

行政院國家科學委員會專題研究計畫成果報告

另類角色：書信在莎士比亞戲劇中的意義和功能（一）

The Letter as Dramatic Character: The Significance and Functions of the Epistles in Shakespeare's Plays (I)

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一、中文摘要

劇作家可以利用書信確認劇中角色的身分、豐富他們的性格刻劃、增強戲劇的效果、深化戲劇的內涵。書信至少出現在三十一齣莎劇裡面，且性質多樣。有時對劇情發展具有關鍵作用，例如馬克白寫給他的夫人的信；有時則是不著痕跡的深化角色，例如哈姆雷德偽造的國書；《第十二夜》馬福留閱讀瑪利雅的信兼具兩者；假信可以傳遞真心，真信也可隱瞞實情。此外還有寫信人與讀信人的互動關係，以及送信者扮演的角色等等。其中變化無窮，極富戲劇效果。

關鍵詞：書簡、信函、閱讀、詮釋、身分、角色、真實性、偽造

Abstract

The letter is a useful tool with which the playwright can sharpen the identity of his characters, probe into their minds, increase the dramatic effect, or enrich the meaning of the play. Shakespeare uses the letter in at least 31 of his dramatic works. Sometimes it is key to the development of the plot (e.g. Macbeth's letter to his Lady); sometimes it adds an important dimension to a character (e.g. Hamlet's forging of Claudius's letter to the King of England); Maria's letter as read by Malvolio partakes

of both functions above. Some fake letters reveal the true intentions of the writer; some true letters are false in intent. And then there is the dimension of writer-reader relationship, to which may sometimes be added the role of the messenger. Etc. There are a variety of uses, all of which are theatrically significant.

Keywords: epistle, letter, reading, interpretation, identity, character, authenticity, forgery

二、緣由與目的

「書簡 或信函，無非是一種聲明，寫出不在場者的心意，互為傳遞，猶如在場一般」，William Fulwood 在 *The Enemy of Idleness* (1621) 這句話說明了英國當時一般人對書信功用的認識。

然而「猶如」二字畢竟透露出「不如」的訊息；不在場者的心意很難精確表現出來。

筆者研究莎劇，曾經指出書信在戲劇中出現，顯然代表寫信角色不在場，他「缺席」了；原因也許是分身乏術，也許是身體違和，也許是不便出面。這些都是戲劇討論中重要而值得深究的課題，卻未必是書信內容本身可以表達的。從另一方

面看來，由於書信的出現，寫信人似乎又已「出席」——至少他已經取得發言的機會，可以表達意見，傳達訊息。然而戲劇講求的是角色之間「當下」的互動。一紙書信，縱然是自己執筆，仍然要仰仗他人的閱讀；經過讀信人的詮釋之後，難保訊息不會走樣，而缺席的寫信人又無從為自己辯解。——有趣的是，這也可能是寫信人刻意的安排。出席與缺席之間，大有玄機；書信可以視為另類角色。

本研究計畫的主要目的就是要對莎士比亞戲劇作品中的書信做一個完整的探討，希望有系統的歸納出這位作家如何使用書信這個另類角色來加強他的戲劇力量，從而增進我們對他的編劇法的理解，乃至重新檢討歷來對莎劇的詮釋。這個研究也可以讓我們認識伊利莎白或文藝復興時代書信在人際關係上扮演的角色。

三、研究內容

本研究首先確定莎劇中「書信」的定義：有確定書寫人與閱讀對象的文字。據此，除了 *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Tempest* 以及 *Timon of Athens* 等六齣之外，其餘三十一齣都出現了書信。書信的總數約為 153 封，其中八十四封只在劇中提到，內容不詳；另外六十九封或者全部，或者部份讀出或轉述。這些是不同的信；如果包括重複出現的次數，則數目遠大於此。

一般而言，書信是寫信人與收信人無法見面交談之下的溝通方法，所以如果劇情包括戰爭或者場景變化較多、地理背景幅員廣大，則書信往來往往較為頻繁。可想而知，這些信件戲劇效果通常只是壓縮時空或表達時局的緊張。更具巧思的是當事人不願當面說話，而改托書信達成目的；這時書信成為另類模糊、曖昧的戲劇角色，既代表寫信人，又每每顯示讀信人。偶然也有讀信時寫信人在場的情況，則效果又更為複雜。

卡色林·摩柔妮 (Katherine Moroney)

在其博士論文(1956)中把莎劇書信依照內容大分為資訊、命令、詭計、情書四類，並從情節發展、角色鋪陳、戲劇效果三方面討論了十九齣莎劇；著墨最多的是 *King Lear*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet* 等齣 [其中 *As You Like It* 的情詩是否屬於書信有待商榷]。

本研究在前人的基礎上，詳細閱讀劇本，一一討論劇中書信的意義，作成摘要筆記。據此，可以更進一步從舞台演出的角度探討書信扮演的另類角色，目前發掘的重點議題包括下列各項：

- 一、真假書信：書信的真偽表面看來似乎容易斷定，實則假信可以傳遞真心，真信也可隱瞞實情。*Cymbeline* 寫給其妻 Imogen 的信是「真信假意」的例子；*Hamlet* 偽造給英國國王的信是「假信真意」的例子。
- 二、口信、書信、送信人：書信原為口信的替代物；送信人通常只是郵差，地位卑微。但亦有劇中送信人同時傳達口信，甚至加以評論。這時候書信兼有替口信背書（透過簽名、彌封）的意義。
- 三、攔截的書信：書信是否一定可以送到收信人手中？劇中常有書信遭受攔截，因此無法順利送到原定的收信者手中。在劇中這種事情或屬無意，或屬有意，但都是莎翁刻意的安排，造成戲劇上重要的轉折。
- 四、書信的閱讀：書信究竟反映寫信人或收信人？按照常理而言，書信的內容單然代表是寫信者的心聲，卻因為寫信人的「缺席」而需要他人閱讀；讀信人掌握了詮釋的大權。觀眾同時也聽到了讀信人的心聲。例如 *Lady Macbeth* 閱讀 *Macbeth* 的家書，立刻萌生弑君之念，也透露齣他們夫婦相知之深。
- 五、書信在舞台上的呈現：延續前面一項的討論，更可以發現寫

信人、讀信人、送信人、舞台上的其他角色、乃至觀眾的互動關係。寫信人宛如在場，卻必須由讀信人代為詮釋。明顯的例子如丑角 Feste 朗讀 / 詮釋 Malvolio 寫給女主人 Olivia 的抗議信；Polonius 向國王及王后閱讀 / 評論 Hamlet 寫給 Ophelia 的情書 / 詩；Basanio 閱讀 Antonio 向他告急的信。在這些場景中，展現的已經不只是道具的書信，而書信也已經不僅代表寫信者的聲音。讀信人和舞台上、舞台下的觀眾都已捲入其中。如果寫信人在場，則戲劇效果又更加複雜、更為強烈。

六、「代書」莎士比亞：在可能範圍內，或可追溯莎翁的代書生涯，觀察他使用書信的進程。目前的假設是，莎翁對書信的使用越到後期越為得心應手，常常有多重戲劇效果。

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五、附件

1. 莎劇中書信出現段落引文
2. 書信出現段落於各版本中之行數對照

附件一、莎劇中書信出現段落引文

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Act 1 Scene 2

(A flourish of cornetts. Enter the King of France with **letters**, the two Lords Dumaine, and divers attendants)

1 **King** The Florentines and Sieneſe are by th' ears,
2 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
3 A braving war.

First Lord Dumaine So 'tis reported, ſir.

4 **King** Nay, 'tis moſt credible: we here receive it
5 A certainty vouched from our couſin Auſtria,
6 With caution that the Florentine will move us
7 For ſpeedy aid—wherein our deareſt friend
8 Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
9 To have us make denial.

Act 2 Scene 2

57 **Lavatch** O Lord, ſir!—Why, there 't ſerves well again.

58 **Counteſs** An end, ſir! To your buſineſs: give Helen this,
 (ſhe gives him a **letter**)

59 And urge her to a preſent answer back.

60 Commend me to my kiſmen and my ſon.

61 This is not much.

62 **Lavatch** Not much commendation to them?

63 **Counteſs** Not much employment for you. You underſtand
64 me.

65 **Lavatch** Moſt fruitfully. I am there before my legs.

66 **Counteſs** Haſte you again.

Act 2 Scene 3

273 **Bertram** There's **letters** from my mother. What th' import is

274 I know not yet.
275 **Paroles** Ay, that would be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!
276 He wears his honour in a box unseen
277 That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
278 Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
279 Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
280 Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
281 France is a stable, we that dwell in 't jades.
282 Therefore to th' war.

Act 2 Scene 4

(Enter Helen reading a **letter**, and Lavatch the clown)

1 **Helen** My mother greets me kindly. Is she well?
2 **Lavatch** She is not well, but yet she has her health. She's
3 very merry, but yet she is not well. But thanks be given
4 she's very well and wants nothing i' th' world. But yet
5 she is not well.
6 **Helen** If she be very well, what does she ail
7 That she's not very well?
8 **Lavatch** Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.
9 **Helen** What two things?
10 **Lavatch** One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send
11 her quickly. The other, that she's in earth, from whence
12 God send her quickly.

Act 2 Scene 5

19 **Bertram** (aside to Paroles) Is she gone to the King?
20 **Paroles** She is.
21 **Bertram** Will she away tonight?
22 **Paroles** As you'll have her.
23 **Bertram** I have writ my **letters**, casketed my treasure,
24 Given order for our horses, and tonight,
25 When I should take possession of the bride,
26 End ere I do begin.

Bertram I shall obey his will.
58 You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
59 Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
60 The ministration and required office
61 On my particular. Prepared I was not
62 For such a business, therefore am I found
63 So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
64 That presently you take your way for home,
65 And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
66 For my respects are better than they seem,
67 And my appointments have in them a need
68 Greater than shows itself at the first view
69 To you that know them not. This to my mother.
(He gives her a **letter**)
70 'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
71 I leave you to your wisdom.
Helen Sir, I can nothing say
72 But that I am your most obedient servant.

Act 3 Scene 2

(Enter the Countess with a **letter**, and Lavatch)

1 **Countess** It hath happened all as I would have had it,
2 save that he comes not along with her.
3 **Lavatch** By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
4 melancholy man.
5 **Countess** By what observance, I pray you?
6 **Lavatch** Why, he will look upon his boot and sing, mend
7 the ruff and sing, ask questions and sing, pick his teeth
8 and sing. I know a man that had this trick of
9 melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.
10 **Countess** Let me see what he writes, and when he means
11 to come.
(She opens the **letter** and reads)
12 **Lavatch** (aside) I have no mind to Isbel since I was at

13 court. Our old lings and our Isbels o' th' country are
14 nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' th' court.
15 The brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to
16 love as an old man loves money: with no stomach.

17 **Countess** What have we here?
18 **Lavatch** E'en that you have there.
(Exit)

19 **Countess** (reads the **letter** aloud) "I have sent you a
20 daughter-in-law. She hath recovered the King and
21 undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her, and
22 sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am
23 run away; know it before the report come. If there be
24 breadth enough in the world I will hold a long distance.
25 My duty to you.
26 Your unfortunate son,
27 Bertram."
28 This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
29 To fly the favours of so good a King,
30 To pluck his indignation on thy head
31 By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
32 For the contempt of empire.
(Enter Lavatch)

33 **Lavatch** O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
34 between two soldiers and my young lady.

35 **Countess** What is the matter?
36 **Lavatch** Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some
37 comfort. Your son will not be killed so soon as I thought
38 he would.

39 **Countess** Why should he be killed?
40 **Lavatch** So say I, madam—if he run away, as I hear he
41 does. The danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of
42 men, though it be the getting of children. Here they
43 come will tell you more. For my part, I only heard
44 your son was run away.
(Exit)
(Enter Helen with a **letter**, and the two Lords Dumaine)

45 **Second Lord Dumaine** (to the Countess) Save you, good madam.
46 **Helen** Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

47 **First Lord Dumaine** Do not say so.

48 **Countess** (to Helen) Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,
 49 I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief
 50 That the first face of neither on the start
 51 Can woman me unto 't. Where is my son, I pray you?

52 **First Lord Dumaine** Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.
 53 We met him thitherward, for thence we came,
 54 And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
 55 Thither we bend again.

56 **Helen** Look on his **letter**, madam: here's my passport.
 (She reads aloud)
 57 “When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which
 58 never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of
 59 thy body that I am father to, then call me husband;
 60 but in such a ‘then’ I write a ‘never’.”
 61 This is a dreadful sentence.

62 **Countess** Brought you this **letter**, gentlemen?
First Lord Dumaine Ay, madam,
 63 And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

64 **Countess** I prithee, lady, have a better cheer.
 65 If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine
 66 Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
 67 But I do wash his name out of my blood,
 68 And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

69 **First Lord Dumaine** Ay, madam.
Countess And to be a soldier?

70 **First Lord Dumaine** Such is his noble purpose, and—believe 't—
 71 The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
 72 That good convenience claims.

Act 3 Scene 4

(Enter the Countess and Reynaldo her steward, with a **letter**)

1 **Countess** Alas! And would you take the **letter** of her?
 2 Might you not know she would do as she has done,
 3 By sending me a **letter**? Read it again.

4 **Reynaldo** (reads the **letter**) “I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.
 5 Ambitious love hath so in me offended

6 That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon
7 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
8 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
9 My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.
10 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
11 His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
12 His taken labours bid him me forgive;
13 I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
14 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
15 Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth.
16 He is too good and fair for death and me;
17 Whom I myself embrace to set him free.”

18 **Countess** Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
19 Reynaldo, you did never lack advice so much
20 As letting her pass so. Had I spoke with her,
21 I could have well diverted her intents,
22 Which thus she hath prevented.

Reynaldo Pardon me, madam.
23 If I had given you this at over-night
24 She might have been o’erta’en—and yet she writes
25 Pursuit would be but vain.

Countess What angel shall
26 Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive
27 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
28 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
29 Of greatest justice. Write, write, Reynaldo,
30 To this unworthy husband of his wife.
31 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
32 That he does weigh too light; my greatest grief,
33 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
34 Dispatch the most convenient messenger.
35 When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
36 He will return, and hope I may that she,
37 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
38 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
39 Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
40 To make distinction. Provide this messenger.
41 My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;

42 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
(Exeunt)

Act 3 Scene 6

111 **Bertram** Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
112 The lass I spoke of.

[First] Lord Dumaine But you say she's honest.

113 **Bertram** That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once
114 And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
115 By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind
116 Tokens and **letters**, which she did re-send,
117 And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature.
118 Will you go see her?

[First] Lord Dumaine With all my heart, my lord.

Act 4 Scene 3

1 **First Lord Dumaine** You have not given him his mother's
2 **letter**?

3 **Second Lord Dumaine** I have delivered it an hour since.
4 There is something in 't that stings his nature, for on
5 the reading it he changed almost into another man.

6 **First Lord Dumaine** He has much worthy blame laid
7 upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet
8 a lady.

57 **Second Lord Dumaine** How is this justified?

58 **First Lord Dumaine** The stronger part of it by her own
59 **letters**, which makes her story true even to the point
60 of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her
61 office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the
62 rector of the place.

63 **Second Lord Dumaine** Hath the Count all this intelligence?

64 **First Lord Dumaine** Ay, and the particular confirmations,
65 point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

66 **Second Lord Dumaine** I am heartily sorry that he'll be

67 glad of this.

68 **First Lord Dumaine** How mightily sometimes we make

69 us comforts of our losses.

70 **Second Lord Dumaine** And how mightily some other times

71 we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity that his

72 valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be

73 encountered with a shame as ample.

74 **First Lord Dumaine** The web of our life is of a mingled

75 yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud

76 if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would

77 despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

 (Enter a Servant)

78 How now? Where's your master?

79 **Servant** He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he

80 hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next

81 morning for France. The Duke hath offered him **letters**

82 of commendations to the King.

83 **Second Lord Dumaine** They shall be no more than needful

84 there, if they were more than they can commend.

202 **Interpreter** What is his reputation with the Duke?

203 **Paroles** The Duke knows him for no other but a poor

204 officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn

205 him out o' th' band. I think I have his **letter** in my

206 pocket.

207 **Interpreter** Marry, we'll search.

208 **Paroles** In good sadness, I do not know. Either it is there,

209 or it is upon a file with the Duke's other **letters** in my

210 tent.

211 **Interpreter** Here 'tis, here's a **paper**. Shall I read it to

212 you?

213 **Paroles** I do not know if it be it or no.

214 **Bertram**(aside) Our interpreter does it well.

215 **First Lord Dumaine** (aside) Excellently.

Interpreter (reads the **letter**)

216 "Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold."

217 **Paroles** That is not the Duke's **letter**, sir. That is an
 218 advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana,
 219 to take heed of the allurement of one Count Roussillon,
 220 a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray
 221 you, sir, put it up again.

222 **Interpreter** Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

223 **Paroles** My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in
 224 the behalf of the maid, for I knew the young Count to
 225 be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to
 226 virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

227 **Bertram**(aside) Damnable both-sides rogue.

228 **Interpreter** (reads)
 "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
 229 After he scores he never pays the score.
 230 Half-won is match well made; match, and well make it.
 231 He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.
 232 And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this:
 233 Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.
 234 For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,
 235 Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
 236 Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
 237 Paroles."

238 **Bertram**(aside) He shall be whipped through the army
 239 with this rhyme in 's forehead.

240 **Second Lord Dumaine** (aside) This is your devoted friend,
 241 sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

242 **Bertram**(aside) I could endure anything before but a cat,
 243 and now he's a cat to me.

Act 4 Scene 5

80 **Lafeu** His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able
 81 body as when he numbered thirty. A will be here
 82 tomorrow, or I am deceived by him that in such
 83 intelligence hath seldom failed.

84 **Countess** It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I
 85 die. I have **letters** that my son will be here tonight. I
 86 shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they

87 meet together.
88 **Lafeu** Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might
89 safely be admitted.
90 **Countess** You need but plead your honourable privilege.
91 **Lafeu** Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but, I
92 thank my God, it holds yet.

Act 5 Scene 1

Helen I do beseech you, sir,
32 Since you are like to see the King before me,
33 Commend the **paper** to his gracious hand,
34 Which I presume shall render you no blame,
35 But rather make you thank your pains for it.
36 I will come after you with what good speed
37 Our means will make us means.
Gentleman (taking the **paper**) This I'll do for you.
38 **Helen** And you shall find yourself to be well thanked,
39 Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.—
40 Go, go, provide.

Act 5 Scene 2

(Enter Lavatch and Paroles, with a **letter**)

1 **Paroles** Good Master Lavatch, give my Lord Lafeu this
2 **letter**. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you,
3 when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes. But
4 I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell
5 somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.
6 **Lavatch** Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if it
7 smell so strongly as thou speakest of. I will henceforth
8 eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Prithee allow the
9 wind.
10 **Paroles** Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir, I spake
11 but by a metaphor.
12 **Lavatch** Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink I will stop
13 my nose, or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get

14 thee further.
 15 **Paroles** Pray you, sir, deliver me this **paper**.
 16 **Lavatch** Foh, prithee stand away. A **paper** from Fortune's
 17 close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes
 18 himself.
 (Enter Lafeu)
 19 Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat—but
 20 not a musk-cat—that has fallen into the unclean fish-
 21 pond of her displeasure and, as he says, is muddied
 22 withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he
 23 looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally
 24 knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort,
 25 and leave him to your lordship.

Act 5 Scene 3

28 **King** (to Lafeu) What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?
 29 **Lafeu** All that he is hath reference to your highness.
 30 **King** Then shall we have a match. I have **letters** sent me
 31 That sets him high in fame.

130 **Gentleman** Gracious sovereign,
 131 Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.
 132 Here's a petition from a Florentine
 133 Who hath for four or five removes come short
 134 To tender it herself. I undertook it,
 135 Vanquished thereto by the fair grace and speech
 136 Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
 137 Is here attending. Her business looks in her
 138 With an importing visage, and she told me
 139 In a sweet verbal brief it did concern
 140 Your highness with herself.
 141 **[King]** (reads a **letter**) “Upon his many protestations to
 142 marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
 143 he won me. Now is the Count Roussillon a widower,
 144 his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to

145 him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I
146 follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O
147 King! In you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes
148 and a poor maid is undone.
149 Diana Capilet.”
150 **Lafeu** I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for
151 this. I’ll none of him.
152 **King** The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
153 To bring forth this discov’ry.—Seek these suitors.
154 Go speedily and bring again the Count.

311 **Helen** O, my good lord, when I was like this maid
312 I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring.
313 And, look you, here’s your **letter**. This it says:
314 “When from my finger you can get this ring,
315 And are by me with child,” et cetera. This is done.
316 Will you be mine now you are doubly won?

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Act 1 Scene 2

(Enter another Messenger with a **letter**)

What are you?

111 **[Third Messenger]** Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Antony

Where died she?

112 **Third Messenger** In Sicyon.

113 Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

114 Importeth thee to know, this bears.

(He gives Antony the **letter**)

Antony

Forbear me.

(Exit Third Messenger)

115 There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it.

116 What our contempts doth often hurl from us

117 We wish it ours again. The present pleasure,

118 By revolution low'ring, does become

119 The opposite of itself. She's good being gone;

120 The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.

121 I must from this enchanting queen break off.

122 Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know

123 My idleness doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus!

163 **Antony** The business she hath broach in the state

164 Cannot endure my absence.

165 **Enobarbus** And the business you have broached here

166 cannot be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's,

167 which wholly depends on your abode.

168 **Antony** No more light answers. Let our officers

169 Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

170 The cause of our expedience to the Queen,

171 And get her leave to part; for not alone

172 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

173 Do strongly speak to us, but the **letters** too

174 Of many our contriving friends in Rome

175 Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
176 Hath given the dare to Caesar and commands
177 The empire of the sea. Our slippery people,
178 Whose love is never linked to the deserver
179 Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
180 Pompey the Great and all his dignities
181 Upon his son, who—high in name and power,
182 Higher than both in blood and life—stands up
183 For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
184 The sides o’ th’ world may danger. Much is breeding
185 Which, like the courser’s hair, hath yet but life,
186 And not a serpent’s poison. Say our pleasure,
187 To such whose place is under us, requires
188 Our quick remove from hence.

Act 1 Scene 4

(Enter Octavius reading a **letter**, Lepidus, and their train)

1 **Caesar** You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
2 It is not Caesar’s natural vice to hate
3 Our great competitor. From Alexandria
4 This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
5 The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
6 Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
7 More womanly than he; hardly gave audience
8 Or vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there
9 A man who is the abstract of all faults
10 That all men follow.

Act 2 Scene 2

49 **Antony** You do mistake the business. My brother never
50 Did urge me in his act. I did enquire it,
51 And have my learning from some true reports
52 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
53 Discredit my authority with yours,
54 And make the wars alike against my stomach,

55 Having alike your cause? Of this, my **letters**
56 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
57 As matter whole you have to make it with,
58 It must not be with this.

Caesar You praise yourself
59 By laying defects of judgement to me, but
60 You patched up your excuses.

Antony Not so, not so.
61 I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
62 Very necessity of this thought, that I,
63 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
64 Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
65 Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
66 I would you had her spirit in such another.
67 The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
68 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Enobarbus Would we had all such wives, that the men
69 might go to wars with the women.

Antony So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,
70 Made out of her impatience—which not wanted
71 Shrewdness of policy too—I grieving grant
72 Did you too much disquiet, for that you must
73 But say I could not help it.

Caesar I wrote to you
74 When, rioting in Alexandria, you
75 Did pocket up my **letters**, and with taunts
76 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Antony Sir, he fell upon me ere admitted, then.
77 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
78 Of what I was i' th' morning; but next day
79 I told him of myself, which was as much
80 As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
81 Be nothing of our strife. If we contend,
82 Out of our question wipe him.

Act 3 Scene 3

Cleopatra (giving money) There's gold for thee.

34 Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
35 I will employ thee back again. I find thee
36 Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready.
37 Our **letters** are prepared.
(Exit Messenger)

Charmian A proper man.

38 **Cleopatra** Indeed he is so. I repent me much
39 That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
40 This creature's no such thing.

Charmian Nothing, madam.

41 **Cleopatra** The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

42 **Charmian** Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
43 And serving you so long!

44 **Cleopatra** I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian.

45 But 'tis no matter. Thou shalt bring him to me

46 Where I will write. All may be well enough.

47 **Charmian** I warrant you, madam.

Act 3 Scene 5

1 **Enobarbus** How now, friend Eros?

2 **Eros** There's strange news come, sir.

3 **Enobarbus** What, man?

4 **Eros** Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

5 **Enobarbus** This is old. What is the success?

6 **Eros** Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst
7 Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let
8 him partake in the glory of the action, and, not resting
9 here, accuses him of **letters** he had formerly wrote to
10 Pompey; upon his own appeal seizes him; so the poor
11 third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Act 3 Scene 6

Caesar Welcome hither.

79 Your **letters** did withhold our breaking forth

80 Till we perceived both how you were wrong led

81 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
82 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
83 O'er your content these strong necessities;
84 But let determined things to destiny
85 Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome;
86 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
87 Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
88 To do you justice, makes their ministers
89 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
90 And ever welcome to us.

Act 3 Scene 11

1 **Antony** Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,
2 It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither.
3 I am so lated in the world that I
4 Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
5 Laden with gold. Take that; divide it, fly,
6 And make your peace with Caesar.

Attendants Fly? Not we.

7 **Antony** I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
8 To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
9 I have myself resolved upon a course
10 Which has no need of you. Be gone.
11 My treasure's in the harbour. Take it. O,
12 I followed that I blush to look upon.
13 My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
14 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
15 For fear and doting. Friends, be gone. You shall
16 Have **letters** from me to some friends that will
17 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
18 Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
19 Which my despair proclaims. Let that be left
20 Which leaves itself. To the seaside straightway!
21 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
22 Leave me, I pray, a little. Pray you now,
23 Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command.
24 Therefore I pray you; I'll see you by and by.

Act 4 Scene 1

(Enter Caesar, reading a **letter**, with Agrippa, Maecenas, and his army)

1 **Caesar** He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
2 To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
3 He hath whipped with rods, dares me to personal combat,
4 Caesar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
5 I have many other ways to die; meantime,
6 Laugh at his challenge.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

Act 1 Scene 2

1 **First Senator** So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
2 That they of Rome are entered in our counsels
3 And know how we proceed.

Aufidius Is it not yours?
4 What ever have been thought on in this state
5 That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
6 Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
7 Since I heard thence. These are the words. I think
8 I have the **letter** here—yes, here it is.
(He reads the **letter**)
9 “They have pressed a power, but it is not known
10 Whether for east or west. The dearth is great,
11 The people mutinous, and it is rumoured
12 Cominius, Martius your old enemy,
13 Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
14 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
15 These three lead on this preparation
16 Whither 'tis bent. Most likely 'tis for you.
17 Consider of it.”

First Senator Our army's in the field.
18 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
19 To answer us.

Aufidius Nor did you think it folly
20 To keep your great pretences veiled till when
21 They needs must show themselves, which in the hatching,
22 It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery
23 We shall be shortened in our aim, which was
24 To take in many towns ere, almost, Rome
25 Should know we were afoot.

Second Senator Noble Aufidius,
26 Take your commission, hie you to your bands.
27 Let us alone to guard Corioles.
28 If they set down before 's, for the remove
29 Bring up your army, but I think you'll find

30 They've not prepared for us.
Aufidius O, doubt not that.
31 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
32 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
33 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
34 If we and Caius Martius chance to meet,
35 'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
36 Till one can do no more.
All The Senators The gods assist you!
37 **Aufidius** And keep your honours safe.
First Senator Farewell.
Second Senator Farewell.
All Farewell.

Act 2 Scene 1

103 **Menenius** (throwing up his cap) Take my cap, Jupiter, and
104 I thank thee! Hoo, Martius coming home?
105 **Virgilia and Valeria** Nay, 'tis true.
106 **Volumnia** Look, here's a **letter** from him. The state hath
107 another, his wife another, and I think there's one at
108 home for you.
109 **Menenius** I will make my very house reel tonight. A **letter**
110 for me?
111 **Virgilia** Yes, certain, there's a **letter** for you; I saw 't.
112 **Menenius** A **letter** for me? It gives me an estate of seven
113 years' health, in which time I will make a lip at the
114 physician. The most sovereign prescription in Galen is
115 but empiricute and, to this preservative, of no better
116 report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? He
117 was wont to come home wounded.
118 **Virgilia** O, no, no, no!
119 **Volumnia** O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't!
120 **Menenius** So do I, too, if it be not too much. Brings a
121 victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.
122 **Volumnia** On 's brows, Menenius. He comes the third time
123 home with the oaken garland.
124 **Menenius** Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

125 **Volumnia** Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but
 126 Aufidius got off.
 127 **Menenius** And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him
 128 that. An he had stayed by him, I would not have been
 129 so fidiussed for all the chests in Corioles and the gold
 130 that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?
 131 **Volumnia** Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes. The senate
 132 has **letters** from the general, wherein he gives my son
 133 the whole name of the war. He hath in this action
 134 outdone his former deeds doubly.
 135 **Valeria** In truth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.
 136 **Menenius** Wondrous, ay, I warrant you; and not without
 137 his true purchasing.

