spirits.
FAUST.
Will't please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late ?
EMP.

One of you call him forth. [Exit Attendant.
How now, sir knight! Feel on thy head.
KNIGHT
Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock.
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!
FAUST.
O, not so fast, sir! there 's no haste :but, good,
are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference
with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.
EMP.
Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him:
he hath done penance sufficient.
FAUST.
My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he
offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with
some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious
knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release
him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of
scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHIS-
TOPHILIS *removes the horns*.]- Now, my good lord, having
done my duty, I humbly take my leave.
EMP.
Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward.

Scene XI. *A green; afterwards the house of Faustus.*

FAUST.
Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life.
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wittenberg.
MEPH.
What, will you go on horse-back or on foot?
FAUST.
Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

[*Enter a* Horse-courser.]

HORSE-C.
I have been all this day seeking one Master
Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save you, Master
Doctor!
FAUST.
What, horse-courser ! you are well met.
HORSE-C.
Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty
dollars for your horse.
FAUST.
I cannot sell hhn so. If thou likest him for fifty,
take him.
HORSE-C.
Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you speak

for me.
MEPH.
I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest
fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.
FAUST.
Well, come, give me your money [Horse-courser
gives Faustus the money] : my boy will deliver him to you.
But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him
not into the water, at any hand.
HORSE-C.
Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?
FAUST.
O, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him
not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where
thou wilt, but not into the water.
HORSE-C.
Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever: I'll
not leave my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of
hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living on
him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel [Jside]. —Well, God
b'wi'ye sir: your boy will deliver him me: but, hark you,
sir; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, you'll tell me what
it is?
FAUST.
Away, you villain! what, dost think I am a horse-
doctor ? [Exit Horse-courser.
What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair*]

[*Re-enter* Horse-courser, *all wet, crying.*]

HORSE-C.
. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quoth a? mass,
Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor: has given me a
purgation, has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see
them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be
ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no
water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality
that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturous
youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I
was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse
vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so
near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor,
and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest
horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear?
you, heypass, where 's your master ?
MEPH.
Why, sir, what would you ? you cannot speak with
him.
HORSE-C.
But I will speak with him.
MEPH.

Why, he ‘s fast asleep: come some other time.
HORSE-C.
I’ll speak with him now, or I’ll break his glass-windows about his ears.
MEPH.
I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.
HORSE-C.
An he have not slept this eight weeks, I’ll speak with him.
MEPH.
See, where he is, fast asleep.
HORSE-C.
Ay, this is he.—God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!
MEPH.
Why, thou seest he hears thee not.
HORSE-C.
So-ho, ho ! so-ho, ho ! [*Hollas hi bis ear.*] No, will you not wake? I’ll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* FAUSTUS *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone ! what shall I do ?
FAUST.
O, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers !—My leg, my leg !
MEPH.
Come, villain, to the constable.
HORSE-C.
O Lord, sir, let me go, and I’ll give you forty dollars more!
MEPH.
Where be they ?
HORSE-C.
I have none about me: come to my ostry, and

I’ll give them you.

MEPH.
Be gone quickly. [Horse-courser *runs away.*
FAUST.
What, is he gone ? farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour: well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

- [Enter Wagner]

How now, Wagner! what’s the news with thee ?
WAG.
Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.
FAUST.
The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Gome, Mephistophilis, let’s away to him. [Exeunt.

Scene XII. *The court of the Duke of Vanholt.*

[*Enter the* DUKE OF VANHOLT, *the* DUCHESS, *and*FAUSTUS]

DUKE
Believe me. Master Doctor, this merriment hath
much pleased me.
FAUST.
My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so
well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this.
I have heard that women do long for some dainties or other:
what is it, madam ? tell me and you shall have it.
DUCHESS
Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see
your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from
you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer,
as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would
desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.
FAUST.
Alas, madam, that's nothing !—Mephistophilis, be
gone. [Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS] Were it a greater thing
than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

[Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes*.]

Here they be, madam: will't please you taste on them ?
DUKE
Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder
above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in
the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.
FAUST.
If it like your grace, the year is divided into two
circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter
with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as
in India, Saba, and farther countries in the east; and by
means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought
hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? be
they good?
DUCHESS
Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best
grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.
FAUST.
I am glad they content you so, madam.
DUKE
Come, madam, let us in, where you must well
reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath
shewed to you.
DUCHESS
And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest
beholding for this courtesy.
FAUST.
I humbly thank your grace.
DUKE
Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [Exeunt.

Scene XIII. A room in the house of Faustus.

[*Enter* Wagner]

WAG.
I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinketh, if that death were near.
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended. [Exit.

[*Enter* FAUSTUS *with two or three* Scholars,

and MEPHISTOPHILIS]

FIRST SCHOL.
Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference
about fair ladies, which was the beaiitifulest in all the world,
we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece
was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore. Master
Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that
peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for
majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto
you.
FAUST.
Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and* HELEN *passeih over the stage.*

SEC. SCHOL.
Too simple is my wit to tell her praise.
Whom all the world admires for majesty.
Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.
FIRST SCHOL.
Since we have seen the pride of Nature's
works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!
FAUST.
Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

[Exeunt Scholars]

[*Enter* an Old Man]

OLD MAN
Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life.
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet.
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.
FAUST.
Where art thou, Faustus ? wretch, what hast
thou done ?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, 'Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;'
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*]

OLD MAN
Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate
steps! I see an angel hovers o'er thy head.

And, with a vial full of precious grace,

Offers to pour the same into thy soul:

Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.
FAUST.
Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.
OLD MAN
I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer.
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [Exit.
FAUST.
Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
MEPH.
Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.
FAUST.
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
MEPH.
Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

[FAUSTUS *stabs his arm, and writes on a paper with his blood*]

FAUST.
Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked
age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
MEPH.
His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth
FAUST.
One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.
MEPH.
Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

[*Re-enter* HELEN]

FAUST.
Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships.
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [Kisses ber.
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flees!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee.
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel.
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky In wanton
Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [Exeunt.

[*Enter* the Old Man.]

OLD MAN
Accursed Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-scat!

[*Enter* Devils]

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn !

Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt, — on one side* Devils, *on the other* Old Man.]

Scene XIV *The same.*

[*Enter* FAUSTUS, *with* Scholars]

FAUST.
Ah, gentlemen!
FIRST SCHOL.
What ails Faustus ?
FAUST.
Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with
thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look,
comes he not ? comes he not ?
SEC. SCHOL.
What means Faustus ?
THIRD SCHOL.
Belike he is grown into some sickness by
being over-solitary.
FIRST SCHOL.
If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—
'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.
FAUST.
A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both
body and soul.
SEC. SCHOL.
Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember
God's mercies are infinite.
FAUST.
But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the
serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus.
Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my
speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember
that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would
I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what
wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the
world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the
world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne
of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell
for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall
become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?
THIRD SCHOL.
Yet, Faustus, call on God.
FAUST.
On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God,
whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would
weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood,
instead of tears! yea, life and soul—O, he stays my tongue!
I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold
them!
ALL
Who, Faustus?
FAUST.
Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave
them my soul for my cunning!
ALL

God forbid!
FAUST.
God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it:
for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost
eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own
blood: the date is expired; the time will
come, and he will fetch me.
FIRST SCHOL.
Why did not Faustus tell us of this before,
that divines might have prayed for thee ?
FAUST.
Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil
threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch
both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and
now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with
me.
SEC. SCHOL.
O, what shall we do to save Faustus ?
FAUST.
Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.
THIRD SCHOL.
God will strengthen me; I will stay with
Faustus.
FIRST SCHOL.
empt not God, sweet friend; but let us into
the next room, and there pray for him.
FAUST.
Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise
soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue
me.
SEC. SCHOL.
Pray thou, and we will pray that God may
have mercy upon thee.
FAUST.
Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll
visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.
ALL
Faustus, farewell.
FAUST.
Ah, Faustus, Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day.
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O *lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop : ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!-
Yet will I call on him:
O, spare me, Lucifer!-
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven !
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul.
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
O, no end is limited to damned souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die.
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops.
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books !—Ah, Mephistophilis !

[*Exeunt* Devils *with* FAUSTUS]

[*Enter* Chorus]

CHORUS
Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits. [Exit.

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13: William Shakespeare The Tempest

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, King of Naples

SEBASTIAN, his brother

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples

GONZALO, an honest old councilor

ADRIAN, Francisco, lords

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave

TRINCULO, a jester

STEPHANO, a drunken butler

MASTER of a ship

BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero

ARIEL, an airy spirit

IRIS, CERES, JUNO, NYMPHS, REAPERS, SPIRITS

SCENE: a ship at sea, followed by an uninhabited island

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise

MASTER
Boatswain!
BOATSWAIN
Here, master: what cheer?
MASTER
Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

[Exit]

[Enter MARINERS]

BOATSWAIN

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

[Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others]

ALONSO
Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?
Play the men.
BOATSWAIN
I pray now, keep below.
ANTONIO
Where is the master, boatswain?
BOATSWAIN
Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your
cabins: you do assist the storm.
GONZALO
Nay, good, be patient.
BOATSWAIN
When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers
for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.
GONZALO
Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.
BOATSWAIN
None that I more love than myself. You are a
counsellor; if you can command these elements to
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will
not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you
cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of
the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out
of our way, I say.

[Exit]

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

[Exeunt]

[Re-enter BOATSWAIN]

BOATSWAIN
Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring
her to try with main-course.
A cry within
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than
the weather or our office.

[Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO]

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

SEBASTIAN
A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!
BOATSWAIN
Work you then.
ANTONIO
Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.
GONZALO
I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench.
BOATSWAIN
Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

[Enter MARINES wet]

MARINERS
All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
BOATSWAIN
What, must our mouths be cold?
GONZALO
The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.
SEBASTIAN
I'm out of patience.
ANTONIO
We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards: This wide-chapp'd rascal–would thou mightst lie drowning The washing of ten tides!
GONZALO
He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at widest to glut him.

[A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'– 'We split, we split!'–'Farewell, my wife and children!'

— 'Farewell, brother!'–'We split, we split, we split!']

ANTONIO
Let's all sink with the king.
SEBASTIAN
Let's take leave of him.

[Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN]

GONZALO
Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

- [Exeunt]

ACT I.

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

[Enter *PROSPERO* and *MIRANDA*]

MIRANDA
If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.
PROSPERO
Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
MIRANDA
O, woe the day!
PROSPERO
No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
MIRANDA
More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
PROSPERO
'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
Lays down his mantle
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul–
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.
MIRANDA
You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'
PROSPERO

The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
MIRANDA
Certainly, sir, I can.
PROSPERO
By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
MIRANDA
'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
PROSPERO
Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.
MIRANDA
But that I do not.
PROSPERO
Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
MIRANDA
Sir, are not you my father?
PROSPERO
Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.
MIRANDA
O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
PROSPERO
Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
MIRANDA
O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
PROSPERO
My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio–
I pray thee, mark me–that a brother should
Be so perfidious!–he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle–
Dost thou attend me?
MIRANDA
Sir, most heedfully.
PROSPERO
Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.
MIRANDA
O, good sir, I do.
PROSPERO
I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing–
Dost thou hear?
MIRANDA
Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
PROSPERO
To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates–
So dry he was for sway–wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd–alas, poor Milan!–
To most ignoble stooping.
MIRANDA
O the heavens!
PROSPERO
Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
MIRANDA
I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
PROSPERO
Now the condition.
The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
MIRANDA
Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
PROSPERO
Hear a little further
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
MIRANDA
Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
PROSPERO
Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
MIRANDA
Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
PROSPERO
O, a cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile.
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
MIRANDA
How came we ashore?
PROSPERO
By Providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
MIRANDA
Would I might
But ever see that man!
PROSPERO
Now I arise:
Resumes his mantle
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.
MIRANDA
Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
PROSPERO
Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
MIRANDA
sleeps
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

[Enter *ARIEL*]

ARIEL
All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
PROSPERO
Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
ARIEL
To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
PROSPERO
My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
ARIEL
Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,–then like reeds, not hair,–
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.'
PROSPERO
Why that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
ARIEL
Close by, my master.
PROSPERO
But are they, Ariel, safe?
ARIEL
Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
PROSPERO
Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.
ARIEL
Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.
PROSPERO
Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
ARIEL
Past the mid season.

PROSPERO
At least two glasses. The time ‘twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
ARIEL
Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform’d me.
PROSPERO
How now? moody?
What is’t thou canst demand?
ARIEL
My liberty.
PROSPERO
Before the time be out? no more!
ARIEL
I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
PROSPERO
Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
ARIEL
No.
PROSPERO
Thou dost, and think’st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o’ the earth
When it is baked with frost.
ARIEL
I do not, sir.
PROSPERO
Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
ARIEL
No, sir.
PROSPERO
Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
ARIEL
Sir, in Argier.
PROSPERO
O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget’st. This damn’d witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know’st, was banish’d: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
ARIEL
Ay, sir.
PROSPERO
This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report’st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island–
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born–not honour'd with
A human shape.
ARIEL
Yes, Caliban her son.
PROSPERO
Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.
ARIEL
I thank thee, master.
PROSPERO
If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
ARIEL
Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.
PROSPERO
Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.
ARIEL
That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
PROSPERO
Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[Exit *ARIEL*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!
MIRANDA
The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
PROSPERO
Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
MIRANDA
'Tis a villain, sir,

I do not love to look on.
PROSPERO
But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
CALIBAN
[Within] There's wood enough within.
PROSPERO
Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

[Re-enter *ARIEL* like a water-nymph]

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
ARIEL
My lord it shall be done.

[Exit]

PROSPERO
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

[Enter *CALIBAN*]

CALIBAN
As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
PROSPERO
For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
CALIBAN
I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
PROSPERO
Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
CALIBAN
O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
PROSPERO
Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
CALIBAN
You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
PROSPERO
Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
CALIBAN
No, pray thee.
Aside
I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
and make a vassal of him.
PROSPERO
So, slave; hence!

[Exit *CALIBAN*]

[Re-enter>*ARIEL*, invisible, playing and singing; *FERDINAND* following]

ARIEL
'S song.
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [dispersedly, within
The watch-dogs bark!
Burthen Bow-wow

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.
FERDINAND
Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.
ARIEL
sings
Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Burthen Ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them,–Ding-dong, bell.
FERDINAND
The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
PROSPERO
The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.
MIRANDA
What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
PROSPERO
No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
MIRANDA
I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
PROSPERO
[Aside] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
FERDINAND
Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA
No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
FERDINAND
My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
PROSPERO
How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
FERDINAND
A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
MIRANDA
Alack, for mercy!
FERDINAND
Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
PROSPERO
[Aside] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.
To FERDINAND
A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
MIRANDA
Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
FERDINAND
O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
PROSPERO
Soft, sir! one word more.
Aside
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.
TO FERDINAND
One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
FERDINAND
No, as I am a man.
MIRANDA
There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
PROSPERO

Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
FERDINAND
No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
Draws, and is charmed from moving
MIRANDA
O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.
PROSPERO
What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
MIRANDA
Beseech you, father.
PROSPERO
Hence! hang not on my garments.
MIRANDA
Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
PROSPERO
Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an imposter! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.
MIRANDA
My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
PROSPERO
Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.
FERDINAND
So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
PROSPERO
[Aside] It works.
To FERDINAND

Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!
TO FERDINAND
Follow me.
To ARIEL
Hark what thou else shalt do me.
MIRANDA
Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
PROSPERO
Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
ARIEL
To the syllable.
PROSPERO
Come, follow. Speak not for him.

[Exeunt]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the island

[Enter *ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others*]

GONZALO
Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
ALONSO
Prithee, peace.
SEBASTIAN
He receives comfort like cold porridge.
ANTONIO
The visitor will not give him o'er so.
SEBASTIAN
Look he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.
GONZALO
Sir,–
SEBASTIAN
One: tell.
GONZALO
When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer–
SEBASTIAN
A dollar.
GONZALO

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you
have spoken truer than you purposed.
SEBASTIAN
You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
GONZALO
Therefore, my lord,–
ANTONIO
Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
ALONSO
I prithee, spare.
GONZALO
Well, I have done: but yet,–
SEBASTIAN
He will be talking.
ANTONIO
Which, of he or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?
SEBASTIAN
The old cock.
ANTONIO
The cockerel.
SEBASTIAN
Done. The wager?
ANTONIO
A laughter.
SEBASTIAN
A match!
ADRIAN
Though this island seem to be desert,–
SEBASTIAN
Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.
ADRIAN
Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,–
SEBASTIAN
Yet,–
ADRIAN
Yet,–
ANTONIO
He could not miss't.
ADRIAN
It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate
temperance.
ANTONIO
Temperance was a delicate wench.
SEBASTIAN
Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
ADRIAN
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
SEBASTIAN
As if it had lungs and rotten ones.
ANTONIO
Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
GONZALO
Here is everything advantageous to life.
ANTONIO
True; save means to live.
SEBASTIAN
Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO
How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
ANTONIO
The ground indeed is tawny.
SEBASTIAN
With an eye of green in't.
ANTONIO
He misses not much.
SEBASTIAN
No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
GONZALO
But the rarity of it is,–which is indeed almost
beyond credit,–
SEBASTIAN
As many vouched rarities are.
GONZALO
That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in
the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and
glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with
salt water.
ANTONIO
If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not
say he lies?
SEBASTIAN
Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report
GONZALO
Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we
put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of
the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.
SEBASTIAN
'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
ADRIAN
Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to
their queen.
GONZALO
Not since widow Dido's time.
ANTONIO
Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in?
widow Dido!
SEBASTIAN
What if he had said 'widower AEneas' too? Good Lord,
how you take it!
ADRIAN
'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that:
she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
GONZALO
This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
ADRIAN
Carthage?
GONZALO
I assure you, Carthage.
SEBASTIAN
His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath
raised the wall and houses too.
ANTONIO
What impossible matter will he make easy next?
SEBASTIAN
I think he will carry this island home in his pocket

and give it his son for an apple.
ANTONIO
And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring
forth more islands.
GONZALO
Ay.
ANTONIO
Why, in good time.
GONZALO
Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now
as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage
of your daughter, who is now queen.
ANTONIO
And the rarest that e'er came there.
SEBASTIAN
Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
ANTONIO
O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.
GONZALO
Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I
wore it? I mean, in a sort.
ANTONIO
That sort was well fished for.
GONZALO
When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
ALONSO
You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
FRANCISCO
Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
ALONSO
No, no, he's gone.
SEBASTIAN
Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
ALONSO
Prithee, peace.
SEBASTIAN
You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your
son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
ALONSO
So is the dear'st o' the loss.
GONZALO
My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
SEBASTIAN
Very well.
ANTONIO
And most chirurgeonly.
GONZALO
It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
SEBASTIAN
Foul weather?
ANTONIO
Very foul.
GONZALO
Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,–
ANTONIO
He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.
SEBASTIAN
Or docks, or mallows.
GONZALO
And were the king on't, what would I do?
SEBASTIAN
'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
GONZALO
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;–
SEBASTIAN
Yet he would be king on't.
ANTONIO
The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.
GONZALO
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN
No marrying ‘mong his subjects?
ANTONIO
None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.
GONZALO
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
SEBASTIAN
God save his majesty!
ANTONIO
Long live Gonzalo!
GONZALO
And,–do you mark me, sir?
ALONSO
Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
GONZALO
I do well believe your highness; and
did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that
they always use to laugh at nothing.
ANTONIO
‘Twas you we laughed at.
GONZALO
Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue and laugh at
nothing still.
ANTONIO
What a blow was there given!
SEBASTIAN
An it had not fallen flat-long.
GONZALO
You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift
the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue
in it five weeks without changing.

[Enter *ARIEL*, invisible, playing solemn music]

SEBASTIAN
We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
ANTONIO
Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
GONZALO
No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy?
ANTONIO
Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except *ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO*]

ALONSO
What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.
SEBASTIAN
Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANTONIO
We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
ALONSO
Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
ALONSO
sleeps.

[Exit *ARIEL*]

SEBASTIAN
What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
ANTONIO
It is the quality o' the climate.
SEBASTIAN
Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
ANTONIO
Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?–No more:–
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
SEBASTIAN
What, art thou waking?
ANTONIO
Do you not hear me speak?
SEBASTIAN
I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
ANTONIO
Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep–die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
SEBASTIAN
Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
ANTONIO
I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
SEBASTIAN
Well, I am standing water.
ANTONIO
I'll teach you how to flow.
SEBASTIAN
Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
ANTONIO

O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
SEBASTIAN
Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.
ANTONIO
Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade,–
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,–the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
And he that sleeps here swims.
SEBASTIAN
I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
ANTONIO
O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
SEBASTIAN
He's gone.
ANTONIO
Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
SEBASTIAN
Claribel.
ANTONIO
She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post–
The man i' the moon's too slow–till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that–from whom?
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.
SEBASTIAN
What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
ANTONIO
A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
SEBASTIAN
Methinks I do.
ANTONIO
And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
SEBASTIAN
I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
ANTONIO
True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
SEBASTIAN
But, for your conscience?
ANTONIO
Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
SEBASTIAN
Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.
ANTONIO
Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
SEBASTIAN
O, but one word.
They talk apart

- [Re-enter *ARIEL*, invisible]

ARIEL
My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth–
For else his project dies–to keep them living.
[Sings in *GONZALO*'s ear]
While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!
ANTONIO
Then let us both be sudden.
GONZALO
Now, good angels
Preserve the king.

- [They wake]

ALONSO
Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
GONZALO
What's the matter?
SEBASTIAN
Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
ALONSO
I heard nothing.
ANTONIO
O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
ALONSO
Heard you this, Gonzalo?
GONZALO
Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.
ALONSO
Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
GONZALO
Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
ALONSO
Lead away.
ARIEL
Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

- [Exeunt]

ACT II.

SCENE II. Another part of the island

[Enter *CALIBAN* with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard]

CALIBAN
All the infections that the sun sucks up

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

[Enter *TRINCULO*]

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.
TRINCULO
Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we
here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-
like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-
John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece
of silver: there would this monster make a
man; any strange beast there makes a man:
when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,
but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt.
Thunder
Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to
creep under his gaberdine; there is no other
shelter hereabouts: misery acquaints a man with
strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.

[Enter *STEPHANO*, singing: a bottle in his hand]

STEPHANO
I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore–
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral: well, here's my comfort.

[Drinks]

[Sings]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks]

CALIBAN
Do not torment me: Oh!
STEPHANO
What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.
CALIBAN
The spirit torments me; Oh!
STEPHANO
This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.
CALIBAN
Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.
STEPHANO
He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.
CALIBAN
Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.
STEPHANO
Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.
TRINCULO
I should know that voice: it should be–but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!
STEPHANO
Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster!

His forward voice now is to speak well of his
friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches
and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will
recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I
will pour some in thy other mouth.
TRINCULO
Stephano!
STEPHANO
Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is
a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no
long spoon.
TRINCULO
Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and
speak to me: for I am Trinculo–be not afeard–thy
good friend Trinculo.
STEPHANO
If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee
by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs,
these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How
camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can
he vent Trinculos?
TRINCULO
I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But
art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art
not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me
under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of
the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O
Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!
STEPHANO
Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.
CALIBAN
[Aside] These be fine things, an if they be
not sprites.
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.
STEPHANO
How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither?
swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I
escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors
heaved o'erboard, by this bottle; which I made of
the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was
cast ashore.
CALIBAN
I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject;
for the liquor is not earthly.
STEPHANO
Here; swear then how thou escapedst.
TRINCULO
Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a
duck, I'll be sworn.
STEPHANO
Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a
duck, thou art made like a goose.
TRINCULO
O Stephano. hast any more of this?
STEPHANO
The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the
sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf!

how does thine ague?
CALIBAN
Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?
STEPHANO
Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'
the moon when time was.
CALIBAN
I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.
STEPHANO
Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish
it anon with new contents swear.
TRINCULO
By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!
I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i'
the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well
drawn, monster, in good sooth!
CALIBAN
I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.
TRINCULO
By this light, a most perfidious and drunken
monster! when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.
CALIBAN
I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.
STEPHANO
Come on then; down, and swear.
TRINCULO
I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed
monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my
heart to beat him,–
STEPHANO
Come, kiss.
TRINCULO
But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!
CALIBAN
I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.
TRINCULO
A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a
Poor drunkard!
CALIBAN
I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?
STEPHANO
I prithee now, lead the way without any more
talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company
else being drowned, we will inherit here: here;
bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by
and by again.
CALIBAN

[Sings drunkenly]

[Sings drunkenly]

Farewell master; farewell, farewell!
TRINCULO
A howling monster: a drunken monster!
CALIBAN
No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!
STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

[Exeunt]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before *PROSPERO'S* Cell

[Enter *FERNINAND*, bearing a log]

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

[Enter *MIRANDA*; and *PROSPERO* at a distance, unseen]

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

The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
MIRANDA
If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
FERDINAND
No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
MIRANDA
It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
PROSPERO
Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
MIRANDA
You look wearily.
FERDINAND
No, noble mistress;'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you–
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers–
What is your name?
MIRANDA
Miranda.–O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
FERDINAND
Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so fun soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!
MIRANDA
I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
FERDINAND
I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;

I would, not so!–and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log–man.
MIRANDA
Do you love me?
FERDINAND
O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.
MIRANDA
I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
PROSPERO
Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
FERDINAND
Wherefore weep you?
MIRANDA
At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
FERDINAND
My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
MIRANDA
My husband, then?
FERDINAND
Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
MIRANDA
And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
FERDINAND
A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt *FERDINAND* and *MIRANDA* severally]

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

[Exit]

ACT III.

SCENE II. Another part of the island.

[Enter *CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO*]

STEPHANO
Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink
water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and
board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.
TRINCULO
Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They
say there's but five upon this isle: we are three
of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the
state totters.
STEPHANO
Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes
are almost set in thy head.
TRINCULO
Where should they be set else? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.
STEPHANO
My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack:
for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I
could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off
and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.
TRINCULO
Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.
STEPHANO
We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.
TRINCULO
Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and yet say
nothing neither.
STEPHANO
Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good moon-calf.
CALIBAN
How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.
TRINCULO
Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to
justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou,
was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much
sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie,
being but half a fish and half a monster?
CALIBAN
Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?
TRINCULO
'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!
CALIBAN
Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.
STEPHANO
Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you
prove a mutineer,–the next tree! The poor monster's

my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.
CALIBAN
I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to
hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?
STEPHANO
Marry, will I kneel and repeat it; I will stand,
and so shall Trinculo.

[Enter *ARIEL*, invisible]

CALIBAN
As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a
sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
ARIEL
Thou liest.
CALIBAN
Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my
valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.
STEPHANO
Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by
this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
TRINCULO
Why, I said nothing.
STEPHANO
Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.
CALIBAN
I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. if thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,–for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,–
STEPHANO
That's most certain.
CALIBAN
Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.
STEPHANO
How now shall this be compassed?
Canst thou bring me to the party?
CALIBAN
Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his bead.
ARIEL
Thou liest; thou canst not.
CALIBAN
What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.
STEPHANO
Trinculo, run into no further danger:
interrupt the monster one word further, and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors
and make a stock-fish of thee.
TRINCULO
Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther
off.
STEPHANO
Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL
Thou liest.
STEPHANO
Do I so? take thou that.

[Beats *TRINCULO*]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.
TRINCULO
I did not give the lie. Out o' your
wits and bearing too? A pox o' your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on
your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
CALIBAN
Ha, ha, ha!
STEPHANO
Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther
off.
CALIBAN
Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.
STEPHANO
Stand farther. Come, proceed.
CALIBAN
Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,–for so he calls them–
Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
STEPHANO
Is it so brave a lass?
CALIBAN
Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.
And bring thee forth brave brood.
STEPHANO
Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
will be king and queen–save our graces!–and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo?
TRINCULO
Excellent.
STEPHANO
Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
CALIBAN
Within this half hour will he be asleep:

Wilt thou destroy him then?
STEPHANO
Ay, on mine honour.
ARIEL
This will I tell my master.
CALIBAN
Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
STEPHANO
At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings]

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em
Thought is free.
CALIBAN
That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabour and pipe]

STEPHANO
What is this same?
TRINCULO
This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture
of Nobody.
STEPHANO
If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:
if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.
TRINCULO
O, forgive me my sins!
STEPHANO
He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!
CALIBAN
Art thou afeard?
STEPHANO
No, monster, not I.
CALIBAN
Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.
STEPHANO
This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall
have my music for nothing.
CALIBAN
When Prospero is destroyed.
STEPHANO
That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
TRINCULO
The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
after do our work.

STEPHANO
Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see
this tabourer; he lays it on.
TRINCULO
Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt]

ACT III.

SCENE III. Another part of the island.

[Enter *Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others*]

GONZALO
By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
ALONSO
Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
ANTONIO
[Aside to *SEBASTIAN*] I am right glad that he's so
out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
SEBASTIAN
[Aside to *ANTONIO*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
ANTONIO
[Aside to *SEBASTIAN*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
SEBASTIAN
[Aside to *ANTONIO*] I say, to-night: no more.
Solemn and strange music
ALONSO
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
GONZALO
Marvellous sweet music!

[Enter *PROSPERO* above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes,

bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation;

and, inviting the King, & c. to eat, they depart]

ALONSO
Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
SEBASTIAN

A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.
ANTONIO
I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did
lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
GONZALO
If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders–
For, certes, these are people of the island–
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
PROSPERO
[Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
ALONSO
I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
PROSPERO
[Aside] Praise in departing.
FRANCISCO
They vanish'd strangely.
SEBASTIAN
No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?
ALONSO
Not I.
GONZALO
Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
ALONSO
I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.
Thunder and lightning.

[Enter *ARIEL*, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table;

and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes]

ARIEL

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

[*ALONSO, SEBASTIAN & c. draw* their swords]

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember–
For that's my business to you–that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from–
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads–is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

[He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music enter the Shapes again,

and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table]

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

[Exit above]

GONZALO
I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
ALONSO
O, it is monstrous, monstrous:

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

[Exit]

SEBASTIAN
But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
ANTONIO
I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt *SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO*]

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

[Execunt]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before *PROSPERO*'S cell.

[Enter *PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA*]

PROSPERO
If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love and thou
Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.
FERDINAND
I do believe it
Against an oracle.
PROSPERO
Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
FERDINAND
As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion.
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think: or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
PROSPERO
Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

[Enter *ARIEL*]

ARIEL
What would my potent master? here I am.
PROSPERO
Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
ARIEL
Presently?
PROSPERO
Ay, with a twink.
ARIEL
Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
PROSPERO
Dearly my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
ARIEL
Well, I conceive.

[Exit]

PROSPERO
Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!
FERDINAND
I warrant you sir;

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
PROSPERO
Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

[Soft music]

[Enter *IRIS*]

IRIS
Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom -groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;–the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

[Enter *CERES*]

CERES
Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
IRIS
A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.
CERES
Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
IRIS
Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid

Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.
CERES
High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter *JUNO*]

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

[They sing:]

JUNO
Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings upon you.
CERES
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.
FERDINAND
This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?
PROSPERO
Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
FERDINAND
Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

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

PROSPERO
Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
IRIS
You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

[Enter certain Nymphs]

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

[Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance;

towards the end whereof *PROSPERO* starts suddenly, and speaks; after which,

to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish]

PROSPERO
[Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.

[To the Spirits]

Well done! avoid; no more!
FERDINAND
This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
MIRANDA
Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
PROSPERO
You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my, brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
FERDINAND MIRANDA
We wish your peace.

[Exeunt]

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

[Enter *ARIEL*]

ARIEL

Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?
PROSPERO
Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
ARIEL
Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
PROSPERO
Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
ARIEL
I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So fun of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabour;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
PROSPERO
This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
ARIEL
I go, I go.

[Exit]

PROSPERO
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

[Re-enter *ARIEL*, loaden with glistering apparel, & c]

Come, hang them on this line.

[*PROSPERO and ARIEL* remain invisible. Enter *CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,* all wet]

CALIBAN
Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
STEPHANO
Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
played the Jack with us.
TRINCULO
Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at

which my nose is in great indignation.
STEPHANO
So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take
a displeasure against you, look you,–
TRINCULO
Thou wert but a lost monster.
CALIBAN
Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.
TRINCULO
Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,–
STEPHANO
There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.
TRINCULO
That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your
harmless fairy, monster.
STEPHANO
I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
for my labour.
CALIBAN
Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.
STEPHANO
Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
TRINCULO
O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look
what a wardrobe here is for thee!
CALIBAN
Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.
TRINCULO
O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.
O king Stephano!
STEPHANO
Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have
that gown.
TRINCULO
Thy grace shall have it.
CALIBAN
The dropsy drown this fool I what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.
STEPHANO
Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line,
is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under
the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your
hair and prove a bald jerkin.
TRINCULO
Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.
STEPHANO
I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't:

wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this
country. ‘Steal by line and level’ is an excellent
pass of pate; there’s another garment for’t.
TRINCULO
Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and
away with the rest.
CALIBAN
I will have none on’t: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn’d to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.
STEPHANO
Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I’ll turn you
out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.
TRINCULO
And this.
STEPHANO
Ay, and this.

[A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds,

and hunt them about, *PROSPERO and ARIEL* setting them on]

PROSPERO
Hey, Mountain, hey!
ARIEL
Silver I there it goes, Silver!
PROSPERO
Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

[*CALIBAN, STEPHANO,and TRINCULO*, are driven out]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o’ mountain.
ARIEL
Hark, they roar!
PROSPERO
Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before *PROSPERO*’S cell.

[Enter *PROSPERO* in his magic robes, and *ARIEL*]

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

ARIEL
On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
PROSPERO
I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?
ARIEL
Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
PROSPERO
Dost thou think so, spirit?
ARIEL
Mine would, sir, were I human.
PROSPERO
And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gaitist my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
ARIEL
I'll fetch them, sir.

[Exit]

PROSPERO
Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music]

[Re-enter *ARIEL* before: then *ALONSO*, with a frantic gesture,

attended by *GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO* in like manner,

attended by *ADRIAN and FRANCISCO* they all enter the circle which *PROSPERO*

had made,and there stand charmed; which *PROSPERO* observing, speaks:]

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him you follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.
Where the bee sucks. there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
PROSPERO
Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.
ARIEL
I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

[Exit]

GONZALO
All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
PROSPERO
Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
ALONSO
Whether thou best he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
PROSPERO
First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
GONZALO
Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
PROSPERO
You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

[Aside to *SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*]

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
SEBASTIAN
[Aside] The devil speaks in him.
PROSPERO
No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
ALONSO
If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost–
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!–
My dear son Ferdinand.
PROSPERO
I am woe for't, sir.
ALONSO
Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
PROSPERO
I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.
ALONSO
You the like loss!
PROSPERO
As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
ALONSO
A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
PROSPERO
In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

[Here *PROSPERO* discovers *FERDINAND and MIRANDA* playing at chess]

MIRANDA
Sweet lord, you play me false.
FERDINAND
No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
MIRANDA
Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it, fair play.
ALONSO
If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
SEBASTIAN
A most high miracle!
FERDINAND
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause.

[Kneels]

ALONSO
Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
MIRANDA
O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
PROSPERO
'Tis new to thee.
ALONSO
What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
FERDINAND
Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
ALONSO
I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
PROSPERO
There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.
GONZALO
I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
ALONSO
I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
GONZALO
Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
ALONSO

[To *FERDINAND and MIRANDA*]

Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
GONZALO
Be it so! Amen!

[Re-enter *ARIEL*, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following]

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
BOATSWAIN
The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship–
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split–
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.
ARIEL
[Aside to *PROSPERO*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
PROSPERO
[Aside to *ARIEL*] My tricksy spirit!
ALONSO
These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
BOATSWAIN
If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And–how we know not–all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.
ARIEL

[Aside to *PROSPERO*] Was't well done?
PROSPERO
[Aside to *ARIEL*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
ALONSO
This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
PROSPERO
Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.
Aside to *ARIEL*
Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell.

[Exit *ARIEL*]

How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

[Re-enter *ARIEL*, driving in *CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO*, in their stolen apparel]

STEPHANO
Every man shift for all the rest, and
let no man take care for himself; for all is
but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!
TRINCULO
If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.
CALIBAN
O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
SEBASTIAN
Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?
ANTONIO
Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
PROSPERO
Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil–
For he's a bastard one–had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness!
Acknowledge mine.
CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.
ALONSO
Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
SEBASTIAN
He is drunk now: where had he wine?
ALONSO
And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?
TRINCULO
I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
SEBASTIAN
Why, how now, Stephano!
STEPHANO
O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
PROSPERO
You'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
STEPHANO
I should have been a sore one then.
ALONSO
This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
Pointing to Caliban
PROSPERO
He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
CALIBAN
Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!
PROSPERO
Go to; away!
ALONSO
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
SEBASTIAN
Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt *CALIBAN,STEPHANO, and TRINCULO*]

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

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
PROSPERO
I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.
Aside to *ARIEL*
My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[Exeunt]

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

PROSPERO
Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

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14: William Shakespeare Selection of Sonnets

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

III.

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose uneared womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remembered not to be,
Die single and thine image dies with thee.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion:
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O! let my looks be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack, he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXV.

No more be grieved atthat which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud:
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be,
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,

Which but to-day by feeding is allayed,
To-morrow sharpened in his former might:
So, love, be thou, although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love, with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
As call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed
Beated and chopp'd with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out,
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,

Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed, whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXX.

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame.
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wracked, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my love was my decay.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise richly compiled,
Reserve thy character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
And like unlettered clerk still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polished form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say "tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate,
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thy self thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me to whom thou gav'st it else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,

Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks, the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange.
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence, but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself, it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leapt with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

CV.

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time,
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CX.

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made my self a motley to the view,

Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is, that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein showest
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self growest.
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit (though delayed) answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slandered with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with Art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,

Sland'ring creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action: and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad.
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red, than her lips red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare,
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,

And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vexed thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed:
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love, loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil,
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
... ... these rebel powers that thee array
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?

Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shall thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever longing still,
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing:
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured eye,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

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15: Sir Thomas Wyatt

The long love that in my thought doth harbor

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Whoso list to hunt

Whoso list to hunt ? I know where is an hind !
But as for me, alas ! I may no more,
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore ;
I am of them that furthest come behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer ; but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow ; I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt
As well as I, may spend his time in vain !
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
There is written her fair neck round about ;
'Noli me tangere ; for Cæsar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

Farewell, Love

FairwellL, Love, and all thy laws for ever ;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec, and Plato, call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour ;
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store ;
But scaped forth thence, since, liberty is lever
Therefore, farewell ! go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority :
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts :
For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to clime.

I find no peace

I find no peace, and all my war is done ;
I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice ;
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I seize on,
That locks nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I scape no wise:
Nor lets me live, nor die, at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see ; without tongue I plain :
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health ;
I love another, and thus I hate myself ;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

My galley

My galley chargèd with forgetfulness
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine enemy, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness,
And every oar a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forcèd sighs and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance;
Wreathèd with error and eke with ignorance.
The stars be hid that led me to this pain.
Drownèd is reason that should me consort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

Divers doth use

Divers doth use, as I have heard and know,
When that to change their ladies do begin,
To mourn and wail, and never for to lynn,
Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.
And some there be that when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.
But as for me, though that by chance indeed
Change hath outworn the favour that I had,
I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,
Nor call her false that falsely did me feed ;
But let it pass, and think it is of kind
That often change doth please a woman's mind.

What vaileth truth?

What 'vaileth truth, or by it to take pain ?
To strive by steadfastness for to attain
How to be just, and flee from doubleness ?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.

Soonest he speeds that most can lie and feign :
True meaning heart is had in high disdain.
Against deceit and cloaked doubleness,
What ‘vaileth truth, or perfect steadfastness ?
Deceived is he by false and crafty train,
That means no guile, and faithful doth remain
Within the trap, without help or redress :
But for to love, lo, such a stern mistress,
Where cruelty dwells, alas, it were in vain.
What ‘vaileth truth !

Madam, withouten many words

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Madam, withouten many words,
Once I am sure you will, or no :
And if you will, then leave yourbourds,
And use your wit, and shew it so,
For, with a beck you shall me call ;
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair, with yea or nay.
If it be yea, I shall be fain ;
If it be nay—friends, as before ;
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

They flee from me

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within mychamber:
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember,
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand ; and now they range
Busily seeking in continual change.
Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better ; but once especial,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, ‘ Dear heart, how like you this ?’
It was no dream ; for I lay broad awaking:
But all is turn’d now through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness;
And she also to use new fangleness.
But since that I unkindly so am served:
How like you this, what hath she now deserved ?

Forget not yet

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant ;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet !
Forget not yet when first began

The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can ;
Forget not yet !
Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet !
Forget not ! oh ! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss
Forget not yet !
Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd :
Forget not this !

Blame not my lute

Blame not my Lute ! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me ;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me ;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute !
My Lute ! alas ! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me ;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute !
My Lute and strings may not deny
But as I strike they must obey ;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way ;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute !
Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsèd faith must needs be known ;
The fault so great, the case so strange ;
Of right it must abroad be blown :
Then since that by thine own desart
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute !
Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deservèd to have blame ;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same ;
But if 'till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute !
Farewell ! unknown ; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again :
And if, perchance, this sely rhyme

Do make thee blush, at any time,
Blame not my Lute !

Stand whoso list

Stand, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel
Of high estate ; and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each dele,*
Unknown in court that hath the wanton toys :
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be past withouten noise,
Let me die old after the common trace ;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,
That knowen is to all, but to himself, alas,
He dieth unknown, dasèd with dreadful face.

Who list his wealth and ease retain

Who list his wealth and ease retain,
Himself let him unknown contain.
Press not too fast in at that gate
Where the return stands by disdain:
For sure, circa regna tonat.
The high mountains are blasted oft
When the low valley is mild and soft.
Fortune with Health stands at debate.
The fall is grievous from aloft.
And sure, circa regna tonat.
These bloody days have broken my heart.
My lust, my youth did then depart,
And blind desire of estate.
Who hastes to climb seeks to revert.
Of truth, circa regna tonat.
The Bell Tower showed me such sight
That in my head sticks day and night.
There did I learn of of a grate
For all favor, glory, or might,
That yet circa regna tonat.
By proof, I say, there did I learn:
Wit helpeth not defense to yerne,
Of innocence to plead or prate.
Bear low, therefore, give God the stern,
For sure, circa regna tonat.

Mine own John Roins

Mine own John Poynz, since ye delight to know
The cause why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the press of courts, whereso they go,
Rather than to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly looks, wrappèd within my cloak,
To will and lust learning to set a law:
It is not for because I scorn or mock
The power of them, to whom fortune hath lent
Charge over us, of right, to strike the stroke.
But true it is that I have always meant

Less to esteem them than the common sort,
Of outward things that judge in their intent
Without regard what doth inward resort.
I grant sometime that of glory the fire
Doth twyche my heart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attain,
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?
My Poynz, I cannot from me tune to feign,
To cloak the truth for praise without desert
Of them that list all vice for to retain.
I cannot honour them that sets their part
With Venus and Bacchus all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them although I smart.
I cannot crouch nor kneel to do so great a wrong,
To worship them, like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely lambs among.
I cannot with my word complain and moan,
And suffer nought, nor smart without complaint,
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speak and look like a saint,
Use willes for wit, and make deceit a pleasure,
And call craft counsel, for profit still to paint.
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer
With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
And do most hurt where most help I offer.
I am not he that can allow the state
Of him Caesar, and damn Cato to die,
That with his death did scape out of the gate
From Caesar's hands (if Livy do not lie)
And would not live where liberty was lost;
So did his heart the common weal apply.
I am not he such eloquence to boast
To make the crow singing as the swan;
Nor call the liond of cowardes beasts the most
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can;
And he that dieth for hunger of the gold
Call him Alexander; and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in music many fold;
Praise Sir Thopias for a noble tale,
And scorn the story that the Knight told;
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;
Grin when he laugheth that beareth all the sway,
Frown when he frowneth and groan when is pale;
On others' lust to hang both night and day:
None of these points would ever frame in me.
My wit is nought—I cannot learn the way.
And much the less of things that greater be,
That asken help of colours of device
To join the mean with each extremity,
With the nearest virtue to cloak alway the vice;
And as to purpose, likewise it shall fall
To press the virtue that it may not rise;
As drunkenness good fellowship to call;
The friendly foe with his double face
Say he is gentle and courteous therewithal;
And say that favel hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name

Zeal of justice and change in time and place;
And he that suffer'th offence without blame
Call him pitiful; and him true and plain
That raileth reckless to every man's shame.
Say he is rude that cannot lie and feign;
The lecher a lover; and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign.
I cannot, I; no, no, it will not be!
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves that way, as thou mayst see,
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and to hawk,
And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow then with my bow to stalk;
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go:
In lusty leas at liberty I walk.
And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe,
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.
No force for that, for it is ordered so,
That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.
I am not now in France to judge the wine,
With saffry sauce the delicates to feel;
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem:
I meddle not with wits that be so fine.
Nor Flanders' cheer letteth not my sight to deem
Of black and white; nor taketh my wit away
With beastliness; they beasts do so esteem.
Nor I am not where Christ is given in prey
For money, poison, and treason at Rome—
A common practice used night and day:
But here I am in Kent and Christendom
Among the Muses where I read and rhyme;
Where if thou list, my Poinz, for to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

Source:

Wyatt, Thomas. The Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt. *Luminarium*. Web. 12 Apr. 2016. <http://www.luminarium.org/renlit/wyattbib.htm>

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16: Edmund Spenser From Amoretti

1

Happy ye leaves when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in theyr dead doing might
Shall handle you and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
Of Helicon whence she derived is;
When ye behold that Angels bellsed looke,
My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whome if ye please, I care for other none!

34

Lyke a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimmd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storm is past
My Helice the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.

37

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or heare, may scarse be told?
Is it that men's frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And being caught may craftily enfold,
Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be!

54

Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My love lyke the spectator ydly sits;
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diversely my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in mirth lyke to a Comedy:
Soone after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I wail and make my woes a tragedy.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:
But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if not merth nor moane,
She is no woman, but senseless stone.

64

Coming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)
Me seemd, I smellt a gardin of sweet flowers,
That dainty odours from them threw around
For damsels fit to deck theyr lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheekes lyke unto Roses red:
Her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamores,
Her lovely eyes lyke Pinks but newly spred.
Her goodly bosom lyke a Strawberry bed,
Her neck lyke to a bunch of Cullambynes;
Her brest lyke Lillies, ere theyr leaves be shed;
Her nipples lyke young blossomed Jessemynes:
Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorous smell;
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

65

The doubt which you misdeeme, fayre love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to lose your liberty;
When loosing one, two liberties ye gaine,
And make him bond that bondage erst dyd fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye
Without constraynt or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cagel; but singes and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound:
But simple truth and mutual good-will,
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each others wound:
There Fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen tower,
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

67

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursuit and vain assay,

When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
The gentle deare returned the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she beholding me with mylder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide:
Till I in hand her yet half-trembling tooke,
And with her own goodwill here fyrmely tyed.
Strange thing me seemed to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne with her owne will beguyled.

68

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
And having harrowd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou didst die
Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live for ever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May lykewise love thee for the same againe;
And for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne.
So let us love, lyke as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

74

Most happy letters! fram'd by skillful trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd:,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mother's womb deriv'd by dew descent :
The second is my sovereigne Queen most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent:
The third my love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed:
To speak her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

75

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
Vain man, said she, that doest in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name be wiped out lykewise.
No so, (quod I) let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse, your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.

Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Out love shall live, and later life renew.

79

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that yourself ye dayly such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me:
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew;
But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
To be divine and borne of heavenly seed;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made;
All other fayre lyke flowres untymely fade.

Source:

Spenser, Edmund. *Amoretti: Written Not Long Since*. New York: Laurel P, 1901. *HathiTrust*. Web. 12 Apr. 2016. <http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081638151>

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17: Sir Philip Sidney Sonnets

Access

The text is located at http://www.theotherpages.org/poems/sidney01.html

Read the following sonnets: 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 27, 28, 31, 33, 34, 37, 39, 41, 45, 47, 49, 52, 53, 54, 56, 61, 69, 71, 72, 74, 81, Fourth Song, 87, 89, 91, 94, Eleventh Song, 106, 108

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18: John Donne Songs and Sonnets

The Flea

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is ;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead ;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two ;
And this, alas ! is more than we would do.
O stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.
Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.
'Tis true ; then learn how false fears be ;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

The Good Morrow

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved ? were we not wean'd till then ?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly ?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den ?
'Twas so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be ;
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.
And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear ;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone ;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown ;
Let us possess one world ; each hath one, and is one.
My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west ?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally ;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

Song

GO and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.
If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.
If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet,
Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

The Woman's Constancy

NOW thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say ?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow ?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were ?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear ?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose ?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true ?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would ;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

The Undertaking

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did ;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.
It were but madness now to impart

The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.
So, if I now should utter this,
Others—because no more
Such stuff to work upon, there is—
Would love but as before.
But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who color loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.
If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She ;
And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride ;
Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did ;
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The Sun Rising

BUSY old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains, call on us ?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run ?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late school-boys and sour prentices,
Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices ;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.
Thy beams so reverend, and strong
Why shouldst thou think ?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long.
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."
She's all states, and all princes I ;
Nothing else is ;
Princes do but play us ; compared to this,
All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.
Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus ;
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere ;
This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

The Indifferent

i CAN love both fair and brown ;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays ;
Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays ;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town ;
Her who believes, and her who tries ;
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you ;
I can love any, so she be not true.
Will no other vice content you ?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers ?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others ?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you ?
O we are not, be not you so ;
Let me—and do you—twenty know ;
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true ?
Venus heard me sigh this song ;
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now ; and that it should be so no more.
She went, examined, and return'd ere long,
And said, "Alas ! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who're false to you.' "

Love's USURY

FOR every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious god of love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be.
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last year's relict ; think that yet
We'd never met.
Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise ; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay ;
Only let me love none ; no, not the sport
From country grass to confitures of court,
Or city's quelque-choses ; let not report
My mind transport.
This bargain's good ; if when I'm old, I be
Inflamed by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame and pain,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain.
Do thy will then ; then subject and degree
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee.
Spare me till then ; I'll bear it, though she be
One that love me.