Act 5 Scene 2

60 **Coriolanus** What's the matter?
 61 **Menenius** (to First Watchman) Now, you companion, I'll
 62 say an errand for you. You shall know now that I am
 63 in estimation. You shall perceive that a jack guardant
 64 cannot office me from my son Coriolanus. Guess but
 65 by my entertainment with him if thou stand'st not i' th'
 66 state of hanging, or of some death more long in
 67 spectatorship and crueller in suffering. Behold now
 68 presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.
 69 (To Coriolanus) The glorious gods sit in hourly synod
 70 about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse
 71 than thy old father Menenius does! (Weeping) O, my
 72 son, my son, thou art preparing fire for us. Look thee,
 73 here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come
 74 to thee, but being assured none but myself could move
 75 thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs,
 76 and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary
 77 countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath and
 78 turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here, this, who
 79 like a block hath denied my access to thee!
 80 **Coriolanus** Away!
 81 **Menenius** How? Away?

82 **Coriolanus** Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
83 Are servanted to others. Though I owe
84 My revenge properly, my remission lies
85 In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
86 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
87 Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.
88 Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
89 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
(He gives him a **letter**)
90 Take this along. I writ it for thy sake,
91 And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
92 I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
93 Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou behold'st.
94 **Aufidius** You keep a constant temper.

Act 5 Scene 6

1 **Aufidius** Go tell the lords o' th' city I am here.
2 Deliver them this **paper**. Having read it,
3 Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
4 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
5 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
6 The city ports by this hath entered, and
7 Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
8 To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

71 **Coriolanus** Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier,
72 No more infected with my country's love
73 Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
74 Under your great command. You are to know
75 That prosperously I have attempted, and
76 With bloody passage led your wars even to
77 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
78 Doth more than counterpoise a full third part
79 The charges of the action. We have made peace
80 With no less honour to the Antiates

81 Than shame to th' Romans. And we here deliver,
82 Subscribed by th' consuls and patricians,
83 Together with the seal o' th' senate, what
84 We have compounded on.

(He gives the Lords a **paper**)

Aufidius Read it not, noble lords,

85 But tell the traitor in the highest degree

86 He hath abused your powers.

87 **Coriolanus** Traitor? How now?

88 **Aufidius** Ay, traitor, Martius.

89 **Coriolanus** Martius?

90 **Aufidius** Ay, Martius, Caius Martius. Dost thou think

91 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,

92 "Coriolanus", in Corioles? go.

CYMBELINE

Act 1 Scene 1

Posthumus My queen, my mistress!
94 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
95 To be suspected of more tenderness
96 Than doth become a man. I will remain
97 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth;
98 My residence in Rome at one Filario's,
99 Who to my father was a friend, to me
100 Known but by **letter**; thither write, my queen,
101 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send
102 Though ink be made of gall.

166 **Innogen** Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part
167 To draw upon an exile. O brave sir!
168 I would they were in Afric both together,
169 Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
170 The goer-back.
(To Pisanio) Why came you from your master?
171 **Pisanio** On his command. He would not suffer me
172 To bring him to the haven, left these **notes**
173 Of what commands I should be subject to
174 When't pleased you to employ me.
Queen This hath been
175 Your faithful servant. I dare lay mine honour
176 He will remain so.
177 **Pisanio** I humbly thank your highness.
178 **Queen** Pray walk a while.

Act 1 Scene 3

1 **Innogen** I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven
2 And questionedst every sail. If he should write

3 And I not have it, 'twere a **paper** lost
4 As offered mercy is. What was the last
5 That he spake to thee?

Pisano

It was his queen, his queen.

Act 1 Scene 4

146 **Giacomo** By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient
147 testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part
148 of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours;
149 so is your diamond too. If I come off and leave her in
150 such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this
151 your jewel, and my gold are yours, provided I have
152 your **commendation** for my more free entertainment.
153 **Posthumus** I embrace these conditions; let us have articles
154 betwixt us. Only thus far you shall answer: if you make
155 your voyage upon her and give me directly to
156 understand you have prevailed, I am no further your
157 enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain
158 unsexed, you not making it appear otherwise, for
159 your ill opinion and th' assault you have made to her
160 chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Act 1 Scene 6

10 **Pisano** Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
11 Comes from my lord with **letters**.
Giacomo Change you, madam?
12 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
13 And greets your highness dearly.
(He gives her the **letters**)
Innogen Thanks, good sir.
14 You're kindly welcome.
(She reads the **letters**)
15 **Giacomo** (aside) All of her that is out of door most rich!
16 If she be furnished with a mind so rare
17 She is alone, th' Arabian bird, and I

18 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend;
 19 Arm me audacity from head to foot,
 20 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
 21 Rather, directly fly.
 22 **Innogen** (reads aloud) "He is one of the noblest note, to
 23 whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon
 24 him accordingly, as you value
 25 Your truest
 26 Leonatus."
 27 (To Giacomo) So far I read aloud,
 28 But even the very middle of my heart
 29 Is warmed by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.
 30 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 31 Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
 32 In all that I can do.

Act 2 Scene 4

Giacomo Here are **letters** for you.
 36 **Posthumus** Their tenor good, I trust.
Giacomo 'Tis very like.
 (Posthumus reads the **letters**)
 37 **[Filario]** Was Caius Lucius in the Briton court
 38 When you were there?
Giacomo He was expected then,
 39 But not approached.
Posthumus All is well yet.
 40 Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is 't not
 41 Too dull for your good wearing?
Giacomo If I had lost it
 42 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 43 I'll make a journey twice as far t' enjoy
 44 A second night of such sweet shortness which
 45 Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
 46 **Posthumus** The stone's too hard to come by.
Giacomo Not a whit,
 47 Your lady being so easy.

Act 3 Scene 2

(Enter Pisanio, reading of a **letter**)

1 **Pisanio** How? Of adultery? Wherefore write you not
2 What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,
3 O master, what a strange infection
4 Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
5 As poisonous tongued as handed, hath prevailed
6 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
7 She's punished for her truth, and undergoes,
8 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
9 As would take in some virtue. O my master,
10 Thy mind to hers is now as low as were
11 Thy fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
12 Upon the love and truth and vows which I
13 Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
14 If it be so to do good service, never
15 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
16 That I should seem to lack humanity
17 So much as this fact comes to?

(Reads) "Do 't. The **letter**

18 That I have sent her, by her own command
19 Shall give thee opportunity." O damned **paper**,
20 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
21 Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
22 So virgin-like without?

(Enter Innogen)

Lo, here she comes.

23 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
24 **Innogen** How now, Pisanio?
25 **Pisanio** Madam, here is a **letter** from my lord.
26 **Innogen** Who, thy lord that is my lord, Leonatus?
27 O learned indeed were that astronomer
28 That knew the stars as I his characters—
29 He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
30 Let what is here contained relish of love,
31 Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not
32 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him.
33 Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,

34 For it doth physic love—of his content
 35 All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
 36 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
 37 And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
 38 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 39 You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
 (She opens and reads the **letter**)
 40 "Justice and your father's wrath, should he take me in
 41 his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as you, O
 42 the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with
 43 your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford
 44 Haven. What your own love will out of this advise you,
 45 follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains
 46 loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,
 47 Leonatus Posthumus."
 48 O for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 49 He is at Milford Haven. Read, and tell me
 50 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 51 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 52 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
 53 Who long'st like me to see thy lord, who long'st—
 54 O let me bate—but not like me—yet long'st
 55 But in a fainter kind—O, not like me,
 56 For mine's beyond beyond; say, and speak thick—
 57 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 58 To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
 59 To this same bless Milford. And by th' way
 60 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
 61 T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
 62 How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
 63 That we shall make in time from our hence-going
 64 Till our return, to excuse; but first, how get hence.
 65 Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
 66 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
 67 How many score of miles may we well ride
 68 'Twixt hour and hour?

Act 3 Scene 4

1 **Innogen** Thou told'st me when we came from horse the place
2 Was near at hand. Ne'er longed my mother so
3 To see me first as I have now. Pisanio, man,
4 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
5 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
6 From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus
7 Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
8 Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
9 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
10 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
(Pisanio gives her a **letter**)
11 Why tender'st thou that **paper** to me with
12 A look untender? If 't be summer news,
13 Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
14 But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
15 That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
16 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man. Thy tongue
17 May take off some extremity which to read
18 Would be even mortal to me.

Pisanio Please you read,
19 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
20 The most disdained of fortune.

21 **Innogen** (reads) "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
22 strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lies
23 bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises but
24 from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I
25 expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act
26 for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of
27 hers. Let thine own hands take away her life. I shall
28 give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She hath my
29 **letter** for the purpose, where if thou fear to strike and
30 to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to
31 her dishonour and equally to me disloyal."

32 **Pisanio** (aside) What shall I need to draw my sword? The **paper**
33 Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
34 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
35 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath

36 Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
37 All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
38 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
39 This viperous slander enters.

Innogen Why, I must die,
75 And if I do not by thy hand thou art
76 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
77 There is a prohibition so divine
78 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
79 Something's afore 't. Soft, soft, we'll no defence;
80 Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
(She takes **letters** from her bosom)
81 The **scriptures** of the loyal Leonatus,
82 All turned to heresy? Away, away,
83 Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
84 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
85 Believe false teachers. Though those that are betrayed
86 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
87 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
88 That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
89 My father, and make me put into contempt the suits
90 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
91 It is no act of common passage but
92 A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
93 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
94 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
95 Will then be panged by me.

Act 3 Scene 5

Pisanio Then, sir,
100 This **paper** is the history of my knowledge
101 Touching her flight.
(He gives Cloten a **letter**)

Cloten Let's see 't. I will pursue her

102 Even to Augustus' throne.
Pisanio (aside) Or this or perish.
103 She's far enough, and what he learns by this
104 May prove his travel, not her danger.
Cloten Hum!
105 **Pisanio** (aside) I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Innogen,
106 Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!
107 **Cloten** Sirrah, is this **letter** true?
Pisanio Sir, as I think.
108 **Cloten** It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou
109 wouldst not be a villain but do me true service, undergo
110 those employments wherein I should have cause to use
111 thee with a serious industry—that is, what villainy
112 soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly—I
113 would think thee an honest man. Thou shouldst neither
114 want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy
115 preferment.

Act 4 Scene 2

293 **Innogen** (awakes) Yes, sir, to Milford Haven. Which is the way?
294 I thank you. By yon bush? Pray, how far thither?
295 'Od's pitykins, can it be six mile yet?
296 I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
(She sees Cloten)
297 But soft, no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
298 These flowers are like the pleasures of the world,
299 This bloody man the care on 't. I hope I dream,
300 For so I thought I was a cavekeeper,
301 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so.
302 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,
303 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
304 Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
305 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
306 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
307 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
308 The dream's here still. Even when I wake it is
309 Without me as within me; not imagined, felt.

310 A headless man? The garments of Posthumus?
 311 I know the shape of 's leg; this is his hand,
 312 His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
 313 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face—
 314 Murder in heaven! How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
 315 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 316 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 317 Conspired with that irregular devil Cloten,
 318 Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read
 319 Be henceforth treacherous! Damned Pisanio
 320 Hath with his forgèd **letters**—damned Pisanio—
 321 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 322 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus, alas,
 323 Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me, where's that?
 324 Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart
 325 And left thy head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
 326 'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
 327 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 328 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 329 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 330 Murd'rous to th' senses? That confirms it home.
 331 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten—O,
 332 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 333 That we the horrider may seem to those
 334 Which chance to find us!
 (She smears her face with blood)
 O my lord, my lord!
 (She faints.)

382 **Lucius** Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
 383 Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
 384 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 385 Thou shalt be so well mastered, but be sure,
 386 No less beloved. The Roman Emperor's **letters**
 387 Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
 388 Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

389 **Innogen** I'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
390 I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
391 As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
392 With wild-wood leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his grave
393 And on it said a century of prayers,
394 Such as I can, twice o'er I'll weep and sigh,
395 And leaving so his service, follow you,
396 So please you entertain me.

Act 4 Scene 3

36 **Pisanio** I heard no **letter** from my master since
37 I wrote him Innogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
38 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
39 To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
40 What is betid to Cloten, but remain
41 Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work.
42 Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
43 These present wars shall find I love my country
44 Even to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
45 All other doubts, by time let them be cleared:
46 Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

Act 5 Scene 6

Pisanio My lord,
274 Now fear is from me I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
275 Upon my lady's missing, came to me
276 With his sword drawn, foamed at the mouth, and swore
277 If I discovered not which way she was gone
278 It was my instant death. By accident
279 I had a feigned **letter** of my master's
280 Then in my pocket, which directed him
281 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford,
282 Where in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
283 Which he enforced from me, away he posts
284 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

285 My lady's honour. What became of him
286 I further know not.
Guiderius Let me end the story.
287 I slew him there.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

Act 1 Scene 2

1 **King Claudius** Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
2 The memory be green, and that it us befitted
3 To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
4 To be contracted in one brow of woe,
5 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
6 That we with wisest sorrow think on him
7 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
8 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
9 Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
10 Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
11 With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
12 With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
13 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
14 Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barred
15 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
16 With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
17 Now follows that you know young Fortinbras,
18 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
19 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
20 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
21 Co-leaguèd with the dream of his advantage,
22 He hath not failed to pester us with message
23 Importing the surrender of those lands
24 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
25 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
(Enter Valtemand and Cornelius)
26 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
27 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
28 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras—
29 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
30 Of this his nephew's purpose—to suppress
31 His further gait herein, in that the levies,
32 The lists, and full proportions are all made
33 Out of his subject; and we here dispatch

34 You, good Cornelius, and you, Valtemand,
 35 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
 36 Giving to you no further personal power
 37 To business with the King more than the scope
 38 Of these dilated **articles** allow.
 39 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
 40 **Valtemand** In that and all things will we show our duty.
 41 **King Claudius** We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Act 2 Scene 1

1 **Polonius** Give him this money and these **notes**, Reynaldo.
 2 **Reynaldo** I will, my lord.
 3 **Polonius** You shall do marv'lous wisely, good Reynaldo,
 4 Before you visit him to make enquire
 5 Of his behaviour.
 Reynaldo My lord, I did intend it.
 6 **Polonius** Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
 7 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
 8 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 9 What company, at what expense; and finding
 10 By this encompassment and drift of question
 11 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
 12 Than your particular demands will touch it.
 13 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
 14 As thus: "I know his father and his friends,
 15 And in part him"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
 16 **Reynaldo** Ay, very well, my lord.
 17 **Polonius** "And in part him, but", you may say, "not well,
 18 But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,
 19 Addicted so and so"; and there put on him
 20 What forgeries you please—marry, none so rank
 21 As may dishonour him, take heed of that—
 22 But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
 23 As are companions noted and most known
 24 To youth and liberty.
 25 **Reynaldo** As gaming, my lord?
 26 **Polonius** Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

27 Quarrelling, drabbing—you may go so far.
28 **Reynaldo** My lord, that would dishonour him.
29 **Polonius** Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.
30 You must not put another scandal on him,
31 That he is open to incontinency.
32 That's not my meaning—but breathe his faults so quaintly
33 That they may seem the taints of liberty,
34 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
35 A savageness in unreclaimèd blood,
36 Of general assault.

102 **Polonius** Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.
103 This is the very ecstasy of love,
104 Whose violent property fordoes itself
105 And leads the will to desperate undertakings
106 As oft as any passion under heaven
107 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry—
108 What, have you given him any hard words of late?
109 **Ophelia** No, my good lord, but as you did command
110 I did repel his **letters** and denied
111 His access to me.
Polonius That hath made him mad.
112 I am sorry that with better speed and judgement
113 I had not quoted him. I feared he did but trifle
114 And meant to wreck thee. But beshrew my jealousy!
115 By heaven, it is as proper to our age
116 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
117 As it is common for the younger sort
118 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
119 This must be known, which, being kept close, might move
120 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Act 2 Scene 2

58 **King Claudius** Well, we shall sift him.
(Enter Polonius, Valtemand, and Cornelius)

Welcome, my good friends.

59 Say, Valtemand, what from our brother Norway?
60 **Valtemand** Most fair return of greetings and desires.
61 Upon our first he sent out to suppress
62 His nephew's levies, which to him appeared
63 To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
64 But better looked into, he truly found
65 It was against your highness; whereat grieved
66 That so his sickness, age, and impotence
67 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
68 On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,
69 Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
70 Makes vow before his uncle never more
71 To give th' essay of arms against your majesty;
72 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
73 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
74 And his **commission** to employ those soldiers
75 So levied as before, against the Polack,
76 With an entreaty herein further shown,
(He gives a **letter** to Claudius)
77 That it might please you to give quiet pass
78 Through your dominions for his enterprise
79 On such regards of safety and allowance
80 As therein are set down.

King Claudius It likes us well,
81 And at our more considered time we'll read,
82 Answer, and think upon this business.
83 Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
84 Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.
85 Most welcome home.

(Exeunt Valtemand and Cornelius)

86 **Polonius** **This business is very well ended.**
87 My liege, and madam, to expostulate
88 What majesty should be, what duty is,
89 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
90 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
91 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
92 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

93 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad—
94 “Mad” call I it, for to define true madness,
95 What is ’t but to be nothing else but mad?
96 But let that go.

Queen Gertrude More matter with less art.

97 **Polonius** Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
98 That he is mad, ’tis true; ’tis true ’tis pity,
99 And pity ’tis ’tis true—a foolish figure,
100 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
101 Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains
102 That we find out the cause of this effect—
103 Or rather say “the cause of this defect”,
104 For this effect defective comes by cause.
105 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
106 Perpend.
107 I have a daughter—have whilst she is mine—
108 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
109 Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.
(He reads a **letter**)
110 “To the celestial and my soul’s idol, the most beautified
111 Ophelia”—that’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase, “beautified”
112 is a vile phrase. But you shall hear—“these in her
113 excellent white bosom, these”.

114 **Queen Gertrude** Came this from Hamlet to her?

115 **Polonius** Good madam, stay a while. I will be faithful.
116 “Doubt thou the stars are fire,
117 Doubt that the sun doth move,
118 Doubt truth to be a liar,
119 But never doubt I love.
120 O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not
121 art to reckon my groans. But that I love thee best, O
122 most best, believe it. Adieu.
123 Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
124 machine is to him,
125 Hamlet.”

126 This in obedience hath my daughter showed me,
127 And more above hath his solicitings,
128 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

Act 3 Scene 4

King Claudius (to Guildenstern)

56 Follow him at foot. Tempt him with speed aboard.
57 Delay it not. I'll have him hence tonight.
58 Away, for everything is sealed and done
59 That else leans on th' affair. Pray you, make haste.
(Exit Guildenstern)
60 And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
61 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
62 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
63 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
64 Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
65 Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
66 By **letters** conjuring to that effect,
67 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
68 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
69 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
70 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

Additional Passage H

At 3.4. line 185, Q2 has these additional lines before “This man . . .”:

1 **Hamlet** There's **letters** sealed, and my two schoolfellows—
2 Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged—
3 They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way
4 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work,
5 For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
6 Hoised with his own petard; and 't shall go hard
7 But I will delve one yard below their mines
8 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet
9 When in one line two crafts directly meet.

Act 4 Scene 6

1 **Horatio** What are they that would speak with me?
2 **Servant** Sailors, sir. They say they have **letters** for you.
3 **Horatio** Let them come in.
(Exit Servant)
4 I do not know from what part of the world
5 I should be greeted if not from Lord Hamlet.
(Enter Sailors)
6 A Sailor God bless you, sir.
7 **Horatio** Let him bless thee too.
8 A Sailor A shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a **letter** for
9 you, sir. It comes from th' ambassador that was bound
10 for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to
11 know it is.
12 **Horatio (reads)** “Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked
13 this, give these fellows some means to the King. They
14 have **letters** for him. Ere we were two days old at sea,
15 a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase.
16 Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled
17 valour, and in the grapple I boarded them. On the
18 instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became
19 their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of
20 mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a
21 good turn for them. Let the King have the **letters** I have
22 sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as
23 thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine
24 ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light
25 for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring
26 thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold
27 their course for England. Of them I have much to tell
28 thee. Farewell.
29 He that thou knowest thine,
30 Hamlet.”
31 Come, I will give you way for these your **letters**,
32 And do 't the speedier that you may direct me
33 To him from whom you brought them.

Act 4 Scene 7

- 30 **King Claudius** Break not your sleeps for that. You must not think
31 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
32 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
33 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.
34 I loved your father, and we love ourself.
35 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—
(Enter a Messenger with **letters**)
36 How now? What news?
Messenger **Letters**, my lord, from Hamlet.
37 This to your majesty; this to the Queen.
38 **King Claudius** From Hamlet? Who brought them?
39 **Messenger** Sailors, my lord, they say. I saw them not.
40 They were given me by Claudio. He received them.
41 **King Claudius** Laertes, you shall hear them.—Leave us.
(Exit Messenger)
42 (Reads) “High and mighty, you shall know I am set
43 naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave
44 to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your
45 pardon, thereunto recount th’ occasions of my sudden
46 and more strange return.
47 Hamlet.”
48 What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
49 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
50 **Laertes** Know you the hand?
King Claudius ’Tis Hamlet’s character.
51 “Naked”—and in a postscript here he says
52 “Alone”. Can you advise me?
53 **Laertes** I’m lost in it, my lord. But let him come.
54 It warms the very sickness in my heart
55 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
56 “Thus diddest thou”.
King Claudius If it be so, Laertes—
57 As how should it be so, how otherwise?—
58 Will you be ruled by me?

Act 5 Scene 2

- 1 **Hamlet** So much for this, sir. Now, let me see, the other.
2 You do remember all the circumstance?
3 **Horatio** Remember it, my lord!
4 **Hamlet** Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
5 That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay
6 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly—
7 And praised be rashness for it: let us know
8 Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
9 When our dear plots do pall, and that should teach us
10 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
11 Rough-hew them how we will—
12 **Horatio** That is most certain.
13 **Hamlet** Up from my cabin,
14 My sea-gown scarfed about me in the dark,
15 Groped I to find out them, had my desire,
16 Fingered their packet, and in fine withdrew
17 To mine own room again, making so bold,
18 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
19 Their grand **commission**; where I found, Horatio—
20 O royal knavery!—an exact command,
21 Larded with many several sorts of reasons
22 Importing Denmark's health, and England's, too,
23 With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
24 That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
25 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
26 My head should be struck off.
Horatio Is 't possible?
Hamlet (giving it to him)
27 Here's the **commission**. Read it at more leisure.
28 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
29 **Horatio** I beseech you.
30 **Hamlet** Being thus benetted round with villainies—
31 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
32 They had begun the play—I sat me down,
33 Devised a new **commission**, wrote it fair.
34 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
35 A baseness to write fair, and laboured much

36 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
37 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
38 Th' effect of what I wrote?

Horatio Ay, good my lord.

39 **Hamlet** An earnest conjuration from the King,
40 As England was his faithful tributary,
41 As love between them like the palm should flourish,
42 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
43 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
44 And many such like "as"es of great charge,
45 That on the view and know of these contents,
46 Without debatement further more or less,
47 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
48 Not shriving-time allowed.

Horatio How was this sealed?

49 **Hamlet** Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
50 I had my father's signet in my purse,
51 Which was the model of that Danish seal;
52 Folded the writ up in the form of th' other,
53 Subscribed it, gave 't th' impression, placed it safely,
54 The changeling never known. Now the next day
55 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
56 Thou know'st already.

57 **Horatio** So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

58 **Hamlet** Why, man, they did make love to this employment.
59 They are not near my conscience. Their defeat
60 Doth by their own insinuation grow.
61 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
62 Between the pass and fell incensèd points
63 Of mighty opposites.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

Act 1 Scene 3

277 **Worcester** And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
278 To save our heads by raising of a head;
279 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
280 The King will always think him in our debt,
281 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied
282 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
283 And see already how he doth begin
284 To make us strangers to his looks of love.
285 **Hotspur** He does, he does. We'll be revenged on him.
286 **Worcester** Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
287 Than I by **letters** shall direct your course.
288 When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
289 I'll steal to Glyndwr and Lord Mortimer,
290 Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
291 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
292 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
293 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Act 2 Scene 4

(Enter Hotspur, reading a **letter**)

1 **Hotspur** "But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well
2 contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your
3 house."—He could be contented; why is he not then?
4 In respect of the love he bears our house! He shows in
5 this he loves his own barn better than he loves our
6 house. Let me see some more.—"The purpose you
7 undertake is dangerous"—Why, that's certain: 'tis
8 dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell
9 you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger we pluck
10 this flower safety.—"The purpose you undertake is
11 dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the
12 time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for

13 the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you
14 so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow,
15 cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this!
16 By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid,
17 our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends,
18 and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good
19 friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my
20 lord of York commends the plot and the general course
21 of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I
22 could brain him with his lady’s fan! Is there not my
23 father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer,
24 my lord of York, and Owain Glyndwr? Is there not
25 besides the Douglas? Have I not all their **letters**, to
26 meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? And
27 are they not some of them set forward already? What
28 a pagan rascal is this, an infidel! Ha, you shall see
29 now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to
30 the King, and lay open all our proceedings! O, I could
31 divide myself and go to buffets for moving such a dish
32 of skim-milk with so honourable an action! Hang him!
33 Let him tell the King we are prepared; I will set forward
34 tonight.

Act 3 Scene 3

195 **Prince Harry** Russell.

196 **Russell** My lord?

Prince Harry (giving **letters**)

197 Go bear this **letter** to Lord John of Lancaster,

198 To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmorland.
(Exit Russell)

199 Go, Harvey, to horse, to horse, for thou and I

200 Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
(Exit Harvey)

201 Jack, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall

202 At two o’clock in the afternoon.

203 There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

204 Money and order for their furniture.

205 The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
206 And either we or they must lower lie.
(Exit)

Act 4 Scene 1

10 **Douglas** Thou art the king of honour.
11 No man so potent breathes upon the ground
12 But I will beard him.
Hotspur Do so, and 'tis well.
(Enter a Messenger with **letters**)
13 What **letters** hast thou there? I can but thank you.
14 **Messenger** These **letters** come from your father.
15 **Hotspur** **Letters** from him? Why comes he not himself?
16 **Messenger** He cannot come, my lord, he is grievous sick.
17 **Hotspur** Zounds, how has he the leisure to be sick
18 In such a jostling time? Who leads his power?
19 Under whose government come they along?
20 **Messenger** His **letters** bears his mind, not I, my lord.
(Hotspur reads the **letter**)
21 **Worcester** I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed?
22 **Messenger** He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
23 And at the time of my departure thence
24 He was much feared by his physicians.
25 **Worcester** I would the state of time had first been whole
26 Ere he by sickness had been visited.
27 His health was never better worth than now.
28 **Hotspur** Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect
29 The very life-blood of our enterprise.
30 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
31 He writes me here that inward sickness stays him,
32 And that his friends by deputation
33 Could not so soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
34 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
35 On any soul removed but on his own.
36 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
37 That with our small conjunction we should on,
38 To see how fortune is disposed to us;

39 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
 40 Because the King is certainly possessed
 41 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
 42 **Worcester** Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
 43 **Hotspur** A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off.
 44 And yet, in faith, it is not. His present want
 45 Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
 46 To set the exact wealth of all our states
 47 All at one cast, to set so rich a main
 48 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
 49 It were not good, for therein should we read
 50 The very bottom and the sole of hope,
 51 The very list, the very utmost bound,
 52 Of all our fortunes.
 53 **Douglas** Faith, and so we should, where now remains
 54 A sweet reversion—we may boldly spend
 55 Upon the hope of what is to come in.
 56 A comfort of retirement lives in this.
 57 **Hotspur** A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
 58 If that the devil and mischance look big
 59 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
 60 **Worcester** But yet I would your father had been here.
 61 The quality and hair of our attempt
 62 Brooks no division. It will be thought
 63 By some that know not why he is away
 64 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
 65 Of our proceedings kept the Earl from hence;
 66 And think how such an apprehension
 67 May turn the tide of fearful faction,
 68 And breed a kind of question in our cause.
 69 For, well you know, we of the off'ring side
 70 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
 71 And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
 72 The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
 73 This absence of your father's draws a curtain
 74 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
 75 Before not dreamt of.
Hotspur You strain too far.

76 I rather of his absence make this use:
 77 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
 78 A larger dare to our great enterprise,
 79 Than if the Earl were here; for men must think
 80 If we without his help can make a head
 81 To push against a kingdom, with his help
 82 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
 83 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
 84 **Douglas** As heart can think, there is not such a word
 85 Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Act 4 Scene 4

1 **Archbishop** (giving **letters**) Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealèd **brief**
 2 With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal,
 3 This to my cousin Scrope, and all the rest
 4 To whom they are directed. If you knew
 5 How much they do import, you would make haste.
 6 **Sir Michael** My good lord,
 7 I guess their tenor.
Archbishop Like enough you do.
 8 Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
 9 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 10 Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 11 As I am truly given to understand,
 12 The King with mighty and quick-raisèd power
 13 Meets with Lord Harry. And I fear, Sir Michael,
 14 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 15 Whose power was in the first proportion,
 16 And what with Owain Glyndwr's absence thence,
 17 Who with them was a rated sinew too,
 18 And comes not in, overruled by prophecies,
 19 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 20 To wage an instant trial with the King.
 21 **Sir Michael** Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there is Douglas
 22 And Lord Mortimer.
Archbishop No, Mortimer is not there.
 23 **Sir Michael** But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy;

24 And there is my lord of Worcester, and a head
 25 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
 26 **Archbishop** And so there is; but yet the King hath drawn
 27 The special head of all the land together—
 28 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
 29 The noble Westmorland, and warlike Blunt,
 30 And many more corrivals, and dear men
 31 Of estimation and command in arms.
 32 **Sir Michael** Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.
 33 **Archbishop** I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
 34 And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed.
 35 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
 36 Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
 37 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 38 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
 39 Therefore make haste. I must go write again
 40 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
 (Exeunt severally)

Act 5 Scene 2

(Enter a Messenger)
 79 **Messenger** My lord, here are **letters** for you.
 80 **Hotspur** I cannot read them now.
 (Exit Messenger)
 81 O gentlemen, the time of life is short.
 82 To spend that shortness basely were too long
 83 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 84 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 85 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 86 If die, brave death when princes die with us!
 87 Now for our consciences: the arms are fair
 88 When the intent of bearing them is just.
 (Enter another Messenger)
 89 **Messenger** My lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.
 (Exit)
 90 **Hotspur** I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
 91 For I profess not talking, only this:

92 Let each man do his best. And here draw I
93 A sword whose temper I intend to stain
94 With the best blood that I can meet withal
95 In the adventure of this perilous day.
96 Now Esperance! Percy! And set on!
97 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
98 And by that music let us all embrace,
99 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
100 A second time do such a courtesy.
 (The trumpets sound. Here they embrace. Exeunt)

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

Act 1 Scene 1

186 **Morton** 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble lord,
187 I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth,
188 The gentle Archbishop of York is up
189 With well-appointed powers. He is a man
190 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
191 My lord, your son had only but the corpse,
192 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
193 For that same word "rebellion" did divide
194 The action of their bodies from their souls,
195 And they did fight with queasiness, constrained,
196 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
197 Seemed on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
198 This word "rebellion", it had froze them up,
199 As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop
200 Turns insurrection to religion.
201 Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
202 He's followed both with body and with mind,
203 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
204 Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
205 Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
206 Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land
207 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
208 And more and less do flock to follow him.
209 **Northumberland** I knew of this before, but, to speak truth,
210 This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
211 Go in with me, and counsel every man
212 The aptest way for safety and revenge.
213 Get posts and **letters**, and make friends with speed.
214 Never so few, and never yet more need.