The Canonization

FOR God’s sake hold your tongue, and let me love ;
Or chide my palsy, or my gout ;
My five gray hairs, or ruin’d fortune flout ;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve ;
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour, or his Grace ;
Or the king’s real, or his stamp’d face
Contemplate ; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.
Alas ! alas ! who’s injured by my love?
What merchant’s ships have my sighs drown’d?
Who says my tears have overflow’d his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.
Call’s what you will, we are made such by love ;
Call her one, me another fly,
We’re tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find th’ eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us ; we two being one, are it ;
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.
We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse ;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We’ll build in sonnets pretty rooms ;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns, all shall approve
Us canonized for love ;
And thus invoke us, “You, whom reverend love
Made one another’s hermitage ;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage ;
Who did the whole world’s soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes ;
So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize—
Countries, towns, courts beg from above
A pattern of your love.”

The Triple Fool

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry ;
But where’s that wise man, that would not be I,
If she would not deny ?
Then as th’ earth’s inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water’s fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains

Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.
But when I have done so,
Some man, his art and voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain ;
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 'tis read.
Both are increasèd by such songs,
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three.
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

Lover's Infinitesness

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all ;
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall ;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent ;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.
Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then ;
But if in thy heart since there be or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being general ;
The ground, thy heart, is mine ; what ever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Song

SWEETEST love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me ;
But since that I
At the last must part, 'tis best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die.
Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day ;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way ;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man’s power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall ;
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o’er us to advance.
When thou sigh’st, thou sigh’st not wind,
But sigh’st my soul away ;
When thou weep’st, unkindly kind,
My life’s blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say’st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Song

SWEETEST love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me ;
But since that I
At the last must part, ’tis best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die.
Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day ;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way ;
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Speedier journeys, since I take
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But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o’er us to advance.
When thou sigh’st, thou sigh’st not wind,
But sigh’st my soul away ;
When thou weep’st, unkindly kind,
My life’s blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say’st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.
Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill ;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turn’d aside to sleep.
They who one another keep

Alive, ne'er parted be.

The Legacy

SWEETEST love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me ;
But since that I
At the last must part, 'tis best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die.
Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day ;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way ;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.
O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall ;
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.
When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away ;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.
Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill ;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

A Fever

O ! DO not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.
But yet thou canst not die, I know ;
To leave this world behind, is death ;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.
Or if, when thou, the world's soul, go'st,
It stay, 'tis but thy carcase then ;
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,

But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.
O wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her feaver might be it?
And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long bear this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is,
To fuel such a fever long.
These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee is soon spent ;
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.
Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever ;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

Air and Angels

TWICE or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name ;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame
Angels affect us oft, and worshipp'd be.
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see.
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too ;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.
Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw I had love's pinnace overfraught ;
Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much ; some fitter must be sought ;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere ;
Then as an angel face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere ;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air's and angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's, will ever be.

Break of Day

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise ;
The light that shines comes from thine eyes ;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

[Another of the Same]

‘TIS true, ’tis day ; what though it be?
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because ’tis light?
Did we lie down because ’twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.
Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so
That I would not from him, that had them, go.
Must business thee from hence remove?
O ! that’s the worst disease of love,
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

The Anniversary

ALL kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun it self, which makes time, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay ;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday ;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.
Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas ! as well as other princes, we
—Who prince enough in one another be—
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears ;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
—All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove
This or a love increasèd there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.
And then we shall be throughly blest ;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we’re kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore ; this is the second of our reign.

I.

MY name engraved herein
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,

Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard, as that which graved it was ;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that glass should be
As all-confessing, and through-shine as I ;
'Tis more that it shows thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules love's magic can undo ;
Here you see me, and I am you.

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessories to this name,
The showers and tempests can outwash
So shall all times find me the same ;
You this entireness better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given death's head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach ;
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then, as all my souls be
Emparadised in you—in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see—
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein
Which tile this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return repair
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the stars are said to flow
Into such characters as gravèd be
When these stars have supremacy.

VII.

So since this name was cut,
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut.
As much more loving, as more sad,
'Twill make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings open this casement, with my trembling name,
To look on one, whose wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'st my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lover's gold and page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Disputed it, and tamed thy rage,
And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name step in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go
To an overt act and that thou write again,
In superscribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy from the pane ;
So, in forgetting thou rememb'rest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glass and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep ;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And this I murmur in my sleep ;
Inpute this idle talk, to that I go,
For dying men talk often so.

Source:

Donne, John. *Poems of John Donne. Vols 1 and 2 Edited by E.K. Chambers* London: Lawrenece & Bullen, 1896.

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19: John Donne Holy Sonnets

1

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Only thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour my self I can sustain;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

5

I am a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelic spright,
But black sin hath betrayed to endless night
My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high
Have found new spheares, and of new lands can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more;
But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire
Of lust and envy have burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,
And burn me o Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

7

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For, if above all these, my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

9

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on else-immortal us;
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee?
Why should intent or reason, borne in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being eafy, and glorious
To God; in his stern wrath, why threatens he?
But who am I , that dare dispute with thee
O God? Oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory;
That thou remember them, some claim as debt,
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

10

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

11

Spit in my face you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and scoff, scourge, and crucify me,
For I have sinned, and sinned, and only he
Who could do no iniquity hath died:
But by my death can not be satisfied
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They killed once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorified.
Oh let me, then, his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.
And Jacob came clothed in vile harsh attire
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God clothed himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

13

What if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,

Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierced head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which prayed forgiveness for his foes' fierce spite?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigor: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assigned,
This beauteous form assures a piteous mind.

14

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpted town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

17

Since she whom I loved hath paid her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her soul early into heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
Here the admiring her my mind did whet
To seek thee God; so streams do show the head;
But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts me yet.
But why should I beg more Love, when as thou
Dost woo my soul for hers; offering all thine:
And dost not only fear least I allow
My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
Least in the World. flesh, yea devil put thee out.

18

Show me dear Christ, thy Spouse, so bright and clear.
What! is it She, which on the other shore
Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
Laments and mourns in Germany and here?
Sleeps she a thousand, then peeps up one year?
Is she self truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
On one, on seven, or on no hill appear?
Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
First travel we to seek and then make Love?
Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
And let mine amorous soul court thy mild Dove,

Who is most true, and pleasing to thee, then
When she is embraced and open to most men.

19

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vows, and in devotion.
As humorous is my contrition
As my profane love, and as soon forgot:
As riddlingly distempered, cold and hot,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view heaven yesterday; and today
In prayers and flattering speeches I court God:
Tomorrow I quake with true fear of his rod.
So my devout fits come and go away
Like a fantastic ague; save that here
Those are my best days, when I shake with fear.

Source:

Donne, John. *Poems of John Donne. Vols 1 and 2 Edited by E.K. Chambers* London: Lawrenece & Bullen, 1896.

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20: Mary Wroth

From Pamphilia to Amphilanthus

Access

The text is located at http://www.luminarium.org/renascence-editions/mary.html#Pamphilia

Read the following sections: 1, 16, 25, 28, 39, 40, 64, 68, 74, 77, 103

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21: Robert Herrick

Hesperides

The Argument of His Book

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers ;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridal-cakes ;
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris ;
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white ;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy king ;
I write of Hell ; I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Upon the Loss of His Mistress

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses :
Stately Julia, prime of all :
Sappho next, a principal :
Smooth Anthea for a skin
White, and heaven-like Chrystalline :
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrrha for the lute and voice :
Next Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it :
With Perilla : all are gone ;
Only Herrick's left alone
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

The Vine

I dream'd this mortal part of mine
Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine;
Which crawling one and every way,
Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.
Me thought, her long small legs & thighs
I with my Tendrils did surprize;
Her Belly, Buttocks, and her Waste
By my soft Nerv'lits were embrac'd:
About her head I writhing hung,
And with rich clusters (hid among
The leaves) her temples I behung:
So that my Lucia seem'd to me
Young Bacchus ravished by his tree.
My curles about her neck did craule,
And armes and hands they did enthrall:

So that she could not freely stir,
(All parts there made one prisoner.)
But when I crept with leaves to hide
Those parts, which maids keep unespy'd,
Such fleeting pleasures there I took,
That with the fancie I awook;
And found (Ah me!) this flesh of mine
More like a Stock then like a Vine.

Dreams

Here we are all by day ; by night we're hurl'd
By dreams, each one into a sev'ral world.

Delight in Disorder

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction :
An erring lace which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher :
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly :
A winning wave deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat :
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility :
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

His Farewell to Sack

Farewell thou thing, time past so known, so dear
To me as blood to life and spirit; near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soul to body; life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.
The kiss of virgins, first fruits of the bed,
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maidenhead :
These and a thousand sweets could never be
So near or dear as thou wast once to me.
O thou, the drink of gods and angels! wine
That scatter'st spirit and lust, whose purest shine
More radiant than the summer's sunbeam shows;
Each way illustrious, brave, and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd portents
Foretell the coming of some dire events,
Or some full flame which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild and active fires;
'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soul !
Eternal in thyself, that can'st control
That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despair.
'Tis thou alone who, with thy mystic fan,
Workst more than wisdom, art, or nature can
To rouse the sacred madness and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make

Them frantic with thy raptures flashing through
The soul like lightning, and as active too.
‘Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.
Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
Hads’t thou not fill’d them with thy fire and flame.
Phoebean splendour! and thou, Thespian spring!
Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
Their true pac’d numbers and their holy lays,
Which makes them worthy cedar and the bays.
But why, why longer do I gaze upon
Thee with the eye of admiration?
Since I must leave thee, and enforc’d must say
To all thy witching beauties, Go away.
But if thy whimpering looks do ask me why,
Then know that nature bids thee go, not I.
‘Tis her erroneous self has made a brain
Uncapable of such a sovereign
As is thy powerful self. Prithee not smile,
Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
My vows denounc’d in zeal, which thus much show thee
That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee freely, and desire
Thee and their lips espous’d, while I admire
And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my muse
Fail of thy former helps, and only use
Her inadultrate strength: what’s done by me
Hereafter shall smell of the lamp, not thee.

Corinna’s Going A-Maying

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bow’d toward the east
Above an hour since : yet you not dress’d ;
Nay ! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, ’tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.
Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept ;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying :

Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.
Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimm'd with trees : see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch : each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.
There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green-gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a-Maying.
Come, let us go while we are in our prime ;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun ;
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O! let my looks be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.
That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry :
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

The Hock Cart, or Harvest Home

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil :
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art :
See here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet :
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crowned.
About the cart, hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout ;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves :
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat :
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef :
With upper stories, mutton, veal
And bacon (which makes full the meal),
With sev'ral dishes standing by,

As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer ;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your fans, your fats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats ;
To the rough sickle, and crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe.
Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you ;
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

How Roses Came Red

Roses at first were white
Till they could not agree,
Whether my Sappho's breast
Or they more white should be.
But, being vanquish'd quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast

Have ye beheld (with much delight)
A red rose peeping through a white ?
Or else a cherry, double grac'd,
Within a lily centre plac'd ?
Or ever mark'd the pretty beam
A strawberry shows half-drown'd in cream ?
Or seen rich rubies blushing through
A pure smooth pearl and orient too ?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neat niplet of her breast.

Upon Jack and Jill Epigram

When Jill complains to Jack for want of meat,
Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eat.
Jill says, "Of what?' Says Jack, "On that sweet kiss,
Which full of nectar and ambrosia is,
The food of poets.' "So I thought,' says Jill.
"That makes them look so lank, so ghost-like still.
Let poets feed on air, or what they will;
Let me feed full, till that I fart', says Jill.

To Marigolds

Give way, and be ye ravish'd by the sun,
And hang the head whenas the act is done,
Spread as he spreads, wax less as he does wane ;
And as he shuts, close up to maids again.

His Prayer to Ben Johnson

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar,
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad

Dull to myself, and almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses ;
Lost to all music now, since everything
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the land to the heart, and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
But if that golden age would come again,
And Charles here rule, as he before did reign ;
If smooth and unperplexed the seasons were,
As when the sweet Maria lived here :
I should delight to have my curls half drown'd
In Tyrian dews, and head with roses crown'd ;
And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
Knock at a star with my exalted head.

The Night Piece to Julia

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.
Let not the dark thee cumber :
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number.
Then, Julia, let me woo thee,

Thus, thus to come unto me ;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Upon His Verses

What offspring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I questio not.
These are the children I have left,
Adopted some, none got by theft ;
But all are touch'd, like lawful plate,
And no verse illegitimate.

His Return to London

From the dull confines of the drooping West
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravish'd in spirit I come, nay, more, I fly
To thee, bless'd place of my nativity !
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful Genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, year by year.
O place ! O people ! Manners ! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer, then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is : though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;
Yet since call'd back ; henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee !
For, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;
Give thou my sacred relics burial.

Upon Julia's Clothes

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free ;
O how that glittering taketh me !

Upon Prue, His Maid

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

To His Book's End

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.

Source:

Herrick, Robert. *Hesperides: Poems.* Ed. Herbert Percy Horne. London: Walter Scott, 1887. *Google Books.* Web. 14 Apr. 2016. <https://books.google.com/books?id=ZCI_AAAAYAAJ>

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22: Richard Lovelace

From Lucasta, Going to the Wars

Tell me not, (sweet,) I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and armes I flie.
True: a new Mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee,Dear, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.

The Grasshopper

To My Noble Friend, Mr. Charles Cotton[1]

O thou that swing'st upon the waving eare[2]
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,[3]
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious teare[4]
Dropped thee from Heav'n, where now th' art reared.
The joyes of earth and are are thine intire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and flye;
And, when thy poppy workes, thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn-bed to lye.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcomst then,
Sportst in the guilt plats[9] of his beams,
And all these merry dayes mak'st merry men[5],
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle! Golden ears are cropt;
Ceres and *Bacchus* bid good night;
Sharp, frosty fingers all your flowrs have topt
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.
Poore verdant fool, and now green ice! thy joys,
Large and as lasting as thy peirch of grasse,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glasse.
Thou best of men and friends? we will create
A genuine summer in each others breast,
And spite of this cold Time and frozen Fate,
Thaw us a warme seat to our rest.
Our sacred harthes shall burne eternally,
As vestal flames; the North-wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretchd wings, dissolve, and flye
This Etna in epitome.
Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewaylel th' usurping of his raigne:

But when in showers of old Greeke[6] we beginne,
Shall crie, he hath his crowne again!
Night, as clear Hesper, shall our tapers whip
From the light casements, where we play,
And the dark hagge from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.
Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That, asking nothing, nothing need:
Though lords of all what seas imbrace, yet he
That wants himselfe is poor indeed.

To Althea, from Prison

Song Set By Dr. John Wilson[7]

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gate;
And my divine *Althea* brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire[8],
And fettered to her eye[9],
The birds[10] that wanton in the aire,
Know no such Liberty.
When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying *Thames*,
Our carelesse heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steepe,
When Healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the Deep
Know no such libertie.
When (like committed linnets[11]) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Inlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such Liberty.
Stone Walls do not a Prison make,
Nor Iron bars a cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my ove,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Love Made in the First Age.
To Chloris

In the nativity of time,
Chloris! it was not thought a crime
In direct Hebrew for to woe.
Now wee make love, as all on fire,
Ring retrograde our lowd desire,
And court in English backward too.

Thrice happy was that golden age,
When complement was constru'd rage,
And fine words in the center hid;
When cursed *no* stain'd no maid's blisse,
And all discourse was summ'd in *yes,*
And nought forbad, but to forbid.[12]
Love then unstinted love did sip,
And cherries pluck'd fresh from the lip,
On cheeks and roses free he fed;
Lasses, like Autumne plums, did drop,
And lads indifferently did drop
A flower and a maiden-head.
Then unconfined each did tipple
Wine from the bunch, milk from the nipple;
Paps tractable as udders were.
Then equally the wholsome jellies
Were squeez'd from olive-trees and bellies:
Nor suits of trespasse did they fear.
A fragrant bank of strawberries,
Diaper'd with violets' eyes,
Was table, table-cloth and fare;
No palace to the clouds did swell,
Each humble princesse then did dwell
In the Piazza of her hair.
Both broken faith and th' cause of it,
All-damning gold, was damn'd to th' pit;
Their troth seal'd with a clasp and kisse,
Lasted until that extreem day,
In which they smil'd their souls away,
And in each other breath'd new blisse.
Because no fault, there was no tear;
No grone did grate the granting ear,
No false foul breath, their del'cat smell.
No serpent kiss poyson'd the tast,
Each touch was naturally chast,
And their mere Sense a Miracle.
Naked as their own innocence,
And unembroyder'd from offence,
They went, above poor riches, gay;
On softer than the cignet's down,
In beds they tumbled off their own:
For each within the other lay.
Thus did they live: thus did they love,
Repeating only joyes above,
And angels were but with cloaths on,
Which they would put off cheerfully,
To bathe them in the Galaxie,
Then gird them with the heavenly zone.
Now, Chloris! miserably crave
The offer'd blisse you would not have,
Which evermore I must deny:
Whilst ravish'd with these noble dreams,
And crowned with mine own soft beams,
Injoying of my self I lye.

Annotation

1. Charles Cotton the elder, father of the poet‘ He died in 1658. This poem is extracted in c’ensura Literaria, ix. 352, as a favourable specimen of Lovelace’s poetical genius. The text is manifestly corrupt, but I have endeavoured to amend it. In Elton’s *Specimens of Classic Poets*, 1814, i. 148, is a trans lation of Anacreon’s Address to the Cicada, or Tree-Locust (Lovelace’s grasshopper ?), which is superior to the modern poem, being less prolix, and more natural in its manner. In all Lovelace’s longer pieces there are too many obscure and feeble conceits, and too many evidences of a leaning to the metaphysical and antithetical school of poetry.

2. Original has *haire*.

3. *i. e.* a heard of oats

4. Meleager’s invocation to the tree-locust commences thus in Elton’s translation :— “ Oh shrill-voiced insect! that with dew-drops sweet lnebriate ” See also Cowley’s *Anacreontique*s, No. X. *The Grasshopper*

5. *i. e.* horizontal lines tinged with gold. See Halliwell’s‘ *Glossary of Archaic Word*s, 1860, art. PLAT (seventh and eighth meaning). The late editors of Nares cite this passage from *Lucasta* as an illustration of *guilt-plat*s, which they define to be “plots of gold.” This definition, unsupported by any other evidence, is not very satisfactory, and certainly it has no obvious application here. * Randolph says :— “ toiling ants perchance delight to hear The summer musique of the gras-hopper.” Poems, 1640, p. 90. It is a question, perhaps, whether Lovelace intended by the grasshopper the cicada or the locusta. See Sir Thomas Browne’s *Inquiries into Vulgar Errors* (Works, by Wilkins, 1836, iii. 93).

6. Perch.

7. The first stanza of this famous song is harmonized in *Chemjfull Ayres or Ballads*: *First composed jbr one single voice, and since set for three voices*‘ By John Wilson, Dr. in Music, Professor of the same in the University of Oxford. Oxford, 1660 (Sept. 20, 1659), 4to. p. 10. I have sometimes thought that, when Lovelace composed this production, he had in his recollection some of the sentiments in Wither’s Shepherds Hunting, 1615. See, more particularly, the sonnet (at p. 248 of Mr. Gutch’s Bristol edition) commencing: “I that er’st while the world’s sweet air did draw.”

8. Peele, in *King David and Fair Bethsabe*, 1599, has a similar figure, where David says :- “ Now comes my lover tripping like the roe, And brings my longings tangled in her hair.” The “ lover ” is of course Bethsabe.

9. Thus Middleton, in his *More Dissemblers besides Women*, printed in 1657, but written before 1626, says : “ But for modesty, I should fall foul in words upon fond man, That can forget his excellence and honour, His serious meditations, being the end Of his creation, to learn well to die; And live a prisoner to a woman’s eye.”

10. Original reads gods; the present word is substituted in ac— cordance with a MS. copy of the song printed by the late Dr. Bliss, in his edition of Woods Athena. If Dr. Bliss had been aware of the extraordinary corruptions under which the text of LUCASTA laboured, he would have had less hesitation in adopt ing birds as the true reading. The “ Song to Althea,” is a fa vourable specimen of the class of composition to which it belongs; but I fear that it has been over-estimated.

11. Percy very unnecessarily altered *like committed* Zinnets to *linnet-like* confined (Percy’s Reliques, ii. 247 ; Moxon’s ed.) Ellis (*Specimens of Early English Poets*, ed. 1801, iii. 252) says that this latter reading is “ more intelligible.” It is not, however, either what Lovelace wrote, or what (it may be presumed) he intended to write, and nothing, it would seem, can be clearer than the passage as it stands, *committed* signifying, in fact, nothing more than *confined*. It is fortunate for the lovers of early English literature that Bp- Percy had comparatively little to do with it. Emeudation of a text is well enough; but the wholesale and arbitrary slaughter of it is quite another matter.

12. This and the succeeding stanza are omitted by Mr. Singer in his reprint.

Source:

Lovelace, Richard. *Lucasta: The Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.* Ed. W. Carew Hazlitt. London: John Russell Smith, 1864. *HathiTrust*. Web. 14 Apr. 2016. <http://hdl.handle.net/2027/coo.31924013188697>

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23: Andrew Marvell

The Coronet

When for the Thorns with which I long, too
With many a piercing wound,
(long My Saviour's head have crowned,
I seek with garlands to redress that Wrong:
Through every Garden, every mead,
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flow'rs),
Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
That once adorned my Shepherdess's head.
And now when I have summed up all my store,
Thinking (so I felf deceive)
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore:
Alas, I find the serpent old
That, twining in his fpeckled breaft,
About the flowers disguised does fold,
With wreaths of fame and interest.
Ah, foolifh man, that wouldst debafe with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's Diadem!
But Thou who only couldst the serpent tame,
Either his flipp'ry knots at once untie;
And difentangle all his winding Snare;
Or fhatter too with him my curious frame,
And let thefe wither, fo that he may die,
Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care:
That they, while Thou on both their spoils dost tread,
May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

Bermudas

When for the remote *Bermudas* ride
In th' Oceans bofome unefpy'd,
From a fmall Boat, that row'd along,
The liftning Winds receiv'd this Song.
What fhould we do but fing his Praife
That led us through the watry Maze,
Unto an Ifle fo long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge Sea-Monfters wracks,
That lift the Deep upon their Backs,
He lands us on a graffy Stage;
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamells every thing;
And Fends the Fowl's to us in care,
On daily Vifits through the Air.
He hangs in fhades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
And does in the Pomgranates clofe,
Jewels more rich than *Ormus* fhow's.
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the Melons at our feet.
But Apples plants of fuch a price,

No Tree could ever beat them twice.
With Cedars, chofen by his hand,
From *Lebanon*, he ftores the Land.
And makes the hollw Seas, that roar,
Proclaime the Ambergris on fhoar.
He caft (of which we rather boaft)
The Gofpels Pearl upon our Coaft.
And in thefe Rocks for us did frame
A Temple, where to found his Name.
Oh let our Voice his Praife exalt,
Till it arrive at Heavens Vault:
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Eccho beyond the *Mexique Bay*.
Thus Fund they in the *English* boat,
An holy and a chearful Note,
and all the way, to guide their Chime,
With falling Oars they kept the time.

A Dialogue Between the Soul and Body

SOUL
O who fhall, from this dungeon, raife
A Soul enflav'd so many wayes?
With bolts of bones, that fetter'd ftands
In Feet, and manacled in Hands;
Here blinded with an Eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear;
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins;
Tortur'd, befides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart.

BODY
O who fhall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul?
Which, ftretcht upright, impales me fo;
That mine own Precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needlefs Frame:
(A Fever could but do the fame)
And, wanting where its fpite to try,
Has made me live to let me die.
A Body that could never reft,
Since this ill Spirit it pofsest.
SOUL
What Magick could me thus confine
Within another's Grief to pine?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain;
And all my care its felf employs;
That to preserve which me deftroys;
Constrain'd not only to endure
Difeafes, but, what's worfe, the Cure;
And ready oft the Port to gain,
Am Shipwrackt into Health again.
BODY
But Phyfick yet could never reach
The Maladies Thou me dost teach;

Whom firft the Cramp of Hope does Tear,
And then the Palfie Shakes of fear;
The Peſtilence of Love does heat:
Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
Joy's cheerful Madnefs does perplex:
Or Sorrow's other Madnefs vex.
Which Knowledge forces me to know;
And Memory will not foregoe.
What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin ſo fit?
So Architects do fquare and hew,
Green Trees that in the Foreft Grew.

The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn

The wanton Troopers riding by
Have ſhot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
To kill thee. Thou ne'er didſt alive
Them any harm, alas, nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm ſure I never wiſh'd them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But if my ſimple Pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will Joyn my Tears
Rather than fail. But oh, my fears!
It cannot dye ſo. Heaven's King
Keeps regiſter of everything,
And nothing may we uſe in vain.
Ev'n beaſts muſt be with juſtice ſlain,
Elſe men are made their *Deodands*;
Though they ſhould waſh their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the Heart,
Yet could they not be clean, their Stain
Is dy'd in ſuch a Purple Grain.
There is not ſuch another in
The world to offer for their ſin.
Unconſtant *Sylvio*, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit
One morning (I remember well)
Ty'd in this ſilver chain and bell,
Gave it to me; nay, and I know
What he ſaid then; I'm ſure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntſman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his *Dear*."
But *Sylvio* ſoon had me beguil'd,
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;
And quite regardleſs of my ſmart,
Left me his Fawn, but took his Heart.
Thenceforth I ſet myſelf to play
My ſolitary time away,
With this, and very well content
Could ſo mine idle life have ſpent;
For it was full of ſport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite

Me to its game; it feem'd to bleſs
Itſelf in me. How could I leſs
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind t' a Beaſt that loveth me.
Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done ſo
As *Sylvio* did; his Gifts might be
Perhaps as falſe or more than he.
But I am ſure, for aught that I
Could in ſo ſhort a time eſpie,
Thy Love was far more better then
The love of falſe and cruel men.
With ſweeteſt milk and ſugar firſt
I it at mine own fingers nurſt;
And as it grew, ſo every day
It wax'd more white and ſweet than they.
It had ſo ſweet a Breath! And oft
I bluſht to ſee its foot more ſoft
And white,(ſhall I ſay than my hand?)
NAY any Ladies of the land.
It is a wond'rous thing how fleet
'Twas on thoſe little ſilver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the Race;
And when 'thad left me far away,
'Twould ſtay, and run again, and ſtay,
For it was nimbler much than Hindes;
And trod, as on the four Winds.
I have a Garden of my own,
But ſo with Roſes over grown
And Lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the ſpring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of Lilyes I
Have ſought it oft, where it ſhould lie;
Yet could not, till itſelf would riſe,
Find it, although before mine Eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' ſhade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the Roſes it would feed
Until its Lips ev'n ſeemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip
And print thoſe Roſes on my Lip.
But all its chief delight was ſtill
On roſes thus itſelf to fill,
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whiteſt ſheets of Lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long it would have been
Lilies without, Roſes within.
O help, O help! I ſee it faint,
And die as calmly as a Saint.
See how it weeps! The Tears do come,
Sad, ſlowly dropping like a Gumme.
So weeps the wounded Balſom,e, ſo
The holy frankincenſe doth flow,
The brotherleſs *Heliades*
Melt in ſuch amber tears as theſe.

I in a golden vial will
Keep thefe two cryftal Tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in *Diana's* shrine.
Now my Fweet fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the Swans and Turtles go;
In fair *Elizium* to endure
With milk-white Lambs and Ermines pure.
O do not run too faft: for I
Will but befpeak thy grave, and dye.
Firft my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble, and withal
Let it be weeping too; but there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare,
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep though I be Stone;
Until my Tears, ftill dropping, wear
My breaft, themfelves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of pureft Alabaster made;
For I would have thine Image be
White as I can, though not as Thee.

To His Coy Mistress

Had we but World enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would fit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Love's Day.
Thou by the *Indian Ganges*' fide
Should'ft rubies find; I by the Tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you fhould, if you pleafe, refufe
Till the Converfion of the Jews.
My vegetable love fhould grow
Vafter than Empires and more flow;
An hundred years fhould go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze;
Two hundred to adore each Breaft,
But thirty thoufand to the reft;
An Age at leaft to every part,
And the laft age fhould fhow your Heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this State,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd Chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lye
Deserts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty fhall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, fhall sound
My echoing Song; then Worms fhall try
That long preferv'd Virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to duft,
And into ashes all my Lufst;
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore, while the youthful hew

Sits on thy kin like morning dew,
And while thy willing Soul tranfpires
At every pore with inftant Fires,
Now let us fport us while we may,
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his flow-chapped pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength and all
Our fweetness up into one Ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough ftrife
Through the iron gates of Life:
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand ftill, yet we will make him run.

The Definition of Love

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object ftrange and high;
It was begotten by defpair
Upon Impoffibility.
Magnanimous Defpair alone
Could show me fo divine a thing
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown,
But vainly flapp'd its Tinsel Wing.
And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended Soul is fixt,
But Fate does Iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itfelf betwixt.
For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect Loves; nor lets them clofe:
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic pow'r depofe.
And therefore her Decrees of Steel
Us as the diftant poles have plac'd,
(Though Love's whole World on us doth wheel)
Not by themfelves to be embrac'd;
Unlefs the giddy Heaven fall,
And earth fome new convulfion tear;
And, us to joyn, the world fhould all
Be cramp'd into a *Planisphere*.
As Lines fo Loves *oblique* may well
Themfelves in every Angle greet;
But ours so truly *Paralel*,
Though infinite, can never meet.
Therefore the Love which us doth bind,
But Fate fo enviously debars,
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,
And Oppofition of the Stars.

The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers

See with what fimplicity
This Nimph begins her golden days!
In the green Grafs she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aApect tames
The Wilder flow'rs, and gives them names;

But only with the Rofes plays;
And them does tell
What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.
Who can foretel for what high caufe
This Darling of the Gods was Born!
Yet this is she whofe chafter Laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command fevere,
See his Bow broke and enfigns torn.
Happy, who can
Appease this virtuous Enemy of man!
O, then let me in time compound,
And parley with thofe conquering Eyes;
Ere they have tried their force to wound,
Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
In triumph over Hearts that ftrive,
And them that yield but more defpise.
Let me be laid,
Where I may fee thy Glories from fome Shade.
Meantime, whilft every verdant thing
Itself does at thy Beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the Spring;
Make that the Tulips may have fhare
Of fsweetness, seeing they are fair;
And Rofes of their thorns difarm:
But moft procure
That Violets may a longer Age endure.
But, O young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
Gather the flowers, but spare the Buds;
Lest *Flora* angry at thy crime,
To kill her Infants in their prime,
Do quickly make the Example Yours;
And, ere we fee,
Nip in the bloffom all our hopes and Thee.

The Mower Against Gardens

Luxurious man, to bring his Vice in ufe,
Did after him the World feduce:
And from the fields the Flow'rs and Plants allure,
Where nature was moft plain and pure.
He firft enclosed within the Gardens fquare
A dead and standing pool of air:
And a more lufcious earth for them did knead,
Which ftupified them while it fed.
The {ink grew then as double as his Mind;
The nutriment did change the kind.
With ftrange perfumes he did the Rofes taint,
And Flow'rs themfelves were taught to paint.
The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek,
And learn'd to interline its cheek:
Its onion root they then so high did hold;
That one was for a meadow fold.
Another world was fearch'd, through Oceans new,
To find the *Marvel of Peru*.
And yet thefe Rarities might be allow'd
To man, that fov'raign thing and proud;

Had he not dealt between the Bark and Tree,
Forbidden mixtures there to fee.
No Plant now knew the Stock from which it came;
He grafts upon the Wild the Tame:
That the uncertain and adulterate fruit
Might put the Palate in dispute.
His green *Seraglio* has its Eunuchs too;
Left any tyrant him out-doe.
And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
To procreate without a Sex.
'Tis all enforc'd; the fountain and the Grot;
While the fweet Fields do lye forgot:
Where willing Nature does to all dispense
A wild and fragrant Innocence:
And *Fauns* and *Fairies* do the meadows till,
More by their presence than their skill.
Their *Statues*, polfh'd by fome ancient hand,
May to adorn the Gardens ftand:
But howfoe'er the Figures do excel,
The *Gods* themfelves with us do dwell.

Damon the Mower

Heark how the Mower *Damon* sung,
With love of *Juliana* ftung!
While ev'rything did seem to paint
The Scene more fit for his complaint.
Like her fair Eyes the day was fair;
But fcorching like his am'rous Care.
Sharp like his Sythe his Sorrow was,
And wither'd like his Hopes the Grafs.
Oh what unusual Heats are here,
Which thus our Sun-burn'd Meadows sear!
The Grafs-hopper its pipe gives ore;
And hamftring'd Frogs can dance no more.
But in the brook the green Frog wades;
And Grafshoppers seek out the fhades.
Only the Snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its fecond skin.
'This heat the Sun could never raife,
Nor Dog ftar so inflame the dayes.
It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
Which burns the Dields and Mower both:
Which mads the Dog, and makes the Sun
Hotter than his own *Phaëton*.
Not *July* causeth thefe Extremes,
But *Juliana's* scorching beams.
Tell me where I may pafs the Fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires.
To what cool Cave fhall I defcend,
Or to what gelid Fountain bend?
Alas! I look for Eafe in vain,
When Remedies themfelves complain.
No moifture but my tears do rest,
Nor cold but in her Icy Breaft.
How long wilt Thou, fair Shepherdefs,
Esfeem me, and my Prefents lesf?
To Thee the harmlefs Snake I bring,

Difarmed of its teeth and sting;
To thee *Chameleons*, changing-hue,
And Oak leaves tipt with hony due.
Yet Thou ungrateful hast not fought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.
I am the Mower *Damon,* known
Through all the Meadows I have mown.
On me the morn her dew diftills
Before her darling Daffodils.
And, if at Noon my toil me hear,
The Sun himfelf licks off my Swear.
While, going home, the Ev'ning fweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.
What, though the piping Shepherd ftock
The plains with an unnum'red Flock,
This Sithe of mine discovers wide
More ground than all his Sheep do hide.
With this the golden fleece I fhear
Of all thefe Clofes ev'ry Year.
And though in Wooll more poor than they,
Yet am I richer far in Hay.
Nor am I fo deform'd to sight,
If in my scythe I lookèd right;
In which I fee my Picture done,
As in a cresfent Moon the Sun.
The deathlefs Fairyes take me oft
To lead them in their Danfes foft:
And, when I tune my felf to fing,
About me they contract their Ring.
How happy might I ftill have mow'd,
Had not Love here his Thiftles fowed!
But now I all the day complain,
Joyning my Labour to my Pain;
And with my scythe cut down the Grafs,
Yet ftill my Grief is where it was:
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing, I whet my Sythe and Woes.
While thus he threw his Elbow round,
Depopulating all the Ground,
And, with his whistling Sythe, does cut
Each stroke between the Earth and Root,
The edged Steele by carelefs chance
Did into his own Ankle glance;
And there among the Grafs fell down,
By his own Sythe, the Mower mown.
Alas!' faid he, thefe hurts are flight
To thofe that die by Love's defpite.
With Shepherd's-purfe, and Clown's-all-heal,
The Blood I ftaunch, and Wound I Feal.
Only for him no Cure is found,
Whom *Juliana's* Eyes do wound.
'Tis death alone that this muft do:
For Death thou art a Mower too.'

The Mower to the Glowworms

Ye living Lamps, by whofe dear light

The Nightingale does fit so late,
And ftudying all the Summer-night,
Her matchlefs Songs does meditate;
Ye Country Comets, that portend
No War nor Princes funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to prefage the Graffes fall;
Ye Glo-worms, whofe officious Flame
To wandring Mowers fhows the way,
That in the Night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do ftray;
Your courteous Lights in vain you waft
Since *Juliana* here is come,
For She my mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

The Mower's Song

My Mind was once the true furvey
Of all thefe Meadows fresh and gay,
And in the greennefs of the Grafs
Did fee its Hopes as in a Glafs;
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grafs, does to my Thoughts and Me.
But thefe, while I with Sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant ftill and fine;
That not one Blade of Grafs you fpy'd
But had a Flower on either fide;
When Juliana came, and she
What I do to the Grafs, does to my Thoughts and Me.
Unthankful Meadows, could you fo
A fellowship fo true forgo,
And in your gawdy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When *Juliana* came, and She
What I do to the Grafs, does to my Thoughts and Me.
But what you in Compassion ought,
Shall now by my Revenge be wrought;
And Flow'rs, and Grafs, and I and all,
Will in one common Ruine fall.
For *Juliana* comes, and She
What I do to the Grafs, does to my Thoughts and Me.
And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,
Shall now the Heraldry become
With which I fhall adorn my Tomb;
For *Juliana* comes, and she
What I do to the Grafs, does to my Thoughts and Me.

The Garden

How vainly men themfelves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oak, or Bayes;
And their unceffant Labours fee
Crown'd from fome fingle Herb or Tree,
Whofe short and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close

To weave the Garlands of repofe.
Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy Sifter dear!
Miftaken long, I fought you then
In bufy Companies of Men;
Your facred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.
No white nor red was ever feen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in thefe trees their miFtress' name;
Little, Alas, they know or heed,
How far thefe beauties Hers exceed!
Fair trees! where s'eer your barkes I wound,
No Name fhall but your own be found.
When we have run our Paffion's heat,
Love hither makes his beft retreat.
The *Gods*, that mortal Beauty chafe,
ftill in a Tree did end their race:
Apollo hunted *Daphne* fo,
Only that She might Laurel grow;
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* fpeed,
Not as a Nymph, but for aRreed.
What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my head;
The Luscious Clufters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectaren and curious Peach,
Into my hands themfelves do reach;
Stumbling on Melons as I pafs,
Ensnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grafs.
Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happinefs;
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does ftreight its own refemblance find,
Yet it creates, tranfcending thefe,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.
Here at the Fountain's sliding foot,
Or at Fome Fruit tree's mofly root,
Casting the Bodyies Veft aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide;
There like a Bird it fits and fings,
Then whets, and combs its filver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.
Such was that happy Garden-ftate,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate;
After a Place fo pure and fweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
To wander folitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradife alone.
How well the skillful Gardner drew

Of flow'rs and herbs this Dial new,
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And as it works, th' induftrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such fweet and wholefome Hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

An Horatian Ode

The forward Youth that would appear
Muft now forfake his Mufes dear,
Nor in the Shadows fing
His Numbers languifhing.
'Tis time to leave the Books in duft,
And oyl th' unufed Armou's ruft:
Removing from the Wall
The Corflet of the Hall.
So reftlefs Cromwel could not ceafe
In the inglorious Arts of Peace,
But thorough adventrous War
Urged his active Star.
And, like the three-fork'd Lightning, firft
Breaking the Clouds where it was nurft,
Did through his own Side
His fiery way divide.
For 'tis all one to Courage high,
The Emulous or Enemy;
And with fuch to inclofe
Is more than to oppofe.
Then burning through the Air he went,
And Pallaces and Temples rent:
And Cæfar's head at last
Did through his Laurels blaft.
'Tis Madnefs to refift or blame
The force of angry Heavens flame:
And, if we would fpeak true,
Much to the Man is due.
Who, from his private Gardens where
He liv'd referved and auftere,
As if his higheft plot
To plant the Bergamot,
Could by induftrious Valour climbe
To ruin the great Work of Time,
And caft the Kingdome old
Into another Mold.
Though Juftice againft Fate complain,
And plead the antient Rights in vain:
But thofe do hold or break
As Men are ftrong or weak.
Nature that hateth emptinefs,
Allows of penetration lefs:
And therefore muft make room
Where greater Spirits come.
What Field of all the Civil Wars,
Where his were not the deepeft Scars?
And Hampton fhows what part
He had of wifer Art.

Where, twining fubtle fears with hope,
He wove a Net of fuch a fcope,
That Charles himfelf might chafe
To Caresbrooks narrow cafe.
That thence the Royal Actor born
The Tragick Scaffold might adorn:
While round the armed Bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable Scene:
But with his keener Eye
The Ax's edge did try;
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar fpite
To vindicate his helplefs Right,
But bow'd his comely Head,
Down as upon a Bed.
This was that memorable Hour
Which firft affur'd the forced Pow'r.
So when they did defign
The Capitols firft Line,
A bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the Architects to run;
And yet in that the State
Forefaw its happy Fate.
And now the Irifh are afham'd
Tofsee themfelves in one Year tam'd:
So much one Man can do
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his Praifes beft,
And have, though overcome, confeft
How good he is, how juft,
And fit for higheft Truft:
Nor yet grown ftiffer with Command,
But ftill in the Republick's hand:
How fit he is to fway
That can fo well obey.
He to the Common Feet prefents
A Kingdome, for his firft years rents:
And, what he may, forbears
His Fame to make it theirs:
And has his Sword and Spoyls ungirt,
To lay them at the Publick's skirt.
So when the Falcon high
Falls heavy from the Sky,
She, having kill'd, no more does fearch,
But on the next green Bow to perch;
Where, when he firft does lure,
The Falckner has her fure.
What may not then our Ifle prefume
While Victory his Creft does plume!
What may not others fear
If thus he crown each Year!
A Cæfar he ere long to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall Clymacterick be.
The Pict no fhelter now fhall find
Within his parti-colour'd Mind;

But from this Valour fad
Shrink underneath the Plad:
Happy if in the tufted brake
The Engliſh Hunter him miſtake;
Nor lay his Hounds in near
The Caledonian Deer.
But thou the Wars and Fortunes Son
March indefatigably on;
And for the laſt effect
Still keep thy Sword erect:
Beſides the force it has to fright
The Spirits of the ſhady Night,
The ſame Arts that did gain
A Pow'r muſt it maintain.

Upon Appleton House

Within this ſober Frame expect
Work of no For *Architect*;
That unto Caves the Quarries drew,
And Forreſts did to Paſtures hew;
Who of his great Deſign in pain
Did for a model vault his brain;
Whoſe Columnes should so high be rais'd
To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd.
Why ſhould of all things Man unrul'd
Such unproportion'd dwellings build?
The Beaſts are by their Dens expreſt,
And Birds contrive an equal Neſt;
The low roof'd Tortoiſes do dwell
In caſes fit of Tortoiſe-shell;
No Creature loves an empty ſpace;
Their Bodies measure out their Place.
But He, ſuperfluously ſpread,
Demands more room alive than dead;
And in his hollow Palace goes
Where winds as he themſelves may loſe.
What need of all this Marble Crust
T'impark the wanton Mote of Duſt,
That thinks by Breadth the World t'unite
Though the firſt Builders fail'd in Height?
But all things are compoſed here
Like Nature, orderly and near;
In which we the Dimenſions find
Of that more ſober Age and Mind,
When larger ſized Men did ſtoop
To enter at a narrow loop;
As practiſing, in doors so ſtrait,
To ſtrain themſelves through *Heaven's Gate*.
And ſurely when the after Age
Shall hither come in *Pilgrimage,*
Theſe ſacred Places to adore,
By *Vere* and *Fairfax* trod before,
Men will diſpute how their Extent
Within ſuch dwarfiſh Confines went;
And ſome will ſmile at this, as well
As *Romulus* his Bee-like cell.
Humility alone deſigns

Thofe fhort but admirable Lines,
By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
Things greater are in lefs contain'd.
Let others vainly ftrive t'immure
The *Circle* in the *Quadrature!*
thefe *holy* mathematics can
In ev'ry Figure equal Man.
Yet thus the laden Houfe does sweat,
And fcarce indures the *Mafter* great,
But where he comes the fwelling Hall
Stirs, and the *Square* grows *Spherical*;
More by his *Magnitude* diftreft,
Then he is by its ftrainefs pret.
And too officiously it flights
That in itself which him delights.
So honour better Lownefs bears,
Than That unwonted Greatnefs wears;
Height with a certain Grace does bend,
But low things clownishly afcend.
And yet what needs there here excuse,
Where ev'ry Thing does anfwer Ufe?
Where neatnefs nothing can condemn,
Nor Pride invent what to contemn?
A stately *Frontispieceof poor*
Adorns without the open Door:
Nor less the Rooms within commends
Daily new *Furniture of Friends*.
The Houfe was built upon the Place
Only as for a *Mark of Grace*;
And for an *Inn* to entertain
Its *Lord* a while, but not remain.
Him *Bishops-Hill*, or *Denton* may,
Or *Billbrough*, better hold than they;
But Nature here hath been so free
As if she said leave this to me.
Art would more neatly have defac'd
What fhe had laid so fweetly waste;
In fragrant Gardens, fhady Woods,
Deep Meadows, and transparent Floods.

While with slow Eyes we thefe furvey,
And on each pleafant footstep ftay,
We opportunly may relate
The Progrefs of this Houfes Fate.
A *Nunnery* firft gave it birth.
For Virgin Buildings oft brought forth.
And all that Neighbour-Ruine fhows
The Quarries whence this dwelling rofe.

Near to this gloomy Cloysters Gates
There dwelt the blooming Virgin *Thwates*,
Fair beyond Meafure, and an Heir
Which might Deformity make fair.
And oft She fpent the Summer Suns
Difcoursing with the *Suttle Nunns*.
Whence in thefe Words one to her weav'd,
(As 'twere by Chance) Thoughts long conceiv'd.

Within this holy leisure we
Live innocently as you fee.
Thefe Walls restrain the World without,
But hedge our Liberty about.
Thefe Bars inclose the wider Den
Of thofe wild Creatures, called Men.
The Cloyster outward fhuts its Gates,
And, from us, locks on them the Grates.

Here we, in fhining Armour white,
Like *Virgin Amazons* do fight.
And our chast *Lamps* we hourly trim,
Lest the great *Bridegroom* find them dim.
Our Orient Breaths perfumed are
With infense of incessant Pray'r.
And Holy-water of our Tears
moft ftrangly our Complexion clears.

Not Tears of Grief; but such as thofe
With which calm Pleafure overflows;
Or Pity, when we look on you
That live without this happy Vow.
How fhould we grieve that muft be feen
Each one a S*pouse*, and each a *Queen*;
And can in *Heaven* hence behold
Our brighter Robes and Crowns of Gold?

When we have prayed all our Beads,
Some One the holy *Legend* reads;
While all the rest with Needles paint
The Face and Graces of the *Saint*.
But what the Linnen can't receive
They in their Lives do interweave.
This Work the *Saints* best reprefents;
That ferves for *Altar's Ornaments*.

But much it to our work would add
If here your hand, your Face we had:
By it we would *ourLady* touch;
Yet thus She you resembles much.
Some of your Features, as we fow'd,
Through ev'ry *Shrine* should be beftow'd.
And in one Beauty we would take
Enough a thoufand *Saints* to make.

And (for I dare not quench the Fire
That me does for your good infpire)
'Twere Sacriledge a Man t'admit
To holy things, for *Heaven* fit.
I see the *Angels* in a Crown
On you the Lillies fhow'ring down:
And round about your Glory breaks,
That fomething more than humane fpeaks.

All Beauty, when at fuch a height,
Is fo already confecrate.
Fairfax I know; and long ere this
Have mark'd the Youth, and what he is.

But can he fuch a *Rival* seem
For whom you *Heav'n* should difesteem?
Ah, no! and 'twould more Honour prove
He your *Devoto were*, than *Love*.

Here live beloved, and obey'd:
Each one your Sifter, each your Maid.
And, if our Rule feem strictly pend,
The Rule it self to you fhall bend.
Our *Abbefs* too, now far in Age,
Doth your fuccession near presage.
How foft the yoke on us would lye,
Might fuch fair Hands as yours it tye!

Your voice, the fweetest of the Quire,
Shall draw *Heav'n* nearer, raife us higher.
And your Example, if our Head,
Will foon us to perfection lead.
Thofe Virtues to us all so dear,
Will straight grow Sanctity when here:
And that, once fprung, increase so faft
Till Miracles it work at laft.

Nor is our *Order* yet fo nice,
Delight to banish as a Vice.
Here Pleasure Piety doth meet;
One perfecting the other Sweet.
So through the mortal fruit we boyl
The Sugars uncorrupting Oyl:
And that which perifht while we pull,
Is thus preferved clear and full.

For fuch indeed are all our Arts;
ftill handling Natures fineft Parts.
Flow'rs dress the Altars; for the Clothes,
The Sea-born Amber we compose;
Balms for the griv'd we draw; and pasts
We mold, as Baits for curious tasts.
What need is here of Man? unless
thefe as sweet Sins we should confess.

Each Night among us to your fide
Appoint a frefh and Virgin Bride;
Whom if *our* Lord at midnight find,
Yet Neither fhould be left behind.
Where you may lye as chaft in Bed,
As Pearls together billeted.
All Night embracing Arm in Arm,
Like Chryftal pure with Cotton warm.

But what is this to all the ftore
Of Joys you see, and may make more!
Try but a while, if you be wise:
The Tryal neither Costs, nor Tyes.
Now Fairfax seek her promis'd faith:
Religion that difpensed hath;
Which She hence forward does begin;
The *Nuns* fmooth Tongue has fuckt her in.

Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
Yet would he valiantly complain.
“Is this that *Sanctity* so great,
An Art by which you finly’r cheat
Hypocrite Witches, hence *avant*,
Who though in prison yet inchant!
Death only can such Theeves make faft,
As rob though in the Dungeon caft.