Act 1 Scene 2

236 **Sir John** What money is in my purse?

237 **Page** Seven groats and two pence.
 238 **Sir John** I can get no remedy against this consumption
 239 of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out,
 240 but the disease is incurable. (Giving **letters**) Go bear this
 241 **letter** to my lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this
 242 to the Earl of Westmorland; and this to old Mistress
 243 Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I
 244 perceived the first white hair of my chin. About it. You
 245 know where to find me.
 (Exit Page)
 246 A pox of this gout!—or a gout of this pox!—for the
 247 one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe.
 248 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my
 249 colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable.
 250 A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn
 251 diseases to commodity.

Act 2 Scene 1

(Enter Master Gower, a messenger)

135 **Lord Chief Justice** Now, Master Gower, what news?
 136 **Gower** The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
 137 Are near at hand; the rest the **paper** tells.
 (Lord Chief Justice reads the **paper**, and converses apart
 with Gower)
 138 **Sir John** As I am a gentleman!
 139 **Mistress Quickly** Faith, you said so before.
 140 **Sir John** As I am a gentleman! Come, no more words of
 141 it.
 142 **Mistress Quickly** By this heavenly ground I tread on, I
 143 must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry
 144 of my dining-chambers.
 145 **Sir John** Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for
 146 thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the
 147 Prodigal, or the German hunting in waterwork, is
 148 worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these fly-
 149 bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst.
 150 Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a

151 better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw
152 the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour
153 with me. Dost not know me? Come, I know thou wast
154 set on to this.

155 **Mistress Quickly** Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty
156 nobles. I' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God
157 save me, la!

158 **Sir John** Let it alone; I'll make other shift. You'll be a
159 fool still.

160 **Mistress Quickly** Well, you shall have it, though I pawn
161 my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me
162 altogether?

163 **Sir John** Will I live? (To Bardolph and the Page) Go with
164 her, with her. Hook on, hook on!

165 **Mistress Quickly** Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you
166 at supper?

167 **Sir John** No more words; let's have her.
(Exeunt Mistress Quickly, Bardolph, the Page, Fang and
Snare)

168 **Lord Chief Justice** (to Gower) I have heard better news.

169 **Sir John** What's the news, my good lord?

170 **Lord Chief Justice** (to Gower) Where lay the King tonight?

171 **Gower** At Basingstoke, my lord.

172 **Sir John** (to Lord Chief Justice) I hope, my lord, all's well.
173 What is the news, my lord?

174 **Lord Chief Justice** (to Gower) Come all his forces back?

175 **Gower** No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
176 Are marched up to my lord of Lancaster
177 Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Sir John (to Lord Chief Justice)

178 Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

179 **Lord Chief Justice** (to Gower) You shall have **letters** of me presently.
180 Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.
(They are going)

181 **Sir John** My lord!

182 **Lord Chief Justice** What's the matter?

183 **Sir John** Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to
184 dinner?

185 **Gower** I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you,
 186 good Sir John.
 187 **Lord Chief Justice** Sir John, you loiter here too long,
 188 being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you
 189 go.
 190 **Sir John** Will you sup with me, Master Gower?
 191 **Lord Chief Justice** What foolish master taught you these
 192 manners, Sir John?
 193 **Sir John** Master Gower, if they become me not, he was
 194 a fool that taught them me. (To Lord Chief Justice) This
 195 is the right fencing grace, my lord—tap for tap, and so
 196 part fair.
 197 **Lord Chief Justice** Now the Lord lighten thee; thou art
 198 a great fool.

Act 2 Scene 2

91 **Prince Harry** And how doth thy master, Bardolph?
 92 **Bardolph** Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's
 93 coming to town. There's a **letter** for you.
 94 **Poins** Delivered with good respect. And how doth the
 95 Martlemas your master?
 96 **Bardolph** In bodily health, sir.
 (Prince Harry reads the **letter**)
 97 **Poins** Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but
 98 that moves not him. Though that be sick, it dies not.
 99 **Prince Harry** I do allow this wen to be as familiar with
 100 me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you
 101 how he writes.
 (He gives Poins the **letter**)
 102 **Poins** "John Falstaff, knight".—Every man must know
 103 that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even
 104 like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick
 105 their finger but they say "There's some of the King's
 106 blood spilt." "How comes that?" says he that takes upon
 107 him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a
 108 borrower's cap: "I am the King's poor cousin, sir."
 109 **Prince Harry** Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will

110 fetch it from Japhet. (Taking the **letter**) But the **letter**.
 111 “Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest
 112 his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.”
 113 **Poins** Why, this is a certificate!
 114 **Prince Harry** Peace!—“I will imitate the honourable
 115 Romans in brevity.”
 116 **Poins** (taking the **letter**) Sure he means brevity in breath,
 117 short winded. (Reads) “I commend me to thee, I
 118 commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar
 119 with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much that
 120 he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at
 121 idle times as thou mayst. And so, farewell.
 122 Thine by yea and no—which is as much as to
 123 say, as thou usest him—Jack Falstaff with my
 124 familiars, John with my brothers and sisters,
 125 and Sir John with all Europe.”
 126 My lord, I’ll steep this **letter** in sack and make him eat
 127 it.
 128 **Prince Harry** That’s to make him eat twenty of his
 129 words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry
 130 your sister?
 131 **Poins** God send the wench no worse fortune, but I never
 132 said so.
 133 **Prince Harry** Well, thus we play the fools with the time,
 134 and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock
 135 us. (To Bardolph) Is your master here in London?
 136 **Bardolph** Yea, my lord.
 137 **Prince Harry** Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in
 138 the old frank?
 139 **Bardolph** At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.
 140 **Prince Harry** What company?
 141 **Page** Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.
 142 **Prince Harry** Sup any women with him?
 143 **Page** None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and
 144 Mistress Doll Tearsheet.
 145 **Prince Harry** What pagan may that be?
 146 **Page** A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of
 147 my master’s.

148 **Prince Harry** Even such kin as the parish heifers are to
 149 the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at
 150 supper?

151 **Poins** I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

152 **Prince Harry** Sirrah, you, boy, and Bardolph, no word
 153 to your master that I am yet come to town. (Giving
 154 money) There's for your silence.

155 **Bardolph** I have no tongue, sir.

156 **Page** And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

157 **Prince Harry** Fare you well; go.
 (Exeunt Bardolph and the Page)

158 This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

159 **Poins** I warrant you, as common as the way between
 160 Saint Albans and London.

161 **Prince Harry** How might we see Falstaff bestow himself
 162 tonight in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

163 **Poins** Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait
 164 upon him at his table like drawers.

165 **Prince Harry** From a god to a bull—a heavy declension—
 166 it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice—a low
 167 transformation—that shall be mine; for in everything
 168 the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

Act 3 Scene 1

(Enter King Henry in his nightgown, with a page)

1 **King Henry** (giving **letters**) Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick.
 2 But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these **letters**
 3 And well consider of them. Make good speed.
 (Exit page)

4 How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 5 Are at this hour asleep? O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 6 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 7 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
 8 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 9 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 10 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 11 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

12 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
13 Under the canopies of costly state,
14 And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
15 O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile
16 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
17 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
18 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
19 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
20 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
21 And in the visitation of the winds,
22 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
23 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
24 With deafing clamour in the slippery clouds,
25 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
26 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
27 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
28 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
29 With all appliances and means to boot,
30 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down.
31 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
(Enter the Earls of Warwick and Surrey)

32 **Warwick** Many good morrows to your majesty!

33 **King Henry** Is it good morrow, lords?

Warwick 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

34 **King Henry** Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

35 Have you read o'er the **letter** that I sent you?

36 **Warwick** We have, my liege.

37 **King Henry** Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,

38 How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,

39 And with what danger near the heart of it.

40 **Warwick** It is but as a body yet distempered,

41 Which to his former strength may be restored

42 With good advice and little medicine.

43 My lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.

Act 4 Scene 1

3 **Archbishop Of York** Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth

4 To know the numbers of our enemies.
5 **Hastings** We have sent forth already.
Archbishop Of York 'Tis well done.
6 My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
7 I must acquaint you that I have received
8 New-dated **letters** from Northumberland,
9 Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus:
10 Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
11 As might hold sortance with his quality,
12 The which he could not levy; whereupon
13 He is retired to ripe his growing fortunes
14 To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers
15 That your attempts may overlive the hazard
16 And fearful meeting of their opposite.
17 **Mowbray** Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
18 And dash themselves to pieces.
(Enter a Messenger)
Hastings Now, what news?
19 **Messenger** West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
20 In goodly form comes on the enemy;
21 And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
22 Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
23 **Mowbray** The just proportion that we gave them out.
24 Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Act 4 Scene 3

81 **Westmorland** Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
82 Added to that that I am to deliver!
83 **Prince John** your son doth kiss your grace's hand.
84 Mowbray, the Bishop Scrope, Hastings, and all
85 Are brought to the correction of your law.
86 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
87 But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
88 The manner how this action hath been borne
89 Here at more leisure may your highness read,
90 With every course in his particular.
(He gives the King **papers**)

91 **King Henry** O Westmorland, thou art a summer bird
92 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
93 The lifting up of day.
(Enter Harcourt)

Look, here's more news.

94 **Harcourt** From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
95 And when they stand against you, may they fall
96 As those that I am come to tell you of!
97 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
98 With a great power of English and of Scots,
99 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
100 The manner and true order of the fight
101 This packet, please it you, contains at large.
(He gives the King **papers**)

102 **King Henry** And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
103 Will fortune never come with both hands full,
104 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
105 She either gives a stomach and no food—
106 Such are the poor in health—or else a feast,
107 And takes away the stomach—such are the rich,
108 That have abundance and enjoy it not.
109 I should rejoice now at this happy news,
110 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
111 O me! Come near me now; I am much ill.
(He swoons)

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

Act 2 Scene 2

- 1 **[Gloucester]** Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.
2 **Exeter** They shall be apprehended by and by.
3 **Westmorland** How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
4 As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
5 Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty.
6 **[Gloucester]** The King hath **note** of all that they intend,
7 By interception which they dream not of.
8 **Exeter** Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
9 Whom he hath dulled and cloyed with gracious favours—
10 That he should for a foreign purse so sell
11 His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

105 Of the King's grace and pardon.
(Aside to the secretary) The griev'd commons
106 Hardly conceive of me. Let it be noised
107 That through our intercession this revokement
108 And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
109 Further in the proceeding.

Act 2 Scene 2

(Enter the Lord Chamberlain with a **letter**)

1 **Lord Chamberlain**(reads) "My lord, the horses your
2 lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well
3 chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and
4 handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When
5 they were ready to set out for London, a man of my
6 lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took
7 'em from me with this reason-his master would be
8 served before a subject, if not before the King; which
9 stopped our mouths, sir."
10 I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them.
11 He will have all, I think.

Act 3 Scene 2

Surrey O, how, how?
30 **Suffolk** The Cardinal's **letters** to the Pope miscarried,
31 And came to th' eye o' th' King, wherein was read
32 How that the Cardinal did entreat his holiness
33 To stay the judgement o' th' divorce, for if
34 It did take place, "I do", quoth he, "perceive
35 My king is tangled in affection to
36 A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn".
37 **Surrey** Has the King this?
Suffolk Believe it.
Surrey Will this work?
38 **Lord Chamberlain** The King in this perceives him how he coasts
39 And hedges his own way. But in this point

40 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
41 After his patient's death. The King already
42 Hath married the fair lady.

Surrey Would he had.

43 **Suffolk** May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
44 For I profess you have it.

Surrey Now all my joy
45 Trace the conjunction.

Suffolk My amen to 't.

Norfolk All men's.

46 **Suffolk** There's order given for her coronation.
47 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
48 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
49 She is a gallant creature, and complete
50 In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
51 Will fall some blessing to this land which shall
52 In it be memorized.

Surrey But will the King
53 Digest this **letter** of the Cardinal's?
54 The Lord forbid!

Norfolk Marry, amen.

Cardinal Wolsey Looked he
78 O' th' inside of the **paper**?

Cromwell Presently
79 He did unseal them, and the first he viewed
80 He did it with a serious mind; a heed
81 Was in his countenance. You he bade
82 Attend him here this morning.

Norfolk It's heaven's will.
130 Some spirit put this **paper** in the packet
131 To bless your eye withal.

King Henry If we did think

132 His contemplation were above the earth
133 And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
134 Dwell in his musings. But I am afraid
135 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
136 His serious considering.

King Henry 'Tis nobly spoken.
201 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
202 For you have seen him open 't.
(To Wolsey) Read o'er this,
(He gives him a **paper**)
203 And after this
(giving him another **paper**)
and then to breakfast with
204 What appetite you have.
(Exit King Henry, frowning upon the Cardinal. The nobles throng after
the King, smiling and whispering)

Cardinal Wolsey What should this mean?
205 What sudden anger's this? How have I reaped it?
206 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
207 Leaped from his eyes. So looks the chaf lion
208 Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him,
209 Then makes him nothing. I must read this **paper**--
210 I fear, the story of his anger.
(He reads one of the **papers**)
'Tis so.
211 This **paper** has undone me. 'Tis th' account
212 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
213 For mine own ends-indeed, to gain the popedom,
214 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
215 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
216 Made me put this main secret in the packet
217 I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
218 No new device to beat this from his brains?
219 I know 'twill stir him strongly. Yet I know
220 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

221 Will bring me off again. What's this?
 (He reads the other **paper**)
 "To th' Pope"?

222 The **letter**, as I live, with all the business
 223 I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell.
 224 I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
 225 And from that full meridian of my glory
 226 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 227 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 228 And no man see me more.

237 **Cardinal Wolsey** Till I find more than will or words to do it-
 238 I mean your malice-know, officious lords,
 239 I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
 240 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded-envy.
 241 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces
 242 As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
 243 Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
 244 Follow your envious courses, men of malice.
 245 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
 246 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 247 You ask with such a violence, the King,
 248 Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me,
 249 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 250 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 251 Tied it by **letters** patents. Now, who'll take it?
 252 **Surrey** The King that gave it.

Act 4 Scene 1

(He gives him the **paper**)

20 **Second Gentleman** I thank you, sir. Had I not known those customs,
 21 I should have been beholden to your **paper**.
 22 But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine,
 23 The Princess Dowager? How goes her business?
 24 **First Gentleman** That I can tell you too.

Act 4 Scene 2

Caputius Madam, in good health.

126 **Katherine** So may he ever do, and ever flourish
127 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
128 Banished the kingdom.
(To her woman) Patience, is that **letter**
129 I caused you write yet sent away?

Patience No, madam.

130 **Katherine** (to Caputius) Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
131 This to my lord the King.
(The **letter** is given to Caputius)

Caputius Most willing, madam.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Act 1 Scene 1

(Enter to them another Messenger with **letters**)

89 **Second Messenger** Lords, view these **letters**, full of bad mischance.
90 France is revolted from the English quite,
91 Except some petty towns of no import.
92 The Dauphin Charles is crown king in Rheims;
93 The Bastard of Orleans with him is joined;
94 Rene, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
95 The Duke of Alencon flyeth to his side.
(Exit)

Act 4 Scene 1

(Enter Sir John Fastolf with a **letter**)

9 **Fastolf** My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais
10 To haste unto your coronation
11 A **letter** was delivered to my hands,
(He presents the **letter**)
12 Writ to your grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.
13 **Talbot** Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
14 I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
15 To tear the Garter from thy craven's leg,
(He tears it off)
16 Which I have done because unworthily
17 Thou wast installèd in that high degree.-
18 Pardon me, princely Henry and the rest.
19 This dastard at the battle of Patay
20 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
21 And that the French were almost ten to one,
22 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
23 Like to a trusty squire did run away;
24 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men.
25 Myself and divers gentlemen beside
26 Were there surprised and taken prisoners.

27 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss,
 28 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 29 This ornament of knighthood: yea or no?
 30 **Gloucester** To say the truth, this fact was infamous
 31 And ill beseeming any common man,
 32 Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.
 33 **Talbot** When first this order was ordained, my lords,
 34 Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
 35 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 36 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
 37 Not fearing death nor shrinking for distress,
 38 But always resolute in most extremes.
 39 He then that is not furnished in this sort
 40 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 41 Profaning this most honourable order,
 42 And should-if I were worthy to be judge-
 43 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 44 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
 45 **King Henry** (to Fastolf) Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom.
 46 Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight.
 47 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.
 (Exit Fastolf)
 48 And now, my Lord Protector, view the **letter**
 49 Sent from our uncle, Duke of Burgundy.
 50 **Gloucester** What means his grace that he hath changed his style?
 51 No more but plain and bluntly "To the King"?
 52 Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
 53 Or doth this churlish superscription
 54 Pretend some alteration in good will?
 55 What's here? "I have upon especial cause,
 56 Moved with compassion of my country's wrack
 57 Together with the pitiful complaints
 58 Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
 59 Forsaken your pernicious faction
 60 And joined with Charles, the rightful King of France."
 61 O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
 62 That in alliance, amity, and oaths
 63 There should be found such false dissembling guile?

64 **King Henry** What? Doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
 65 **Gloucester** He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
 66 **King Henry** Is that the worst this **letter** doth contain?
 67 **Gloucester** It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
 68 **King Henry** Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
 69 And give him chastisement for this abuse.
 70 (To Talbot) How say you, my lord? Are you not content?
 71 **Talbot** Content, my liege? Yes. But that I am prevented,
 72 I should have begged I might have been employed.
 73 **King Henry** Then gather strength and march unto him straight.
 74 Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
 75 And what offence it is to flout his friends.
 76 **Talbot** I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
 77 You may behold confusion of your foes.
 (Exit)

Act 5 Scene 1

1 **King Henry** (to Gloucester)
 Have you perused the **letters** from the Pope,
 2 The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
 3 **Gloucester** I have, my lord, and their intent is this:
 4 They humbly sue unto your excellence
 5 To have a godly peace concluded of
 6 Between the realms of England and of France.

Act 5 Scene 2

(Enter Charles the Dauphin reading a **letter**, the Dukes of Burgundy and Alencon, the Bastard of Orleans, Rene Duke of Anjou, and Joan la Pucelle)

1 **Charles** These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
 2 'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
 3 And turn again unto the warlike French.
 4 **Alencon** Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
 5 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
 6 **Joan** Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
 7 Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Act 5 Scene 6

94 **Winchester** Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
95 With **letters** of commission from the King.
96 For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
97 Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
98 Have earnestly implored a general peace
99 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French,
100 And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
101 Approacheth to confer about some matter.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Act 1 Scene 3

(Enter Peter, the armourer's man, with two or three other Petitioners)

1 **First Petitioner** My masters, let's stand close. My Lord
2 Protector will come this way by and by and then we
3 may deliver our supplications in the quill.

4 **Second Petitioner** Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's
5 a good man, Jesu bless him.

(Enter the Duke of Suffolk and Queen Margaret)

6 **[First Petitioner]** Here a comes, methinks, and the Queen
7 with him. I'll be the first, sure.

(He goes to meet Suffolk and the Queen)

8 **Second Petitioner** Come back, fool-this is the Duke of
9 Suffolk and not my Lord Protector.

Suffolk (to the First Petitioner)

10 How now, fellow-wouldst anything with me?

11 **First Petitioner** I pray, my lord, pardon me-I took ye
12 for my Lord Protector.

13 **Queen Margaret** [(seeing his **supplication**, she reads)] "To my
14 Lord Protector"--are your supplications to his lordship?
15 Let me see them.

[(She takes First Petitioner's **supplication**)]

16 What is thine?

17 **First Petitioner** Mine is, an 't please your grace, against
18 John Goodman, my lord Cardinal's man, for keeping
19 my house and lands and wife and all from me.

20 **Suffolk** Thy wife too? That's some wrong indeed.
21 [(To the Second Petitioner)] What's yours?
(He takes the **supplication**)

22 What's here?

(Reads) "Against the Duke of Suffolk for
23 enclosing the commons of Melford"!

24 [(To the Second Petitioner)] How now, Sir Knave?

25 **Second Petitioner** Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of
26 our whole township.

27 **Peter** [(offering his petition)] Against my master, Thomas

37 Upon the sandy plains than where castles mounted stand.
38 Have done-for more I hardly can endure.
39 **Bolingbroke** Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
40 False fiend, avoid!
 (Thunder and lightning. The spirit sinks down again)
 (Enter, breaking in, the Dukes of York and Buckingham
 with their guard, among them Sir Humphrey Stafford)
41 **York** Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
 (Bolingbroke, Southwell, and Jordan are taken prisoner.
 Buckingham takes the writings from Bolingbroke and
 Southwell)
42 (To Jordan) Beldam, I think we watched you at an inch.
 (To the Duchess)
43 What, madam, are you there? The King and common weal
44 Are deep indebted for this piece of pains.
45 My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
46 See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.
47 **Duchess** Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
48 Injurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.
49 **Buckingham** True, madam, none at all--
 (He raises the **writings**) what call you this?
 (To his men)
50 Away with them. Let them be clapped up close
51 And kept asunder.
 (To the Duchess) You, madam, shall with us.
52 Stafford, take her to thee.
 (Exeunt Stafford and others to the Duchess and Hume above)
53 We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
54 All away!
55 **York** Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched her well.
56 A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon.
57 Now pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
 (Buckingham gives him the **writings**)
58 What have we here?
 (He reads the **writings**)
 Why, this is just
59 Aio Aeacidam, Romanos vincere posse.
60 These oracles are hardily attained

61 And hardly understood. Come, come, my lord,
62 The King is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
63 With him the husband of this lovely lady.
64 Thither goes these news as fast as horse can carry them--
65 A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.
66 **Buckingham** Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
67 To be the post in hope of his reward.
 York (returning the **writings** to Buckingham)
68 At your pleasure, my good lord.
 (Exit Buckingham)
 (Calling within) Who's within there, ho!
 (Enter a servingman)
69 Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
70 To sup with me tomorrow night. Away.
 (Exeunt severally)

Act 4 Scene 6

9 **Butcher** If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack
10 Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.
 (He takes a **paper** from the soldier's body and reads it)
11 My lord, there's an army gathered together in
12 Smithfield.
13 **Cade** Come then, let's go fight with them-but first, go
14 on and set London Bridge afire, and, if you can, burn
15 down the Tower too. Come, let's away.
 (Exeunt)

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Act 3 Scene 3

(Enter the Post)

163 **Post** (to Warwick) My lord ambassador, these **letters** are for you,
164 Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.
165 (To Louis) These from our King unto your majesty.
(To Queen Margaret)
166 And, madam, these for you, from whom I know not.
(They all read their **letters**)

Oxford (to Prince Edward)

167 I like it well that our fair Queen and mistress
168 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
169 **Prince Edward** Nay, mark how Louis stamps as he were nettled.
170 I hope all's for the best.
171 **King Louis** Warwick, what are thy news? And yours, fair Queen?
172 **Queen Margaret** Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
173 **Warwick** Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
174 **King Louis** What! Has your king married the Lady Gray?
175 And now to soothe your forgery and his,
176 Sends me a **paper** to persuade me patience?
177 Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
178 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
179 **Queen Margaret** I told your majesty as much before-
180 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.
181 **Warwick** King Louis, I here protest in sight of heaven
182 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
183 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
184 No more my king, for he dishonours me,
185 But most himself, if he could see his shame.
186 Did I forget that by the house of York
187 My father came untimely to his death?
188 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
189 Did I impale him with the regal crown?
190 Did I put Henry from his native right?
191 And am I guerdoned at the last with shame?
192 Shame on himself, for my desert is honour.

193 And to repair my honour, lost for him,
 194 I here renounce him and return to Henry.
 (To Queen Margaret)
 195 My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
 196 And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
 197 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona
 198 And replant Henry in his former state.
 199 **Queen Margaret** Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love,
 200 And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 201 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.
 202 **Warwick** So much his friend, ay, his unfeign friend,
 203 That if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
 204 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 205 I'll undertake to land them on our coast
 206 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
 207 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.
 208 And as for Clarence, as my **letters** tell me,
 209 He's very likely now to fall from him
 210 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
 211 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Act 4 Scene 1

(Enter the Post from France)

83 **King Edward** Now, messenger, what **letters** or what news from
 France?
 84 **Post** My sovereign liege, no **letters** and few words,
 85 But such as I, without your special pardon,
 86 Dare not relate.
 87 **King Edward** Go to, we pardon thee. Therefore, in brief,
 88 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
 89 What answer makes King Louis unto our **letters**?
 90 **Post** At my depart these were his very words:
 91 "Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 92 That Louis of France is sending over masquers
 93 To revel it with him and his new bride."
 94 **King Edward** Is Louis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.
 95 But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

96 **Post** These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:
 97 "Tell him in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
 98 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."
 99 **King Edward** I blame not her, she could say little less;
 100 She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
 101 For I have heard that she was there in place.
 102 **Post** "Tell him", quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
 103 And I am ready to put armour on."
 104 **King Edward** Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
 105 But what said Warwick to these injuries?
 106 **Post** He, more incensed against your majesty
 107 Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
 108 "Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
 109 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."
 110 **King Edward** Ha! Durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
 111 Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned.
 112 They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
 113 But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
 114 **Post** Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so linked in friendship
 115 That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
 116 **George Of Clarence** Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
 117 Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
 118 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter,
 119 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
 120 I may not prove inferior to yourself.
 121 You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
 (Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows)

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

Act 1 Scene 3

142 **Cassius** Be you content. Good Cinna, take this **paper**,
(He gives Cinna **letters**)
143 And look you lay it in the Praetor's Chair,
144 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
145 In at his window. Set this up with wax
146 Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
147 Repair to Pompey's Porch where you shall find us.
148 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
149 **Cinna** All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
150 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
151 And so bestow these **papers** as you bade me.
152 **Cassius** That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.
(Exit Cinna)
153 Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
154 See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him
155 Is ours already, and the man entire
156 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Act 2 Scene 1

10 **Brutus** It must be by his death. And for my part
11 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
12 But for the general. He would be crowned.
13 How that might change his nature, there's the question.
14 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
15 And that craves wary walking. Crown him: that!
16 And then I grant we put a sting in him
17 That at his will he may do danger with.
18 Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
19 Remorse from power. And to speak truth of Caesar,
20 I have not known when his affections swayed
21 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
22 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

23 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
24 But when he once attains the upmost round,
25 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
26 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
27 By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
28 Then lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
29 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
30 Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
31 Would run to these and these extremities;
32 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
33 Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous,
34 And kill him in the shell.

(Enter Lucius, with a **letter**)

35 **Lucius** The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
36 Searching the window for a flint, I found
37 This **paper**, thus sealed up, and I am sure
38 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

(He gives him the **letter**)

39 **Brutus** Get you to bed again; it is not day.
40 Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

41 **Lucius** I know not, sir.

42 **Brutus** Look in the calendar and bring me word.

43 **Lucius** I will, sir.

(Exit)

44 **Brutus** The exhalations whizzing in the air
45 Give so much light that I may read by them.

(He opens the **letter** and reads)

46 “Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself.
47 Shall Rome, et cetera? Speak, strike, redress.”—
48 “Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake.”
49 Such instigations have been often dropped
50 Where I have took them up.
51 “Shall Rome, et cetera?” Thus must I piece it out:
52 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
53 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
54 The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.
55 “Speak, strike, redress.” Am I entreated
56 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

57 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
58 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Act 2 Scene 3

(Enter Artemidorus, reading a **letter**)

1 **Artemidorus** “Caesar, beware of Brutus. Take heed of
2 Cassius. Come not near Casca. Have an eye to Cinna.
3 Trust not Trebonius. Mark well Metellus Cimber. Decius
4 Brutus loves thee not. Thou hast wronged Caius
5 Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and
6 it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal,
7 look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy.
8 The mighty gods defend thee!
9 Thy lover,
10 Artemidorus.”
11 Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
12 And as a suitor will I give him this.
13 My heart laments that virtue cannot live
14 Out of the teeth of emulation.
15 If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live.
16 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

Act 3 Scene 1

281 **Antony** Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
282 **Servant** He did receive his **letters**, and is coming,
283 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
284 (Seeing the body) O Caesar!