Were there but, when this Houfe was made,
One Stone that a just Hand had laid,
It must have fall’n upon her Head
Who firft Thee from thy Faith mifled.
And yet, how well foever ment,
With them ‘twould soon grow fraudulent
For like themfelves they alter all,
And vice infects the very Wall.

But fure thofe Buildings last not long,
Founded by Folly, kept by Wrong.
I know what Fruit their Gardens yield,
When they it think by Night conceal’d.
Fly from their Vices. ‘Tis thy ftate,
Not Thee, that they would confecrate.
Fly from their Ruine. How I fear
Though guiltlefs lest thou perifh there.

What fhould he do? He would refpect
Religion, but not Right neglect:
For firft Religion taught him Right,
And dazled not but clear’d his sight.
Sometimes resolv’d his Sword he draws,
But reverenceth then the Laws:
For Juftice ftill that Courage led;
Firft from a Judge, then Souldier bred.

Small Honour would be in the Storm.
The *Court* him grants the lawful Form;
Which licens’d either Peace or Force,
To hinder the unjust Divorce.
Yet ftill the *Nuns* his Right debar’d,
Standing upon their holy Guard.
Ill-counsell’d Women, do you know
Whom you resift, or what you do?

Is not this he whofe Offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the *Univerfe*;
And with fuccessive Valour try
France, Poland, either Germany;
Till one, as long since prophecy’d,
His Horse through conquer’d Britain ride?
Yet, against Fate, his Spouse they kept;
And the great Race would intercept.

Some to the Breach against their Foes
Their *Wooden Saints* in vain oppose
Another bolder stands at push
With their old *Holy WaterBrush*.

While the difjointed *Abbess* threads
The gingling Chain fhot of her *Beads*.
But their lowd'ft Cannon were their Lungs;
And fharpest Weapons were their Tongues.

But, waving thefe aside like Flyes,
Young *Fairfax* through the Wall does rife.
Then th' unfrequented Vault appear'd,
And superstitions vainly fear'd.
The *Relicks* false were set to view;
Only the Jewels there were true.
But truly bright and holy *Thwaites*
That weeping at the Altar waites.

But the glad Youth away her bears,
And to the *Nuns* bequeaths her Tears:
Who guiltily their Prize bemoan,
Like Gipsies that a Child hath ftoln.
Thenceforth (as when th' Inchantment ends
The Caftle vanishes or rends)
The wasting Cloister with the rest
Was in one inftant dispossest.

At the demolifhing, this Seat
To *Fairfax* fell as by Escheat.
And what both *Nuns* and *Founders* will'd
'Tis likely better thus fulfill'd,
For if the *Virgin* prov'd not theirs,
The *Cloyster* yet remained hers.
Though many a Nun there made her Vow,
'Twas no *ReligiousHoufe* till now.

From that blest Bed the *Heroe* came,
Whom *France* and *Poland* yet does fame:
Who, when retired here to Peace,
His warlike Studies could not cease;
But laid thefe Gardens out in sport
In the just Figure of a Fort;
And with five Bastions it did fence,
As aiming one for ev'ry Senfe.

When in the *East* the Morning Ray
Hangs out the Colours of the Day,
The Bee through thefe known Allies hums,
Beating the *Dian* with its Drumms.
Then Flow'rs their drowsie Eylids raise,
Their Silken Ensigns each displayes,
And dries its Pan yet dank with Dew,
And fills its Flask with Odours new.

Thefe, as their *Governour* goes by,
In fragrant Vollyes they let fly;
And to salute their *Governefs*
Again as great a charge they press:
None for the *Virgin Nymph*; for She
Seems with the Flow'rs a Flow'r to be.
And think fo ftill! though not compare
With Breath fo fweet, or Cheek fo faire.

Well fhot ye Firemen! Oh how fweet,
And round your equal Fires do meet;
Whofe shrill report no Ear can tell,
But Ecchoes to the Eye and fmell.
See how the Flow'rs, as at Parade,
Under their Colours stand displaid:
Each *Regiment* in order grows,
That of the Tulip, Pinke, and Rose.

But when the vigilant *Patroul*
Of Stars walks round about the *Pole*,
Their Leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their Staves the *Ensigns* furl'd.
Then in some Flow'rs beloved Hut
Each Bee as Sentinel is shut;
And sleeps so too: but, if once stir'd,
She runs you through, nor askes the Word.

Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
The Garden of the World ere while,
Thou *Paradise* of four Seas,
Which *Heaven* planted us to pleafe,
But, to exclude the World, did guard
With watry if not flaming Sword;
What lucklefs Apple did we taft,
To make us Mortal, and The Waft.

Unhappy! shall we never more
That fweet *Militia* reftore,
When Gardens only had their Towrs,
And all the Garrifons were Flowrs,
When Rofes only Arms might bear,
And Men did rofie Garlands wear?
Tulips, in feveral Colours barr'd,
Were then the *Switzers* of our *Guard*.

The *Gardiner* had the *Souldiers* place,
And his more gentle Forts did trace.
The Nursery of all things green
Was then the only *Magazeen*.
The *Winter Quarters* were the Stoves,
Where he the tender Plants removes.
But War all this doth overgrow:
We Ord'nance Plant and Powder sow.

And yet their walks one on the Sod
Who, had it pleafed him and *God*,
Might once have made our Gardens fpring
Fresh as his own and flourifhing.
But he preferr'd to the *CinquePorts*
thefe five imaginary Forts:
And, in thofe half-dry Trenches, fpann'd
Pow'r which the Ocean might command.

For he did, with his utmoft Skill,
Ambition weed, but *Conscience* till.
Conscience, that Heaven-nursed Plant,
Which moft our Earthly Gardens want.

A prickling leaf it bears, and such
As that which shrinks at ev'ry touch;
But Flowrs eternal, and divine,
That in the Crowns of Saints do shine.

The sight does from thefe *Bastions* ply,
Th' invisible *Artilery*;
And at proud *Cawood Castle* seems
To point the *Battery* of its Beams.
As if it quarrell'd in the Seat
Th' Ambition of its *Prelate* great.
But ore the Meads below it plays,
Or innocently feems to gaze.

And now to the Abbyss I pafs
Of that unfathomable Grafs,
Where Men like Grashoppers appear,
But Grafhoppers are Gyants there:
They, in there fqueking Laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low then them:
And, from the Precipices tall
Of the green fpir's, to us do call.

To fee Men through this Meadow Dive,
We wonder how they rife alive.
As, under Water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go.
But, as the Marriners that sound,
And show upon their Lead the Ground,
They bring up Flow'rs so to be seen,
And prove they've at the Bottom been.

No Scene that turns with Engines strange
Does oftner then thefe Meadows change,
For when the Sun the Grafs hath vext,
The tawny Mowers enter next;
Who feem like *Israelites* to be,
Walking on foot through a green Sea.
To them the Grafsy Deeps divide,
And crowd a Lane to either Side.

With whistling Sithe, and Elbow ftrong,
thefe Massacre the Grafs along:
While one, unknowing, carves the *Rail*,
Whofe yet unfeather'd Quils her fail.
The Edge all bloody from its Breast
He draws, and does his stroke detest;
Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd
To him a Fate as black forebode.

But bloody *Thestylis*, that waites
To bring the mowing Camp their Cates,
Greedy as Kites has trust it up,
And forthwith means on it to sup:
When on another quick She lights,
And cryes, he call'd us *Israelites*;
But now, to make his faying true,
Rails rain for Quails, for Manna Dew.

Unhappy Birds! what does it boot
To build below the Grafses Root;
When Lownefs is unsafe as Hight,
And Chance o'retakes what scapeth spight?
And now your Orphan Parents Call
Sounds your untimely Funeral.
Death-Trumpets creak in such a Note,
And 'tis the *Sourdine* in their Throat.

Or fooner hatch or higher build:
The Mower now commands the Field;
In whofe new Traverse feemeth wrought
A Camp of Battail newly fought:
Where, as the Meads with Hay, the Plain
Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain:
The Women that with forks it filing,
Do reprefent the Pillaging.

And now the carelefs Victors play,
Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay;
Where every Mowers wholesome Heat
Smells like an *Alexanders Sweat*.
Their Females fragrant as the Mead
Which they in *Fairy Circles* tread:
When at their Dances End they kifs,
Their new-made Hay not fweeter is.

When after this 'tis pil'd in Cocks,
Like a calm Sea it fhews the Rocks:
We wondring in the River near
How Boats among them safely steer.
Or, like the *Defert Memphis Sand*,
Short Pyramids of Hay do ftand.
And fuch the *Roman Camps* do rife
In Hills for Soldiers Obsequies.

This *Scene* again withdrawing brings
A new and empty Face of things;
A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
As Clothes for *Lilly* strecht to stain.
The World when firft created sure
Was such a Table rafe and pure.
Or rather such is the *Toril*
Ere the Bulls enter at Madril.

For to this naked equal Flat,
Which *Levellers* take Pattern at,
The Villagers in common chase
Their Cattle, which it clofer rase;
And what below the Sith increaft
Is pincht yet nearer by the Breaft.
Such, in the painted World, appear'd
Davenant with th' Universal Heard.

They seem within the polifht Grafs
A landskip drawen in Looking-Glafs.
And fhrunk in the huge Pafture fhow
As spots, fo fhap'd, on Faces do.

Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
In Multiplyiug Glasses lye.
They feed fo wide, fo slowly move,
As *Conſtellations* do above.

Then, to conclude thefe pleafant Acts,
Denton sets ope its *Cataracts*;
And makes the Meadow truly be
(What it but seem'd before) a Sea.
For, jealous of its Lords long stay,
It try's t'invite him thus away.
The River in it self is drown'd,
And Ifl's th' aftonish Cattle round.

Let others tell the *Paradox*,
How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
How Horfes at their Tails do kick,
Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick;
How Boats can over Bridges fail;
And Fifhes do the Stables fcale.
How *Salmons* trespafsing are found;
And Pikes are taken in the Pound.

But I, retiring from the Flood,
Take Sanctuary in the Wood;
And, while it lafts, my felf imbark
In this yet green, yet growing Ark;
Where the firft Carpenter might best
Fit Timber for his Keel have Prest.
And where all Creatures might have fhares,
Although in Armies, not in Paires.

The double Wood of ancient Stocks
Link'd in fo thick, an Union locks,
It like two *Pedigrees* appears,
On one hand Fairfax, th' other *Veres*:
Of whom though many fell in War,
Yet more to Heaven shooting are:
And, as they Natures Cradle deckt,
Will in green Age her Hearse expect.

When firft the Eye this Forreft fees
It seems indeed as Wood not *Trees*:
As if their Neighbourhood so old
To one great Trunk them all did mold.
There the huge Bulk takes place, as ment
To thrust up a *Fifth Element*;
And stretches ftill fo clofely wedg'd
As if the Night within were hedg'd.

Dark all without it knits; within
It opens passable and thin;
And in as loose an order grows,
As the *Corinthean* Porticoes.
The Arching Boughs unite between
The Columnes of the Temple green;
And underneath the winged Quires
Echo about their tuned Fires.

The *Nightingale* does here make choice
To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
But higheft Oakes stoop down to hear,
And listning Elders prick the Ear.
The Thorn, left it should hurt her, draws
Within the Skin its fhrunken claws.

But I have for my Mufick found
A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound:
The *Stock-doves* whofe fair necks are grac'd
With Nuptial Rings their Enfigns chast;
Yet always, for some Caufe unknown,
Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
O why should fuch a Couple mourn,
That in fo equal Flames do burn!

Then as I carlefs on the Bed
Of gelid *Straw-berryes* do tread,
And through the Hazles thick efpy
The hatching *Thraftle's* fhining Eye,
The Heron from the Afhes top,
The eldeft of its young lets drop,
As if it Stork-like did pretend
That *Tribute* to its *Lord* to send.

But moft the Hewel's wonders are,
Who here has the *Holt-felfters* care.
He walks ftill upright from the Root,
Meas'ring the Timber with his Foot;
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the Bark the Wood-moths glean.
He, with his Beak, examines well
Which fit to stand and which to fell.

The good he numbers up, and hacks;
As if he mark'd them with the Ax.
But where he, tinkling with his Beak,
Does find the hollow Oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted Side he mines.
Who could have thought the *tallest Oak*
Should fall by fuch a *feeble Stroke*!

Nor would it, had the Tree not fed
A Traitor-worm, within it bred.
(As firft our *Flefh* corrupt within
Tempts impotent and bashful *Sin.*)
And yet that *Worm* triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the Hewels young.
While the Oake feems to fall content,
Viewing the Treason's Punishment.

Thus I, *eafie* Philosopher,
Among the *Birds* and *Trees* confer:
And little now to make me, wants
Or of the Fowles, or of the *Plants*.

Give me but Wings as they, and I
Streight floting on the Air fhall fly:
Or turn me but, and you fhall see
I was but an inverted Tree.

Already I begin to call
In their moft-learned Original:
And where I Language want,my Signs
The Bird upon the Bough divines;
And more attentive there doth sit
Then if She were with Lime-twigs knit.
No Leaf does tremble in the Wind
Which I returning cannot find.

Out of thefe fcatter'd *Sibyls* Leaves
Strange Prophecies my Phancy weaves:
And in one History consumes,
Like *Mexique Paintings*, all the *Plumes*.
What *Rome, Greece, Palestine*, ere faid
I in this light *Mofaic*k read.
Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in *Natures mystick Book*.

And fee how Chance's better Wit
Could with a Mask my studies hit!
The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
Between which Caterpillars crawl:
And Ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.
Under this antick Cope I move
Like fome great *Prelate of the Grove*,

Then, languishing with eafe, I tofs
On Pallets fwoln of Velvet Moss;
While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,
Flatters with Air my panting Brows.
Thanks for my Rest ye *Mossy Banks*,
And unto you *cool Zephyr's* Thanks,
Who, as my Hair, my Thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the Chaff my Head.

How fafe, methinks, and ftrong, behind
thefe Trees have I incamp'd my Mind;
Where Beauty, aiming at the Heart,
Bends in some Tree its ufelefs Dart;
And where the World no certain fhot
Can make, or me it toucheth not.
But I on it fecurely play,
And gaul its Horfemen all the Day.

Bind me ye *Woodbines* in your 'twines,
Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,
And Oh fo close your Circles lace,
That I may never leave this Place:
But, left your Fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
Do you, *O Brambles*, chain me too,
And courteous *Briars* nail me though.

Here in the Morning tye my Chain,
Where the two Woods have made a Lane;
While, like a *Guard* on either fide,
The Trees before their *Lord* divide;
This, like a long and equal Thread,
Betwixt two *Labyrinth*s does lead.
But, where the Floods did lately drown,
There at the Ev'ning stake me down.

For now the Waves are fal'n and dry'd,
And now the Meadows frefher dy'd;
whofe Grafs, with moifter colour dasht,
Seems as green Silks but newly washt.
No *Serpent* new nor *Crocodile*
Remains behind our little *Nile*;
Unless it self you will miftake,
Among thefe Meads the only Snake.

See in what wanton harmlefs folds
It ev'ry where the Meadow holds;
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
Till as a *Chryftal* Mirrour slick;
Where all things gaze themfelves, and doubt
If they be in it or without.
And for his fhade which therein shines,
Narciffus like, the *Sun* too pines.

Oh what a Pleafure 'tis to hedge
My Temples here with heavy fedge;
Abandoning my lazy Side,
Stretcht as a Bank unto the Tide;
Or to suspend my fliding Foot
On the Osiers undermined Root,
And in its Branches tough to hang,
While at my Lines the Fishes twang!

But now away my Hooks, my Quills,
And Angles, idle Utensils.
The *young Maria* walks to night:
Hide trifling Youth thy Pleasures slight.
'Twere shame that fuch judicious Eyes
Should with fuch Toyes a Man furprize;
She that already is the *Law*
Of all her Sex, her *Ages Aw*.

See how loofe Nature, in respect
To her, it self doth recollect;
And every thing so whisht and fine,
Starts forth with to its Bonne Mine.
The Sun himself, of *Her* aware,
Seems to descend with greater Care,
And lest She see him go to Bed,
In blufhing Clouds conceales his Head.

So when the Shadows laid afleep
From underneath thefe Banks do creep,
And on the River as it flows
With *Eben Shut*s begin to close;

The modeft *Halcyon* comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the Day and Night;
And fuch an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benum.

The vifcous Air, wheres'ere She fly,
Follows and fucks her Azure dy;
The gellying Stream compacts below,
If it might fix her fhadow so;
The ftupid Fishes hang, as plain
As Flies in *Chryftal* overt'ane,
And Men the silent Scene affist,
Charm'd with the *saphir-winged Mift*.

Maria fuch, and so doth hufh
The *World*, and through the *Ev'ning* rush.
No new-born *Comet* such a Train
Draws through the Skie, nor Star new-flain.
For ftreight thofe giddy Rockets fail,
Which from the putrid Earth exhale,
But by her *Flame*s, in *Heaven* try'd,
Nature is wholly *vitrifi'd*.

'Tis *She* that to thefe Gardens gave
That wondrous Beauty which they have;
She ftreightnefs on the Woods beftows;
To Her the Meadow fweetness owes;
Nothing could make the River be
So Chryftal-pure but only She;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.

Therefore what firft *She* on them fpent,
They gratefully again prefent.
The Meadow Carpets where to tread;
The Garden Flow'rs to Crown *Her* Head;
And for a Glafs the limpid Brook,
Where *She* may all *her* Beautyes look;
But, fince She would not have them feen,
The Wood about *her* draws a Skreen.

For *She*, to higher Beauties rais'd,
Disdains to be for lefser prais'd.
She counts her Beauty to converse
In all the Languages as hers;
Not yet in thofe *her felf i*mployes
But for the *Wifdome*, not the *Noyfe*;
Nor yet that Wisdome would affect,
But as 'tis *Heavens Dialect*.

Bleft Nymph! that couldft fo foon prevent
Thofe Trains by Youth againft thee meant;
Tears (watry fhot that pierce the Mind;)
And Sighs (Loves Cannon charg'd with Wind;)
True Praise (That breaks through all defence;)
And feign'd *complying Innocence*;
But knowing where this Ambush lay,
She fcap'd the fafe, but rougheft Way.

This 'tis to have been from the firft
In a *DomestickHeaven* nurft,
Under the Discipline fevere
Of *Fairfax*, and the ftarry *Vere*;
Where not one object can come nigh
But pure, and fpotlefs as the Eye;
And *Goodnefs* doth it felf intail
On *Females*, if there want a Male.

Go now fond Sex that on your Face
Do all your useless Study place,
Nor once at Vice your Brows dare knit
Lest the smooth Forehead wrinkled sit
Yet your own Face fhall at you grin,
Thorough the Black-bag of your Skin;
When knowledge only could have fill'd
And Virtue all thofe *Furows* till'd.

Hence She with Graces more divine
Supplies beyond her *Sex the Line*;
And, like a *fprig of Mifleto*,
On the *Fairfacian Oak* does grow;
Whence, for fome univerfal good,
The Prieft shall cut the sacred Bud;
While her glad *Parents* moft rejoice,
And make their *Destiny* their *Choice*.

Mean time ye Fields, Springs, Bushes, Flow'rs,
Where yet She leads her ftudious Hours,
(Till Fate her worthily tranflates,
And find a Fairfax for our *Thwaites*)
Employ the means you have by Her,
And in your kind your felves preferr;
That, as all Virgins She preceds,
So you all *Woods, Streams, Gardens, Meads*.

For you *Thefsalian Tempe's Seat*
Shall now be fcorn'd as obfolete;
Aranjuez, as lefs, disdain'd;
The Bel-Retiro as constrain'd;
But name not the *Idalian Grove*,
For 'twas the Seat of wanton Love;
Much less the Deads' *Elysian Fields*,
Yet nor to them your Beauty yields.

'Tis not, what once it was, the *World*;
But a rude heap together hurl'd;
All negligently overthrown,
Gulfes, Deferts, Precipices, Stone.
Your lefser *World* contains the fame.
But in more decent Order tame;
You *Heaven's Center,Nature's Lap*.
And *Paradice's only Map*.

But now the Salmon-Fishers moift
Their Leathern *Boats* begin to hoift;
And, like *Antipodes* in Shoes,
Have fhod their Heads in their Canoos.

How Tortoise like, but not fo flow,
Thefe rational *Amphibii* go?
Let's in: for the dark *Hemisphere*
Does now like one of them appear.

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24: John Gay

The Beggar's Opera

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	
Mr. Peachum Lockit Macheath Filch	
Jemmy Twitcher Crook-finger'd Jack Wat Dreary Robin of Bagshot Nimming Ned Harry Paddington Mat of the Mint	} *Macheath*'s Gang.
Ben Budge	
Beggar Player	
WOMEN.	
Mrs. Peachum Polly Peachum Lucy Lockit Diana Trapes	
Mrs. Coaxer Dolly Trull Mrs. Vixen Betty Doxy Jenny Diver Mrs. Slammekin Suky Tawdry	} *Women of the Town.*
Molly Brazen	

Constables, Drawers, Turnkey, etc.

lady in powdered wig

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, *Peachum*'s House.

Peachum sitting at a Table with a large Book of Accounts before him.

Through all the Employments of Life

Each Neighbour abuses his Brother;

Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife:

All Professions be-rogue one another:

The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,

The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine:

And the Statesman, because he's so great,

Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

A Lawyer is an honest Employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double Capacity, both against Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage Cheats, since we live by them.

Enter *Filch*.

Filch. Sir, *Black Moll* hath sent word her Trial comes on in the Afternoon, and she hopes you will order Matters so as to bring her off.

Peachum. As the Wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the Evidence.

Filch.*Tom Gagg*, Sir, is found guilty.

Peachum. A lazy Dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his Hand. This is Death without Reprieve. I may venture to Book him writes. For *Tom Gagg*, forty Pounds. Let *Betty Sly* know that I'll save her from Transportation, for I can get more by her staying in *England*.

Filch.*Betty* hath brought more Goods into our Lock to-year than any five of the Gang; and in truth, 'tis a pity to lose so good a Customer.

Peachum. If none of the Gang take her off, she may, in the common course of Business, live a Twelve-month longer. I love to let Women scape. A good Sportsman always lets the Hen Partridges fly, because the Breed of the Game depends upon them. Besides, here the Law allows us no Reward; there is nothing to be got by the Death of Women—except our Wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine Woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my Education, and (to say a bold Word) she hath trained up more young Fellows to the Business than the Gaming table.

Peachum. Truly, *Filch*, thy Observation is right. We and the Surgeons are more beholden to Women than all the Professions besides.

Filch. *'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind,*

By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts:

Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,

She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.

For her, like Wolves by Night we roam for Prey,

And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms;

For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,

And Beauty must be fee'd into our Arms.

Peachum. But make haste to *Newgate*, Boy, and let my Friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch. When a Gentleman is long kept in suspence, Penitence may break his Spirit ever after. Besides, Certainty gives a Man a

good Air upon his Trial, and makes him risk another without Fear or Scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a Pleasure to be the Messenger of Comfort to Friends in Affliction.

Exit *Filch*.

Peachum. But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent Execution against next Sessions. I hate a lazy Rogue, by whom one can get nothing 'till he is hang'd. A Register of the Gang, Reading. Crook-finger'd *Jack*. A Year and a half in the Service; Let me see how much the Stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five Gold Watches, and seven Silver ones. A mighty clean-handed Fellow! Sixteen Snuff-boxes, five of them of true Gold. Six Dozen of Handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted Swords, half a Dozen of Shirts, three Tye-Periwigs, and a Piece of Broad-Cloth. Considering these are only the Fruits of his leisure Hours, I don't know a prettier Fellow, for no Man alive hath a more engaging Presence of Mind upon the Road. *Wat Dreary*, alias *Brown Will*, an irregular Dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his Goods. I'll try him only for a Sessions or two longer upon his Good-behaviour. *Harry Paddington*, a poor petty-larceny Rascal, without the least Genius; that Fellow, though he were to live these six Months, will never come to the Gallows with any Credit. Slippery *Sam*; he goes off the next Sessions, for the Villain hath the Impudence to have Views of following his Trade as a Tailor, which he calls an honest Employment. *Mat of the Mint*; listed not above a Month ago, a promising sturdy Fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good Contributions on the Public, if he does not cut himself short by Murder. *Tom Tipple*, a guzzling soaking Sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A Cart is absolutely necessary for him. *Robin of Bagshot*, alias *Gorgon*, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Carbuncle*, alias *Bob Booty*.

Enter *Mrs. Peachum*.

Mrs. Peachum. What of *Bob Booty*, Husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my Dear, he's a favourite Customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a present of this Ring.

Peachum. I have set his Name down in the Black List, that's all, my Dear; he spends his Life among Women, and as soon as his Money is gone, one or other of the Ladies will hang him for the Reward, and there's forty Pound lost to us for-ever.

Mrs. Peachum. You know, my Dear, I never meddle in matters of Death; I always leave those Affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad Judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the Brave that they think every Man handsome who is going to the Camp or the Gallows.

If any Wench *Venus's* Girdle wear,

Though she be never so ugly;

Lilies and Roses will quickly appear,

And her Face look wond'rous smugly.

Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord,

(A Rope so charming a Zone is!)

The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,

And we cry, There dies an *Adonis!*

But really, Husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of Men than at present. We have not had a Murder among them all, these seven Months. And truly, my Dear, that is a great Blessing.

Peachum. What a dickens is the Woman always a whimpring about Murder for? No Gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a Man in his own Defence; and if Business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a Gentleman do?

Mrs. Peachum. If I am in the wrong, my Dear, you must excuse me, for no body can help the Frailty of an over-scrupulous Conscience.

Peachum. Murder is as fashionable a Crime as a Man can be guilty of. How many fine Gentlemen have we in *Newgate* every Year, purely upon that Article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the Jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So, my Dear, have done upon this Subject. Was Captain *Macheath* here this Morning, for the Bank-Notes he left with you last

Week?

Mrs. Peachum. Yes, my Dear; and though the Bank hath stopt Payment, he was so chearful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the Road than the Captain! if he comes from *Bagshot* at any reasonable Hour, he hath promis'd to make one this Evening with *Polly* and me, and *Bob Booty* at a Party of Quadrille. Pray, my Dear, is the Captain rich?

Peachum. The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich. *Marybone* and the Chocolate-houses are his Undoing. The Man that proposes to get Money by play should have the Education of a fine Gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his Youth.

Mrs. Peachum. Really, I am sorry upon *Polly*'s Account the Captain hath not more Discretion. What Business
hath he to keep Company with Lords and Gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peachum. Upon *Polly*'s Account! What, a Plague, does the Woman mean?—Upon *Polly*'s Account!

Mrs. Peachum. Captain *Macheath* is very fond of the Girl.

Peachum. And what then?

Mrs. Peachum. If I have any Skill in the Ways of Women, I am sure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty Man.

Peachum. And what then? You would not be so mad to have the Wench marry him! Gamesters and Highwaymen are generally very good to their Whores, but they are very Devils to their Wives.

Mrs. Peachum. But if *Polly* should be in Love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor Girl, I am in the utmost Concern about her.

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade,

How, like a Moth, the simple Maid

Still plays about the Flame!

If soon she be not made a Wife,

Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,

She's—what I dare not name.

Peachum. Look ye, Wife. A handsome Wench in our way of Business is as profitable as at the Bar of a *Temple* Coffee-House, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every Liberty but one. You see I would indulge the Girl as far as prudently we can. In any thing, but Marriage! After that, my Dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her Husband's Power? For a Husband hath the absolute Power over all a Wife's Secrets but her own. If the Girl had the Discretion of a Court-Lady, who can have a Dozen young Fellows at her Ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but *Polly* is Tinder, and a Spark will at once set her on a Flame. Married! If the Wench does not know her own Profit, sure she knows her own Pleasure better than to make herself a Property! My Daughter to me should be, like a Court-Lady to a Minister of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the Affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the Example of our Neighbours.

Mrs. Peachum. May-hap, my Dear, you may injure the Girl. She loves to imitate the fine Ladies, and she may only allow the Captain Liberties in the view of Interest.

Peachum. But 'tis your Duty, my Dear, to warn the Girl against her Ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her Beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the meantime, Wife, rip out the Coronets and Marks of these Dozen of Cambric Handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this Afternoon to a Chap in the City. Exit *Peachum*.

Mrs. Peachum. Never was a Man more out of the way in an Argument than my Husband! Why must our *Polly*, forsooth, differ from her Sex, and love only her Husband? And why must *Polly*'s Marriage, contrary to all Observations, make her the less followed by other
Men? All Men are Thieves in Love, and like a Woman the better for being another's Property.

A Maid is like the Golden Ore,

Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't,

Whose Worth is never known before

It is try'd and imprest in the Mint.

A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,

Stampt with the Name of her Spouse;

Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold;

And is current in every House.

Enter *Filch*.

Mrs. Peachum. Come hither, *Filch*. I am as fond of this Child, as though my Mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a Hand at picking a Pocket as a Woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a Juggler. If an unlucky Session does not cut the Rope of thy Life, I pronounce, Boy, thou wilt be a great Man in History. Where was your Post last Night, my Boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the Opera, Madam; and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great Hurry in getting Chairs and Coaches, made a
tolerable Hand on't. These seven Handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peachum. Colour'd ones, I see. They are of sure Sale from our Warehouse at *Redriff* among the Seamen.

Filch. And this Snuff-box.

Mrs. Peachum. Set in Gold! A pretty Encouragement this to a young Beginner.

Filch. I had a fair Tug at a charming Gold Watch. Pox take the Tailors for making the Fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forc'd to make my Escape under a Coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the Flower of my Youth, so that every now and then (since I was pumpt) I have Thoughts of taking up and going to Sea.

Mrs. Peachum. You should go to *Hockley in the Hole*, and to *Marybone*, Child, to learn Valour. These are the Schools that have bred so many brave Men. I thought, Boy, by this time, thou hadst lost Fear as well as Shame. Poor Lad! how little does he know as yet of the *Old Baily*! For the first Fact I'll insure thee from being hang'd; and going to Sea, *Filch*, will come time enough upon a Sentence of Transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your Book, and learn your Catechism; for really a Man makes but an ill Figure in the Ordinary's Paper, who cannot give a satisfactory Answer to his Questions. But, hark you, my Lad. Don't tell me a Lye; for you know I hate a Liar. Do you know of anything that hath pass'd between Captain *Macheath* and our *Polly*?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a Lye to you or to Miss *Polly*; for I promis'd her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peachum. But when the Honour of our Family is concern'd—

Filch. I shall lead a sad Life with Miss *Polly*, if ever she comes to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own Honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peachum. Yonder comes my Husband and *Polly*. Come, *Filch*, you shall go with me into my own Room, and tell me the whole Story. I'll give thee a Glass of a most delicious Cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

Exeunt.

Enter *Peachum*, *Polly*.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine Ladies how to make the most of myself and of my Man too. A Woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a Court or at an Assembly. We have it in our Natures, Papa. If I allow Captain *Macheath* some trifling Liberties, I have this Watch and other visible Marks of his Favour to shew for it. A Girl who cannot grant some Things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her Beauty, and soon be thrown upon the Common.

Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,

Which in the Garden enamels the Ground;

Near it the Bees in play flutter and cluster,

And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.

But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,

To *Covent-Garden* 'tis sent (as yet sweet),

There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,

Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peachum. You know, *Polly*, I am not against your toying and trifling with a Customer in the way of Business, or to get out a Secret, or so. But if I find out that you have play'd the Fool and are married, you Jade you, I'll cut your Throat, Hussy. Now you know my Mind.

Enter *Mrs. Peachum*, in a very great Passion.

Our *Polly* is a sad Slut! nor heeds what we have taught her.

I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter!

For she must have both Hoods and Gowns, and Hoops to swell her Pride,

With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace; and she will have Men beside;

And when she's drest with Care and Cost, all tempting, fine and gay,

As Men should serve a Cucumber, she flings herself away.

Our *Polly* is a sad Slut! *&c.*

You Baggage! you Hussy! you inconsiderate Jade! had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your Misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by Choice; The Wench is married, Husband.

Peachum. Married! the Captain is a bold Man, and will risk any thing for Money; to be sure he believes her a Fortune. Do you think your Mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

Mrs. Peachum. I knew she was always a proud Slut; and now the Wench hath play'd the Fool and Married, because forsooth she would do like the Gentry. Can you support the Expence of a Husband, Hussy, in Gaming, Drinking and Whoring? Have you Money enough to carry on the daily Quarrels of Man and Wife about who shall squander most? There are not many Husbands and Wives, who can bear the Charges of plaguing one another in a handsom way. If you must be married, could you introduce no body into our Family but a Highwayman? Why, thou foolish Jade, thou wilt be as ill-us'd, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a Lord!

Peachum. Let not your Anger, my Dear, break through the Rules of Decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the Military Capacity, as a Gentleman by his Profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent Chances for a Wife. Tell me, Hussy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peachum. With *Polly*'s Fortune, she might very well have gone off to a Person of Distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting Slut!

Peachum. What is the Wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an Answer from you.
Are you really bound Wife to him, or are you only upon liking? Pinches her.

Polly. Oh! Screaming.

Mrs. Peachum. How the Mother is to be pitied who hath handsom Daughters! Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Lectures of Morality are nothing to them: They break through them all. They have as much Pleasure in cheating a Father and Mother, as in cheating at Cards.

Peachum. Why, *Polly*, I shall soon know if you are married, by *Macheath's* keeping from our House.

Polly.

Can Love be control'd by Advice?

Will *Cupid* our Mothers obey?

Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,

At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kist me so closely he prest,

'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:

So I thought it both safest and best

To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peachum. Then all the Hopes of our Family are gone for ever and ever!

Peachum. And *Macheath* may hang his Father and Mother-in-law, in hope to get into their Daughter's Fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money. But, I love him.

Mrs. Peachum. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred. Oh Husband, Husband! her Folly makes me mad! my Head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh! Faints.

Peachum. See, Wench, to what a Condition you have reduc'd your poor Mother! a Glass of Cordial, this instant. How the poor Woman takes it to heart!

Polly goes out, and returns with it.

Ah, Hussy, now this is the only Comfort your Mother has left!

Polly. Give her another Glass, Sir! my Mama drinks double the Quantity whenever she is out of Order. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. Peachum. The Girl shews such a Readiness, and so much Concern, that I could almost find in my Heart to forgive her.

O *Polly*, you might have toy'd and kist.

By keeping Men off, you keep them on.

Polly.

But he so teaz'd me,

And he so pleas'd me,

What I did, you must have done.

Mrs. Peachum. Not with a Highwayman.—You sorry Slut!

Peachum. A Word with you, Wife. 'Tis no new thing for a Wench to take Man without Consent of Parents. You know 'tis the Frailty of Women, my Dear.

Mrs. Peachum. Yes, indeed, the Sex is frail. But the first time a Woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her Fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peachum. Make yourself a little easy; I have a Thought shall soon set all Matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, *Polly*? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peachum. Well, *Polly*; as far as one Woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your Father is too fond of you, Hussy.

Polly. Then all my Sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peachum. A mighty likely Speech in troth, for a Wench who is just married!

Polly.

I, like a Ship in Storms, was tost;

Yet afraid to put in to Land:

For seiz'd in the Port the Vessel's lost,

Whose Treasure is

contreband.

The Waves are laid,

My Duty's paid.

O Joy beyond Expression!

Thus, safe a-shore,

I ask no more,

My All is in my Possession.

Peachum. I hear Customers in t'other Room: Go, talk with 'em, *Polly*; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.—But, hark ye, Child, if 'tis the Gentleman who was here Yesterday about the Repeating Watch; say, you believe we can't get Intelligence of it 'till to-morrow. For I lent it to *Suky Straddle*, to make a figure with it to-night at a Tavern in *Drury-Lane*. If t'other Gentleman calls for the Silver-hilted Sword; you know *Beetle-brow'd Jemmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from *Tunbridge* 'till *Tuesday* Night; so that it cannot be had 'till then. Exit *Polly*.

Peachum. Dear Wife, be a little pacified

, Don't let your Passion run away with your Senses. *Polly*, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. Peachum. If she had only an Intrigue with the Fellow, why the very best Families have excus'd and huddled up a Frailty of that sort. 'Tis Marriage, Husband, that makes it a Blemish.

Peachum. But Money, Wife, is the true Fuller's Earth for Reputations, there is not a Spot or a Stain but what it can take out. A rich Rogue now-a-days is fit Company for any Gentleman; and the World, my Dear, hath not such a Contempt for Roguery as you imagine. I tell you, Wife, I can make this Match turn to our Advantage.

Mrs. Peachum. I am very sensible, Husband, that
Captain *Macheath* is worth Money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three Wives already, and then if he should die in a Session or two, *Polly*'s Dower would come into Dispute.

Peachum. That, indeed, is a Point which ought to be consider'd.

A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,

A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir,

Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir,

Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir.

A Thief your Goods and Plate.

But this is all but picking,

With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken;

It ever was decreed, Sir,

If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,

He steals your whole Estate.

The Lawyers are bitter Enemies to those in our Way. They don't care that any body should get a clandestine Livelihood but themselves.

Enter *Polly*.

Polly. 'Twas only *Nimming Ned*. He brought in a Damask Window-Curtain, a Hoop-Petticoat, a pair of Silver Candlesticks, a Periwig, and one Silk Stocking, from the Fire that happen'd last Night.

Peachum. There is not a Fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more Goods out of the Fire than *Ned*. But now, *Polly*, to your Affair; for Matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

Peachum. And how do you propose to live, Child?

Polly. Like other Women, Sir, upon the Industry of my Husband.

Mrs. Peachum. What, is the Wench turn'd Fool? A Highwayman's Wife, like a Soldier's, hath as little of his Pay, as of his Company.

Peachum. And had not you the common Views of a Gentlewoman in your Marriage, *Polly*?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peachum. Of a Jointure, and of being a Widow.

Polly. But I love him, Sir; how then could I have Thoughts of parting with him?

Peachum. Parting with him! Why, this is the whole Scheme and Intention of all Marriage-Articles. The comfortable Estate of Widow-hood, is the only Hope that keeps up a Wife's Spirits. Where is the Woman who would scruple to be a Wife, if she had it in her Power to be a Widow, whenever she pleas'd? If you have any Views of this sort, *Polly*, I shall think the Match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your Advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peachum. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next Sessions, and then at once you are made a rich Widow.

Polly. What, murder the Man I love! The Blood runs cold at my Heart with the very thought of it.

Peachum. Fie, *Polly*! What hath Murder to do in the Affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, the Captain himself would like that we should get the Reward for his Death sooner than a Stranger. Why, *Polly*, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his Employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take Robbers; every Man in his Business. So that there is no Malice in the Case.

Mrs. Peachum. Ay, Husband, now you have nick'd the Matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive

her.

Polly.

O ponder well! be not severe;

So save a wretched Wife!

For on the Rope that hangs my Dear

Depends poor *Polly*'s Life.

Mrs. Peachum. But your Duty to your Parents, Hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a Wife give for such an Opportunity!

Polly. What is a Jointure, what is Widow-hood to me? I know my Heart. I cannot survive him.

The Turtle thus with plaintive Crying,

Her Lover dying,

The Turtle thus with plaintive Crying,

Laments her Dove.

Down she drops quite spent with Sighing.

Pair'd in Death, as pair'd in Love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor *Polly*.

Mrs. Peachum. What, is the Fool in Love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular: Why, Wench, thou art a Shame to thy very Sex.

Polly. But hear me, Mother.—If you ever lov'd—

Mrs. Peachum. Those cursed Play-Books she reads have been her Ruin. One Word more, Hussy, and I shall knock your Brains out, if you have any.

Peachum. Keep out of the way, *Polly*, for fear of Mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. Peachum. Away, Hussy. Hang your Husband, and be dutiful. Exit *Polly*.

Re-enter *Polly*, and listens behind column.

Mrs. Peachum. The Thing, Husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of Intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peached the next Session without her Consent. If she will not know her Duty, we know ours.

Peachum. But really, my Dear, it grieves one's Heart to take off a great Man. When I consider his Personal Bravery, his fine Stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my Heart to have a hand in his Death. I wish you could have made *Polly* undertake it.

Mrs. Peachum. But in a Case of Necessity—our own Lives are in danger.

Peachum. Then, indeed, we must comply with the Customs of the World, and make Gratitude give way to Interest.—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. Peachum. I'll undertake to manage *Polly*.

Peachum. And I'll prepare Matters for the *Old-Baily*.

Exeunt severally.

Polly. Now I'm a Wretch, indeed.—Methinks I see him already in the Cart, sweeter and more lovely than the Nosegay in his Hand!—I hear the Crowd extolling his Resolution and Intrepidity!—What Vollies of Sighs are sent from the Windows of *Holborn*, that so comely a Youth should be brought to Disgrace!—I see him at the Tree! The whole Circle are in Tears!—even Butchers weep!—*Jack Ketch* himself hesitates to perform his Duty, and would be glad to lose his Fee, by a Reprieve. What then will become of *Polly*!—As yet I may inform him of their Design, and aid him in his Escape.—It shall be so—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear dear Conversation! That too will distract me.—If he keep out of the way, my Papa and Mama may in time relent, and we may be happy.—If he stays, he is hang'd, and then he
is lost for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my Room, 'till the Dusk of the Evening: If they are abroad I'll this Instant let him out, lest some Accident should prevent him. Exit, and returns with *Macheath*.

Macheath.

Pretty *Polly*, say,

When I was away,

Did your fancy never stray

To some newer Lover?

Polly.

Without Disguise,

Heaving Sighs,

Doting Eyes,

My constant Heart discover.

Fondly let me loll!

Macheath.

O pretty, pretty *Poll*.

Polly. And are *you* as fond as ever, my Dear?

Macheath. Suspect my Honour, my Courage, suspect any thing but my Love.—May my Pistols miss Fire,
and my Mare slip her Shoulder while I am pursu'd, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my Dear, I have no Reason to doubt you, for I find in the Romance you lent me, none of the great Heroes were ever false in Love.

Macheath.

My Heart was so free,

It rov'd like the Bee,

'Till *Polly* my Passion requited;

I sipt each Flower,

I chang'd every Hour,

But here every Flower is united.

Polly. Were you sentenc'd to Transportation, sure, my Dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Macheath. Is there any Power, any Force that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a Pension out of the Hands of a Courtier, a Fee from a Lawyer, a pretty Woman from a Looking-glass, or any Woman from Quadrille.—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass;

Warm amidst eternal Frost,

Too soon the Half Year's Night would pass.

Polly.

Were I sold on *Indian* Soil,

Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,

I could mock the sultry Toil

When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd.

Macheath.

And I would love you all the Day,

Polly.

Every Night would kiss and play,

Macheath.

If with me you'd fondly stray

Polly.

Over the Hills and far away.

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

Macheath. How! Part!

Polly. We must, we must.—My Papa and Mama are set against thy Life. They now, even now are in Search after thee. They are preparing Evidence against thee. Thy Life depends upon a moment.

Oh what Pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O what pain it is to part!

Can thy *Polly* ever leave thee?

But lest Death my Love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal Cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One Kiss and then—one Kiss—be gone—farewel.

Macheath. My Hand, my Heart, my Dear, is so riveted to thine, that I cannot unloose my Hold.

Polly. But my Papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of Hope. A few Weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy *Polly* hear from thee?

Macheath. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not Absence change your Love?

Macheath. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but when Safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for 'till then *Polly* is wretched.

Macheath.

The Miser thus a Shilling sees,

Which he's oblig'd to pay,

With sighs resigns it by degrees,

And fears 'tis gone for ay.

Parting, and looking back at each other with fondness; he at one Door, she at the other.

Polly.

The Boy, thus, when his Sparrow's flown,

The Bird in Silence eyes;

But soon as out of Sight 'tis gone,

Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.

Mrs. Peachum

men and women with pistols

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Tavern near *Newgate*.

Jemmy Twitcher, *Crook-finger'd Jack*, *Wat Dreary*, *Robin of Bagshot*, *Nimming Ned*, *Henry Paddington*, *Matt of the Mint*, *Ben Budge*, and the rest of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy and Tobacco.

Ben. But pr'ythee, *Matt*, what is become of thy Brother *Tom*? I have not seen him since my Return from Transportation.

Matt. Poor Brother *Tom* had an Accident this time Twelve-month, and so clever a made fellow he was, that I could not save him from those fleaing Rascals the Surgeons; and now, poor Man, he is among the Otamys at *Surgeons Hall*.

Ben. So it seems, his Time was come.

Jemmy. But the present Time is ours, and no body alive hath more. Why are the Laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of Mankind? What we win, Gentlemen, is our own by the Law of Arms, and the Right of Conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another Set of Practical Philosophers, who to a Man are above the Fear of Death?

Wat. Sound Men, and true!

Robin. Of try'd Courage, and indefatigable Industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his Friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his Interest?

Matt. Shew me a Gang of Courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just Partition of the World, for every Man hath a Right to enjoy Life.

Matt. We retrench the Superfluities of Mankind. The World is avaritious, and I hate Avarice. A covetous fellow, like a Jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the Robbers of Mankind, for Money was made for the Free-hearted and Generous, and where is the Injury of taking from another, what he hath not the Heart to make use of?

Jemmy. Our several Stations for the Day are fixt. Good luck attend us all. Fill the Glasses.

Matt.

Fill every Glass, for Wine inspires us,

And fires us

With Courage, Love and Joy.

Women and Wine should life employ.

Is there ought else on Earth desirous?

Chorus.

Fill every Glass, *&c.*

To them enter *Macheath*.

Macheath. Gentlemen, well met. My Heart hath been with you this Hour; but an unexpected Affair hath detain'd me. No Ceremony, I beg you.

Matt. We were just breaking up to go upon Duty. Am I to have the Honour of taking the Air with you, Sir, this Evening upon the Heath? I drink a Dram now and then with the Stagecoachmen in the way of Friendship and Intelligence; and I know that about this Time there will be Passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

Macheath. I was to have been of that Party—but—

Matt. But what, Sir?

Macheath. Is there any Man who suspects my Courage?

Matt. We have all been Witnesses of it.

Macheath. My Honour and Truth to the Gang?

Matt. I'll be answerable for it.

Macheath. In the Division of our Booty, have I ever shewn the least Marks of Avarice or Injustice?

Matt. By these Questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Macheath. I have a fixed Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honour, and as such I value and respect you. *Peachum* is a Man that is useful to us.

Matt. Is he about to play us any foul Play? I'll shoot him through the Head.

Macheath. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Conduct and Discretion. A Pistol is your last Resort.

Matt. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

Macheath. Business cannot go on without him. He is a Man who knows the World, and is a necessary Agent to us. We have had a slight Difference, and 'till it is Home
accommodated I shall be oblig'd to keep out of his way. Any private Dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my Friends. You must continue to act under his Direction, for the moment we break loose from him, our Gang is ruin'd.

Matt. As a Bawd to a Whore, I grant you, he is to us of great Convenience.

Macheath. Make him believe I have quitted the Gang, which I can never do but with Life. At our private Quarters I will continue to meet you. A Week or so will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your Instructions shall be observ'd. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several Duties; so 'till the Evening at our Quarters in Moor-Fields we bid you farewel.

Macheath. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you. Sits down melancholy at the Table.

Matt.

Let us take the Road.

Hark! I hear the Sound of Coaches!

The Hour of Attack approaches,

To your Arms, brave Boys, and load.

See the Ball I hold!

Let the Chymists toil like Asses,

Our Fire their Fire surpasses,

And turns all our Lead to Gold.

The Gang, rang'd in the Front of the Stage, load their Pistols, and stick them under their Girdles; then go off singing the first Part in Chorus.

Macheath. What a Fool is a fond Wench! *Polly* is most confoundedly bit.—I love the Sex. And a Man who loves Money, might as well be contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. The Town perhaps have been as much obliged to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted Ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us, and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, *Drury-Lane* would be uninhabited.

If the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares,

The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;

Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly

Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears,

Roses and Lilies her Cheeks disclose,

But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,

Caress her,

With Blisses,

Her Kisses

Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

I must have Women. There is nothing unbends the Mind like them. Money is not so strong a Cordial for the Time. Drawer— Enter Drawer. Is the Porter gone for all the Ladies according to my Directions?

Drawer. I expect him back every Minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as *Hockley in the Hole* for three of the Ladies, for one in *Vinegar-Yard*, and for the rest of them somewhere about *Lewkner's-Lane*. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the Bar-Bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, Coming.

Enter Mrs. *Coaxer*, *Dolly Trull*, Mrs. *Vixen*, *Betty Doxy*, *Jenny Diver*, Mrs. *Slammekin*, *Suky Tawdry*, and *Molly Brazen*.

Macheath. Dear Mrs. *Coaxer*, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the Repairs of Quality, and lay on Paint.—*Dolly Trull!* kiss me, you Slut; are you as amorous as ever, Hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing Hearts, that you don't allow yourself Time to steal any thing else.—Ah *Dolly*, thou wilt ever be a Coquette! Mrs. *Vixen*, I'm yours, I always lov'd a Woman of Wit and Spirit; they make charming Mistresses, but plaguy Wives—*Betty Doxy!* Come hither, Hussy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesom Beer; for in troth, *Betty*, Strong-Waters will in time ruin your Constitution. You should leave those to your Betters.—What! and my pretty *Jenny Diver* too! As prim and
demure as ever! There is not any Prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctify'd Look, with a more mischievous Heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful Hypocrite.—Mrs. *Slammekin!* as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine Ladies, who know your own Beauty, affect an Undress.—But see, here's *Suky Tawdry* come to contradict what I was saying. Every thing she gets one way she lays out upon her Back. Why, *Suky*, you must keep at least a Dozen Tallymen. *Molly Brazen!*She kisses him. That's well done. I love a free-hearted Wench. Thou hast a most agreeable Assurance, Girl, and art as willing as a Turtle.—But hark! I hear Music. The Harper is at the Door. *If Music be the Food of Love, play on.* Ere you seat yourselves, Ladies, what think you of a Dance? Come in. Enter Harper. Play the *French* Tune, that Mrs. *Slammekin* was so fond of.