Act 4 Scene 2

53 **Cassius** That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
54 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
55 For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
56 Wherein my **letters** praying on his side,

57 Because I knew the man, was slighted off.
 58 **Brutus** You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
 59 **Cassius** In such a time as this it is not meet
 60 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus No more, I pray you.
 (They sit)
 219 Messala, I have here received **letters**
 220 That young Octavius and Mark Antony
 221 Come down upon us with a mighty power,
 222 Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
 223 **Messala** Myself have **letters** of the selfsame tenor.
 224 **Brutus** With what addition?
 225 **Messala** That by proscription and bills of outlawry
 226 Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
 227 Have put to death an hundred senators.
 228 **Brutus** Therein our **letters** do not well agree.
 229 Mine speak of seventy senators that died
 230 By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
 231 **Cassius** Cicero one?
Messala Ay, Cicero is dead,
 232 And by that order of proscription.
 233 (To Brutus) Had you your **letters** from your wife, my lord?
 234 **Brutus** No, Messala.
 235 **Messala** Nor nothing in your **letters** writ of her?
 236 **Brutus** Nothing, Messala.

Act 5 Scene 2

(Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala)

1 **Brutus** Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these **bills**
 2 Unto the legions on the other side.
 (Loud alarum)
 3 Let them set on at once, for I perceive
 4 But cold demeanour in Octavio's wing,
 5 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

6

Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.
(Exeunt severally)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

Act 4 Scene 1

- 32 **Hubert** (aside) His words do take possession of my bosom.
(He shows Arthur a **paper**)
- 33 Read here, young Arthur.
(Aside) How now: foolish rheum,
34 Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
35 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
36 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
37 (To Arthur) Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
- 38 **Arthur** Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
39 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
- 40 **Hubert** Young boy, I must.
Arthur And will you?
Hubert And I will.
- 41 **Arthur** Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
42 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
43 The best I had-a princess wrought it me,
44 And I did never ask it you again-
45 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
46 And like the watchful minutes to the hour
47 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
48 Saying "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"
49 Or "What good love may I perform for you?"
50 Many a poor man's son would have lain still
51 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,
52 But you at your sick service had a prince.
53 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
54 And call it cunning. Do, an if you will.
55 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
56 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes,
57 These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
58 So much as frown on you?
- Hubert** I have sworn to do it,
59 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Act 4 Scene 3

14 **Pembroke** Who brought that **letter** from the Cardinal?
15 **Salisbury** The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,
16 Who's private with me of the Dauphin's love;
17 'Tis much more general than these lines import.
18 **Bigot** Tomorrow morning let us meet him then.
19 **Salisbury** Or rather, then set forward, for 'twill be
20 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR (The Folio Text)

Act 1 Scene 2

(Enter the Duke of Gloucester. Edmond reads a **letter**)

- 23 **Gloucester** Kent banished thus, and France in choler parted,
24 And the King gone tonight, prescribed his power,
25 Confined to exhibition—all this done
26 Upon the gad?—Edmond, how now? What news?
27 **Edmond** So please your lordship, none.
28 **Gloucester** Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
29 **letter**?
30 **Edmond** I know no news, my lord.
31 **Gloucester** What **paper** were you reading?
32 **Edmond** Nothing, my lord.
33 **Gloucester** No? What needed then that terrible dispatch
34 of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not
35 such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if it be nothing
36 I shall not need spectacles.
37 **Edmond** I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a **letter** from
38 my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so
39 much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your
40 o'erlooking.
41 **Gloucester** Give me the **letter**, sir.
42 **Edmond** I shall offend either to detain or give it. The
43 contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.
44 **Gloucester** Let's see, let's see.
45 **Edmond** I hope for my brother's justification he wrote
46 this but as an assay or taste of my virtue.
(He gives Gloucester a **letter**)
47 **Gloucester** (reads) "This policy and reverence of age makes
48 the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps our
49 fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I
50 begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression
51 of aged tyranny, who sways not as it hath power but
52 as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak
53 more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you
54 should enjoy half his revenue for ever and live the

55 beloved of your brother,
56 Edgar.”
57 Hum, conspiracy! “Sleep till I wake him, you should
58 enjoy half his revenue”—my son Edgar! Had he a hand
59 to write this, a heart and brain to breed it in? When
60 came you to this? Who brought it?
61 **Edmond** It was not brought me, my lord, there’s the
62 cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of
63 my closet.
64 **Gloucester** You know the character to be your brother’s?
65 **Edmond** If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear
66 it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think
67 it were not.
68 **Gloucester** It is his.
69 **Edmond** It is his hand, my lord, but I hope his heart is
70 not in the contents.
71 **Gloucester** Has he never before sounded you in this
72 business?
73 **Edmond** Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft
74 maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age and fathers
75 declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and
76 the son manage his revenue.
77 **Gloucester** O villain, villain—his very opinion in the
78 **letter!** Abhorred villain, unnatural, detested, brutish
79 villain—worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him. I’ll
80 apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?
81 **Edmond** I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you
82 to suspend your indignation against my brother till you
83 can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you
84 should run a certain course; where if you violently
85 proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would
86 make a great gap in your own honour and shake in
87 pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my
88 life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to
89 your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.
90 **Gloucester** Think you so?
91 **Edmond** If your honour judge it meet, I will place you
92 where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an

93 auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that
 94 without any further delay than this very evening.
 95 **Gloucester** He cannot be such a monster. Edmond, seek
 96 him out, wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the
 97 business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself
 98 to be in a due resolution.
 99 **Edmond** I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business
 100 as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.
 101 **Gloucester** These late eclipses in the sun and moon
 102 portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature
 103 can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself
 104 scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship
 105 falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries,
 106 discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked
 107 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under
 108 the prediction: there's son against father. The King
 109 falls from bias of nature: there's father against child.
 110 We have seen the best of our time. Machinations,
 111 hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow
 112 us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain,
 113 Edmond; it shall lose thee nothing. Do it carefully. And
 114 the noble and true-hearted Kent banished, his offence
 115 honesty! 'Tis strange.

Act 1 Scene 4

Goneril Safer than trust too far.

309 Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 310 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
 311 What he hath uttered I have writ my sister.
 312 If she sustain him and his hundred knights
 313 When I have showed th' unfitness—
 (Enter Oswald the steward)

How now, Oswald?

314 What, have you writ that **letter** to my sister?
 315 **Oswald** Ay, madam.
 316 **Goneril** Take you some company, and away to horse.
 317 Inform her full of my particular fear,

318 And thereto add such reasons of your own
319 As may compact it more. Get you gone,
320 And hasten your return.

Act 1 Scene 5

1 **Lear** (to the Gentleman, giving him a **letter**) Go you before
2 to Gloucester with these **letters**.
 (Exit Gentleman)
3 (To Kent, giving him a **letter**) Acquaint my daughter no
4 further with anything you know than comes from her
5 demand out of the **letter**. If your diligence be not speedy,
6 I shall be there afore you.
7 **Kent** I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your
8 **letter**.

Act 2 Scene 1

Gloucester O strange and fastened villain!
77 Would he deny his **letter**, said he?
 (Tucket within)
78 Hark, the Duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.
79 All ports I'll bar. The villain shall not scape.
80 The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
81 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
82 May have due note of him—and of my land,
83 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
84 To make thee capable.

Act 2 Scene 2

32 **Oswald** Away. I have nothing to do with thee.
33 **Kent** Draw, you rascal. You come with **letters** against
34 the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part against the
35 royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so
36 carbonado your shanks—draw, you rascal, come your

37 ways!
38 **Oswald** Help, ho, murder, help!
39 **Kent** Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you neat
40 slave, strike!
41 **Oswald** Help, ho, murder, murder!

63 **Kent** Thou whoreson Z, thou unnecessary **letter**— (to
64 Cornwall) my lord, if you'll give me leave I will tread
65 this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the wall of
66 a jakes with him. (To Oswald) Spare my grey beard,
67 you wagtail?
68 **Cornwall** Peace, sirrah.
69 You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
70 **Kent** Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

151 **Kent** Good King, that must approve the common say:
152 Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
153 To the warm sun.
(He takes out a **letter**)
154 Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
155 That by thy comfortable beams I may
156 Peruse this **letter**. Nothing almost sees miracles
157 But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
158 Who hath now fortunately been informed
159 Of my obscured course, and shall find time
160 For this enormous state, seeking to give
161 Losses their remedies. All weary and o'erwatched,
162 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
163 This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;
164 Smile once more; turn thy wheel.
(He sleeps)

Kent My lord, when at their home
 204 I did commend your highness' **letters** to them,
 205 Ere I was risen from the place that showed
 206 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post
 207 Stewed in his haste, half breathless, painting forth
 208 From Goneril, his mistress, salutations,
 209 Delivered **letters** spite of intermission,
 210 Which presently they read, on whose contents
 211 They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse,
 212 Commanded me to follow and attend
 213 The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks;
 214 And meeting here the other messenger,
 215 Whose welcome I perceived had poisoned mine—
 216 Being the very fellow which of late
 217 Displayed so saucily against your highness—
 218 Having more man than wit about me, drew.
 219 He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
 220 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 221 The shame which here it suffers.
 222 **Fool** Winter's not gone yet if the wild geese fly that way.
 223 (Sings) Fathers that wear rags
 224 Do make their children blind,
 225 But fathers that bear bags
 226 Shall see their children kind.
 227 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 228 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
 229 But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for
 230 thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Cornwall What trumpet's that?
 (Enter Oswald the steward)
 356 **Regan** I know 't, my sister's. This approves her **letter**
 357 That she would soon be here.

Act 3 Scene 3

- 1 **Gloucester** Alack, alack, Edmond, I like not this
2 unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I
3 might pity him, they took from me the use of mine
4 own house, charged me on pain of perpetual displeasure
5 neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way
6 sustain him.
- 7 **Edmond** Most savage and unnatural!
- 8 **Gloucester** Go to, say you nothing. There is division
9 between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that. I
10 have received a **letter** this night—'tis dangerous to be
11 spoken—I have locked the **letter** in my closet. These
12 injuries the King now bears will be revenged home.
13 There is part of a power already footed. We must incline
14 to the King. I will look him and privily relieve him. Go
15 you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity
16 be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and
17 gone to bed. If I die for 't—as no less is threatened me—
18 the King my old master must be relieved. There is strange
19 things toward, Edmond; pray you be careful.
(Exit)
- 20 **Edmond** This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the Duke
21 Instantly know, and of that **letter** too.
22 This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
23 That which my father loses: no less than all.
24 The younger rises when the old doth fall.

Act 3 Scene 5

(Enter the Duke of Cornwall and Edmond)

- 1 **Cornwall** I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
- 2 **Edmond** How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature
3 thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think
4 of.
- 5 **Cornwall** I now perceive it was not altogether your
6 brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but
7 a provoking merit set a-work by a reprobable badness

8 in himself.

9 **Edmond** How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent

10 to be just! This is the **letter** which he spoke of, which

11 approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of

12 France. O heavens, that this treason were not, or not

13 I the detector!

14 **Cornwall** Go with me to the Duchess.

15 **Edmond** If the matter of this **paper** be certain, you have

16 mighty business in hand.

17 **Cornwall** True or false, it hath made thee Earl of

18 Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may

19 be ready for our apprehension.

Act 3 Scene 7

1 **Cornwall** (to Goneril) Post speedily to my lord your husband.

2 Show him this **letter**. The army of France is landed.

3 (To Servants) Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

41 **Cornwall** Come, sir, what **letters** had you late from France?

42 **Regan** Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.

43 **Cornwall** And what confederacy have you with the traitors

44 Late footed in the kingdom?

Regan To whose hands

45 You have sent the lunatic King. Speak.

46 **Gloucester** I have a **letter** guessingly set down,

47 Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

48 And not from one opposed.

Cornwall Cunning.

Regan And false.

Act 4 Scene 2

Albany This shows you are above,

47 You justicers, that these our nether crimes

18 My lady charged my duty in this business.
19 **Regan** Why should she write to Edmond? Might not you
20 Transport her purposes by word? Belike—
21 Some things—I know not what. I'll love thee much:
22 Let me unseal the **letter**.

Act 4 Scene 5

132 **Lear** I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
133 squiny at me?
134 No, do thy worst, blind Cupid, I'll not love.
135 Read thou this **challenge**. Mark but the penning of it.
136 **Gloucester** Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.
137 **Edgar** (aside) I would not take this from report; it is,
138 And my heart breaks at it.
139 **Lear** (to Gloucester) Read.
140 **Gloucester** What—with the case of eyes?
141 **Lear** O ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head,
142 nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy
143 case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world
144 goes.
145 **Gloucester** I see it feelingly.

245 **Oswald** Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
246 If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
247 And give the **letters** which thou find'st about me
248 To Edmond, Earl of Gloucester. Seek him out
249 Upon the English party. O untimely death! Death!
(He dies)
250 **Edgar** I know thee well—a serviceable villain,
251 As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
252 As badness would desire.
253 **Gloucester** What, is he dead?
254 **Edgar** Sit you down, father. Rest you.
(Gloucester sits)
255 Let's see these pockets. The **letters** that he speaks of

256 May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorrow
 257 He had no other deathsman. Let us see.
 258 Leave, gentle wax, and manners; blame us not.
 259 To know our enemies' minds we rip their hearts;
 260 Their **papers** is more lawful.
 (He reads the **letter**)
 261 "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have
 262 many opportunities to cut him off. If your will want
 263 not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is
 264 nothing done if he return the conqueror; then am I
 265 the prisoner, and his bed my jail, from the loathed
 266 warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply the place for
 267 your labour.
 268 Your—wife, so I would say,—affectionate
 269 servant, and for you her own for venture,
 270 Goneril."
 271 O indistinguished space of woman's will—
 272 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
 273 And the exchange my brother!—Here in the sands
 274 Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
 275 Of murderous lechers, and in the mature time
 276 With this ungracious **paper** strike the sight
 277 Of the death-practised Duke. For him 'tis well
 278 That of thy death and business I can tell.

Act 5 Scene 1

30 **Edgar** Before you fight the battle, ope this **letter**.
 31 If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
 32 For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
 33 I can produce a champion that will prove
 34 What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry,
 35 Your business of the world hath so an end,
 36 And machination ceases. Fortune love you.
 37 **Albany** Stay till I have read the **letter**.
Edgar I was forbid it.
 38 When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
 39 And I'll appear again.

40 **Albany** Why, fare thee well.
 41 I will o'erlook thy **paper**.
 (Exit Edgar)
 (Enter Edmond)
 42 **Edmond** The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
 (He offers Albany a **paper**)
 43 Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
 44 By diligent discovery; but your haste
 45 Is now urged on you.

Albany We will greet the time.

Act 5 Scene 3

26 **Edmond** Come hither, captain. Hark.
 27 Take thou this **note**. Go follow them to prison.
 28 One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
 29 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 30 To noble fortunes. Know thou this: that men
 31 Are as the time is. To be tender-minded
 32 Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
 33 Will not bear question. Either say thou'lt do 't,
 34 Or thrive by other means.

Captain I'll do 't, my lord.

35 **Edmond** About it, and write "happy" when thou'st done.
 36 Mark, I say, instantly, and carry it so
 37 As I have set it down.

Goneril This is practice, Gloucester.
 143 By th' law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
 144 An unknown opposite. Thou art not vanquished,
 145 But cozened and beguiled.

Albany Shut your mouth, dame,
 146 Or with this **paper** shall I stopple it.
 (To Edmond)
 147 Hold, sir, thou worse than any name: read thine own evil.
 148 (To Goneril) No tearing, lady. I perceive you know it.

149 **Goneril** Say if I do, the laws are mine, not thine.
150 Who can arraign me for 't?

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

Act 1 Scene 3

236 **King Richard** Cousin, farewell; and uncle, bid him so.
237 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
(Flourish. Exeunt all but Aumerle, the Lord Marshal, John
of Gaunt, and Bolingbroke)
Aumerle (to Bolingbroke)
238 Cousin, farewell. What presence must not know,
239 From where you do remain let **paper** show.
(Exit)

Act 3 Scene 1

35 **Bolingbroke** My lord Northumberland, see them dispatched.
(Exit Northumberland, with Bushy and Green, guarded)
36 Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house.
37 For God's sake, fairly let her be intreated.
38 Tell her I send to her my kind commends.
39 Take special care my greetings be delivered.
40 **York** A gentleman of mine I have dispatched
41 With **letters** of your love to her at large.
42 **Bolingbroke** Thanks, gentle uncle.-Come, lords, away,
43 To fight with Glyndwr and his complices.
44 A while to work, and after, holiday.
(Exeunt)

Act 3 Scene 4

68 **[First] Man** What, think you then the King shall be deposed?
69 **Gardener** Depressed he is already, and deposed
70 'Tis doubt he will be. **Letters** came last night
71 To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's
72 That tell black tidings.
73 **Queen** O, I am pressed to death through want of speaking!

(She comes forward)

74 Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
75 How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news?
76 What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
77 To make a second fall of curs man?
78 Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
79 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
80 Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how
81 Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch!

82 **Gardener** Pardon me, madam. Little joy have I
83 To breathe this news, yet what I say is true.
84 King Richard he is in the mighty hold
85 Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weighed.
86 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself
87 And some few vanities that make him light.
88 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
89 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
90 And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
91 Post you to London and you will find it so.

92 I speak no more than everyone doth know.
93 **Queen** Nimble mischance that art so light of foot,
94 Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
95 And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
96 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
97 Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go
98 To meet at London London's king in woe.
99 What, was I born to this, that my sad look
100 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
101 Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
102 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

(Exit with her Ladies)

103 **Gardener** Poor Queen, so that thy state might be no worse
104 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
105 Here did she fall a tear. Here in this place
106 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb-of-grace.
107 Rue even for ruth here shortly shall be seen
108 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

(Exeunt)

Act 4 Scene 1

Northumberland (giving Richard **papers**) No more but that you read
213 These accusations and these grievous crimes
214 Committed by your person and your followers
215 Against the state and profit of this land,
216 That by confessing them, the souls of men
217 May deem that you are worthily deposed.
218 **Richard** Must I do so? And must I ravel out
219 My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
220 If thy offences were upon record,
221 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
222 To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
223 There shouldst thou find one heinous article
224 Containing the deposing of a king
225 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
226 Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.
227 Nay, all of you that stand and look upon
228 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
229 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
230 Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
231 Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
232 And water cannot wash away your sin.
233 **Northumberland** My lord, dispatch. Read o'er these **articles**.
234 **Richard** Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see.
235 And yet salt water blinds them not so much
236 But they can see a sort of traitors here.
237 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself
238 I find myself a traitor with the rest,
239 For I have given here my soul's consent
240 T' undeck the pompous body of a king,
241 Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
242 Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
243 **Northumberland** My lord—
244 **Richard** No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man,
245 Nor no man's lord. I have no name, no title,
246 No, not that name was given me at the font,
247 But 'tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,
248 That I have worn so many winters out

249 And know not now what name to call myself!
 250 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 251 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke
 252 To melt myself away in water-drops!
 253 Good king, great king—and yet not greatly good—
 254 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 255 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 256 That it may show me what a face I have,
 257 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
 258 **Bolingbroke** Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.
 (Exit one or more)
 259 **Northumberland** Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.
 260 **Richard** Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
 261 **Bolingbroke** Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
 262 **Northumberland** The Commons will not then be satisfied.
 263 **Richard** They shall be satisfied. I'll read enough
 264 When I do see the very book indeed
 265 Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.
 (Enter one with a glass)
 266 Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
 (Richard takes the glass and looks in it)
 267 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
 268 So many blows upon this face of mine
 269 And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring glass,
 270 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 271 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
 272 That every day under his household roof
 273 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
 274 That like the sun did make beholders wink?
 275 Is this the face which faced so many follies,
 276 That was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
 277 A brittle glory shineth in this face.
 278 As brittle as the glory is the face,
 (He shatters the glass)
 279 For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.
 280 Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport:
 281 How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.
 282 **Bolingbroke** The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed

59 I will be satisfied. Let me see the **writing**.

60 **Aumerle** I do beseech your grace to pardon me.

61 It is a matter of small consequence,

62 Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

63 **York** Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

64 I fear, I fear!

Duchess Of York What should you fear?

65 'Tis nothing but some bond that he is entered into

66 For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

67 **York** Bound to himself? What doth he with a bond

68 That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

69 Boy, let me see the **writing**.

70 **Aumerle** I do beseech you, pardon me. I may not show it.

71 **York** I will be satisfied. Let me see it, I say.
(He plucks it out of Aumerle's bosom, and **reads** it)

72 Treason, foul treason! Villain, traitor, slave!

73 **Duchess Of York** What is the matter, my lord?

74 **York** Ho, who is within there? Saddle my horse.—

75 God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

76 **Duchess Of York** Why, what is it, my lord?

77 **York** Give me my boots, I say. Saddle my horse.—

78 Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

79 I will appeach the villain.

80 **Duchess Of York** What is the matter?

81 **York** Peace, foolish woman.

82 **Duchess Of York** I will not peace. What is the matter, son?

83 **Aumerle** Good mother, be content. It is no more

84 Than my poor life must answer.

Duchess Of York Thy life answer?

85 **York** Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
(His man enters with his boots)

Act 5 Scene 3

44 **King Henry** What is the matter, uncle? Speak,

45 Recover breath, tell us how near is danger,

46 That we may arm us to encounter it.

47 **York** Peruse this **writing** here, and thou shalt know

48 The treason that my haste forbids me show.
 (He gives King Henry the **paper**)

49 **Aumerle** Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.
 50 I do repent me. Read not my name there.
 51 My heart is not confederate with my hand.

52 **York** It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
 53 I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King.
 54 Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
 55 Forget to pity him, lest pity prove
 56 A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

57 **King Henry** O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
 58 O loyal father of a treacherous son!
 59 Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
 60 From whence this stream through muddy passages
 61 Hath held his current and defiled himself,
 62 Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
 63 And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
 64 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

65 **York** So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
 66 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
 67 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 68 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
 69 Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies.
 70 Thou kill'st me in his life: giving him breath
 71 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Act 5 Scene 6

5 Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

6 **Northumberland** First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
 7 The next news is, I have to London sent
 8 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.
 9 The manner of their taking may appear
 10 At large discoursèd in this **paper** here.
 (He gives the **paper** to King Henry)

11 **King Henry** We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
 12 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

Act 1 Scene 4

- 84 **Brackenbury** What, so brief?
- 85 **First Murderer** 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.
- 86 (To Second Murderer) Let him see our **commission**, and
- 87 talk no more.
- (Brackenbury reads)
- 88 **Brackenbury** I am in this commanded to deliver
- 89 The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
- 90 I will not reason what is meant hereby,
- 91 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
- 92 There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
- (He throws down the keys)
- 93 I'll to the King and signify to him
- 94 That thus I have resigned to you my charge.
- 95 **First Murderer** You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom.
- 96 Fare you well.
- (Exit Brackenbury)
- 97 **Second Murderer** What, shall I stab him as he sleeps?
- 98 **First Murderer** No. He'll say 'twas done cowardly, when
- 99 he wakes.
- 100 **Second Murderer** Why, he shall never wake until the
- 101 great judgement day.
- 102 **First Murderer** Why, then he'll say we stabbed him
- 103 sleeping.

Act 3 Scene 6

(Enter a Scrivener with a **paper** in his hand)

- 1 **Scrivener** Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
- 2 Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,
- 3 That it may be today read o'er in Paul's-
- 4 And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
- 5 Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
- 6 For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;

7 The precedent was full as long a-doing;
8 And yet, within these five hours, Hastings lived,
9 Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
10 Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross
11 That cannot see this palpable device?
12 Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
13 Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
14 When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
(Exit)

Act 4 Scene 1

47 **Stanley** Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
48 (To Dorset) Take all the swift advantage of the hours.
49 You shall have **letters** from me to my son
50 In your behalf, to meet you on the way.
51 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Act 4 Scene 2

95 **King Richard** Stanley, look to your wife. If she convey
96 **Letters** to Richmond, you shall answer it.
97 **Buckingham** What says your highness to my just request?
98 **King Richard** I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
99 Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
100 When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
101 A king...perhaps...perhaps.

Act 4 Scene 4

257 **Queen Elizabeth** Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
258 A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
259 "Edward" and "York"; then haply will she weep.
260 Therefore present to her-as sometimes Margaret
261 Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood-
262 A handkerchief which, say to her, did drain

263 The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
 264 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
 265 If this inducement move her not to love,
 266 Send her a **letter** of thy noble deeds.
 267 Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
 268 Her uncle Rivers-ay, and for her sake
 269 Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
 270 **King Richard** You mock me, madam. This is not the way
 271 To win your daughter.
 Queen Elizabeth There is no other way,
 272 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
 273 And not be Richard, that hath done all this.

Act 4 Scene 5

16 **Stanley** Well, hie thee to thy lord. Commend me to him.
 17 Tell him the Queen hath heartily consented
 18 He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 19 My **letter** will resolve him of my mind.
 20 Farewell.
 (Exeunt severally)

Act 5 Scene 6

32 **Norfolk** A good direction, warlike sovereign.
 (He showeth him a **paper**)
 33 This **paper** found I on my tent this morning.
 34 (He reads) "Jackie of Norfolk be not too bold,
 35 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
 36 **King Richard** A thing devised by the enemy.-
 37 Go, gentlemen, each man unto his charge.
 38 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.
 39 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 40 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
 41 Our strong arms be our conscience; swords, our law.
 42 March on, join bravely! Let us to 't, pell mell-
 43 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

Act 1 Scene 1

(Enter a constable, Anthony Dull, with Costard with a **letter**)

179 Dull Which is the Duke's own person?

180 Biron This, fellow. What wouldst?

181 Dull I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his

182 grace's farborough. But I would see his own person in

183 flesh and blood.

184 Biron This is he.

185 Dull Sen~or Arm-Arm-commends you. There's villainy

186 abroad. This **letter** will tell you more.

187 Costard Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

188 King A **letter** from the magnificent Armado.

189 Biron How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high

190 words.

191 Longueville A high hope for a low heaven. God grant

192 us patience.

193 Biron To hear, or forbear laughing?

194 Longueville To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately,

195 or to forbear both.

196 Biron Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to

197 climb in the merriness.

198 Costard The matter is to me, sir, as concerning

199 Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the

200 manner.

201 Biron In what manner?

202 Costard In manner and form following, sir-all those

203 three. I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting

204 with her upon the form, and taken following her into

205 the park; which put together is "in manner and form

206 following". Now, sir, for the manner: it is the manner

207 of a man to speak to a woman. For the form: in some

208 form.

209 Biron For the "following", sir?

210 Costard As it shall follow in my correction; and God

211 defend the right.

212 King Will you hear this **letter** with attention?
 213 Biron As we would hear an oracle.
 214 Costard Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after
 215 the flesh.
 216 King (reads) "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and
 217 sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and
 218 body's fostering patron"-
 219 Costard Not a word of Costard yet.
 220 King "So it is"-
 221 Costard It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in
 222 telling true, but so.
 223 King Peace!
 224 Costard Be to me and every man that dares not fight.
 225 King No words!
 226 Costard Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.
 227 King "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy,
 228 I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the
 229 most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air, and,
 230 as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time
 231 when? About the sixth hour, when beasts most graze,
 232 birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment
 233 which is called supper. So much for the time when.
 234 Now for the ground which-which, I mean, I walked
 235 upon. It is yclept thy park. Then for the place where-
 236 where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most
 237 preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white
 238 pen the ebon-coloured ink which here thou viewest,
 239 beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where.
 240 It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west
 241 corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see
 242 that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy
 243 mirth"-
 244 Costard Me?
 245 King "That unlettered, small-knowing soul"--
 246 Costard Me?
 247 King "That shallow vassal"-
 248 Costard Still me?
 249 King "Which, as I remember, hight Costard"-

250 Costard O, me!
 251 King "Sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established
 252 proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with, O
 253 with-but with this I passion to say wherewith"-
 254 Costard With a wench.
 255 King "With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female, or
 256 for thy more sweet understanding a woman. Him I, as
 257 my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee,
 258 to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's
 259 officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage,
 260 bearing, and estimation."
 261 Dull Me, an 't shall please you. I am Anthony Dull.
 262 King "For Jaquenetta-so is the weaker vessel called-
 263 which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep
 264 her as a vessel of thy law's fury, and shall at the least
 265 of thy sweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all
 266 compliments of devoted and heartburning heat of duty,
 267 Don Adriano de Armado."
 268 Biron This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that
 269 ever I heard.
 270 King Ay, the best for the worst. (To Costard) But, sirrah,
 271 what say you to this?
 272 Costard Sir, I confess the wench.
 273 King Did you hear the proclamation?
 274 Costard I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of
 275 the marking of it.
 276 King It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken
 277 with a wench.
 278 Costard I was taken with none, sir. I was taken with a
 279 damsel.
 280 King Well, it was proclaimed "damsel".
 281 Costard This was no damsel, neither, sir. She was a
 282 virgin.
 283 [King] It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed "virgin".
 284 Costard If it were, I deny her virginity. I was taken with
 285 a maid.
 286 King This "maid" will not serve your turn, sir.
 287 Costard This maid will serve my turn, sir.

288 King Sir, I will pronounce your sentence. You shall fast
289 a week with bran and water.
290 Costard I had rather pray a month with mutton and
291 porridge.
292 King And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
293 My lord Biron, see him delivered o'er,
294 And go we, lords, to put in practice that
295 Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
(Exeunt the King, Longueville, and Dumaine)

Act 2 Scene 1

102 Princess Were my lord so his ignorance were wise,
103 Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
104 I hear your grace hath sworn out housekeeping.
105 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
106 And sin to break it.
107 But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold.
108 To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
109 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
110 And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
(She gives him a **paper**)
111 King Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
112 Princess You will the sooner that I were away,
113 For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.
(Navarre reads the **paper**)
114 Biron (to Rosaline) Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
115 [Rosaline] Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
116 Biron I know you did.