A Dance *a la ronde* in the *French* manner; near the end of it this song and Chorus.

Youth's the Season made for Joys,

Love is then our Duty,

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her Beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in Decay.

Youth's the Season, *&c.*

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Ours is not to-morrow.

Love with Youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but Sorrow.

Dance and sing,

Time's on the Wing.

Life never knows the Return of Spring.

Chorus.

Let us drink, *&c.*

Macheath. Now, pray Ladies, take your Places. Here Fellow. Pays the Harper. Bid the Drawer bring us more Wine. Exit Harper. If any of the Ladies choose Ginn, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink Strong-Waters, but when I have the Cholic.

Macheath. Just the Excuse of the fine Ladies! Why, a Lady of Quality is never without the Cholic. I hope, Mrs. *Coaxer*, you have had good Success of late in your Visits among the Mercers.

Mrs. Coaxer. We have so many Interlopers—Yet with Industry, one may still have a little Picking. I carried a silver-flowered Lutestring, and a Piece of black Padesoy to Mr. *Peachum's* Lock but last Week.

Mrs. Vixen. There's *Molly Brazen* hath the Ogle of a Rattle-Snake. She rivetted a Linen-Draper's Eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of three Pieces of Cambric before he could look off.

Brazen. Oh dear Madam!—But sure nothing can come up to your handling of Laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding Tongue! To cheat a Man is nothing; but the Woman must have fine Parts indeed who cheats a Woman.

Mrs. Vixen. Lace, Madam, lies in a small Compass,
and is of easy Conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your Friends.

Mrs. Coaxer. If any woman hath more Art than another, to be sure, 'tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her Fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his Pocket as coolly, as if money were her only Pleasure. Now that is a Command of the Passions uncommon in a Woman!

Jenny. I never go to the Tavern with a Man, but in the View of Business. I have other Hours, and other sort of Men for my Pleasure. But had I your Address, Madam—

Macheath. Have done with your Compliments, Ladies; and drink about: You are not so fond of me, *Jenny*, as you use to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my Fondness among so many Rivals. 'Tis your own Choice, and not the Warmth of my Inclination that will determine you.

Before the Barn-Door crowing,

The Cock by Hens attended,

His Eyes around him throwing,

Stands for a while suspended.

Then One he singles from the Crew,

And cheers the happy Hen;

With how do you do, and how do you do,

And how do you do again.

Macheath. Ah *Jenny!* thou art a dear Slut.

Jenny. A Man of Courage should never put any thing to the Risk but his Life. These are the Tools of a Man of Honour. Cards and Dice are only fit for cowardly Cheats, who prey upon their Friends.

She takes up his Pistol. *Tawdry* takes up the other.

Tawdry. This, Sir, is fitter for your Hand. Besides your Loss of Money, 'tis a Loss to the Ladies. Gaming takes you off from Women.

How fond could I be of you! but before Company 'tis ill bred.

Macheath. Wanton Hussies!

Jenny. I must and will have a Kiss to give my Wine a Zest.

They take him about the Neck and make signs to *Peachum* and Constables, who rush in upon him.

Peachum. I seize you, Sir, as my Prisoner.

Macheath. Was this well done, *Jenny*?—Women are Decoy Ducks; who can trust them! Beasts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies, Whores!

Peachum. Your Case, Mr. *Macheath*, is not particular. The greatest Heroes have been ruin'd by Women. But, to do them Justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of Creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your Leave of the Ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a Visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This Gentleman, Ladies, lodges in *Newgate*. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his Lodgings.

Macheath.

At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure,

At the Tree I shall suffer with Pleasure,

Let me go where I will,

In all kinds of Ill,

I shall find no such Furies as these are.

Peachum. Ladies, I'll take care the Reckoning shall be discharged.

Exit *Macheath*, guarded with *Peachum and Constables*.

Mrs. Vixen. Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, though Mr. *Peachum* may have made a private Bargain with you and *Suky Tawdry* for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

Mrs. Coaxer. I think Mr. *Peachum*, after so long an Acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as *Jenny Diver*.

Mrs. Slammekin. I am sure at least three Men of his hanging, and in a Year's time too (if he did me Justice) should be set down to my Account.

Trull. Mrs. *Slammekin*, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in Bed with me.

Jenny. As far as a Bowl of Punch or a Treat, I believe Mrs. *Suky* will join with me.—As for any thing else, Ladies, you cannot in Conscience expect it.

Mrs. Slammekin. Dear Madam—

Home

Trull. I would not for the World—

Mrs. Slammekin. 'Tis impossible for me—

Trull. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam—

Mrs. Slammekin. Nay, then I must stay here all Night—

Trull. Since you command me.

Exeunt with great Ceremony.

line drawing

Polly Peachum

SCENE II. Newgate.

Lockit, Turnkeys, *Macheath*, Constables.

Lockit. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a Lodger of mine this Year and half. You know the Custom, Sir. Garnish, Captain, Garnish. Hand me down those Fetters there.

Macheath. Those, Mr. *Lockit*, seem to be the heaviest of the whole Set. With your Leave, I should like the further Pair better.

Lockit. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our Prisoners. When a Gentleman uses me with Civility, I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down I say.—We have them of all Prices, from one Guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every Gentleman should please himself.

Macheath. I understand you, Sir. Gives Money. The Fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few Fortunes can bear the Expence of getting off handsomly, or of dying like a Gentleman.

Lockit. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better—Take down the further Pair. Do but examine them, Sir.—Never was better work.—How genteely they are made!—They will fit as easy as a Glove, and the nicest Man in *England* might not be asham'd to wear them. He puts on the Chains. If I had the best Gentleman in the Land in my Custody I could not equip Home
him more handsomly. And so, Sir—I now leave you to your private Meditations.

Exeunt leaving *Macheath* solus.

Man may escape from Rope and Gun;

Nay, some have out liv'd the Doctor's Pill;

Who takes a Woman must be undone,

That Basilisk is sure to kill.

The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets,

So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,

He that tastes Woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful Plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all Day long, 'till I am hang'd) be confin'd to hear the Reproaches of a Wench who lays her Ruin at my Door—I am in the Custody of her Father, and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my Execution.—But I promis'd the Wench Marriage—What signifies a Promise to a Woman? Does not Man in Marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, Women will believe us; for they look upon a Promise as an Excuse for following their own Inclinations.—But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her.—Wou'd I were deaf!

Enter *Lucy*.

Lucy. You base Man you,—how can you look me in the Face after what hath passed between us?—See here, perfidious Wretch, how I am forc'd to bear about the Load of Infamy you have laid upon me—O *Macheath*! thou hast robb'd me of my Quiet—to see thee tortur'd would give me Pleasure.

Thus when a good Housewife sees a Rat

In her Trap in the Morning taken,

With Pleasure her Heart goes pit-a-pat,

In Revenge for her Loss of Bacon.

Then she throws him

To the Dog or Cat,

To be worried, crush'd and shaken.

Macheath. Have you no Bowels, no Tenderness, my dear *Lucy*, to see a Husband in these Circumstances?

Lucy. A Husband!

Macheath. In ev'ry Respect but the Form, and that, my Dear, may be said over us at any time.—Friends should not insist upon Ceremonies. From a Man of Honour, his Word is as good as his Bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the Pleasure of all you fine Men to insult the Women you have ruin'd.

How cruel are the Traitors,

Who lye and swear in jest,

To cheat unguarded Creatures

Of Virtue, Fame, and Rest!

Whoever steals a Shilling,

Through Shame the Guilt conceals:

In Love the perjur'd Villain

With Boasts the Theft reveals.

Macheath. The very first Opportunity, my Dear, (have but Patience) you shall be my Wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating Monster! And so you think I know nothing of the Affair of Miss *Polly Peachum*.—I could tear thy Eyes out!

Macheath. Sure, *Lucy*, you can't be such a Fool as to be jealous of *Polly*!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you Brute, you.

Macheath. Married! Very good. The Wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good Home
Opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the House; I chat with the Girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all Gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly Jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear *Lucy*, these violent Passions may be of ill consequence to a Woman in your Condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your Assurance, you know that Miss *Polly* hath put it out of your Power to do me the Justice you promis'd me.

Macheath. A jealous Woman believes every thing her Passion suggests. To convince you of my Sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I shall have no Scruples of making you my Wife; and I know the Consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hang'd, and so get rid of them both.

Macheath. I am ready, my dear *Lucy*, to give you Satisfaction—if you think there is any in Marriage.—What can a Man of Honour say more?

Lucy. So then, it seems, you are not married to Miss *Polly*.

Macheath. You know, *Lucy*, the Girl is prodigiously conceited. No Man can say a civil thing to her, but (like other fine Ladies) her Vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

The first time at the Looking-glass

The Mother sets her Daughter,

The Image strikes the smiling Lass

With Self-love ever after,

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,

Thinks ev'ry Charm grows stronger.

But alas, vain Maid, all Eyes but your own

Can see you are not younger.

When Women consider their own Beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their Demands; for they expect their Lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my Father—perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your Word.—For I long to be made an honest Woman. Exeunt.

Enter *Peachum* and *Lockit* with an Account-Book.

Lockit. In this last Affair, Brother *Peachum*, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in *Macheath*.

Peachum. We shall never fall out about an Execution—But as to that Article, pray how stands our last Year's Account?

Lockit. If you will run your Eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peachum. This long Arrear of the Government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we would hang our Acquaintance for nothing, when our Betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the People in Employment pay better, I promise them for the future, I shall let other Rogues live besides their own.

Lockit. Perhaps, Brother, they are afraid these Matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with Contempt, as if our Profession were not reputable.

Peachum. In one respect indeed our Employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because, like Great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their Friends.

Lockit. Such Language, Brother, any where else, might turn to your Prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

When you censure the Age,

Be cautious and sage,

Lest the Courtiers offended should be:

If you mention Vice or Bribe,

'Tis so pat to all the Tribe;

Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

Peachum. Here's poor *Ned Clincher's* Name, I see. Sure, Brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair Proceeding in *Ned's* Case: for he told me in the Condemn'd Hold, that for Value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a Session or two longer without Molestation.

Lockit. Mr. *Peachum*—this is the first time my Honour was ever call'd in Question.

Peachum. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lockit. Who accuses me?

Peachum. You are warm, Brother.

Lockit. He that attacks my Honour, attacks my
Livelihood.—And this Usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peachum. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her Information-Money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, Brother, we must punctually pay our Spies, or we shall have no Information.

Lockit. Is this Language to me, Sirrah,—who have sav'd you from the Gallows, Sirrah! Collaring each other.

Peachum. If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the World of an arrant Rascal.

Lockit. This Hand shall do the Office of the Halter you deserve, and throttle you—you Dog!—

Peachum. Brother, Brother—We are both in the Wrong—We shall be both Losers in the Dispute—for you know we have it in our Power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lockit. Nor you so provoking.

Peachum. 'Tis our mutual Interest; 'tis for the Interest of the World we should agree. If I said any thing, Brother, to the Prejudice of your Character, I ask pardon.

Lockit. Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as resent.—Give me your Hand. Suspicion does not become a Friend.

Peachum. I only meant to give you Occasion to justify yourself: But I must now step home, for I expect the Gentleman about this Snuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd two Nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this Hour. Exit *Peachum*.

Enter *Lucy*.

Lockit. Whence come you, Hussy?

Lucy. My Tears might answer that Question.

Lockit. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a Spaniel, over the Fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy. One can't help Love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my Power to obey you, and hate him.

Lockit. Learn to bear your Husband's Death like a reasonable Woman. 'Tis not the fashion, now-a-days, so much as to affect Sorrow upon these Occasions. No Woman would ever marry, if she had not the Chance of Mortality for a Release. Act like a Woman of Spirit, Hussy, and thank your Father for what he is doing.

Lucy.

Is then his Fate decreed, Sir?

Such a Man can I think of quitting?

When first we met, so moves me yet,

O see how my Heart is splitting!

Lockit. Look ye, *Lucy*—There is no saving him.—So, I think, you must ev'n do like other Widows—buy yourself Weeds, and be chearful.

You'll think ere many Days ensue

This Sentence not severe;

I hang your Husband, Child, 'tis true,

But with him hang your Care.

Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good Wife, go moan over your dying Husband. That, Child is your Duty—Consider, Girl, you can't have the Man and the Money too—so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him. Exit *Lockit*.

Enter *Macheath*.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my Dear, you will, upon the first Opportunity, quiet my Scruples—Oh Sir!—my Father's hard heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost Despair.

Macheath. But if I could raise a small Sum—Would not twenty Guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the Arguments in the way of Business, the Perquisite is the most prevailing—Your Father's Perquisites for the Escape of Prisoners must amount to a considerable Sum in the Year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

If you at an Office solicit your Due,

And would not have Matters neglected;

You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,

To do what his Duty directed.

Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,

She too has this palpable Failing,

The Perquisite softens her into Consent;

That Reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What Love or Money can do shall be done: for all my Comfort depends upon your Safety.

Enter *Polly*.

Polly. Where is my dear Husband?—Was a Rope ever intended for this Neck!—O let me throw my Arms about it, and throttle thee with Love!—Why dost thou turn away from me? 'Tis thy *Polly*—'Tis thy Wife.

Macheath. Was ever such an unfortunate Rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another Villain!

Polly. O *Macheath*! was it for this we parted? Taken! Imprisoned! Try'd! Hang'd—cruel Reflection! I'll stay with thee 'till Death—no Force shall tear thy dear Wife from thee now.—What means my Love?—Not one kind Word! not one kind Look! think what thy *Polly* suffers to see thee in this Condition.

Thus when the Swallow seeking Prey,

Within the Sash is closely pent,

His Consort, with bemoaning Lay,

Without sits pining for th' Event.

Her chatt'ring Lovers all around her skim;

She heeds them not (poor Bird!) her Soul's with him.

Macheath.Aside. I must disown her. Aloud. The Wench is distracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my Virtue? Can I have no Reparation? Sure Men were born to lie, and Women to believe them! O Villain! Villain!

Polly. Am I not thy Wife?—Thy Neglect of me, thy Aversion to me too severely proves it.—Look on me.—Tell me, am I not thy Wife?

Lucy. Perfidious Wretch!

Polly. Barbarous Husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hang'd five Months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too—If you had been kind to me 'till Death, it would not have vexed me—And that's no very unreasonable Request, (though from a Wife) to a Man who hath not above seven or eight Days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two Wives, Monster?

Macheath. If Women's Tongues can cease for an Answer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and Blood can't bear my Usage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

Macheath.

How happy could I be with either,

Were t'other dear Charmer away!

But while you thus teaze me together,

To neither a Word will I say;

But tol de rol, *&c.*

Polly. Sure, my Dear, there ought to be some Preference shewn to a Wife! At least she may claim the Appearance of it. He must be distracted with his Misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. O Villain, Villain! thou hast deceiv'd me.—I could even inform against thee with Pleasure. Not a Prude wishes more heartily to have Facts against her intimate Acquaintance, than I now wish to have Facts against thee. I would have her Satisfaction, and they should all out.

Polly.

I am bubbled.

Lucy.

I am bubbled.I'm bubbled.

Polly.

O how I am troubled!

Lucy.

Bambouzled, and bit!

Polly.

Bambouzled, and bit!My Distresses are doubled.

Lucy.

When you come to the Tree, should the Hangman refuse,

These Fingers, with Pleasure, could fasten the Noose.

Polly.

I'm bubbled, *&c.*

Macheath. Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*—This is all a Fetch of *Polly's*, to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hang'd, she would fain have the Credit Home
of being thought my Widow—Really, *Polly*, this is no time for a Dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of Marriage, I am thinking of Hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the Heart to persist in disowning me?

Macheath. And hast thou the Heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, *Polly*, dost thou seek to aggravate my Misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss *Peachum*, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a Gentleman in his Circumstances.

Polly.

Cease your Funning;

Force or Cunning

Never shall my Heart trapan.

All these Sallies

Are but Malice

To seduce my constant Man.

'Tis most certain,

By their flirting

Women oft' have Envy shown.

Pleas'd, to ruin

Others wooing;

Never happy in their own.

Polly. Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some Reserve with the Husband, while his Wife is present.

Macheath. But seriously, *Polly*, this is carrying the Joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determin'd, Madam, to raise a Disturbance in the Prison, I shall be obliged to send for the Turnkey to shew you the Door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam: These forward Airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my Duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my Husband, Madam.

Lucy.

Why how now, Madam *Flirt*?

If you thus must chatter;

And are for flinging Dirt,

Let's try who best can spatter;

Madam *Flirt*.

Polly.

Why how now, saucy Jade;

Sure the Wench is tipsy!

How can you see me made To him.

The Scoff of such a Gipsy?

Saucy Jade! To her.

Enter *Peachum*.

Peachum. Where's my Wench? Ah Hussy! Hussy!—Come you home, you Slut; and when your Fellow is hang'd, hang yourself, to make your Family some Amends.

Polly. Dear, dear Father, do not tear me from him—I must speak; I have more to say to him—Oh! twist thy Fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peachum. Sure all Women are alike! If ever they commit the Folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves—Away—Not a Word more—You are my Prisoner, now, Hussy.

Polly.

No Power on Earth can e'er divide

The Knot that sacred Love hath ty'd.

When Parents draw against our Mind,

The True-Love's Knot they faster bind.

Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—oh, oh, *&c.*

Holding *Macheath*, *Peachum* pulling her.

A Tavern Near Newgate

SCENE III. The Same.

Lucy, *Macheath*.

Macheath. I am naturally compassionate, Wife; so that I could not use the Wench as she deserv'd; which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my Dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Macheath. If that had been the Case, her Father would never have brought me into this Circumstance—No, *Lucy*,—I had rather die than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your Heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the Arms of another.

Macheath. But could'st thou bear to see me hang'd?

Lucy. O *Macheath*, I can never live to see that Day.

Macheath. You see, *Lucy*; in the Account of Love you are in my Debt, and you must now be convinc'd, that I rather choose to die than be another's.—Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my Life to thee—If you refuse to assist me, *Peachum* and your Father will immediately put me beyond all means of Escape.

Lucy. My Father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the Prisoners: and I fancy he is now taking his Nap in his own Room—If I can procure the Keys, shall I go off with thee, my Dear?

Macheath. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie conceal'd. As soon as the Search begins to be a Home
little cool, I will send to thee—'Till then my Heart is thy Prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear Husband—owe thy Life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful,—but that *Polly* runs in my Head strangely.

Macheath. A moment of Time may make us unhappy for ever.

Lucy.

I like the Fox shall grieve,

Whose Mate hath left her Side,

Whom Hounds from Morn to Eve,

Chase o'er the Country wide.

Where can my Lover hide?

Where cheat the wary Pack?

If Love be not his Guide,

He never will come back!

Exeunt.

Captain Macheath

Macheath between Polly and Lucy

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, Newgate.

Lockit, *Lucy*.

Lockit. To be sure, Wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this Escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his Daughter *Polly*, and to be sure they know the Ways of *Newgate* as well as if they had been born and bred in the Place all their Lives. Why must all your Suspicion light upon me?

Lockit.*Lucy*, *Lucy*, I will have none of these shuffling Answers.

Lucy. Well then—If I know any thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

Lockit. Keep your Temper, *Lucy*, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, Sir,—I do wish I may be burnt. I do—And what can I say more to convince you?

Lockit. Did he tip handsomly?—How much did he come down with? Come, Hussy, don't cheat your Father; and I shall not be angry with you—Perhaps, you have made a better Bargain with him than I could have done—How much, my good Girl?

Lucy. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given Money to have kept him with me.

Lockit. Ah *Lucy*! thy Education might have put thee more upon thy Guard; for a Girl in the Bar of an Ale-house is always besieg'd.

Lucy. Dear Sir, mention not my Education—for 'twas to that I owe my Ruin.

When young at the Bar you first taught me to score,

And bid me be free of my Lips, and no more;

I was kiss'd by the Parson, the Squire, and the Sot,

When the Guest was departed, the Kiss was forgot.

But his Kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,

That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair Confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous Villain to me.

Lockit. And so you have let him escape, Hussy—Have you?

Lucy. When a Woman loves; a kind Look, a tender Word can persuade her to any thing—And I could ask no other Bribe.

Lockit. Thou wilt always be a vulgar Slut, *Lucy*.—If you would not be look'd upon as a Fool, you should never do any thing but upon the foot of Interest. Those that act otherwise are their own Bubbles.

Lucy. But Love, Sir, is a Misfortune that may happen to the most discreet Women, and in Love we are all Fools alike—Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinc'd that *Polly Peachum* is actually his Wife.—Did I let him escape, (Fool that I was!) to go to her?—*Polly* will wheedle herself into his Money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lockit. So I am to be ruin'd, because, forsooth, you must be in Love!—a very pretty Excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy Strumpet:—I gave him his Life, and that Creature enjoys the Sweets of it.—Ungrateful *Macheath*!

My Love is all Madness and Folly,

Alone I lie,

Toss, tumble, and cry,

What a happy Creature is *Polly*!

Was e'er such a Wretch as I!

With rage I redden like Scarlet,

That my dear inconstant Varlet,

Stark blind to my Charms,

Is lost in the Arms

Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot!

Stark blind to my Charms,

Is lost in the Arms

Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot!

This, this my Resentment alarms.

Lockit. And so, after all this Mischief, I must stay here to be entertain'd with your Catterwauling, Mrs. Puss!—Out of my Sight, wanton Strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into Reason, with now and then a little handsom Discipline to bring you to your Senses.—Go. Exit *Lucy*.

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this Affair; but I'll be even with him.—The Dog is leaky in his Liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the Secret from him, and turn this Affair to my own Advantage.—Lions, Wolves, and Vultures don't live together in Herds, Droves or Flocks.—Of all Animals of Prey, Man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his Neighbour, and yet we herd together.—*Peachum* is my Companion, my Friend.—According to the Custom of the World, indeed, he may quote thousands of Precedents for cheating me—And shall not I make use of the Privilege of Friendship to make him a Return.

Thus Gamesters united in Friendship are found,

Though they know that their Industry all is a Cheat;

They flock to their Prey at the Dice-Box's Sound,

And join to promote one another's Deceit.

But if by mishap

They fail of a Chap,

To keep in their Hands, they each other entrap.

Like Pikes, lank with Hunger, who miss of their Ends,

They bite their Companions, and prey on their Friends.

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honest Tradesmen, are to have a fair Trial which of us two can over-reach the other.

line drawing

line drawing

SCENE II. A Gaming-House.

Macheath in a fine tarnish'd Coat, *Ben Budge*, *Matt of the Mint*.

Macheath. I am sorry, Gentlemen, the Road was so barren of Money. When my Friends are in Difficulties, I am always glad that my Fortune can be serviceable to them. Gives them Money. You see, Gentlemen, I am not a mere Court Friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

The Modes of the Court so common are grown,

That a true Friend can hardly be met;

Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,

Which they let out for what they can get.

'Tis true, you find

Some Friends so kind,

Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend.

In sorrowful Ditty,

They promise, they pity,

But shift for your Money, from Friend to Friend.

But we, Gentlemen, have still Honour enough to break through the Corruptions of the World.—And while I can serve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my Heart that so generous a Man should be involv'd in such Difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill Company, and herd with Gamesters.

Matt. See the Partiality of Mankind!—One Man may steal a Horse, better than another look over a Hedge.—Of all Mechanics, of all servile Handicrafts-men, a Gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the Quality are of the Profession, he is admitted amongst the politest Company. I wonder we are not more respected.

Macheath. There will be deep Play to-night at *Mary-bone*, and consequently Money may be pick'd up upon the Road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the Hint who is worth Setting.

Matt. The Fellow with a brown Coat with a narrow Gold Binding, I am told, is never without Money.

Macheath. What do you mean, *Matt*?—Sure you will not think of meddling with him!—He's a good honest kind of a Fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your Direction.

Macheath. Have an Eye upon the Money-Lenders.—A *Rouleau*, or two, would prove a pretty sort of an Expedition. I hate Extortion.

Matt. Those Rouleaus are very pretty Things.—I hate your Bank Bills.—There is such a Hazard in putting them off.

Macheath. There is a certain Man of Distinction,
who in his Time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the Ready. He is in my Cash, Ben;—I'll point him out to you this Evening, and you shall draw upon him for the Debt.—The Company are met; I hear the Dice-Box in the other Room. So, Gentlemen, your Servant. You'll meet me at *Mary-bone*.

Lucy Lockit

SCENE III. *Peachum*'s Lock.

A Table with Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco.

Peachum, *Lockit*.

Lockit. The Coronation Account, Brother *Peachum*, is of so intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

Peachum. It consists indeed of a great Variety of Articles.—It was worth to our People, in Fees of different kinds, above ten Instalments.—This is part of the Account, Brother, that lies open before us.