Act 3 Scene 1

4 Armado Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years, take this key.
5 Give enlargement to the swain. Bring him festinately
6 hither. I must employ him in a **letter** to my love.

47 Armado Fetch hither the swain. He must carry me a
48 **letter**.
49 Mote (aside) A message well sympathized-a horse to be
50 ambassador for an ass.

120 Armado By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty,
121 enfreedoming thy person. Thou wert immured,
122 restrained, captivated, bound.
123 Costard True, true, and now you will be my purgation
124 and let me loose.
125 Armado I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance,
126 and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this:
127 bear this significant to the country maid, Jaquenetta.
128 (Giving him a **letter**) There is remuneration (giving him
129 money), for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding
130 my dependants. Mote, follow.

Act 4 Scene 1

52 Princess What's your will, sir? What's your will?
53 Costard I have a **letter** from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.
54 Princess O, thy **letter**, thy **letter**!
(She takes it) He's a good friend of mine.
(To Costard)
55 Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve.
56 Break up this **capon**.
(She gives the **letter** to Boyet)
Boyet I am bound to serve.
57 This **letter** is mistook. It importeth none here.
58 It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Princess We will read it, I swear.
59 Break the neck of the wax, and everyone give ear.
60 Boyet (reads) "By heaven, that thou art fair is most
61 infallible, true that thou art beauteous, truth itself that
62 thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than
63 beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration
64 on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most

65 illustrate King Cophetua set 's eye upon the penurious
66 and indubitate beggar Zenelophon, and he it was that
67 might rightly say "Veni, vidi, vici", which to
68 annothanize in the vulgar-O base and obscure
69 vulgar!-videlicet "He came, see, and overcame." He
70 came, one; see, two; overcame, three. Who came? The
71 King. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To
72 overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What
73 saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar.
74 The conclusion is victory. On whose side? The King's.
75 The captive is enriched. On whose side? The beggar's.
76 The catastrophe is a nuptial. On whose side? The
77 King's-no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the
78 King-for so stands the comparison-thou the beggar,
79 for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy
80 love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I
81 entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for
82 rags? Robes. For tittles? Titles. For thyself? Me. Thus,
83 expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my
84 eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.
85 Thine in the dearest design of industry,
86 Don Adriano de Armado.
87 Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
88 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
89 Submissive fall his princely feet before,
90 And he from forage will incline to play.
91 But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
92 Food for his rage, repasture for his den."
93 Princess What plume of feathers is he that indited this **letter**?
94 What vane? What weathercock? Did you ever hear better?
95 Boyet I am much deceived but I remember the style.
96 Princess Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
97 Boyet This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court,
98 A phantasim, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
99 To the Prince and his bookmates.
Princess (to Costard) Thou, fellow, a word.
100 Who gave thee this **letter**?
Costard I told you-my lord.

101 Princess To whom shouldst thou give it?
Costard From my lord to my lady.
102 Princess From which lord to which lady?
103 Costard From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
104 To a lady of France that he called Rosaline.
105 Princess Thou hast mistaken his **letter**. Come, lords, away.
(To Rosaline, giving her the **letter**)
106 Here, sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.
(Exit attended)

Act 4 Scene 2

55 Holofernes I will something affect the **letter**, for it argues
56 facility.
57 The preylful Princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket.
58 Some say a sore, but not a sore till now made sore with shooting.
59 The dogs did yell; put "I" to "sore", then "sorel" jumps from thicket—
60 Or pricket sore, or else sorel. The people fall a-hooting.
61 If sore be sore, then "I" to "sore" makes fifty sores—O sore "I"!
62 Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more "I".

89 Jaquenetta Good Master Parson, be so good as read me
90 this **letter**. It was given me by Costard, and sent me
91 from Don Armado. I beseech you read it.
(She gives the **letter** to Nathaniel, who reads it)
92 Holofernes (to himself) "Facile precor gelida quando pecas
93 omnia sub umbra ruminat", and so forth. Ah, good old
94 Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of
95 Venice:
96 Venezia, Venezia,
97 Chi non ti vede, chi non ti prezia.
98 Old Mantuan, old Mantuan—who understandeth thee
99 not, loves thee not. (He sings) Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. (To
100 Nathaniel) Under pardon, sir, what are the contents?
101 Or rather, as Horace says in his-what, my soul-
102 verses?

103 Nathaniel Ay, sir, and very learned.

104 Holofernes Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse. Lege,

105 domine.

 Nathaniel (reads)

106 "If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

107 Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed.

108 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove.

109 Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

110 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

111 Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.

112 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.

113 Well learn is that tongue that well can thee commend;

114 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

115 Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.

116 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

117 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

118 Celestial as thou art, O pardon, love, this wrong,

119 That singeth heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

120 Holofernes You find not the apostrophus, and so miss

121 the accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. Here are

122 only numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility,

123 and golden cadence of poesy-care. Ovidius Naso was

124 the man. And why indeed "Naso" but for smelling out

125 the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention?

126 Imitari is nothing. So doth the hound his master, the

127 ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But domicella-

128 virgin-was this directed to you?

129 Jaquenetta Ay, sir.

130 Holofernes I will overglance the superscript. "To the

131 snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline."

132 I will look again on the intellect of the **letter** for the

133 nomination of the party writing to the person written

134 unto. "Your ladyship's in all desired employment,

135 Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries

136 with the King, and here he hath framed a **letter** to

137 a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which, accidentally

138 or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. (To

139 Jaquenetta) Trip and go, my sweet, deliver this **paper**

140 into the royal hand of the King. It may concern much.
141 Stay not thy compliment, I forgive thy duty. Adieu.
142 Jaquenetta Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save
143 your life.
144 Costard Have with thee, my girl.
(Exit with Jaquenetta)

Act 4 Scene 3

(Enter Biron with a **paper** in his hand, alone)

1 Biron The King, he is hunting the deer. I am coursing
2 myself. They have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a
3 pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile—a foul word. Well, set
4 thee down, sorrow; for so they say the fool said, and
5 so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord,
6 this love is as mad as Ajax, it kills sheep, it kills me, I
7 a sheep—well proved again o’ my side. I will not love.
8 If I do, hang me; i’ faith, I will not. O, but her eye! By
9 this light, but for her eye I would not love her. Yes,
10 for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but
11 lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it
12 hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy, and
13 here (showing a **paper**) is part of my rhyme, and here
14 (touching his breast) my melancholy. Well, she hath one
15 o’ my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool sent
16 it, and the lady hath it. Sweet clown, sweeter fool,
17 sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a pin if
18 the other three were in. Here comes one with a **paper**.
19 God give him grace to groan.

(He stands aside. The King entereth with a **paper**)

20 King Ay me!
21 Biron (aside) Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid, thou
22 hast thumped him with thy birdbolt under the left pap.
23 In faith, secrets.
24 King (reads) “So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
25 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose
26 As thy eyebeams when their fresh rays have smote
27 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.

28 Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
 29 Through the transparent bosom of the deep
 30 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.
 31 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.
 32 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 33 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
 34 Do but behold the tears that swell in me
 35 And they thy glory through my grief will show.
 36 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
 37 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 38 O Queen of queens, how far dost thou excel,
 39 No thought can think nor tongue of mortal tell."
 40 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the **paper**.
 41 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
 (Enter Longueville with **papers**. The King steps aside)
 42 What, Longueville, and reading—listen, ear!
 43 Biron (aside) Now in thy likeness one more fool appear!
 44 Longueville Ay me! I am forsworn.
 45 Biron (aside) Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.
 46 King (aside) In love, I hope! Sweet fellowship in shame.
 47 Biron (aside) One drunkard loves another of the name.
 48 Longueville Am I the first that have been perjured so?
 49 Biron (aside) I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know.
 50 Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
 51 The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.
 52 Longueville I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
 53 O sweet Maria, empress of my love,
 54 These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
 55 Biron (aside) O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose,
 56 Disfigure not his slop.
 Longueville This same shall go.
 (He reads the sonnet)
 57 "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 58 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
 59 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 60 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 61 A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
 62 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

63 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love.
64 Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
65 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
66 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
67 Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is.
68 If broken then, it is no fault of mine.
69 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
70 To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

71 Biron (aside) This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
72 A green goose a goddess, pure, pure idolatry.
73 God amend us, God amend: we are much out o' th' way.
(Enter Dumaine with a **paper**)

74 Longueville (aside) By whom shall I send this? Company? Stay.
(He steps aside)

75 Biron (aside) All hid, all hid—an old infant play.
76 Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
77 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
78 More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish.
79 Dumaine transformed—four woodcocks in a dish!

80 Dumaine O most divine Kate!

81 Biron (aside) O most profane coxcomb!

82 Dumaine By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

83 Biron (aside) By earth, she is not, corporal; there you lie.

84 Dumaine Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

85 Biron (aside) An amber-coloured raven was well noted.

86 Dumaine As upright as the cedar.
Biron (aside) Stoop, I say.
87 Her shoulder is with child.
Dumaine As fair as day.

88 Biron (aside) Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

89 Dumaine O that I had my wish!

90 Longueville (aside) And I had mine!

91 King (aside) And I mine too, good Lord!

92 Biron (aside) Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

93 Dumaine I would forget her, but a fever she
94 Reigns in my blood and will remembered be.

95 Biron (aside) A fever in your blood—why then, incision
96 Would let her out in saucers—sweet misprision.

97 Dumaine Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
98 Biron (aside) Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

(Dumaine reads his sonnet)

99 Dumaine "On a day—alack the day—
100 Love, whose month is ever May,
101 Spied a blossom passing fair
102 Playing in the wanton air.
103 Through the velvet leaves the wind
104 All unseen can passage find,
105 That the lover, sick to death,
106 Wished himself the heavens' breath.
107 "Air", quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
108 Air, would I might triumph so.
109 But, alack, my hand is sworn
110 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn—
111 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
112 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
113 Do not call it sin in me
114 That I am forsworn for thee,
115 Thou for whom great Jove would swear
116 Juno but an Ethiop were,
117 And deny himself for Jove,
118 Turning mortal for thy love."
119 This will I send, and something else more plain,
120 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
121 O, would the King, Biron, and Longueville
122 Were lovers too! Ill to example ill
123 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note,
124 For none offend where all alike do dote.

191 Jaquenetta I beseech your grace, let this **letter** be read.
192 Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
193 King Biron, read it over.
(Biron takes and reads the **letter**)
194 (To Jaquenetta) Where hadst thou it?
195 Jaquenetta Of Costard.

196 King (to Costard) Where hadst thou it?
 197 Costard Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
 (Biron tears the **letter**)
 198 King (to Biron) How now, what is in you? Why dost thou tear it?
 199 Biron A toy, my liege, a toy. Your grace needs not fear it.
 200 Longueville It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
 Dumaine(taking up a piece of the **letter**)
 201 It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
 Biron (to Costard)
 202 Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were born to do me shame!
 203 Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
 204 King What?
 205 Biron That you three fools lacked me fool to make up the mess.
 206 He, he, and you-e'en you, my liege-and I
 207 Are pickpurses in love, and we deserve to die.
 208 O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
 209 Dumaine Now the number is even.
 Biron True, true; we are four.
 210 Will these turtles be gone?
 King Hence, sirs; away.
 211 Costard Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

Act 5 Scene 2

6 Princess Nothing but this?-yes, as much love in rhyme
 7 As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper
 8 Writ o' both sides the leaf, margin and all,
 9 That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
 10 Rosaline That was the way to make his godhead wax,
 11 For he hath been five thousand year a boy.

Rosaline I would you knew.

32 An if my face were but as fair as yours
 33 My favour were as great, be witness this.
 34 Nay, I have verses, too, I thank Biron,
 35 The numbers true, and were the numb'ring, too,
 36 I were the fairest goddess on the ground.

37 I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
 38 O, he hath drawn my picture in his **letter**.
 39 Princess Anything like?
 40 Rosaline Much in the **letters**, nothing in the praise.
 41 Princess Beauteous as ink-a good conclusion.
 42 Catherine Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
 43 Rosaline Ware pencils, ho! Let me not die your debtor,
 44 My red dominical, my golden letter.
 45 O, that your face were not so full of O's!
 46 Princess A pox of that jest; I beshrew all shrews.
 47 But Catherine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?
 48 Catherine Madam, this glove.
 Princess Did he not send you twain?
 49 Catherine Yes, madam; and moreover,
 50 Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.
 51 A huge translation of hypocrisy
 52 Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
 53 Maria This and these pearls to me sent Longueville.
 54 The **letter** is too long by half a mile.
 55 Princess I think no less.
 56 The chain were longer and the **letter** short?
 57 Maria Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
 58 Princess We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

769 Queen We have received your **letters** full of love,
 770 Your favours the ambassadors of love,
 771 And in our maiden council rated them
 772 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 773 As bombast and as lining to the time.
 774 But more devout than this in our respects
 775 Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
 776 In their own fashion, like a merriment.
 777 Dumaine Our **letters**, madam, showed much more than jest.
 778 Longueville So did our looks.
 Rosaline We did not quote them so.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Act 1 Scene 5

(Enter Lady Macbeth, with a **letter**)

1 **Lady Macbeth** (reading) “They met me in the day of success,
2 and I have learned by the perfect’st report they have
3 more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in
4 desire to question them further, they made themselves
5 air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the
6 wonder of it came missives from the King, who all-hailed
7 me ‘Thane of Cawdor’, by which title before these weird
8 sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of
9 time with ‘Hail, King that shalt be!’ This have I thought
10 good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
11 that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being
12 ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to
13 thy heart, and farewell.”
14 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
15 What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature.
16 It is too full o’ th’ milk of human kindness
17 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
18 Art not without ambition, but without
19 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
20 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
21 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou’dst have, great
Glamis,
22 That which cries “Thus thou must do” if thou have it,
23 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
24 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
25 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
26 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
27 All that impedes thee from the golden round
28 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
29 To have thee crowned withal.

(Enter a Servant)

What is your tidings?

30 **Servant** The King comes here tonight.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Act 4 Scene 2

104 **Messenger** (giving a **paper** to Provost) My lord hath sent
105 you this **note**, and by me this further charge: that you
106 swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in
107 time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow;
108 for, as I take it, it is almost day.

109 **Provost** I shall obey him.
(Exit Messenger)

110 **Duke** (aside) This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
111 For which the pardoner himself is in.
112 Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
113 When it is borne in high authority.
114 When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended
115 That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.-
116 Now sir, what news?

117 **Provost** I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me
118 remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted
119 putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used
120 it before.

121 **Duke** Pray you let's hear.

122 [**Provost**] (reading the **letter**) "Whatsoever you may hear
123 to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the
124 clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better
125 satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five.
126 Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more
127 depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not
128 to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."
129 What say you to this, sir?

130 **Duke** What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in
131 th' afternoon?

132 **Provost** A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred;
133 one that is a prisoner nine years old.

134 **Duke** How came it that the absent Duke had not either
135 delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have
136 heard it was ever his manner to do so.

137 **Provost** His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and
138 indeed his fact, till now in the government of Lord
139 Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

196 **Duke** The contents of this is the return of the Duke. You
197 shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you
198 shall find within these two days he will be here. This
199 is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day
200 receives **letters** of strange tenor, perchance of the Duke's
201 death, perchance entering into some monastery; but
202 by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th' unfolding
203 star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into
204 amazement how these things should be. All difficulties
205 are but easy when they are known. Call your
206 executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give
207 him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place.
208 Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve
209 you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.
(Exeunt)

Act 4 Scene 3

Provost I am your free dependant.
88 **Duke** Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
(Exit Provost)
89 Now will I write **letters** to Angelo-
90 The Provost, he shall bear them-whose contents
91 Shall witness to him I am near at home,
92 And that by great injunctions I am bound
93 To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
94 To meet me at the consecrated fount
95 A league below the city, and from thence,
96 By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
97 We shall proceed with Angelo.

Isabella I am directed by you.
 134 **Duke** This **letter**, then, to Friar Peter give.
 135 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return.
 136 Say by this token I desire his company
 137 At Mariana's house tonight. Her cause and yours
 138 I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
 139 Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
 140 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
 141 I am combin'd by a sacred vow,
 142 And shall be absent.
 (Giving the **letter**)
 Wend you with this **letter**.
 143 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 144 With a light heart. Trust not my holy order
 145 If I pervert your course.

Act 4 Scene 4

1 **Escalus** Every **letter** he hath writ hath disvouched other.
 2 **Angelo** In most uneven and distracted manner. His
 3 actions show much like to madness. Pray heaven his
 4 wisdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the gates,
 5 and redeliver our authorities there?
 6 **Escalus** I guess not.

Act 4 Scene 5

1 **Duke** These **letters** at fit time deliver me.
 2 The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.
 3 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 4 And hold you ever to our special drift,
 5 Though sometimes you do blench from this to that
 6 As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavio's house,
 7 And tell him where I stay. Give the like notice
 8 To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 9 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate.
 10 But send me Flavius first.

Friar It shall be speeded well.
(Exit)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Act 2 Scene 2

97 **Lancelot** Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have
98 set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have
99 run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a
100 present?—give him a halter! I am famished in his
101 service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs.
102 Father, I am glad you are come. Give me your present
103 to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new
104 liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has
105 any ground.
(Enter Bassanio with Leonardo and followers)
106 O rare fortune! Here comes the man. To him, father,
107 for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.
108 **Bassanio** (to one of his men) You may do so, but let it be
109 so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five
110 of the clock. See these **letters** delivered, put the liveries
111 to making, and desire Graziano to come anon to my
112 lodging.
(Exit one)

Act 2 Scene 3

(Enter Jessica and Lancelot, the clown)

1 **Jessica** I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so.
2 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
3 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
4 But fare thee well. There is a ducat for thee.
5 And, Lancelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
6 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.
7 Give him this **letter**, do it secretly;
8 And so farewell. I would not have my father
9 See me in talk with thee.
10 **Lancelot** Adieu. Tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful
11 pagan; most sweet Jew; if a Christian do not play the

12 knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But adieu.
13 These foolish drops do something drown my manly
14 spirit. Adieu.
15 **Jessica** Farewell, good Lancelot.
(Exit Lancelot)

Act 2 Scene 4

1 **Lorenzo** Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
2 Disguise us at my lodging, and return
3 All in an hour.
4 **Graziano** We have not made good preparation.
5 **Salerio** We have not spoke as yet of torchbearers.
6 **Solanio** 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
7 And better in my mind not undertook.
8 **Lorenzo** 'Tis now but four o'clock. We have two hours
9 To furnish us.
(Enter Lancelot with a **letter**)
Friend Lancelot, what's the news?
10 **Lancelot** (presenting the **letter**) An it shall please you to
11 break up this, it shall seem to signify.
12 **Lorenzo** (taking the **letter**) I know the hand. In faith, 'tis a fair hand,
13 And whiter than the paper it writ on
14 Is the fair hand that writ.
Graziano Love-news, in faith.
15 **Lancelot** (to Lorenzo) By your leave, sir.
16 **Lorenzo** Whither goest thou?
17 **Lancelot** Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
18 tonight with my new master the Christian.
19 **Lorenzo** Hold, here, take this.
(Giving money)
Tell gentle Jessica
20 I will not fail her. Speak it privately.
21 Go.
(Exit Lancelot)
Gentlemen,
22 Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?
23 I am provided of a torchbearer.

24 **Salerio** Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
 25 **Solanio** And so will I.
Lorenzo Meet me and Graziano
 26 At Graziano's lodging some hour hence.
 27 **Salerio** 'Tis good we do so.
 (Exit with Solanio)
 28 **Graziano** Was not that **letter** from fair Jessica?
 29 **Lorenzo** I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
 30 How I shall take her from her father's house,
 31 What gold and jewels she is furnished with,
 32 What page's suit she hath in readiness.
 33 If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven
 34 It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
 35 And never dare misfortune cross her foot
 36 Unless she do it under this excuse:
 37 That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
 38 Come, go with me. Peruse this as thou goest.
 (He gives Graziano the **letter**)
 39 Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer.
 (Exeunt)

Act 3 Scene 2

Salerio I did, my lord,
 229 And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
 230 Commends him to you.
 (He gives Bassanio a **letter**)
Bassanio Ere I ope his **letter**
 231 I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
 232 **Salerio** Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
 233 Nor well, unless in mind. His **letter** there
 234 Will show you his estate.
 (Bassanio opens the **letter** and reads)
 235 **Graziano** Nerissa,
 (indicating Jessica) cheer yon stranger. Bid her welcome.
 236 Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
 237 How doth that royal merchant good Antonio?
 238 I know he will be glad of our success.

239 We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece.
240 **Salerio** I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
241 **Portia** There are some shrewd contents in yon same **paper**
242 That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek.
243 Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
244 Could turn so much the constitution
245 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
246 With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,
247 And I must freely have the half of anything
248 That this same **paper** brings you.

Bassanio O sweet Portia,

249 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
250 That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
251 When I did first impart my love to you
252 I freely told you all the wealth I had
253 Ran in my veins: I was a gentleman;
254 And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
255 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
256 How much I was a braggart. When I told you
257 My state was nothing, I should then have told you
258 That I was worse than nothing, for indeed
259 I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
260 Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
261 To feed my means. Here is a **letter**, lady,
262 The paper as the body of my friend,
263 And every word in it a gaping wound
264 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
265 Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
266 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
267 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
268 And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
269 Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio Not one, my lord.

270 Besides, it should appear that if he had
271 The present money to discharge the Jew
272 He would not take it. Never did I know
273 A creature that did bear the shape of man
274 So keen and greedy to confound a man.

275 He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
 276 And doth impeach the freedom of the state
 277 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
 278 The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
 279 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
 280 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 281 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
 282 **Jessica** When I was with him I have heard him swear
 283 To Tubal and to Cush, his countrymen,
 284 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
 285 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 286 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
 287 If law, authority, and power deny not,
 288 It will go hard with poor Antonio.
 289 **Portia** (to Bassanio) Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
 290 **Bassanio** The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 291 The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
 292 In doing courtesies, and one in whom
 293 The ancient Roman honour more appears
 294 Than any that draws breath in Italy.
 295 **Portia** What sum owes he the Jew?
 296 **Bassanio** For me, three thousand ducats.
 Portia What, no more?
 297 Pay him six thousand and deface the bond.
 298 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 299 Before a friend of this description
 300 Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
 301 First go with me to church and call me wife,
 302 And then away to Venice to your friend;
 303 For never shall you lie by Portia's side
 304 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 305 To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
 306 When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
 307 My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
 308 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
 309 For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
 310 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer.
 311 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.

312 But let me hear the **letter** of your friend.
 313 **[Bassanio]** (reads) "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all
 314 miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very
 315 low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying
 316 it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared
 317 between you and I if I might but see you at my death.
 318 Notwithstanding, use your pleasure. If your love do
 319 not persuade you to come, let not my **letter**."
 320 **Portia** O, love! Dispatch all business, and be gone.
 321 **Bassanio** Since I have your good leave to go away
 322 I will make haste, but till I come again
 323 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay
 324 Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Act 3 Scene 4

43 **Portia** I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
 44 To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.
 (Exeunt Lorenzo and Jessica)
 45 Now, Balthasar,
 46 As I have ever found thee honest-true,
 47 So let me find thee still. Take this same **letter**,
 48 And use thou all th' endeavour of a man
 49 In speed to Padua. See thou render this
 50 Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario,
 51 And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 52 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
 53 Unto the trajet, to the common ferry
 54 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
 55 But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.
 56 **Balthasar** Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Act 4 Scene 1

Salerio My lord, here stays without
 107 A messenger with **letters** from the doctor,
 108 New come from Padua.

109 **Duke** Bring us the **letters**. Call the messenger.
(Exit Salerio)

110 **Bassanio** Good cheer, Antonio. What, man, courage yet!
111 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all
112 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

113 **Antonio** I am a tainted wether of the flock,
114 Meetest for death. The weakest kind of fruit
115 Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me.
116 You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
117 Than to live still and write mine epitaph.
(Enter Salerio, with Nerissa appavelled as a judge's clerk)

118 **Duke** Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
119 **Nerissa** From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
(She gives a **letter** to the Duke.)
(Shylock whets his knife on his shoe)

120 **Bassanio** (to Shylock) Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
121 **Shylock** To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
122 **Graziano** Not on thy sole but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
123 Thou mak'st thy knife keen. But no metal can,
124 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
125 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
126 **Shylock** No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
127 **Graziano** O, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
128 And for thy life let justice be accused!
129 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
130 To hold opinion with Pythagoras
131 That souls of animals infuse themselves
132 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
133 Governed a wolf who, hanged for human slaughter,
134 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
135 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
136 Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
137 Are wolvis, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

138 **Shylock** Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond
139 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
140 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
141 To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
142 **Duke** This **letter** from Bellario doth commend

143 A young and learnèd doctor to our court.
 144 Where is he?
Nerissa He attendeth here hard by
 145 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
 146 **Duke** With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 147 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
 (Exeunt three or four)
 148 Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's **letter**.
 149 (Reads) "Your grace shall understand that at the receipt
 150 of your **letter** I am very sick, but in the instant that
 151 your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me
 152 a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I
 153 acquainted him with the cause in controversy between
 154 the Jew and Antonio, the merchant. We turned o'er
 155 many books together. He is furnished with my opinion
 156 which, bettered with his own learning—the greatness
 157 whereof I cannot enough commend—comes with him
 158 at my importunity to fill up your grace's request in my
 159 stead. I beseech you let his lack of years be no
 160 impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for
 161 I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I
 162 leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial
 163 shall better publish his commendation."
 (Enter three or four with Portia as Balthasar)
 164 You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
 165 And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
 (To Portia)
 166 Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Act 5 Scene 1

266 **Portia** Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed.
 267 Here is a **letter**. Read it at your leisure.
 268 It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
 269 There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
 270 Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here
 271 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
 272 And even but now returned. I have not yet

273 Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome,
274 And I have better news in store for you
275 Than you expect. Unseal this **letter** soon.
276 There you shall find three of your argosies
277 Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
278 You shall not know by what strange accident
279 I chanced on this **letter**.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Act 1 Scene 1

(Enter Leonato, governor of Messina, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a Messenger)

- 1 **Leonato** I learn in this **letter** that Don Pedro of Aragon
2 comes this night to Messina.
- 3 **Messenger** He is very near by this. He was not three
4 leagues off when I left him.
- 5 **Leonato** How many gentlemen have you lost in this
6 action?
- 7 **Messenger** But few of any sort, and none of name.
- 8 **Leonato** A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings
9 home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath
10 bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called
11 Claudio.
- 12 **Messenger** Much deserved on his part, and equally
13 remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself
14 beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a
15 lamb the feats of a lion. He hath indeed better bettered
16 expectation than you must expect of me to tell you
17 how.
- 18 **Leonato** He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very
19 much glad of it.
- 20 **Messenger** I have already delivered him **letters**, and there
21 appears much joy in him-even so much that joy could
22 not show itself modest enough without a badge of
23 bitterness.
- 24 **Leonato** Did he break out into tears?
- 25 **Messenger** In great measure.
- 26 **Leonato** A kind overflow of kindness, there are no faces
27 truer than those that are so washed. How much better
28 is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!
- 29 **Beatrice** I pray you, is Signor Montanto returned from
30 the wars, or no?
- 31 **Messenger** I know none of that name, lady. There was
32 none such in the army, of any sort.

33 **Leonato** What is he that you ask for, niece?
34 **Hero** My cousin means Signor Benedick of Padua.
35 **Messenger** O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he
36 was.

Act 2 Scene 3

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

Act 5 Scene 4

82 **Benedick** 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?
83 **Beatrice** No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
84 **Leonato** Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
85 **Claudio** And I'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her,
86 For here's a **paper** written in his hand,
87 A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
88 Fashioned to Beatrice.
Hero And here's another,
89 Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
90 Containing her affection unto Benedick.
91 **Benedick** A miracle! Here's our own hands against our
92 hearts. Come, I will have thee, but by this light, I take
93 thee for pity.
94 **Beatrice** I would not deny you, but by this good day, I
95 yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your
96 life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

Act 1 Scene 3

(Enter the Duke and Senators set at a table, with lights and officers)

1 **Duke** There is no composition in these news
2 That gives them credit.
 First Senator Indeed, they are disproportioned.
3 My **letters** say a hundred and seven galleys.
4 **Duke** And mine a hundred-forty.
 Second Senator And mine two hundred.
5 But though they jump not on a just account—
6 As, in these cases, where the aim reports
7 'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm
8 A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
9 **Duke** Nay, it is possible enough to judgement.
10 I do not so secure me in the error,
11 But the main article I do approve
12 In fearful sense.

65 **Duke** Who e'err he be that in this foul proceeding
66 Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
67 And you of her, the bloody book of law
68 You shall yourself read in the bitter **letter**
69 After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
70 Stood in your action.
 Brabantio Humbly I thank your grace.
71 Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it seems
72 Your special mandate for the state affairs
73 Hath hither brought.
 Senators We are very sorry for't.

Act 3 Scene 2

(Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen)

- 1 **Othello** These **letters** give, Iago, to the pilot,
2 And by him do my duties to the senate.
3 That done, I will be walking on the works.
4 Repair there to me.
- Iago** Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Act 4 Scene 1

- 214 **Lodovico** (giving Othello a **letter**) The Duke and the senators
215 of Venice greet you.
- 216 **Othello** I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
(He reads the **letter**)
- 217 **Desdemona** And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
218 **Iago** (to Lodovico) I am very glad to see you, signor.
219 Welcome to Cyprus.
- 220 **Lodovico** I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
221 **Iago** Lives, sir.
- 222 **Desdemona** Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
223 An unkind breach. But you shall make all well.
- 224 **Othello** Are you sure of that?
225 **Desdemona** My lord.
- 226 **Othello** (reads) "This fail you not to do as you will"—
227 **Lodovico** He did not call, he's busy in the paper.
228 Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
229 **Desdemona** A most unhappy one. I would do much
230 T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
- 231 **Othello** Fire and brimstone!
- Desdemona** My lord?
Othello Are you wise?
- 232 **Desdemona** What, is he angry?
Lodovico Maybe the **letter** moved him,
233 For, as I think, they do command him home,
234 Deputing Cassio in his government.
- 235 **Desdemona** By my troth, I am glad on't.

Act 5 Scene 2

314 **Lodovico** Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
315 Which as, I think, you know not. Here is a **letter**,
316 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
317 And here another. The one of them imports
318 The death of Cassio, to be undertook
319 By Roderigo.
320 **Othello** O villain!
321 **Cassio** Most heathenish and most gross.
322 **Lodovico** Now here's another discontented **paper**
323 Found in his pocket too, and this it seems
324 Roderigo meant t' have sent this damned villain,
325 But that, belike, Iago in the interim
326 Came in and satisfied him.
327 **Othello** (to Iago) O thou pernicious caitiff!
328 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
329 That was my wife ?
Cassio I found it in my chamber,
330 And he himself confessed it, but even now,
331 That there he dropped it for a special purpose
332 Which wrought to his desire.
Othello O fool, fool, fool!
333 **Cassio** There is besides in Roderigo's **letter**
334 How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
335 Brave me upon the watch, whereon it came
336 That I was cast; and even but now he spake
337 After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
338 Iago set him on.
339 **Lodovico** (to Othello) You must forsake this room and go with us.
340 Your power and your command is taken off,
341 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
342 If there be any cunning cruelty
343 That can torment him much and hold him long,
344 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
345 Till that the nature of your fault be known
346 To the Venetian state.
(To officers) Come, bring away.
347 **Othello** Soft you, a word or two before you go.

348 I have done the state some service, and they know .
349 No more of that. I pray you, in your **letters**,
350 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
351 Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
352 Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
353 Of one that loved not wisely but too well,
354 Of one not easily jealous but, being wrought,
355 Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
356 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
357 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
358 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
359 Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
360 Their medicinable gum. Set you down this,
361 And say besides that in Aleppo once,
362 Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
363 Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
364 I took by th' throat the circumcised dog
365 And smote him thus.
(He stabs himself)

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

Scene 2

120 **Pericles** Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
121 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
122 And by whose **letters** I'll dispose myself.
123 The care I had and have of subjects' good
124 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
125 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
126 Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.
127 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe
128 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince:
129 Thou showed'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.

Scene 3

11 **Helicanus** You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
12 Further to question of your King's departure.
13 His sealed **commission** left in trust with me
14 Does speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.
15 **Thaliart** (aside) How? The King gone?
16 **Helicanus** If further yet you will be satisfied
17 Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
18 He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
19 Being at Antioch—

Scene 5

1 **Gower** Here have you seen a mighty king
2 His child, iwis, to incest bring;
3 A better prince and benign lord
4 Prove awe-full both in deed and word.
5 Be quiet then, as men should be,
6 Till he hath passed necessity.
7 I'll show you those in trouble's reign,

8 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
9 The good in conversation,
10 To whom I give my benison,
11 Is still at Tarsus where each man
12 Thinks all is writ he speken can,
13 And to remember what he does
14 His statue build to make him glorious.
15 But tidings to the contrary
16 Are brought your eyes. What need speak I?
17 **(Dumb show.)**

(Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon, all the train
with them. Enter at another door a gentleman with a **letter** to
Pericles. Pericles shows the **letter** to Cleon. Pericles gives the
messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt with their trains
Pericles at one door and Cleon at another)

Good Helicane that stayed at home,
18 Not to eat honey like a drone
19 From others' labours, for that he strive
20 To killen bad, keep good alive,
21 And to fulfil his prince' desire
22 Sent word of all that haps in Tyre;
23 How Thaliart came full bent with sin
24 And hid intent to murdren him,
25 And that in Tarsus was not best
26 Longer for him to make his rest.
27 He deeming so put forth to seas,
28 Where when men been there's seldom ease,
29 For now the wind begins to blow;
30 Thunder above and deeps below
31 Makes such unquiet that the ship
32 Should house him safe is wrecked and split,
33 And he, good prince, having all lost,
34 By waves from coast to coast is tossed.
35 All perishen of man, of pelf,
36 Ne aught escapend but himself,
37 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
38 Threw him ashore to give him glad.
(Enter Pericles wet and half-naked)

39 And here he comes. What shall be next
40 Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.

Scene 9

(Enter King Simonides at one door reading of a **letter**, the Knights enter at another door and meet him)

1 **First Knight** Good morrow to the good Simonides.
2 **King Simonides** Knights, from my daughter this I let you know:
3 That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
4 A married life. Her reason to herself
5 Is only known, which from her none can get.
6 **Second Knight** May we not have access to her, my lord?
7 **King Simonides** Faith, by no means. It is impossible,
8 She hath so strictly tied her to her chamber.
9 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's liv'ry.
10 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
11 And on her virgin honour will not break it.
12 **Third Knight** Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
 (Exeunt Knights)
13 **King Simonides** So, they are well dispatched. Now to my daughter's
 letter.
14 She tells me here she'll wed the stranger knight,
15 Or never more to view nor day nor light.
16 I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in 't,
17 Not minding whether I dislike or no!
18 Mistress, 'tis well, I do commend your choice,
19 And will no longer have it be delayed.
 (Enter Pericles)
20 Soft, here he comes. I must dissemble that
21 In show, I have determined on in heart.

33 **King Simonides** My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
34 So well indeed that you must be her master
35 And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.
36 **Pericles** I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

37 **King Simonides** She thinks not so. Peruse this writing else.

(He gives the **letter** to Pericles, who reads)

Pericles (aside)

38 What's here?—a **letter** that she loves the knight of Tyre?

39 'Tis the King's subtlety to have my life.

(He prostrates himself at the King's feet)

40 O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

41 A stranger and distressed gentleman

42 That never aimed so high to love your daughter,

43 But bent all offices to honour her.

44 Never did thought of mine levy offence,

45 Nor never did my actions yet commence

46 A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Scene 10

1 **Gower** Now sleep y-slackèd hath the rout,
2 No din but snores the house about,
3 Made louder by the o'erfed breast
4 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
5 The cat with eyne of burning coal
6 Now couches fore the mouse's hole,
7 And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth
8 As the blither for their drouth.
9 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
10 Where by the loss of maidenhead
11 A babe is moulded. Be attent,
12 And time that is so briefly spent
13 With your fine fancies quaintly eche.
14 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

(Dumb show.)

(Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door with attendants.

A messenger comes hastily in to them, kneels, and gives Pericles a **letter**. Pericles shows it Simonides; the lords kneel to him. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse. The king shows her the **letter**. She rejoices. She and Pericles take leave of her father and depart with Lychorida at one door; Simonides and attendants depart at another)

15 By many a dern and painful perch
16 Of Pericles the care-full search,
17 By the four opposing coigns
18 Which the world together joins,
19 Is made with all due diligence
20 That horse and sail and high expense
21 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
22 Fame answering the most strange enquire,
23 To th' court of King Simonides
24 Are **letters** brought, the tenor these:
25 Antiochus and his daughter dead,
26 The men of Tyrus on the head
27 Of Helicanus would set on
28 The crown of Tyre, but he will none.
29 The mutiny there he hastes t' appease,
30 Says to 'em if King Pericles
31 Come not home in twice six moons
32 He, obedient to their dooms,
33 Will take the crown. The sum of this
34 Brought hither to Pentapolis
35 Y-ravishèd the regions round,
36 And everyone with claps can sound
37 "Our heir-apparent is a king!
38 Who dreamt, who thought of such a thing?"
39 Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;
40 His queen with child makes her desire—
41 Which who shall cross?—along to go.
42 Omit we all their dole and woe.
43 Lychorida her nurse she takes,
44 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
45 On Neptune's billow. Half the flood
46 Hath their keel cut, but fortune's mood
47 Varies again. The grizzled north
48 Disgorges such a tempest forth
49 That as a duck for life that dives,
50 So up and down the poor ship drives.
51 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
52 Does fall in travail with her fear,

9 A vestal liv'ry will I take me to,
10 And never more have joy.

Scene 22

100 **Thaisa** Lord Cerimon hath **letters** of good credit,
101 Sir, from Pentapolis: my father's dead.
102 **Pericles** Heav'n make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
103 We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
104 Will in that kingdom spend our following days.
105 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
106 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
107 To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead 's the way.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Act 1 Scene 2

63 **Romeo** Stay, fellow, I can read.
(He reads the **letter**)
64 “Signor Martino and his wife and daughters,
65 County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,
66 The lady widow of Vitruvio,
67 Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces,
68 Mercutio and his brother Valentine,
69 Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,
70 My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,
71 Signor Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,
72 Lucio and the lively Helena.”
73 A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

Act 2 Scene 3

6 **Benvolio** Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
7 Hath sent a **letter** to his father’s house.
8 **Mercutio** A challenge, on my life.
Benvolio Romeo will answer it.
9 **Mercutio** Any man that can write may answer a **letter**.
10 **Benvolio** Nay, he will answer the **letter**’s master, how he
11 dares, being dared.

188 **Nurse** Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady.
189 Lord, Lord, when ’twas a little prating thing—
190 O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris,
191 That would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul,
192 Had as lief see a toad, a very toad,
193 As see him. I anger her sometimes,
194 And tell her that Paris is the properer man;
195 But I’ll warrant you, when I say so she looks

196 As pale as any clout in the versal world.
197 Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin
198 Both with a **letter**?
199 **Romeo** Ay, Nurse, what of that? Both with an “R”.
200 **Nurse** Ah, mocker—that’s the dog’s name. “R” is for the—
201 no, I know it begins with some other **letter**, and she
202 hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary,
203 that it would do you good to hear it.

Act 4 Scene 1

89 **Friar Laurence** Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
90 To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
91 Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
92 Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
93 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
94 And this distilling liquor drink thou off,
95 When presently through all thy veins shall run
96 A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
97 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
98 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest.
99 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
100 To wanny ashes, thy eyes’ windows fall
101 Like death when he shuts up the day of life.
102 Each part, deprived of supple government,
103 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
104 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
105 Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
106 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
107 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
108 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
109 Then, as the manner of our country is,
110 In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier
111 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
112 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
113 In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
114 Shall Romeo by my **letters** know our drift,
115 And hither shall he come, and he and I

116 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 117 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 118 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 119 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
 120 Abate thy valour in the acting it.
 121 **Juliet** Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!
Friar Laurence (giving her the vial)
 122 Hold, get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
 123 In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
 124 To Mantua with my **letters** to thy lord.
 125 **Juliet** Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
 126 Farewell, dear father.

Act 5 Scene 1

1 **Romeo** If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 2 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
 3 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
 4 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
 5 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 6 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
 7 Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
 8 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
 9 That I reviv'd and was an emperor.
 10 Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed
 11 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!
 (Enter Balthasar, Romeo's man, booted)
 12 News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?
 13 Dost thou not bring me **letters** from the friar?
 14 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 15 How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,
 16 For nothing can be ill if she be well.
 17 **Balthasar** Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
 18 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
 19 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 20 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 21 And presently took post to tell it you.
 22 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Act 5 Scene 3

22 **Romeo** Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
23 Hold, take this **letter**. Early in the morning
24 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
25 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
26 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
27 And do not interrupt me in my course.
28 Why I descend into this bed of death
29 Is partly to behold my lady's face,
30 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
31 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
32 In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone.
33 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
34 In what I farther shall intend to do,
35 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
36 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
37 The time and my intents are savage-wild,
38 More fierce and more inexorable far
39 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.
40 **[Balthasar]** I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.

228 **Friar Laurence** I will be brief, for my short date of breath
229 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
230 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
231 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.
232 I married them, and their stol'n marriage day
233 Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
234 Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city,
235 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
236 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
237 Betrothed and would have married her perforce
238 To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
239 And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
240 To rid her from this second marriage,
241 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
242 Then gave I her—so tutored by my art—

243 A sleeping potion, which so took effect
 244 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 245 The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo
 246 That he should hither come as this dire night
 247 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
 248 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 249 But he which bore my **letter**, Friar John,
 250 Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
 251 Returned my **letter** back. Then all alone,
 252 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 253 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
 254 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
 255 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
 256 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 257 Of her awakening, here untimely lay
 258 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 259 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
 260 And bear this work of heaven with patience.
 261 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 262 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 263 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 264 All this I know, and to the marriage
 265 Her nurse is privy; and if aught in this
 266 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 267 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
 268 Unto the rigour of severest law.
 269 **Prince** We still have known thee for a holy man.
 270 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?
 271 **Balthasar** I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 272 And then in post he came from Mantua
 273 To this same place, to this same monument.
 274 This **letter** he early bid me give his father,
 275 And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
 276 If I departed not and left him there.
 277 **Prince** Give me the **letter**. I will look on it.
 (He takes the **letter**)
 278 Where is the County's page that raised the watch?
 279 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

280 **Page** He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
281 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
282 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
283 And by and by my master drew on him,
284 And then I ran away to call the watch.
285 **Prince** This **letter** doth make good the friar's words,
286 Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
287 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
288 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
289 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
290 Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,
291 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
292 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
293 And I, for winking at your discords, too
294 Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punishèd.

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

Act 2 Scene 3

30 **Aaron** Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
31 Saturn is dominator over mine.
32 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
33 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
34 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
35 Even as an adder when she doth unroll
36 To do some fatal execution?
37 No, madam, these are no venereal signs.
38 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
39 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
40 Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
41 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
42 This is the day of doom for Bassianus.
43 His Philomel must lose her tongue today,
44 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
45 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
46 Seest thou this **letter**?
(Giving a **letter**)
Take it up, I pray thee,
47 And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.
48 Now question me no more. We are espied.
49 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
50 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

260 **Saturninus** Here, Tamora, though gripped with killing grief.
261 **Tamora** Where is thy brother Bassianus?
262 **Saturninus** Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound.
263 Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.
264 **Tamora** Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
265 The complot of this timeless tragedy,
266 And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
267 In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

(She giveth Saturnine a **letter**)

- 268 **Saturninus** (reads) “An if we miss to meet him handsomely,
269 Sweet huntsman—Bassianus ’tis we mean—
270 Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
271 Thou know’st our meaning. Look for thy reward
272 Among the nettles at the elder tree
273 Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
274 Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
275 Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.”
276 O Tamora, was ever heard the like!
277 This is the pit, and this the elder tree.
278 Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
279 That should have murdered Bassianus here.
280 **Aaron** My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
281 **Saturninus** (to Titus) Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
282 Have here bereft my brother of his life.
283 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison.
284 There let them bide until we have devised
285 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
286 **Tamora** What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
287 How easily murder is discoverèd!
(Attendants drag Quintus, Martius, and Bassianus' body from the
pit)
288 **Titus** (kneeling) High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
289 I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed:
290 That this fell fault of my accursèd sons—
291 Accursèd if the fault be proved in them—
292 **Saturninus** If it be proved? You see it is apparent.
293 Who found this **letter**? Tamora, was it you?
294 **Tamora** Andronicus himself did take it up.
295 **Titus** I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail,
296 For by my father’s reverend tomb I vow
297 They shall be ready at your highness’ will
298 To answer their suspicion with their lives.
299 **Saturninus** Thou shalt not bail them. See thou follow me.
300 Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.
301 Let them not speak a word—the guilt is plain;
302 For by my soul, were there worse end than death

Act 4 Scene 2

- 1 **Chiron** Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius.
 2 He hath some message to deliver us.
- 3 **Aaron** Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
- 4 **Young Lucius** My lords, with all the humbleness I may
 5 I greet your honours from Andronicus
 6 (Aside) And pray the Roman gods confound you both.
- 7 **Demetrius** Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?
- 8 **Young Lucius** (aside) That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
 9 For villains marked with rape. (Aloud) May it please you,
 10 My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
 11 The goodliest weapons of his armoury
 12 To gratify your honourable youth,
 13 The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say;
 (His attendant gives the weapons)
 14 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 15 Your lordships that, whenever you have need,
 16 You may be armed and appointed well;
 17 And so I leave you both (aside) like bloody villains.
 (Exit with attendant)
- 18 **Demetrius** What's here? a **scroll**, and written round about?
 19 Let's see.
 20 "Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
 21 Non eget Mauri iaculis, nec arcu."
- 22 **Chiron** O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well.
 23 I read it in the grammar long ago.
- 24 **Aaron** Ay, just, a verse in Horace; right, you have it.
 25 (Aside) Now what a thing it is to be an ass!
 26 Here's no sound jest. The old man hath found their guilt,
 27 And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
 28 That wound beyond their feeling to the quick.
 29 But were our witty Empress well afoot
 30 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
 31 But let her rest in her unrest a while.
 (To Chiron and Demetrius)

32 And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
33 Led us to Rome, strangers and, more than so,
34 Captives, to be advanced to this height?
35 It did me good before the palace gate
36 To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Act 4 Scene 3

(Enter Titus, old Marcus, his son Publius, young Lucius, and other gentlemen Sempronius, Caius with bows; and Titus bears the arrow with **letters** on the end of them)

1 **Titus** Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
2 Sir boy, let me see your archery.
3 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
4 Terras Astraera reliquit.
5 Be you remembered, Marcus: she's gone, she's fled.
6 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
7 Go sound the ocean and cast your nets.

62 **Marcus** Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court.
63 We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.
64 **Titus** Now, masters, draw. (They shoot) O, well said, Lucius!
65 Good boy, in Virgo's lap! Give it Pallas.
66 **Marcus** My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon.
67 Your **letter** is with Jupiter by this.
68 **Titus** Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
69 See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
70 **Marcus** This was the sport, my lord. When Publius shot,
71 The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock
72 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
73 And who should find them but the Empress' villain!
74 She laughed, and told the Moor he should not choose
75 But give them to his master for a present.
76 **Titus** Why, there it goes. God give his lordship joy.
(Enter the Clown with a basket and two pigeons in it)
77 News, news from heaven; Marcus, the post is come.

78 Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any **letters**?

79 Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter?

80 **Clown** Ho, the gibbet-maker? He says that he hath taken

81 them down again, for the man must not be hanged till

82 the next week.

83 **Titus** But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

84 **Clown** Alas, sir, I know not "Jupiter". I never drank with

85 him in all my life.

86 **Titus** Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

87 **Clown** Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

88 **Titus** Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

89 **Clown** From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there. God

90 forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my

91 young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the

92 tribunal plebs to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my

93 uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

94 **Titus** Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,

95 But give your pigeons to the Emperor.

96 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

97 Hold, hold—

(giving money) meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.

98 Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace

99 Deliver up a supplication?

100 **Clown** Ay, sir.

101 **Titus** (writing and giving the Clown a **paper**) Then here is

102 a **supplication** for you, and when you come to him, at

103 the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot,

104 then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your

105 reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

106 **Clown** I warrant you, sir. Let me alone.

107 **Titus** Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

108 Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,

109 For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.

110 And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,

111 Knock at my door and tell me what he says.

112 **Clown** God be with you, sir. I will.

(Exit)

113 **Titus** Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.

(Exeunt)

Act 4 Scene 4

39 How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?
40 **Clown** Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be Emperial.
41 **Tamora** Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.
42 **Clown** 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good-
43 e'en. I have brought you a **letter** and a couple of
44 pigeons here.
 (Saturninus reads the **letter**)
 Saturninus (to an attendant)
45 Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
46 **Clown** How much money must I have?
47 **Tamora** Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.
48 **Clown** Hanged, by' Lady? Then I have brought up a
49 neck to a fair end.

Act 5 Scene 1

1 **Lucius** Approvèd warriors and my faithful friends,
2 I have receivèd **letters** from great Rome
3 Which signifies what hate they bear their emperor
4 And how desirous of our sight they are.
5 Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness,
6 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
7 And wherein Rome hath done you any scath
8 Let him make treble satisfaction.

98 **Aaron** Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
99 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
100 As sure a card as ever won the set.
101 That bloody mind I think they learned of me,
102 As true a dog as ever fought at head.
103 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

104 I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
 105 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay.
 106 I wrote the **letter** that thy father found,
 107 And hid the gold within that **letter** mentioned,
 108 Confederate with the Queen and her two sons;
 109 And what not done that thou hast cause to rue
 110 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
 111 I played the cheater for thy father's hand,
 112 And when I had it drew myself apart,
 113 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 114 I pried me through the crevice of a wall
 115 When for his hand he had his two sons' heads,
 116 Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily
 117 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
 118 And when I told the Empress of this sport
 119 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 120 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
 121 **A Goth** What, canst thou say all this and never blush?
 122 **Aaron** Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
 123 **Lucius** Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
 124 **Aaron** Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
 125 Even now I curse the day—and yet I think
 126 Few come within the compass of my curse—
 127 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 128 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 129 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 130 Accuse some innocent and forswear myself;
 131 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 132 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 133 Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
 134 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 135 Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves
 136 And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
 137 Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
 138 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 139 Have with my knife carved in Roman **letters**
 140 "Let not your sorrow die though I am dead."
 141 But I have done a thousand dreadful things

142 As willingly as one would kill a fly,
143 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
144 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

附件二、書信出現段落於各版本中之行數對照

THE HISTORY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Act 3 Scene 3

295 **Achilles** Come, thou shalt bear a **letter** to him straight.
296 **Thersites** Let me carry another to his horse, for that's
297 the more capable creature.
298 **Achilles** My mind is troubled like a fountain stirred,
299 And I myself see not the bottom of it.

Act 5 Scene 1

6 **Thersites** Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
7 idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a **letter** for thee.
8 **Achilles** From whence, fragment?
9 **Thersites** Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
(Achilles reads the **letter**)
10 **Patroclus** Who keeps the tent now?
11 **Thersites** The surgeon's box or the patient's wound.
12 **Patroclus** Well said, adversity. And what need these
13 tricks?
14 **Thersites** Prithee be silent, boy. I profit not by thy talk.
15 Thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
16 **Patroclus** "Male varlet", you rogue? What's that?
17 **Thersites** Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
18 diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
19 loads o' gravel i' th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, and
20 the like, take and take again such preposterous
21 discoveries!
22 **Patroclus** Why, thou damnable box of envy thou, what
23 mean'st thou to curse thus?
24 **Thersites** Do I curse thee?
25 **Patroclus** Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson
26 indistinguishable cur, no.
27 **Thersites** No? Why art thou then exasperate? Thou idle
28 immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarsenet flap

29 for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou!
 30 Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies!
 31 Diminutives of nature.
 32 **Patroclus** Out, gall!
 33 **Thersites** Finch egg!
 34 **Achilles** My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
 35 From my great purpose in tomorrow's battle.
 36 Here is a **letter** from Queen Hecuba,
 37 A token from her daughter, my fair love,
 38 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 39 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it.
 40 Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go or stay.
 41 My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—
 42 Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent.
 43 This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
 44 Away, Patroclus.

Act 5 Scene 3

100 **Pandarus** Do you hear, my lord, do you hear?
 101 **Troilus** What now?
 102 **Pandarus** Here's a **letter** come from yon poor girl.
 103 **Troilus** Let me read.
 (Troilus reads the **letter**)
 104 **Pandarus** A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally
 105 phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this
 106 girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall
 107 leave you one o' these days. And I have a rheum in
 108 mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that
 109 unless a man were cursed I cannot tell what to think
 110 on 't.—What says she there?
Troilus (tearing the **letter**)
 111 Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.
 112 Th' effect doth operate another way.
 113 Go, wind, to wind: there turn and change together.
 114 My love with words and errors still she feeds,
 115 But edifies another with her deeds.
 116 **Pandarus** Why, but hear you—

117 **Troilus** Hence, broker-lackey! Ignomy and shame
118 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

Act 2 Scene 3

158 **Sir Toby** He shall think by the **letters** that thou wilt drop
159 that they come from my niece, and that she's in love
160 with him.
161 **Maria** My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.
162 **Sir Andrew** And your horse now would make him an
163 ass.
164 **Maria** Ass I doubt not.
165 **Sir Andrew** O, 'twill be admirable.
166 **Maria** Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will
167 work with him. I will plant you two—and let the fool
168 make a third—where he shall find the **letter**. Observe
169 his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream
170 on the event. Farewell.

Act 2 Scene 5

11 **Sir Andrew** An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
(Enter Maria with a **letter**)
12 **Sir Toby** Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal
13 of India?
14 **Maria** Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's
15 coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun
16 practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour.
17 Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this
18 **letter** will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in
19 the name of jesting!
(The men hide. Maria places the **letter**)
20 Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be
21 caught with tickling.

79 **Malvolio** (seeing the **letter**) What employment have we

80 here?

81 **Fabian** Now is the woodcock near the gin.

82 **Sir Toby** O peace, and the spirit of humours intimate

83 reading aloud to him.

84 **Malvolio** (taking up the **letter**) By my life, this is my lady's

85 hand. These be her very c's, her u's, and her t's, and

86 thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of

87 question her hand.

88 **Sir Andrew** Her c's, her u's, and her t's? Why that?

89 **Malvolio** (reads) "To the unknown beloved, this, and my

90 good wishes." Her very phrases! (Opening the **letter**) By

91 your leave, wax—soft, and the impressure her Lucrece,

92 with which she uses to seal—'tis my lady. To whom

93 should this be?

94 **Fabian** This wins him, liver and all.

95 **Malvolio** "Jove knows I love,

96 But who?

97 Lips do not move,

98 No man must know."

99 "No man must know." What follows? The numbers

100 altered. "No man must know." If this should be thee,

101 Malvolio?

102 **Sir Toby** Marry, hang thee, brock.

103 **Malvolio** "I may command where I adore,

104 But silence like a Lucrece knife

105 With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.

106 M.O.A.I. doth sway my life."

107 **Fabian** A fustian riddle.

108 **Sir Toby** Excellent wench, say I.

109 **Malvolio** "M.O.A.I. doth sway my life." Nay, but first let

110 me see, let me see, let me see.

111 **Fabian** What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

112 **Sir Toby** And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

113 **Malvolio** "I may command where I adore." Why, she

114 may command me. I serve her, she is my lady. Why,

115 this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no

116 obstruction in this. And the end—what should that

117 alphabetical position portend? If I could make that

118 resemble something in me. Softly—"M.O.A.I."
 119 **Sir Toby** O ay, make up that, he is now at a cold scent.
 120 **Fabian** Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be
 121 as rank as a fox.
 122 **Malvolio** "M." Malvolio—"M"—why, that begins my
 123 name.
 124 **Fabian** Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is
 125 excellent at faults.
 126 **Malvolio** "M." But then there is no consonancy in the
 127 sequel. That suffers under probation. "A" should follow,
 128 but "O" does.
 129 **Fabian** And "O" shall end, I hope.
 130 **Sir Toby** Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry "O!"
 131 **Malvolio** And then "I" comes behind.
 132 **Fabian** Ay, an you had any eye behind you you might
 133 see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before
 134 you.
 135 **Malvolio** "M.O.A.I." This simulation is not as the former;
 136 and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for
 137 every one of these **letters** are in my name. Soft, here
 138 follows prose: "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my
 139 stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.
 140 Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some
 141 have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their
 142 hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to
 143 inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy
 144 humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a
 145 kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang
 146 arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of
 147 singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee.
 148 Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and
 149 wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say remember,
 150 go to, thou art made if thou desirest to be so; if not,
 151 let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants,
 152 and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell.
 153 She that would alter services with thee,
 154 The Fortunate-Unhappy."
 155 Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is

156 open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will
 157 baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I
 158 will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool
 159 myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason
 160 excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend
 161 my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg,
 162 being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself
 163 to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to
 164 these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy.
 165 I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-
 166 gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove
 167 and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript. "Thou
 168 canst not choose but know who I am. If thou
 169 entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy
 170 smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still
 171 smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee. I
 172 will smile, I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Act 3 Scene 2

40 **Sir Toby** Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and
 41 brief. It is no matter how witty so it be eloquent and
 42 full of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink. If
 43 thou "thou'st" him some thrice, it shall not be amiss,
 44 and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of **paper**,
 45 although the sheet were big enough for the bed of
 46 Ware, in England, set 'em down, go about it. Let there
 47 be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a
 48 goose-pen, no matter. About it.
 49 **Sir Andrew** Where shall I find you?
 50 **Sir Toby** We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.
 (Exit Sir Andrew)
 51 **Fabian** This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.
 52 **Sir Toby** I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand
 53 strong or so.
 54 **Fabian** We shall have a rare **letter** from him; but you'll
 55 not deliver 't.
 56 **Sir Toby** Never trust me then; and by all means stir on

57 the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes
58 cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were
59 opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will
60 clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.
61 **Fabian** And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage
62 no great presage of cruelty.
(Enter Maria)
63 **Sir Toby** Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.
64 **Maria** If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves
65 into stitches, follow me. Yon gull Malvolio is turned
66 heathen, a very renegado, for there is no Christian that
67 means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe
68 such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow
69 stockings.
70 **Sir Toby** And cross-gartered?
71 **Maria** Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school
72 i' th' church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He
73 does obey every point of the **letter** that I dropped to
74 betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than
75 is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.
76 You have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly
77 forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will
78 strike him. If she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great
79 favour.
80 **Sir Toby** Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Act 3 Scene 4

63 **Malvolio** O ho, do you come near me now? No worse
64 man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly
65 with the **letter**, she sends him on purpose, that I may
66 appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in
67 the **letter**. "Cast thy humble slough," says she, "be
68 opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy
69 tongue tang arguments of state, put thyself into the
70 trick of singularity", and consequently sets down the
71 manner how, as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow
72 tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth.