Lockit. A Lady's Tail of rich Brocade

.—that, I see, is dispos'd of.

Peachum. To Mrs. *Diana Trapes*, the Tally-Woman

, and she will make a good Hand on't in Shoes and Slippers, to trick out young Ladies, upon their going into Keeping.—

Lockit. But I don't see any Article of the Jewels.

Peachum. Those are so well known that they must be sent abroad—You'll find them enter'd under the Article of Exportation.—As for the Snuff-Boxes, Watches, Swords, &c.—I thought it best to enter them under their several Heads.

Lockit. Seven and twenty Women's Pockets complete; with the several things therein contain'd; all Seal'd, Number'd, and Enter'd.

Peachum. But, Brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this Affair,—We should have the whole
Day before us.—Besides, the Account of the last Half Year's Plate is in a Book by itself, which lies at the other Office.

Lockit. Bring us then more Liquor—To-day shall be for Pleasure—To-morrow for Business—Ah, Brother, those Daughters of ours are two slippery Hussies—Keep a watchful Eye upon *Polly*, and *Macheath* in a Day or two shall be our own again.

Lockit.

What Gudgeons are we Men!

Ev'ry Woman's easy Prey.

Though we have felt the Hook, agen

We bite and they betray.

The Bird that hath been trapt,

When he hears his calling Mate,

To her he flies, again he's clapt

Within the wiry Grate.

Peachum. But what signifies catching the Bird, if your Daughter *Lucy* will set open the Door of the Cage?

Lockit. If men were answerable for the Follies and Frailties of their Wives and Daughters, no Friends could keep a good Correspondence together for two Days.—This in unkind of you, Brother; for among good Friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter *a Servant*.

Servant. Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to speak with you.

Peachum. Shall we admit her, Brother *Lockit*?

Lockit. By all means,—She's a good Customer, and a fine-spoken Woman—And a Woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the Conversation.

Peachum. Desire her to walk in. Exit Servant.

Peachum, *Lockit*, Mrs. *Trapes*.

Peachum. Dear Mrs. *Dye*, your Servant—One may know by your Kiss, that your Ginn is excellent.

Mrs. Trapes. I was always very curious in my Liquors.

Lockit. There is no perfum'd Breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the Flavour of those Lips—Han't I, Mrs. *Dye*.

Mrs. Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large Draughts of Liquor, as I did of Love.—I hate a Flincher in either.

In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, *fa, la, la, &c.*

Like a Sparrow at all times was ready for Love, *fa, la, la, &c.*

The Life of all Mortals in Kissing should pass,

Lip to Lip while we're young—then the Lip to the Glass, *fa, la, &c.*

But now, Mr. *Peachum*, to our Business.—If you have Blacks of any kind, brought in of late; Mantoes—Velvet Scarfs—Petticoats—Let it be what it will—I am your Chap—for all my Ladies are very fond of Mourning.

Peachum. Why, look ye, Mrs. *Dye*—you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the Gentlemen, who venture their Lives for the Goods, little or nothing.

Mrs. Trapes. The hard Times oblige me to go very near in my Dealing.—To be sure, of late Years I have been a great Sufferer by the Parliament.—Three thousand Pounds would hardly make me amends.—The Act for destroying the Mint, was a severe Cut upon our Business—'Till then, if a Customer stept out of the way—we knew where to have her—No doubt you know Mrs. *Coaxer*—there's a Wench now ('till to-day) with a good Suit of Clothes of mine upon her Back, and I could never set Eyes upon her for three Months together.—Since the Act too against Imprisonment for small Sums, my Loss there too hath been very considerable, and it must be so, when a Lady can borrow a handsom Petticoat, or a clean Gown, and I not have the least Hank upon her! And, o' my Conscience, now-a-days most Ladies take a Delight in cheating, when they can do it with Safety.

Peachum. Madam, you had a handsom Gold Watch of us

'tother Day for seven Guineas.—Considering we must have our Profit.—To a Gentleman upon the Road, a Gold Watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Mrs. Trapes. Consider, Mr. *Peachum*, that Watch was remarkable, and not of very safe Sale.—If you have any black Velvet Scarfs—they are a handsom Winter-wear, and take with most Gentlemen who deal with my Customers.—'Tis I that put the Ladies upon a good Foot. 'Tis not Youth or Beauty that fixes their Price. Home
The Gentlemen always pay according to their Dress, from half a Crown to two Guineas; and yet those Hussies make nothing of bilking of me.—Then too, allowing for Accidents.—I have eleven fine Customers now down under the Surgeon's Hands—what with Fees and other Expenses, there are great Goings-out, and no Comings in, and not a Farthing to pay for at least a Month's Clothing.—We run great Risques—great Risques indeed.

Peachum. As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. *Coaxer*.

Mrs. Trapes. Yes, Sir.—To be sure I stript her of a Suit of my own Clothes about two Hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her Shift, with a Lover of hers at my House. She call'd him up Stairs, as he was going to *Mary-bone* in a Hackney Coach.—And I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the Ladies.

Lockit. What Captain?

Mrs. Trapes. He thought I did not know him—An intimate Acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peachum*—Only Captain *Macheath*—as fine as a Lord.

Peachum. To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you shall set your own Price upon any of the Goods you like—We have at least half a Dozen Velvet Scarfs, and all at your Service. Will you give me leave to make you a Present of this Suit of Night-clothes for your own wearing?—But are you sure it is Captain *Macheath*

.

Mrs. Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him; no body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's Money in my Time at second-hand, for he always lov'd to have his Ladies well drest.

Peachum. Mr. *Lockit* and I have a little Business with
the Captain;—You understand me—and we will satisfy you for Mrs. *Coaxer*'s Debt.

Lockit. Depend upon it—we will deal like Men of Honour.

Mrs. Trapes. I don't enquire after your Affairs—so whatever happens, I wash my Hands on't—It hath always been my Maxim, that one Friend should assist another—But if you please—I'll take one of the Scarfs home with me. 'Tis always good to have something in Hand.

Peachum

SCENE IV. **Newgate.**

Lucy. Jealousy, Rage, Love and Fear are at once tearing me to pieces, How I am weather-beaten and shatter'd with Distresses!

I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tost,

Now high, now low, with each Billow born,

With her Rudder broke, and her Anchor lost,

Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all Night,

That *Polly* lies sporting on Seas of Delight!

Revenge, Revenge, Revenge,

Shall appease my restless Spirit.

I have the Rats-bane ready.—I run no Risque; for I can lay her Death upon the Ginn, and so many die of that naturally that I shall never be call'd in question.—But say, I were to be hang'd.—I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater Comfort, than the poisoning that Slut.

Enter *Filch*.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss *Polly* come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

Enter *Polly*.

Dear Madam, your Servant.—I hope you will pardon my Passion, when I was so happy to see you last.—I was so over-run with the Spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself. And really when one hath the Spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a Friend.

When a Wife's in her Pout,

(As she's sometimes, no doubt;)

The good Husband as meek as a Lamb,

Her Vapours to still,

First grants her her Will,

And the quieting Draught is a Dram. Poor Man!

And the quieting Draught is a Dram.

—I wish all our Quarrels might have so comfortable a Reconciliation.

Polly. I have no Excuse for my own Behaviour, Madam, but my Misfortunes.—And really, Madam, I suffer too upon your Account.

Lucy. But, Miss *Polly*—in the way of Friendship, will you give me leave to propose a Glass of Cordial to you?

Polly. Strong-Waters are apt to give me the Head-ache—I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest Lady in the Land could have better in her Closet, for her own private drinking.—You seem mighty low in Spirits, my Dear.

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my Health will not allow me to accept of your Offer.—I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my Papa haul'd me away so unexpectedly—I was indeed somewhat provok'd, and perhaps might use some Expressions that were disrespectful.—But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much Contempt and Cruelty, that I deserv'd your Pity, rather than your Resentment.

Lucy. But since his Escape, no doubt all Matters are made up again.—Ah *Polly*! *Polly*! 'tis I am the unhappy Wife; and he loves you as if you were only his Mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your Jealousy.—A Man is always afraid of a Woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our Cases, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

Polly.

A Curse attend that Woman's Love,

Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy.

The Pertness of the billing Dove,

Like Tickling, is but teazing.

Polly.

What then in Love can Woman do:

Lucy.

If we grow fond they shun us.

Polly.

And when we fly them, they pursue:

Lucy.

But leave us when they've won us.

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both Sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting.—But my Heart is particular, and contradicts my own Observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress *Lucy*, by his last Behaviour, I think I ought to envy you.—When I was forc'd from him, he did not shew the least Tenderness.—But perhaps, he hath a Heart not capable of it.

Among the Men, Coquettes we find,

Who court by turns all Woman-kind;

And we grant all their Hearts desir'd,

When they are flatter'd, and admir'd.

The Coquettes of both Sexes are Self-lovers, and that is a Love no other whatever can dispossess. I hear, my dear *Lucy*, our Husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy Reflections,—indeed, my dear *Polly*, we are both of us a Cup too low—Let me prevail upon you to accept of my Offer.

Come, sweet Lass,

Let's banish Sorrow

'Till To-morrow;

Come, sweet Lass,

Let's take a chirping Glass.

Wine can clear

The Vapours of Despair

And make us light as Air;

Then drink, and banish Care.

I can't bear, Child, to see you in such low Spirits.—And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good. Aside. I shall now soon be even with the

hypocrytical Strumpet. Exit.

Polly. All this Wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing.—At this time too! when I know she hates me!—The Dissembling of a Woman is always the Forerunner of Mischief.—By pouring Strong-Waters down my Throat, she thinks to pump some Secrets out of me,—I'll be upon my Guard, and won't taste a Drop of her Liquor, I'm resolv'd.

Re-enter *Lucy*, with Strong-Waters.

Lucy. Come, Miss *Polly*.

Polly. Indeed, Child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose.—You must, my Dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss *Polly*, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a Cup of Strong-Waters as a Lady before Company. I vow, *Polly*, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me.—Brandy and Men (though Women love them ever so well) are always taken by us with some Reluctance—unless 'tis in private.

Polly. I protest, Madam, it goes against me.—What Home
do I see! *Macheath* again in Custody!—Now every Glimm'ring of Happiness is lost.

Drops the Glass of Liquor on the Ground.

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the Wench hath escap'd: for by this Event, 'tis plain, she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd.

Enter *Lockit*, *Macheath*, *Peachum*.

Lockit. Set your Heart to rest, Captain.—You have neither the Chance of Love or Money for another Escape,—for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your Trial immediately.

Peachum. Away, Hussies!—This is not a Time for a Man to be hamper'd with his Wives.—You see, the Gentleman is in Chains already.

Lucy. O Husband, Husband, my Heart long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me

?

Polly. Will not my dear Husband look upon his *Polly*? Why hadst thou not flown to me for Protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

Polly.

Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes.

Lucy.

Bestow one Glance to cheer me.

Polly.

Think with that Look, thy *Polly* dies.

Lucy.

O shun me not—but hear me.

Polly.

'Tis *Polly* sues.

Lucy.

'Tis Polly sues. 'Tis *Lucy* speaks.

Polly.

Is thus true Love requited?

Lucy.

My Heart is bursting.

Polly.

My Heart is bursting. Mine too breaks.

Lucy.

Must I

Polly.

Must I Must I be slighted?

Macheath. What would you have me say, Ladies?—You see this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peachum. But the settling this Point, Captain, might prevent a Law-Suit between your two Widows.

Macheath.

Which way shall I turn me—How can I decide?

Wives, the Day of our Death, are as fond as a Bride.

One Wife is too much for most Husbands to hear,

But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.

This way, and that way, and which way I will,

What would comfort the one, t' other Wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own Misfortunes have made him Home
insensible to mine—A Father sure will be more compassionate—Dear, dear Sir, sink the material Evidence, and bring him off at his Trial—*Polly* upon her Knees begs it of you.

When my Heroe in Court appears,

And stands arraign'd for his Life;

Then think of poor *Polly*'s Tears;

For Ah! poor *Polly*'s his Wife.

Like the Sailor he holds up his hand,

Distrest on the dashing Wave.

To die a dry Death at Land,

Is as bad as a watery Grave.

And alas, poor *Polly*!

Alack, and well-a-day!

Before I was in Love,

Oh! every Month was *May*.

Lucy. If *Peachum*'s Heart is harden'd; sure you, Sir, will have more Compassion on a Daughter.—I know the Evidence is in your Power.—How then can you be a Tyrant to me? Kneeling.

When he holds up his Hand arraign'd for his Life,

O think of your Daughter, and think I'm his Wife!

What are Canons, or Bombs, or clashing of Swords?

For Death is more certain by Witnesses Words.

Then nail up their Lips; that dread Thunder allay;

And each Month of my Life will hereafter be *May*.

Lockit.*Macheath*'s Time is come, *Lucy*.—We know our own Affairs, therefore let us have no more Whimpering or Whining.

Ourselves, like the Great, to secure a Retreat,

When Matters require it, must give up our Gang:

And good reason why,

Or, instead of the Fry,

Ev'n *Peachum* and I.

Like poor petty Rascals, might hang, hang;

Like poor petty Rascals, might hang.

Peachum. Set your Heart at rest, *Polly*.—Your Husband is to die to-day.—Therefore if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's Comfort for you, you Slut.

Lockit. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the *Old Baily*.

Macheath.

The Charge is prepar'd; the Lawyers are met,

The Judges all rang'd (a terrible Show!)

I go, undismay'd.—For Death is a Debt,

A Debt on Demand.—So take what I owe.

Then farewell, my Love—Dear Charmers, adieu.

Contented I die—'Tis the better for you.

Here ends all Disputes the rest of our Lives,

For this way at once I please all my Wives.

Now, Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

Exeunt *Macheath*, *Lockit*, and *Peachum*.

Enter *Filch*.

Polly. Follow them, *Filch*, to the Court. And when the Trial is over, bring me a particular Account of his Behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd—You'll find me here with Miss *Lucy*. Exit *Filch*. But why is all this Musick?

Lucy. The Prisoners, whose Trials are put off 'till next Session, are diverting themselves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as Music! I'm fond of it to Distraction!—But alas!—now, all Mirth seems an Insult upon my Affliction.—Let us retire, my dear *Lucy*, and indulge our Sorrows.—The noisy Crew, you see, are coming upon us.

Exeunt.

A Dance of Prisoners in Chains, *&c.*

line drawing

Lockit

line drawing

***SCENE V.* The *Condemn'd Hold*.**

Macheath, in a melancholy Posture.

O cruel, cruel, cruel Case!

Must I suffer this Disgrace?

Of all the Friends in time of Grief,

When threatning Death looks grimmer,

Not one so sure can bring Relief,

As this best Friend, a Brimmer. Drinks.

Since I must swing,—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine. Rises.

But now again my Spirits sink;

I'll raise them high with Wine. Drinks a Glass of Wine.

But Valour the stronger grows,

The stronger Liquor

we'er drinking;

And how can we feel our Woes,

When we've lost the Trouble of Thinking? Drinks.

If thus—A Man can die

Much bolder with Brandy. Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.

So I drink off this Bumper.—And now I can stand the Test,

And my Comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the Best. Drinks.

But can I leave my pretty Hussies,

Without one Tear, or tender Sigh?

Their Eyes, their Lips, their Busses

Recall my Love,—Ah must I die!

Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree,

To curb Vice in others, as well as me,

I wonder we han't better Company,

Upon *Tyburn* Tree!

But Gold from Law can take out the Sting;

And if rich Men like us were to swing,

'Twou'd thin the Land, such Numbers to string

Upon *Tyburn* Tree!

Jailor. Some Friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted—I leave you together.

Enter *Ben Budge*, *Matt of the Mint*.

Macheath. For my having broke Prison, you see, Gentlemen, I am order'd immediate Execution.—The Sheriff's Officers, I believe, are now at the Door.—That *Jemmy Twitcher* should peach me, I own surpris'd me!—'Tis a plain Proof that the World is all alike, and that even our Gang can no more trust one another than other People. Therefore, I beg you, Gentlemen, look well to yourselves,

for in all probability you may live some Months longer.

Matt. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your Misfortune.—But 'tis what we must all come to.

Macheath.*Peachum* and *Lockit*, you know, are infamous Scoundrels. Their Lives are as much in your Power, as yours are in theirs.—Remember your dying Friend!—'Tis my last Request.—Bring those Villains to the Gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Matt. We'll do't.

Jailor. Miss *Polly* and Miss *Lucy* intreat a Word with you.

Macheath. Gentlemen, adieu.

Exeunt *Ben Budge* and *Matt*.

Enter *Lucy* and *Polly*.

Macheath. My dear *Lucy*—My dear *Polly*—Whatsoever hath pass'd between us is now at an end—If you are fond of marrying again, the best Advice I can give you, is to Ship yourselves off for the *West-Indies*, where you'll have a fair Chance of getting a Husband a-piece, or by good Luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this Sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress.

Lucy.

Would I might be hang'd!

Polly.

Would I might be hang'd! And I would so too!

Lucy.

To be hang'd with you.

Polly.

To be hang'd with you. My Dear, with you.

Macheath.

O leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt!

I tremble! I droop!—See, my Courage is out.

Turns up the empty Bottle.

Polly.

No Token of Love?

Macheath.

No Token of Love? See, my Courage is out.

Turns up the empty Pot.

Lucy.

No Token of Love?

Polly.

No Token of Love? Adieu.

Lucy.

No Token of Love? Adieu. Farewell.

Macheath.

But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

Chorus.

Tol de rol lol, *&c.*

Jailor. Four Women more, Captain, with a Child apiece! See, here they come.

Enter Women and Children.

Macheath. What—four Wives more!—This is too much—Here—tell the Sheriff's Officers I am ready. Exit *Macheath* guarded.

To them, Enter *Player* and *Beggar*.

Player. But, honest Friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macheath* shall be really executed.

Beggar. Most certainly, Sir.—To make the Piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical Justice.—*Macheath* is to be hang'd; and for the other Personages of the Drama, the Audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported.

Player. Why then, Friend, this is a downright deep Tragedy. The Catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

Beggar. Your Objection, Sir, is very just, and is easily remov'd. For you must allow, that in this kind of Drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about—So—you Rabble there—run and cry, A Reprieve!—let the Prisoner be brought back to his Wives in Triumph.

Player. All this we must do, to comply with the Taste of the Town.

Beggar. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a Similitude of Manners in high and low Life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable Vices) the fine Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road, or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentlemen.—Had the Play remained, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent Moral. 'Twould have shewn that the lower Sort of People have their Vices in a degree as well as the Rich: And that they are punish'd for them.

To them, *Macheath* with *Rabble*, *&c.*

Macheath. So, it seems, I am not left to my Choice, but must have a Wife at last.—Look ye, my Dears, we will have no Controversy now. Let us give this Day to Mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my Wife will testify her Joy by a Dance.

All. Come, a Dance—a Dance.

Macheath. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a Partner to each of you. And (if I may without Offence) for this time, I take *Polly* for mine.—And for Life, you Slut,—for we were really marry'd.—As for the rest.—But at present keep your own Secret. To *Polly*.

A DANCE.

Thus I stand like the *Turk*, with his Doxies around;

From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound;

For Black, Brown, and Fair, his Inconstancy burns,

And the different Beauties subdue him by turns:

Each calls forth her Charms to provoke his Desires:

Though willing to all, with but one he retires.

But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow,

The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-morrow.

Chorus.

But think of this Maxim, *&c.*

FINIS.

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25: Jonathan Swift

A Modest Proposal

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR THE COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC

It is a melancholy object to those, who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads and cabbin-doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in stroling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country, to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties, that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these children sound and useful members of the common-wealth, would deserve so well of the publick, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars: it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age, who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years, upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropt from its dam, may be supported by her milk, for a solar year, with little other nourishment: at most not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a charge upon their parents, or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the feeding, and partly to the cloathing of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us, sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt, more to avoid the expence than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couple, who are able to maintain their own children, (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom) but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand, for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared, and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses, (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive at six years old; except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers: As I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old, is no saleable commodity, and even when they come to this age, they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half a crown at most, on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriments and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it

will equally serve in a fricasie, or a ragoust.

I do therefore humbly offer it to publick consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine, and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore, one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune, through the kingdom, always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump, and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium, that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolifick dyet, there are more children born in Roman Catholick countries about nine months after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants, is at least three to one in this kingdom, and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend, or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants, the mother will have eight shillings neat profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flea the carcass; the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our City of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said, that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supply'd by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age, nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service: And these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend, and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our school-boys, by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable, and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission, be a loss to the publick, because they soon would become breeders themselves: And besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice, (although indeed very unjustly) as a little bordering upon cruelty, which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed, that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Salmanaazor, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London, above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality, as a prime dainty; and that, in his time, the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the Emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at a play-house and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for; the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased,

or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken, to ease the nation of so grievous an incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known, that they are every day dying, and rotting, by cold and famine, and filth, and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition. They cannot get work, and consequently pine away from want of nourishment, to a degree, that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly over-run, being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country, than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to a distress, and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintainance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old, and upwards, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby encreased fifty thousand pounds per annum, besides the profit of a new dish, introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom, who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among our selves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, besides the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns, where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection; and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating; and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards, or enforced by laws and penalties. It would encrease the care and tenderness of mothers towards their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the publick, to their annual profit instead of expence. We should soon see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives, during the time of their pregnancy, as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, or sow when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barrel'd beef: the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well grown, fat yearly child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a Lord Mayor's feast, or any other publick entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city, would be constant customers for infants flesh, besides others who might have it at merry meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection, that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged, that the number of people will be thereby much lessened

in the kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual Kingdom of Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound: Of using neither cloaths, nor houshold furniture, except what is of our own growth and manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: Of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: Of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: Of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from LAPLANDERS, and the inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO: Of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our country and

consciences for nothing: Of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy towards their tenants. Lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shop-keepers, who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, 'till he hath at least some glympse of hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere attempt to put them into practice.

But, as to my self, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expence and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, and flesh being of too tender a consistence, to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country, which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion, as to reject any offer, proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for a hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in humane figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock, would leave them in debt two million of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession, to the bulk of farmers, cottagers and labourers, with their wives and children, who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor cloaths to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of intailing the like, or greater miseries, upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the publick good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich.

I have no children, by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

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26: Alexander Pope

The Rape of the Lock

CANTO I.

- WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
- What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
- I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
- This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
- Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
- If She inspire, and He approve my lays.
- Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
- A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?
- Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
- Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
- In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
- And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?
- Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
- And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
- Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
- And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
- Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground
- And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
- Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
- Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest:
- 'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
- The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,
- A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
- (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
- Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
- And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.
- Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
- Of thousand bright Inbabitants of Air!
- If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
- Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
- Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
- The silver token, and the circled green,
- Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
- With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
- Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
- Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
- Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
- To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
- What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
- The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
- Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
- The light Militia of the lower sky:
- These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
- Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
- Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,
- And view with scorn two s and a Chair.
- As now your own, our beings were of old,
- And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;

- Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
- From earthly Vehicles to these of air.
- Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
- That all her vanities at once are dead;
- Succeeding vanities she still regards,
- And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
- Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
- And love of Ombre, after death survive.
- For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
- To their first Elements their Souls retire:
- The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
- Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
- Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
- And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
- The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
- In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
- The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
- And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
- Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
- Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
- For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
- Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
- What guards the purity of melting Maids,
- In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
- Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
- The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
- When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
- When music softens, and when dancing fires?
- 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
- Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.
- Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
- For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
- These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
- When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
- Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
- While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
- And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
- And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
- 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
- Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
- Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
- And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
- Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
- The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
- Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
- And old impertinence expel by new.
- What tender maid but must a victim fall
- To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
- When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
- If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
- With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
- They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
- Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword|knots strive,
- Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
- This erring mortals Levity may call,
- Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
- Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
- A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

- Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
- In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
- I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
- Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
- But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
- Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
- This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
- Beware of all, but most beware of Man!
- He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
- Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
- 'Twas then Belinda, if report say true,
- Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
- Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
- But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.
- And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
- Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
- First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
- With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
- A heav'nly Image in the glass appears,
- To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
- Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
- Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
- Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
- The various off'rings of the world appear;
- From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
- And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
- This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
- And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
- The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
- Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
- Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
- Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
- Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
- The fair each moment rises in her charms,
- Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
- And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
- Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
- And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
- The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
- These set the head, and those divide the hair,
- Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
- And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,

And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had implor'd
Propitions heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,

He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest Aether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special ,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,

While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLose by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adven'trous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;

And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In snow like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spread's o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoaking tyde:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph op|press'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,

Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,

And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour sorbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
" Z_...ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
" Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
" Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.
For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid.

By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.
Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares pro|duce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?

And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks russle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And base, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towr's, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
" O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
" Those eyes are made so killing—was his last.
Thus on Maeander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atome just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn alive.
Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.
This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galilaeo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ra|vish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And ‘midst the stars inscribe Belinda’s name.

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INDEX

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GLOSSARY

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Sample Word 1 | Sample Definition 1

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