73 I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make
74 me thankful. And when she went away now, "let this
75 fellow be looked to". Fellow!—not "Malvolio", nor after
76 my degree, but "fellow". Why, everything adheres
77 together that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a
78 scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe o
circumstance
79 —what can be said?—nothing that can be
80 can come between me and the full prospect of my
81 hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is
82 to be thanked.

(Enter Sir Andrew with a **paper**)

140 **Fabian** More matter for a May morning.
141 **Sir Andrew** Here's the **challenge**, read it. I warrant
142 there's vinegar and pepper in 't.
143 **Fabian** Is 't so saucy?
144 **Sir Andrew** Ay—is 't? I warrant him. Do but read.
145 **Sir Toby** Give me.
146 (Reads) "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a
147 scurvy fellow."
148 **Fabian** Good, and valiant.
149 **Sir Toby** "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why
150 I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."
151 **Fabian** A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the
152 law.
153 **Sir Toby** "Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my
154 sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat,
155 that is not the matter I challenge thee for."
156 **Fabian** Very brief, and to exceeding good sense
157 (aside) -less.
158 **Sir Toby** "I will waylay thee going home, where if it be
159 thy chance to kill me"—
160 **Fabian** Good.
161 **Sir Toby** "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."
162 **Fabian** Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law—good.

163 **Sir Toby** “Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one
164 of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my
165 hope is better, and so look to thyself.
166 Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,
167 Andrew Aguecheek.”
168 If this **letter** move him not, his legs cannot. I’ll give ’t
169 him.
170 **Maria** You may have very fit occasion for ’t. He is now
171 in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by
172 depart.
173 **Sir Toby** Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner
174 of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou
175 seest him, draw, and as thou drawest, swear horrible,
176 for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a
177 swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood
178 more approbation than ever proof itself would have
179 earned him. Away.
180 **Sir Andrew** Nay, let me alone for swearing.
(Exit)
181 **Sir Toby** Now will not I deliver his **letter**, for the behaviour
182 of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good
183 capacity and breeding. His employment between his
184 lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore this **letter**,
185 being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in
186 the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpoll. But,
187 sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set
188 upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive
189 the gentleman—as I know his youth will aptly receive
190 it—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury,
191 and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they
192 will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Act 4 Scene 2

112 **Malvolio** By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper,
113 and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady.
114 It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of
115 **letter** did.

116 **Feste** I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not
117 mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?
118 **Malvolio** Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true.
119 **Feste** Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.
120 I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Act 5 Scene 1

1 **Fabian** Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his **letter**.
2 **Feste** Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
3 **Fabian** Anything.
4 **Feste** Do not desire to see this **letter**.
5 **Fabian** This is to give a dog, and in recompense desire
6 my dog again.

276 **Olivia** He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither—
277 And yet, alas, now I remember me,
278 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distraught.
(Enter Feste the clown with a **letter**, and Fabian)
279 A most extracting frenzy of mine own
280 From my remembrance clearly banished his.
281 How does he, sirrah?
282 **Feste** Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's
283 end as well as a man in his case may do. He's here
284 writ a **letter** to you. I should have given 't you today
285 morning. But as a madman's **epistles** are no gospels,
286 so it skills not much when they are delivered.
287 **Olivia** Open 't and read it.
288 **Feste** Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers
289 the madman. (Reads) "By the Lord, madam"—
290 **Olivia** How now, art thou mad?
291 **Feste** No, madam, I do but read madness. An your
292 ladyship will have it as it ought to be you must allow
293 vox.
294 **Olivia** Prithee, read i' thy right wits.
295 **Feste** So I do, madonna, but to read his right wits is to

296 read thus. Therefore perpend, my princess, and give
 297 ear.

298 **Olivia** (to Fabian) Read it you, sirrah.
 (Feste gives the **letter** to Fabian)

299 **Fabian** (reads) “By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and
 300 the world shall know it. Though you have put me into
 301 darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me,
 302 yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your
 303 ladyship. I have your own **letter** that induced me to
 304 the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not
 305 but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think
 306 of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought
 307 of, and speak out of my injury.
 308 The madly-used Malvolio.”

309 **Olivia** Did he write this?

310 **Feste** Ay, madam.

311 **Orsino** This savours not much of distraction.

312 **Olivia** See him delivered, Fabian, bring him hither.

313 My lord, so please you—these things further thought on—
 314 To think me as well a sister as a wife,
 315 One day shall crown th’ alliance on ’t, so please you,
 316 Here at my house and at my proper cost.

317 **Orsino** Madam, I am most apt t’ embrace your offer.
 (To Viola)

318 Your master quits you, and for your service done him
 319 So much against the mettle of your sex,
 320 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
 321 And since you called me master for so long,
 322 Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
 323 Your master’s mistress.

Olivia (to Viola) A sister, you are she.
 (Enter Malvolio)

324 **Orsino** Is this the madman?

Olivia Ay, my lord, this same.

325 How now, Malvolio?

Malvolio Madam, you have done me wrong,
 326 Notorious wrong.

Olivia Have I, Malvolio? No.

Malvolio (showing a **letter**)

327 Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that **letter**.
328 You must not now deny it is your hand.
329 Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,
330 Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.
331 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
332 And tell me in the modesty of honour
333 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
334 Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
335 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
336 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people,
337 And acting this in an obedient hope,
338 Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
339 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
340 And made the most notorious geck and gull
341 That e'er invention played on? Tell me why?
342 **Olivia** Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
343 Though I confess much like the character,
344 But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
345 And now I do bethink me, it was she
346 First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
347 And in such forms which here were presupposed
348 Upon thee in the **letter**. Prithee be content;
349 This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee,
350 But when we know the grounds and authors of it
351 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
352 Of thine own cause.

Fabian

Good madam, hear me speak,

353 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
354 Taint the condition of this present hour,
355 Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
356 Most freely I confess myself and Toby
357 Set this device against Malvolio here
358 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
359 We had conceived against him. Maria writ
360 The **letter**, at Sir Toby's great importance,
361 In recompense whereof he hath married her.
362 How with a sportful malice it was followed

363 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge
364 If that the injuries be justly weighed
365 That have on both sides passed.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Act 1 Scene 1

- 56 **Valentine** Sweet Proteus, no. Now let us take our leave.
57 To Milan let me hear from thee by **letters**
58 Of thy success in love, and what news else
59 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
60 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
- 61 **Proteus** All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.
- 62 **Valentine** As much to you at home; and so farewell.
(Exit)
- 63 **Proteus** He after honour hunts, I after love.
64 He leaves his friends to dignify them more,
65 I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
66 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
67 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
68 War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
69 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.
(Enter Speed)
- 70 **Speed** Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?
71 **Proteus** But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.
- 72 **Speed** Twenty to one, then, he is shipped already,
73 And I have played the sheep in losing him.
- 74 **Proteus** Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
75 An if the shepherd be a while away.
- 76 **Speed** You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a
sheep?
- 77 **Proteus** I do.
- 78 **Speed** Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
- 79 **Proteus** A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
- 80 **Speed** This proves me still a sheep.
- 81 **Proteus** True, and thy master a shepherd.
- 82 **Speed** Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
- 83 **Proteus** It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.
- 84 **Speed** The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep
85 the shepherd. But I seek my master, and my master
86 seeks not me. Therefore I am no sheep.

87 **Proteus** The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the
88 shepherd for food follows not the sheep. Thou for wages
89 followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not
90 thee. Therefore thou art a sheep.

91 **Speed** Such another proof will make me cry "baa".

92 **Proteus** But dost thou hear: gav'st thou my **letter** to
93 Julia?

94 **Speed** Ay, sir. I, a lost mutton, gave your **letter** to her, a
95 laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost
96 mutton, nothing for my labour.

97 **Proteus** Here's too small a pasture for such store of
98 muttons.

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

101 **Proteus** Nay, in that you are astray. 'Twere best pound
102 you.

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

105 **Proteus** You mistake. I mean the pound, a pinfeld.

106 **Speed** From a pound to a pin? Fold it over and over
107 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a **letter** to your lover.

108 **Proteus** But what said she?

109 **Speed** (nods, then says) Ay.

110 **Proteus** Nod-ay? Why, that's "noddy".

111 **Speed** You mistook, sir. I say she did nod, and you ask
112 me if she did nod, and I say "Ay".

113 **Proteus** And that set together is "noddy".

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

116 **Proteus** No, no. You shall have it for bearing the **letter**.

117 **Speed** Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

118 **Proteus** Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

119 **Speed** Marry, sir, the **letter** very orderly, having nothing
120 but the word "noddy" for my pains.

121 **Proteus** Beshrew me but you have a quick wit.

122 **Speed** And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

123 **Proteus** Come, come, open the matter in brief. What said
124 she?

125 **Speed** Open your purse, that the money and the matter
126 may be both at once delivered.
127 **Proteus** (giving money) Well, sir, here is for your pains.
128 What said she?
129 **Speed** Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.
130 **Proteus** Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?
131 **Speed** Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her, no,
132 not so much as a ducat for delivering your **letter**. And
133 being so hard to me, that brought your mind, I fear
134 she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give
135 her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.
136 **Proteus** What said she? Nothing?
137 **Speed** No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains". To
138 testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned
139 me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your **letters**
140 yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.
(Exit)
141 **Proteus** Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
142 Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
143 Being destined to a drier death on shore.
144 I must go send some better messenger.
145 I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
146 Receiving them from such a worthless post.
(Exit)

Act 1 Scene 2

(Enter Julia and Lucetta)

1 **Julia** But say, Lucetta, now we are alone-
2 Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
3 **Lucetta** Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.
4 **Julia** Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
5 That every day with parle encounter me,
6 In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
7 **Lucetta** Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
8 According to my shallow simple skill.
9 **Julia** What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
10 **Lucetta** As of a knight well spoken, neat, and fine,

11 But were I you, he never should be mine.

12 **Julia** What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

13 **Lucetta** Well of his wealth, but of himself, so-so.

14 **Julia** What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

15 **Lucetta** Lord, lord, to see what folly reigns in us!

16 **Julia** How now? What means this passion at his name?

17 **Lucetta** Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame

18 That I, unworthy body as I am,

19 Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

20 **Julia** Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

21 **Lucetta** Then thus: of many good, I think him best.

22 **Julia** Your reason?

23 **Lucetta** I have no other but a woman's reason:

24 I think him so because I think him so.

25 **Julia** And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

26 **Lucetta** Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

27 **Julia** Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

28 **Lucetta** Yet he of all the rest I think best loves ye.

29 **Julia** His little speaking shows his love but small.

30 **Lucetta** Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

31 **Julia** They do not love that do not show their love.

32 **Lucetta** O, they love least that let men know their love.

33 **Julia** I would I knew his mind.

34 **Lucetta** (giving Proteus' **letter**) Peruse this **paper**, madam.

35 **Julia** "To Julia"-say, from whom?

36 **Lucetta** That the contents will show.

37 **Julia** Say, say-who gave it thee?

38 **Lucetta** Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

39 He would have given it you, but I being in the way

40 Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.

41 **Julia** Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker.

42 Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

43 To whisper, and conspire against my youth?

44 Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

45 And you an officer fit for the place.

46 There. Take the **paper**.

(She gives Lucetta the **letter**) See it be returned,

47 Or else return no more into my sight.

48 **Lucetta** To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

49 **Julia** Will ye be gone?
 Lucetta That you may ruminare.
 (Exit)

50 **Julia** And yet I would I had o'erlooked the **letter**.
 51 It were a shame to call her back again
 52 And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
 53 What fool is she, that knows I am a maid
 54 And would not force the **letter** to my view,
 55 Since maids in modesty say "No" to that
 56 Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay".
 57 Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love
 58 That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse
 59 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
 60 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence
 61 When willingly I would have had her here.
 62 How angerly I taught my brow to frown
 63 When inward joy enforced my heart to smile.
 64 My penance is to call Lucetta back
 65 And ask remission for my folly past.
 66 What ho! Lucetta!
 (Enter Lucetta)

Lucetta What would your ladyship?

67 **Julia** Is 't near dinner-time?

Lucetta I would it were,
 68 That you might kill your stomach on your meat
 69 And not upon your maid.
 (She drops and picks up the **letter**)

Julia What is 't that you
 70 Took up so gingerly?

71 **Lucetta** Nothing.

72 **Julia** Why didst thou stoop then?

73 **Lucetta** To take a **paper** up that I let fall.

74 **Julia** And is that **paper** nothing?

75 **Lucetta** Nothing concerning me.

76 **Julia** Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

77 **Lucetta** Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 78 Unless it have a false interpreter.

79 **Julia** Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
80 **Lucetta** That I might sing it, madam, to a tune,
81 Give me a note. Your ladyship can set.
82 **Julia** As little by such toys as may be possible.
83 Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love".
84 **Lucetta** It is too heavy for so light a tune.
85 **Julia** Heavy? Belike it hath some burden, then?
86 **Lucetta** Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.
87 **Julia** And why not you?
Lucetta I cannot reach so high.
88 **Julia** Let's see your song.
(She tries to take the **letter**) How now, minion!
89 **Lucetta** Keep tune there still. So you will sing it out.
90 And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
91 **Julia** You do not?
92 **Lucetta** No, madam, 'tis too sharp.
93 **Julia** You, minion, are too saucy.
94 **Lucetta** Nay, now you are too flat,
95 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.
96 There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
97 **Julia** The mean is drowned with your unruly bass.
98 **Lucetta** Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
99 **Julia** This bauble shall not henceforth trouble me.
100 Here is a coil with protestation.
(She tears the **letter** and drops the pieces)
101 Go, get you gone, and let the **papers** lie.
102 You would be fing'ring them to anger me.
103 **Lucetta** (aside) She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased
104 To be so angered with another **letter**.
(Exit)
105 **Julia** Nay, would I were so angered with the same.
106 O hateful hands, to tear such loving words;
107 Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
108 And kill the bees that yield it with your stings.
109 I'll kiss each several **paper** for amends.
(She picks up some of the pieces of **paper**)
110 Look, here is writ "Kind Julia"-unkind Julia,
111 As in revenge of thy ingratitude

112 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 113 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 114 And here is writ "Love-wounded Proteus".
 115 Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed
 116 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly healed;
 117 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 118 But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down.
 119 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
 120 Till I have found each letter in the **letter**
 121 Except mine own name. That, some whirlwind bear
 122 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock
 123 And throw it thence into the raging sea.
 124 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
 125 "Poor forlorn Proteus", "passionate Proteus",
 126 "To the sweet Julia"-that I'll tear away.
 127 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 128 He couples it to his complaining names.
 129 Thus will I fold them, one upon another.
 130 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.
 (Enter Lucetta)
 131 **Lucetta** Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.
 132 **Julia** Well, let us go.
 133 **Lucetta** What, shall these **papers** lie like telltales here?
 134 **Julia** If you respect them, best to take them up.
 135 **Lucetta** Nay, I was taken up for laying them down.
 136 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
 137 **Julia** I see you have a month's mind to them.
 138 **Lucetta** Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see.
 139 I see things too, although you judge I wink.
 140 **Julia** Come, come, will 't please you go?
 (Exeunt)

Act 1 Scene 3

51 **Antonio** How now, what **letter** are you reading there?
 52 **Proteus** May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
 53 Of commendations sent from Valentine,
 54 Delivered by a friend that came from him.

55 **Antonio** Lend me the **letter**. Let me see what news.
 56 **Proteus** There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
 57 How happily he lives, how well beloved
 58 And daily grace by the Emperor,
 59 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
 60 **Antonio** And how stand you affected to his wish?
 61 **Proteus** As one relying on your lordship's will,
 62 And not depending on his friendly wish.
 63 **Antonio** My will is something sorted with his wish.
 64 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
 65 For what I will, I will, and there an end.
 66 I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
 67 With Valentinus in the Emperor's court.
 68 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 69 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
 70 Tomorrow be in readiness to go.
 71 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
 72 **Proteus** My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.
 73 Please you deliberate a day or two.
 74 **Antonio** Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee.
 75 No more of stay. Tomorrow thou must go.
 76 Come on, Panthino. You shall be employed
 77 To hasten on his expedition.
 (Exeunt Antonio and Panthino)
 78 **Proteus** Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning
 79 And drenched me in the sea where I am drowned.
 80 I feared to show my father Julia's **letter**
 81 Lest he should take exceptions to my love,
 82 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 83 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 84 O, how this spring of love resembleth
 85 The uncertain glory of an April day,
 86 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 87 And by and by a cloud takes all away.
 (Enter Panthino)
 88 **Panthino** Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.
 89 He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.
 90 **Proteus** Why, this it is. My heart accords thereto,

91 And yet a thousand times it answers "No".
(Exeunt)

Act 2 Scene 1

97 **Valentine** As you enjoined me, I have writ your **letter**
98 Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
99 Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
100 But for my duty to your ladyship.
(He gives her a **letter**)

101 **Silvia** I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.
102 **Valentine** Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
103 For being ignorant to whom it goes
104 I writ at random, very doubtfully.

105 **Silvia** Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
106 **Valentine** No, madam. So it stead you I will write-
107 Please you command-a thousand times as much.
108 And yet . . .

109 **Silvia** A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel.
110 And yet I will not name it. And yet I care not.
111 And yet, take this again.
(She offers him the **letter**) And yet I thank you,
112 Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

113 **Speed** (aside) And yet you will, and yet another yet.

114 **Valentine** What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?
115 **Silvia** Yes, yes. The lines are very quaintly writ,
116 But since unwillingly, take them again.
(She presses the **letter** upon him)

117 Nay, take them.
Valentine Madam, they are for you.

118 **Silvia** Ay, ay. You writ them, sir, at my request,
119 But I will none of them. They are for you.
120 I would have had them writ more movingly.

121 **Valentine** Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.
122 **Silvia** And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
123 And if it please you, so. If not, why, so.

124 **Valentine** If it please me, madam? What then?
125 **Silvia** Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

126 And so good morrow, servant.
 (Exit)

127 **Speed** (aside) O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible
 128 As a nose on a man's face or a weathercock on a steeple.
 129 My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
 130 He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
 131 O excellent device! Was there ever heard a better?—
 132 That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the
 letter.

133 **Valentine** How now, sir-what, are you reasoning with
 134 yourself?

135 **Speed** Nay, I was rhyming. 'Tis you that have the reason.

136 **Valentine** To do what?

137 **Speed** To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

138 **Valentine** To whom?

139 **Speed** To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

140 **Valentine** What figure?

141 **Speed** By a letter, I should say.

142 **Valentine** Why, she hath not writ to me.

143 **Speed** What need she, when she hath made you write to
 144 yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

145 **Valentine** No, believe me.

146 **Speed** No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive
 147 her earnest?

148 **Valentine** She gave me none, except an angry word.

149 **Speed** Why, she hath given you a letter.

150 **Valentine** That's the letter I writ to her friend.

151 **Speed** And that letter hath she delivered, and there an
 152 end.

153 **Valentine** I would it were no worse.

154 **Speed** I'll warrant you, 'tis as well.
 155 For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty
 156 Or else for want of idle time could not again reply,
 157 Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
 158 Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
 159 —All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why
 160 muse you, sir? 'Tis dinner-time.

161 **Valentine** I have dined.

162 **Speed** Ay, but hearken, sir. Though the chameleon love
163 can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by
164 my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like
165 your mistress-be moved, be moved!
(Exeunt)

Act 2 Scene 4

47 **Duke** Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
48 Sir Valentine, your father is in good health,
49 What say you to a **letter** from your friends
50 Of much good news?
Valentine My lord, I will be thankful
51 To any happy messenger from thence.

Act 3 Scene 1

52 **Valentine** Please it your grace, there is a messenger
53 That stays to bear my **letters** to my friends,
54 And I am going to deliver them.
55 **Duke** Be they of much import?
56 **Valentine** The tenor of them doth but signify
57 My health and happy being at your court.

135 **Duke** How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
136 I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me.
(He lifts Valentine's cloak and finds a **letter** and a rope-
ladder)
137 What **letter** is this same? What's here? "To Silvia"?
138 And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
139 I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.
140 (Reads) "My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
141 And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
142 O, could their master come and go as lightly,
143 Himself would lodge where, senseless, they are lying.
144 My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
145 While I, their king, that thither them importune,

146 Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,
 147 Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
 148 I curse myself for they are sent by me,
 149 That they should harbour where their lord should be."
 150 What's here?
 151 "Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee"?
 152 'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose.
 153 Why, Phaeton, for thou art Merops' son
 154 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
 155 And with thy daring folly burn the world?
 156 Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
 157 Go, base intruder, over-weening slave,
 158 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
 159 And think my patience, more than thy desert,
 160 Is privilege for thy departure hence.
 161 Thank me for this more than for all the favours
 162 Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
 163 But if thou linger in my territories
 164 Longer than swiftest expedition
 165 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 166 By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
 167 I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
 168 Be gone. I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 169 But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
 (Exit)

240 **Proteus** Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 241 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 242 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 243 Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love.
 244 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 245 Hope is a lover's staff. Walk hence with that,
 246 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 247 Thy **letters** may be here, though thou art hence,
 248 Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
 249 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 250 The time now serves not to expostulate.

251 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate,
252 And ere I part with thee confer at large
253 Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
254 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
255 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

(He takes out a **paper**)

271 Here is the catalogue of her conditions. "Imprimis, she
272 can fetch and carry"-why, a horse can do no more.
273 Nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry, therefore is
274 she better than a jade. "Item, she can milk." Look you,
275 a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

(Enter Speed)

276 **Speed** How now, Signor Lance, what news with your
277 mastership?
278 **Lance** With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.
279 **Speed** Well, your old vice still, mistake the word. What
280 news then in your **paper**?
281 **Lance** The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.
282 **Speed** Why, man, how "black"?
283 **Lance** Why, as black as ink.
284 **Speed** Let me read them.
285 **Lance** Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou canst not read.
286 **Speed** Thou liest. I can.
287 **Lance** I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?
288 **Speed** Marry, the son of my grandfather.
289 **Lance** O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grandmother.
290 This proves that thou canst not read.
291 **Speed** Come, fool, come. Try me in thy **paper**.
292 **Lance** (giving Speed the **paper**) There: and Saint Nicholas
293 be thy speed.
294 **Speed** "Imprimis, she can milk."
295 **Lance** Ay, that she can.
296 **Speed** "Item, she brews good ale."
297 **Lance** And thereof comes the proverb "Blessing of your
298 heart, you brew good ale".

299 **Speed** "Item, she can sew."
 300 **Lance** That's as much as to say "Can she so?"
 301 **Speed** "Item, she can knit."
 302 **Lance** What need a man care for a stock with a wench
 303 when she can knit him a stock?
 304 **Speed** "Item, she can wash and scour."
 305 **Lance** A special virtue, for then she need not be washed
 306 and scoured.
 307 **Speed** "Item, she can spin."
 308 **Lance** Then may I set the world on wheels, when she
 309 can spin for her living.
 310 **Speed** "Item, she hath many nameless virtues."
 311 **Lance** That's as much as to say "bastard virtues", that
 312 indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no
 313 names.
 314 **Speed** Here follows her vices.
 315 **Lance** Close at the heels of her virtues.
 316 **Speed** "Item, she is not to be broken with fasting, in
 317 respect of her breath."
 318 **Lance** Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast.
 319 Read on.
 320 **Speed** "Item, she hath a sweet mouth."
 321 **Lance** That makes amends for her sour breath.
 322 **Speed** "Item, she doth talk in her sleep."
 323 **Lance** It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.
 324 **Speed** "Item, she is slow in words."
 325 **Lance** O villain, that set this down among her vices! To
 326 be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee
 327 out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.
 328 **Speed** "Item, she is proud."
 329 **Lance** Out with that, too. It was Eve's legacy, and cannot
 330 be ta'en from her.
 331 **Speed** "Item, she hath no teeth."
 332 **Lance** I care not for that, neither, because I love crusts.
 333 **Speed** "Item, she is curst."
 334 **Lance** Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
 335 **Speed** "Item, she will often praise her liquor."
 336 **Lance** If her liquor be good, she shall. If she will not, I

337 will; for good things should be praised.

338 **Speed** "Item, she is too liberal."

339 **Lance** Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down

340 she is slow of. Of her purse she shall not, for that I'll

341 keep shut. Now of another thing she may, and that

342 cannot I help. Well, proceed.

343 **Speed** "Item, she hath more hair than wit, and more faults

344 than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

345 **Lance** Stop there. I'll have her. She was mine and not

346 mine twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that

347 once more.

348 **Speed** "Item, she hath more hair than wit"-

349 **Lance** "More hair than wit." It may be. I'll prove it: the

350 cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more

351 than the salt. The hair that covers the wit is more than

352 the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

353 **Speed** "And more faults than hairs"-

354 **Lance** That's monstrous. O that that were out!

355 **Speed** "And more wealth than faults."

356 **Lance** Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well,

357 I'll have her, and if it be a match-as nothing is

358 impossible-

359 **Speed** What then?

360 **Lance** Why then will I tell thee that thy master stays for

361 thee at the North Gate.

362 **Speed** For me?

363 **Lance** For thee? Ay, who art thou? He hath stayed for

364 a better man than thee.

365 **Speed** And must I go to him?

366 **Lance** Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so

367 long that going will scarce serve the turn.

368 **Speed** Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of your love

369 **letters!**
(Exit)

370 **Lance** Now will he be swung for reading my **letter**. An

371 unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.

372 I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.
(Exit)

Act 4 Scene 4

- 83 **Proteus** Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
84 This **letter**. (Pointing) That's her chamber. Tell my lady
85 I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
86 Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
87 Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
(Exit)
- 88 **Julia** How many women would do such a message?
89 Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertained
90 A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
91 Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
92 That with his very heart despiseth me?
93 Because he loves her, he despiseth me.
94 Because I love him, I must pity him.
95 This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
96 To bind him to remember my good will.
97 And now am I, unhappy messenger,
98 To plead for that which I would not obtain;
99 To carry that which I would have refused;
100 To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
101 I am my master's true-confirm love,
102 But cannot be true servant to my master
103 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
104 Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
105 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.
(Enter Silvia)
- 106 Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my mean
107 To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
- 108 **Silvia** What would you with her, if that I be she?
109 **Julia** If you be she, I do entreat your patience
110 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
111 **Silvia** From whom?
112 **Julia** From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
113 **Silvia** O, he sends you for a picture?
114 **Julia** Ay, madam.
115 **Silvia** Ursula, bring my picture there.
(An attendant brings a picture)
- 116 Go, give your master this. Tell him from me

117 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 118 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
 119 **Julia** Madam, please you peruse this **letter**.
 (She gives Silvia a **letter**)
 120 Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised
 121 Delivered you a **paper** that I should not.
 (She takes back the **letter** and gives Silvia another **letter**)
 122 This is the **letter** to your ladyship.
 123 **Silvia** I pray thee, let me look on that again.
 124 **Julia** It may not be. Good madam, pardon me.
 125 **Silvia** There, hold. I will not look upon your master's lines.
 126 I know they are stuffed with protestations,
 127 And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
 128 As easily as I do tear his **paper**.
 (She tears the **letter**)
 129 **Julia** Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
 (She offers Silvia a ring)
 130 **Silvia** The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
 131 For I have heard him say a thousand times
 132 His Julia gave it him at his departure.
 133 Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
 134 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
 135 **Julia** She thanks you.
 136 **Silvia** What sayst thou?
 137 **Julia** I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
 138 Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.
 139 **Silvia** Dost thou know her?
 140 **Julia** Almost as well as I do know myself.
 141 To think upon her woes I do protest
 142 That I have wept a hundred several times.
 143 **Silvia** Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?
 144 **Julia** I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.
 145 **Silvia** Is she not passing fair?
 146 **Julia** She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
 147 When she did think my master loved her well
 148 She, in my judgement, was as fair as you.
 149 But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
 150 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,

151 The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
 152 And pinched the lily tincture of her face,
 153 That now she is become as black as I.
 154 **Silvia** How tall was she?
 155 **Julia** About my stature; for at Pentecost,
 156 When all our pageants of delight were played,
 157 Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
 158 And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,
 159 Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgements,
 160 As if the garment had been made for me;
 161 Therefore I know she is about my height.
 162 And at that time I made her weep agood,
 163 For I did play a lamentable part.
 164 Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
 165 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
 166 Which I so lively acted with my tears
 167 That my poor mistress, mov therewithal,
 168 Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
 169 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
 170 **Silvia** She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
 171 Alas, poor lady, desolate and left.
 172 I weep myself to think upon thy words.
 173 Here, youth. There is my purse. I give thee this
 174 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
 175 Farewell.
 (Exit)
 176 **Julia** And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.-
 177 A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
 178 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
 179 Since she respects "my mistress" love so much.
 180 Alas, how love can trifle with itself.
 181 Here is her picture. Let me see, I think
 182 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 183 Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
 184 And yet the painter flattered her a little,
 185 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 186 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
 187 If that be all the difference in his love,

188 I'll get me such a coloured periwig.
189 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.
190 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
191 What should it be that he respects in her
192 But I can make respective in myself,
193 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
194 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
195 For 'tis thy rival.
(She picks up the portrait) O thou senseless form,
196 Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored;
197 And were there sense in his idolatry
198 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
199 I'll use thee kindly, for thy mistress' sake,
200 That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
201 I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
202 To make my master out of love with thee. (Exit)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Act 1 Scene 2

7 **Evans** Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this **letter**, for it is a
8 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with Mistress
9 Anne Page. And the **letter** is to desire and require her
10 to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page.
11 I pray you be gone.
 (Exit Simple)
12 I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and
13 cheese to come.
 (Exit)

Act 1 Scene 3

51 **Sir John**(showing **letters**) I have writ me here a **letter** to
52 her—and here another to Page's wife, who even now
53 gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most
54 judicious oeillades; sometimes the beam of her view
55 gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.
56 **Pistol** Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
57 **Nim** I thank thee for that humour.
58 **Sir John** O, she did so course o'er my exteriors, with such
59 a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did
60 seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's
61 another **letter** to her. She bears the purse too. She is a
62 region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters
63 to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me. They
64 shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to
65 them both. (Giving a **letter** to Pistol) Go bear thou this
66 **letter** to Mistress Page, (giving a **letter** to Nim) and thou
67 this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will
68 thrive.
69 **Pistol** (returning the **letter**) Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
70 And by my side wear steel? Then Lucifer take all.
71 **Nim** (returning the **letter**) I will run no base humour. Here,

72 take the humour-**letter**. I will keep the haviour of
73 reputation.
74 **Sir John** (to Robin) Hold, sirrah. Bear you these **letters** tightly.
75 Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.
 (He gives Robin the letters)
76 Rogues, hence, avaunt! Vanish like hailstones! Go!
77 Trudge, plod, away o' th' hoof, seek shelter, pack!
78 Falstaff will learn the humour of the age:
79 French thrift, you rogues-myself and skirted page.
 (Exeunt Sir John and Robin)

Act 1 Scene 4

96 **Mistress Quickly** (aside to Simple) Are you advised o' that?
97 You shall find it a great charge-and to be up early,
98 and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your
99 ear-I would have no words of it-my master himself
100 is in love with Mistress Anne Page. But notwithstanding
101 that, I know Anne's mind: that's neither here nor
102 there.
103 **Caius** (giving the **letter** to Simple) You, jack'nape, give-a
104 this **letter** to Sir Hugh. By Gar, it is a shallenge. I will
105 cut his troat in de Park, and I will teach a scurvy
106 jackanape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone.
107 It is not good you tarry here. By Gar, I will cut all his
108 two stones. By Gar, he shall not have a stone to throw
109 at his dog.
 (Exit Simple)

Act 2 Scene 1

(Enter Mistress Page, with a **letter**)

1 **Mistress Page** What, have I scaped love-**letters** in the
2 holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for
3 them? Let me see.
 (She reads)
4 "Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love

5 use Reason for his precision, he admits him not for his
6 counsellor. You are not young; no more am I. Go to,
7 then, there's sympathy. You are merry; so am I. Ha,
8 ha, then, there's more sympathy. You love sack, and
9 so do I. Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice
10 thee, Mistress Page, at the least if the love of soldier
11 can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say "'pity me'" -
12 'tis not a soldier-like phrase-but I say "'love me"'.
13 By me, thine own true knight,
14 By day or night
15 Or any kind of light,
16 With all his might
17 For thee to fight,

18 John Falstaff."

19 What a Herod of Jewry is this! O, wicked, wicked
20 world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age,
21 to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed
22 behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, i' th'
23 devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in
24 this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice
25 in my company. What should I say to him? I was then
26 frugal of my mirth, heaven forgive me. Why, I'll exhibit
27 a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men.
28 O God, that I knew how to be revenged on him! For
29 revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of
30 puddings.

51 **Mistress Ford** We burn daylight. Here: read, read.

(She gives Mistress Page a **letter**)

52 Perceive how I might be knighted.

(Mistress Page reads)

53 I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an
54 eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he
55 would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave
56 such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all
57 uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition

58 would have gone to the truth of his words. But they
59 do no more adhere and keep place together than the
60 hundred and fifty psalms to the tune of "Greensleeves".
61 What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many
62 tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall
63 I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to
64 entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust
65 have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear
66 the like?

67 **Mistress Page** Letter for letter, but that the name of Page
68 and Ford differs.

(She gives Mistress Ford her **letter**)

69 To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions,
70 here's the twin brother of thy letter. But let thine
71 inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant
72 he hath a thousand of these **letters**, writ with blank
73 space for different names-sure, more, and these are
74 of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt-
75 for he cares not what he puts into the press when he
76 would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie
77 under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty
78 lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

79 **Mistress Ford** Why, this is the very same: the very hand,
80 the very words. What doth he think of us?

81 **Mistress Page** Nay, I know not. It makes me almost ready
82 to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself
83 like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure,
84 unless he know some strain in me that I know not
85 myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

86 **Mistress Ford** "Boarding" call you it? I'll be sure to keep
87 him above deck.

88 **Mistress Page** So will I. If he come under my hatches,
89 I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him. Let's
90 appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in
91 his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay till
92 he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

93 **Mistress Ford** Nay, I will consent to act any villainy
94 against him that may not sully the chariness of our

95 honesty. O that my husband saw this **letter**! It would
96 give eternal food to his jealousy.
(Enter Master Ford with Pistol, and Master Page with Nim)
97 **Mistress Page** Why, look where he comes, and my
98 goodman too. He's as far from jealousy as I am from
99 giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable
100 distance.
101 **Mistress Ford** You are the happier woman.
102 **Mistress Page** Let's consult together against this greasy
103 knight. Come hither.
(They withdraw.)

122 **Nim** (to Page) And this is true. I like not the humour of
123 lying. He hath wronged me in some humours. I should
124 have borne the humoured **letter** to her; but I have a
125 sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves
126 your wife. There's the short and the long.
127 My name is Corporal Nim. I speak and I avouch 'tis true.
128 My name is Nim, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu.
129 I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu.
(Exit)
130 **Page** (aside) The humour of it, quoth a? Here's a fellow
131 frights English out of his wits.
132 **Ford** (aside) I will seek out Falstaff.

Act 2 Scene 2

15 **Pistol** Didst not thou share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?
16 **Sir John** Reason, you rogue, reason. Thinkest thou I'll
17 endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more
18 about me. I am no gibbet for you. Go, a short knife
19 and a throng, to your manor of Picket-hatch, go. You'll
20 not bear a **letter** for me, you rogue? You stand upon
21 your honour? Why, thou unconfined baseness, it is
22 as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour
23 precise. Ay, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of

24 God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my
25 necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch;
26 and yet you, you rogue, will ensconce your rags, your
27 cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and
28 your bold beating oaths, under the shelter of your
29 honour! You will not do it, you?

Pistol (sheathing his sword)

30 I do relent. What wouldst thou more of man?

59 **Mistress Quickly** Marry, this is the short and the long of
60 it. You have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis
61 wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the
62 court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to
63 such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords,
64 and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you,
65 coach after coach, **letter after letter**, gift after gift,
66 smelling so sweetly, all musk; and so rustling, I warrant
67 you, in silk and gold, and in such aligant terms, and
68 in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that
69 would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant
70 you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had
71 myself twenty angels given me this morning, but I
72 defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in
73 the way of honesty. And, I warrant you, they could
74 never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest
75 of them all. And yet there has been earls, nay, which
76 is more, pensioners. But, I warrant you, all is one with
77 her.

78 **Sir John** But what says she to me? Be brief, my good
79 she-Mercury.

80 **Mistress Quickly** Marry, she hath received your **letter**,
81 for the which she thanks you a thousand times, and
82 she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence
83 from his house between ten and eleven.

84 **Sir John** Ten and eleven.

85 **Mistress Quickly** Ay, forsooth, and then you may come

86 and see the picture, she says, that you wot of. Master
87 Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet
88 woman leads an ill life with him. He's a very jealousy
89 man. She leads a very frampold life with him, good
90 heart.
91 **Sir John** Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her.
92 I will not fail her.

Act 3 Scene 2

26 **Ford** Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he
27 any thinking? Sure they sleep; he hath no use of them.
28 Why, this boy will carry a **letter** twenty mile, as easy
29 as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He
30 pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly
31 motion and advantage. And now she's going to my
32 wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this
33 shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her.
34 Good plots-they are laid; and our revolted wives share
35 damnation together. Well, I will take him; then torture
36 my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the
37 so-seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a
38 secure and wilful Actaeon, and to these violent
39 proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.
(Clock strikes)
40 The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me
41 search. There I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather
42 praised for this than mocked, for it is as positive as the
43 earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go.

Act 3 Scene 3

125 **Mistress Ford** He's too big to go in there. What shall I
126 do?
127 **Sir John** (coming forward) Let me see 't, let me see 't, O let
128 me see 't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel;
129 I'll in.

130 **Mistress Page** What, Sir John Falstaff! (Aside to him) Are
 131 these your **letters**, knight?
 132 **Sir John** (aside to Mistress Page) I love thee. Help me
 133 away. Let me creep in here.
 (He goes into the basket)
 134 I'll never-
 (Mistress Page and Mistress Ford put foul clothes over him)
 135 **Mistress Page** (to Robin) Help to cover your master, boy.-
 136 Call your men, Mistress Ford. (Aside to Sir John) You
 137 dissembling knight!
 138 **Mistress Ford** What, John! Robert, John!

Act 4 Scene 4

3 **Page** And did he send you both these **letters** at an instant?
 4 **Mistress Page** Within a quarter of an hour.
 5 **Ford** Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
 6 I rather will suspect the sun with cold
 7 Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
 8 In him that was of late an heretic,
 9 As firm as faith.
 Page 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
 10 Be not as extreme in submission
 11 As in offence.
 12 But let our plot go forward. Let our wives
 13 Yet once again, to make us public sport,
 14 Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
 15 Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Act 4 Scene 5

107 **Sir John** What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was
 108 beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and
 109 I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford.
 110 But that my admirable dexterity of wit, my
 111 counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered
 112 me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th'

113 common stocks, for a witch.
114 **Mistress Quickly** Sir, let me speak with you in your
115 chamber. You shall hear how things go, and, I warrant,
116 to your content. Here is a **letter** will say somewhat.
117 Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together!
118 Sure one of you does not serve heaven well, that you
119 are so crossed.
120 **Sir John** Come up into my chamber.
(Exeunt)

Act 4 Scene 6

6 **Host** I will hear you, Master Fenton, and I will at the
7 least keep your counsel.
8 **Fenton** From time to time I have acquainted you
9 With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page,
10 Who mutually hath answered my affection,
11 So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
12 Even to my wish. I have a **letter** from her
13 Of such contents as you will wonder at,
14 The mirth whereof so larded with my matter
15 That neither singly can be manifested
16 Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff
17 Hath a great scene. The image of the jest
18 I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host.
19 Tonight at Herne's Oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
20 Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen-
(Showing the **letter**)
21 The purpose why is here-in which disguise,
22 While other jests are something rank on foot,
23 Her father hath commanded her to slip
24 Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
25 Immediately to marry. She hath consented.
26 Now, sir, her mother, ever strong against that match
27 And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
28 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
29 While other sports are tasking of their minds,
30 And at the dean'ry, where a priest attends,

31 Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot
32 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
33 Made promise to the Doctor. Now, thus it rests.
34 Her father means she shall be all in white;
35 And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
36 To take her by the hand and bid her go,
37 She shall go with him. Her mother hath intended,
38 The better to denote her to the Doctor-
39 For they must all be masked and visor -
40 That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
41 With ribbons pendant flaring 'bout her head;
42 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
43 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
44 The maid hath given consent to go with him.
45 **Host** Which means she to deceive, father or mother?
46 **Fenton** Both, my good Host, to go along with me.
47 And here it rests: that you'll procure the vicar
48 To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
49 And, in the lawful name of marrying,
50 To give our hearts united ceremony.
51 **Host** Well, husband your device. I'll to the vicar.
52 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
53 **Fenton** So shall I evermore be bound to thee.
54 Besides, I'll make a present recompense.
(Exeunt severally)

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act 1 Scene 1

21 **Camillo** Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to
22 Bohemia. They were trained together in their
23 childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such
24 an affection which cannot choose but branch now.
25 Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities
26 made separation of their society, their encounters-
27 though not personal-hath been royally attorneyed
28 with interchange of gifts, **letters**, loving embassies, that
29 they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook
30 hands as over a vast; and embraced as it were from
31 the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their
32 loves.

Act 3 Scene2

11 **Leontes** Read the indictment.
12 **Officer** (reads) Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
13 King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of
14 high treason in committing adultery with Polixenes,
15 King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take
16 away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal
17 husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances
18 partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith
19 and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid
20 them for their better safety to fly away by night.

(Enter Officers with Cleomenes and Dion)
123 **Officer** You here shall swear upon this sword of justice
124 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
125 Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
126 This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered

127 Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then
 128 You have not dared to break the holy seal,
 129 Nor read the secrets in 't.
 130 **Cleomenes and Dion** All this we swear.
 131 **Leontes** Break up the seals, and read.
 132 **Officer** (reads) Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
 133 Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his
 134 innocent babe truly begotten, and the King shall live
 135 without an heir if that which is lost be not found.
 136 **Lords** Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Act 3 Scene 3

	Antigonus	Come, poor babe.
15	I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' th' dead	
16	May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother	
17	Appeared to me last night, for ne'er was dream	
18	So like a waking. To me comes a creature,	
19	Sometimes her head on one side, some another.	
20	I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,	
21	So filled and so becoming. In pure white robes	
22	Like very sanctity she did approach	
23	My cabin where I lay, thrice bowed before me,	
24	And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes	
25	Became two spouts. The fury spent, anon	
26	Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,	
27	Since fate, against thy better disposition,	
28	Hath made thy person for the thrower-out	
29	Of my poor babe according to thine oath,	
30	Places remote enough are in Bohemia.	
31	There weep, and leave it crying; and for the babe	
32	Is counted lost for ever, Perdita	
33	I prithee call 't. For this ungentle business	
34	Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see	
35	Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks	
36	She melted into air. Affrighted much,	
37	I did in time collect myself, and thought	
38	This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys,	

28 called true is so like an old tale that the verity of it is
29 in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir?
30 **Third Gentleman** Most true, if ever truth were pregnant
31 by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear
32 you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle
33 of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it,
34 the **letters** of Antigonus found with it, which they know
35 to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in
36 resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness
37 which nature shows above her breeding, and many
38 other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be
39 the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
40 two kings?
41 **Second Gentleman** No.

附件二、書信出現段落於各版本中之行數對照

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.2	line (0)	Act 1.2	line (0)
Act 2.2	line 64	Act 2.2	line 58
Act 2.3	line 276	Act 2.3	line 273
Act 2.4	line (0)	Act 2.4	line (0)
Act 2.5	line 24, 69	Act 2.5	line 23, 69
Act 3.2	line (0), (11), 19~27, no stage direction here, 56, 57~60, 62	Act 1.2	line (0), (11), 19~27, (44), 56, 57~60, 62
Act 3.4	line no stage direction here, 1, 3, 4~17	Act 3.4	line (0), 1, 3, 4~17
Act 3.6	line 115	Act 3.6	line 116
Act 4.3	line 2, 56, 79, 200, 204, 206, no stage direction here, 211, 212, 223~232	Act 4.3	line 2, 59, 81, 205, 209, 211, (215), 216, 217, 228~237
Act 4.5	line 85	Act 4.5	line 85
Act 5.1	line 31, no stage direction here	Act 5.1	line 33, (37)
Act 5.2	line no stage direction here, 2, 15, 16	Act 5.2	line (0), 2, 15, 16
Act 5.3	line 30, 139~147, 311, 312~313	Act 5.3	line 30, 141~149, 313, 314~315

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.2	line (118), (120), 181	Act 1.2	line (110), (114), 173
Act 1.4	line (0)	Act 1.4	line (0)
Act 2.2	line 51, 74	Act 2.2	line 51, 74
Act 3.3	line 38	Act 3.3	line 37
Act 3.5	line 10	Act 3.5	line 9
Act 3.6	line 78	Act 3.6	line 79
Act 3.11	line 16	Act 3.11	line 16
Act 4.1	line (0)	Act 4.1	line (0)

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.2	line 8, 9~17	Act 1.2	line 8, 9~17
Act 2.1	line 108, 112, 113, 114, 134	Act 2.1	line 106, 109, 111, 112, 132
Act 5.2	line (90)	Act 5.2	line (89)
Act 5.6	line 2, no stage direction here	Act 5.6	line 2, (84)

CYMBELINE

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.1	line 99, 171	Act 1.1	line 100, 172
Act 1.3	line 4	Act 1.3	line 3
Act 1.4	line 154	Act 1.4	line 152
Act 1.6	line 11, (13), no stage direction here 22~25	Act 1.6	line 11, (13), line (14), line 22~26
Act 2.4	line 35, no stage direction here	Act 2.4	line 35, (36)
Act 3.2	line (0), 17~19, 25, no stage direction here 40~47	Act 3.2	line (0), 17~19, 25, (39) 40~47
Act 3.4	line no stage direction here, 11, 21~31, 32, no stage direction here, 81	Act 3.2	line (10), 11, 21~31, 32, (80), 81
Act 3.5	line 99, (100), 106	Act 3.5	line 100, (101), 107
Act 4.2	line 318, 384	Act 4.2	line 320, 386
Act 4.3	line 36	Act 4.3	line 36
Act 5.5	line 279	Act 5.6	line 279

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.2	line 38	Act 1.2	line 38
Act 2.1	line 1, 106	Act 2.1	line 1, 110

Act 2.2 line 74, (76), 109~124	Act 2.2 line 74, (76), 110~125
Act 3.4 line 64 202	Act 3.4 line 66 <u>Additional Passage H</u> of <i>Hamlet</i> , line 1
Act 4.6 line 3, 10, 13~31, 32	Act 4.6 line 2, 8, 12~30, 31
Act 4.7 line (35), 36, 43~48	Act 4.7 line (35), 36, 43~48
Act 5.2 line 18, 26, 32	Act 5.2 line 19, 27, 33

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

Riverside	CD
Act 1.3 line 293	Act 1.3 line 287
Act 2.3 line (0), 1~35	Act 2.3 line (0), 1~34
Act 3.3 line no stage direction here, 194	Act 3.3 line (196), 197
Act 4.1 line (12), 13, 14, 15, 20, no stage direction here	Act 4.1 line (12), 13, 14, 15, 20, (20)
Act 4.4 line 1	Act 4.4 line 1
Act 5.2 line 80	Act 5.2 line 79

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

Riverside	CD
Act 1.1 line 212	Act 1.1 line 213
Act 1.2 line no stage direction here, 238	Act 1.2 line (240), 241
Act 2.1 line 135, 178	Act 2.1 line 137, 179
Act 2.2 line 100, no stage direction here, (108), 109~134, 135	Act 2.2 line 100, (96), (101), 102~125, 126
Act 3.1 line no stage direction here, 2, 36	Act 3.1 line (1), 2, 35
Act 4.1 line 8	Act 4.1 line 8
Act 4.4 line no stage direction here	Act 4.3 line (90), (101)

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

Riverside	CD
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Act 2.2 line 6	Act 2.2 line 6
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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH

Riverside	CD
Act 1.1 line 78, no stage direction here	Act 1.1 line 78, (80)
Act 1.2 line 99, 103	Act 1.2 line 100, 104
Act 2.2 line (0), 1~9	Act 2.2 line (0), 1~9
Act 3.2 line 30, 53, 78, 129, (201), no stage direction here, 208, no stage direction here, 210, 220, 221, 250	Act 3.2 line 30, 53, 78, 130, (202), (203), 209, (210), 211, 221, 222, 251
Act 4.1 line no stage direction here, 21	Act 4.1 line (19), 21
Act 4.2 line 127, no stage direction here	Act 4.2 line 128, (131)

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Riverside	CD
Act 1.1 line no stage direction here, 89	Act 1.1 line (88), 89
Act 4.1 line no stage direction here, 11, 48, 55~60, 66	Act 4.1 line (8), 11, 48, 55~60, 66
Act 5.1 line 1	Act 5.1 line 1
Act 5.2 line no stage direction here	Act 5.2 line (0)
Act 5.4 line 95	Act 5.4 line 95

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Riverside	CD
Act 1.3 line 13, 14, no stage direction here, 20~22, (39)	Act 1.3 line 13~14, 14, (15), (21), 22~29, (42)
Act 1.4 line 29~34, no stage direction here, (58),	Act 1.4 line 20~35, (49), (57), (58),

	59~69,		not quoted as a letter,
Act 1.4	line no stage direction here	Act 1.4	line (67)
Act 4.6	line no stage direction here	Act 4.6	line (10)

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Riverside		CD	
Act 3.3	line 163, (164), 176, 208	Act 3.3	line 163, (166), 176, 208
Act 4.1	line 84, 86, 91, 93~95, 99~100, 104~105, 110~111	Act 4.1	line 83, 84, 89, 91~93, 97~98, 102~103, 108~109

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.3	line 142, 151	Act 1.3	line 142, 151
Act 2.1	line no stage direction here, 37, (38), 46~58	Act 1.2	line (34), 37, (38), 46~58
Act 2.3	line (0), 1~10	Act 2.3	line (0), 1~10
Act 3.1	line 279	Act 3.1	line 282
Act 4.3	line 4, 167, 171, 176, 181, 183	Act 4.2	line 56, 219, 223, 228, 233, 235
Act 5.2	line 1	Act 5.2	line 1

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

Riverside		CD	
Act 4.1	line (33)	Act 4.1	line (32)
Act 4.3	line 14	Act 4.3	line 14

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR (The Folio Text)

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.2	line (0), 28, 29, 36, 40, 46~54, 76	Act 1.2	line (0), 29, 31, 37, 41, 47~56, 78
Act 1.4	line 334	Act 1.4	line 314
Act 1.5	line no stage direction here, 2, no stage direction here, 4, 6	Act 1.5	line (1), 2, (3), 5, 8

Act 2.1	line 79	Act 2.1	line 79
Act 2.2	line 35, 64,	Act 2.2	line 33, 63,
Act 2.2	line no stage direction here, 165	Act 2.2	line (153), 156
Act 2.4	line 28, 33, 183	Act 2.2	line 204, 209, 356
Act 3.3	line 10, 11, 22	Act 3.3	line 10, 11, 22
Act 3.5	line 10, 15	Act 3.5	line 10, 15
Act 3.7	line 2, 42, 49	Act 3.7	line 2, 41, 46 (37)
Act 4.2	line 82	Act 4.3	line not included in this version
Act 4.3	line 9	Act 4.4	line 6, 15, 22
Act 4.5	line 6, 15, 22	Act 4.5	line 135, 247, 255, 260, 261~270, 276
Act 4.6	line 139, 248, 256, 261, 262~270, 276	Act 5.1	line 30, 37, 41, (42)
Act 5.1	line 40, 47, 50, no stage direction here	Act 5.3	line 27, 146
Act 5.3	line 27, 156		

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.3	line 250	Act 1.3	line 239
Act 3.1	line 41	Act 3.1	line 41
Act 3.4	line 69	Act 3.4	line 70
Act 4.1	line (222), 243, 269	Act 4.1	line (212), 233, 259
Act 5.2	line 57, 59, 69, (72)	Act 5.2	line 57, 59, 69, (72)
Act 5.3	line 49, no stage direction here	Act 5.3	line 47, (49)
Act 5.6	line 10	Act 5.6	line 10

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.4	line 90, (91)	Act 1.4	line 86, (87)
Act 3.6	line (0)	Act 3.6	line (0)
Act 4.1	line 49	Act 4.1	line 49
Act 4.2	line 93	Act 4.2	line 96
Act 4.4	line 280	Act 4.4	line 266

Act 4.5 line 20	Act 4.5 line 20
Act 5.3 line (302), no "paper" in this text, 304~305	Act 5.6 line (32), 33, 34~35

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

Riverside	CD
Act 1.1 line (181), 188, 191, 215, 219~278	Act 1.1 line (178), 186, 188, 212, 216~267
Act 2.1 line (111), no stage direction here,	Act 2.1 line (110), (113),
Act 3.1 line 6, 50, (130)	Act 3.1 line 6, 48, (128)
Act 4.1 line 53, 54, 56, 57, 60~93, 94, 101, 106, no stage direction here	Act 4.1 line 53, 54, 56, 57, 60~92, 93, 100, 105, (105)
Act 4.2 line 54, 91, 104~118, 131~133, 134, 135~136, 138, 141	Act 4.2 line 55, 90, 106~119, 130~131, 132, 134~135, 136, 139
Act 4.3 line (0), no stage direction here, 19, (20), 24~40, 41, (42), 58~71, (75), 99~118, 191, (193), (195), (198)	Act 4.3 line (0), (13), 18, (19), 24~39, 40, (41), 57~70, (73), 99~118, 191, (193), (197), (200)
Act 5.2 line 38, 40, 54, 56, 777, 784	Act 5.2 line 38, 40, 54, 56, 769, 777

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Riverside	CD
Act 1.5 line (0), 1~14, 56	Act 1.4 line (0), 1~13, 55

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Riverside	CD
Act 4.2 line no stage direction here, 102, 120~126, 200	Act 4.2 line (104), 105, 122~128, 200
Act 4.3 line 93, 137, 145	Act 4.3 line 93, 134, 142
Act 4.4 line 1	Act 4.4 line 1

Act 4.5 line (1), 1	Act 4.5 line no stage direction here, 1
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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Riverside	CD
Act 2.2 line 116	Act 2.2 line 110
Act 2.3 line 7	Act 2.3 line 7
Act 2.4 line (8), no stage direction here, 28, no stage direction here	Act 2.4 line (9), (10), (12), 28, (38)
Act 3.2 line (232), 232, 235, (236), 243, 250, 263, 314, 315~322	Act 3.2 line (230), 230, 233, (234), 241, 248, 261, 312, 313~319
Act 3.4 line 47	Act 3.4 line 47
Act 4.1 line 108, 110, (120), 143, 149, 150~166	Act 4.1 line 107, 109, (119), 142, 148, 149~163
Act 5.1 line 267, 275, 279	Act 5.1 line 267, 275, 279

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Riverside	CD
Act 1.1 line 1, 20	Act 1.1 line 1, 20
Act 2.3 line 140	Act 2.3 line 137
Act 5.4 line 86	Act 5.4 line 86

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

Riverside	CD
Act 1.3 line 3, 68	Act 1.3 line 3, 68
Act 3.2 line 1	Act 3.2 line 1
Act 4.1 line (217), (218), 235	Act 4.1 line (214), (217), 232
Act 5.2 line 308, 314, 324, 340	Act 5.2 line 315, 322, 333, 349

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

Riverside	CD
Act 1.2 line 117	Scene 2 line 122
Act 1.3 line 12	Scene 3 line 13
Act 2.0 line (16, Dumb Show)	Scene 5 line (17, Dumb show)

Act 2.5	line (0), 15,	Scene 9	line (0), 13,
Act 2.5	line no stage direction here, 43	Scene 9	line (37), 38
Act 3.0	line (14, Dumb Show), 24	Scene 10	line (14, Dumb show), 24
Act 3.2	line no stage direction here, 68~75	Scene 12	line (64), 66~73
Act 3.4	line 1	Scene 14	line 1
Act 5.3	line 77	Scene 22	line 100

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.2	line 64~70	Act 1.2	line 64~72
Act 2.4	line 7, 10, 11, 207, 211	Act 2.4	line 7, 9, 10, 198, 201
Act 4.1	line 114, 124	Act 4.1	line 114, 124
Act 5.1	line 13, 31	Act 5.1	line 13, 31
Act 5.2	line 4, 13, 18	Act 5.2	line 4, 13, 18
Act 5.3	line 23, 250, 252, 275, 278, 286	Act 5.3	line 23, 249, 251, 274, 277, 285

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

Riverside		CD	
Act 2.3	line 46, 268~275, 293	Act 2.3	line 46, 268~275, 293
Act 4.2	line 18, 20~21	Act 4.2	line 18, 20~21
Act 4.3	line (0), 67, 79, no stage direction here, 109	Act 4.3	line (0), 67, 78, (101), 102
Act 4.4	line 43, (44)	Act 4.4	line 43, (44)
Act 5.1	line 2, 106, 107, 139	Act 5.1	line 2, 106, 107, 139

THE HISTORY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Riverside		CD	
Act 3.3	line 304	Act 3.3	line 395
Act 5.1	line 7, no stage direction here, 39	Act 5.1	line 7, (9) 36

Act 5.3 line 99,	Act 5.3 line 102,
Act 5.3 line no stage direction here, (109)	Act 5.3 line (103), (110)

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

Riverside	CD
Act 2.3 line 164, 174	Act 2.3 line 158, 168
Act 2.5 line no stage direction here, 19, no stage direction here,	Act 2.5 line (11), 18, (19),
Act 2.5 line (21), (82), no stage direction here, 90~177	Act 2.5 line no stage direction here, (79), (84), 89~171
Act 3.2 line 46, 56, 77	Act 3.2 line 44, 54, 73
Act 3.4 line 66, 68, no stage direction here, 143, 147~170, 171, 184, 188	Act 3.4 line 65, 67, (139), 141, 146~167, 168, 181, 184
Act 4.2 line 112	Act 4.2 line 115
Act 5.1 line 1, 5, (281), 286, 287, 291~292, no stage direction here, 302~311, 330, 351, 363	Act 5.1 line 1, 4, (278), 284, 285, 289, (298), 299~308, 327, 348, 360

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Riverside	CD
Act 1.1 line 57, 94, 96, 106, 108, 119, 123, 138, 146	Act 1.1 line 57, 92, 94, 104, 107, 116, 119, 132, 139
Act 1.2 line 34, 46, 50, 54, no stage direction here, 71, 72, (84), (96), 97, 100, 105, no stage direction here, 116, 129	Act 1.2 line 34, 46, 50, 54, (69), 73, 74, (89), (100), 101, 104, 109, (109), 120, 133
Act 1.3 line 51, 55, 80	Act 1.3 line 51, 55, 80
Act 2.1 line 104,	Act 2.1 line 97,

	no stage direction here,		(100), (111), (116),
Act 2.1	line 140, 150, 159, 160, 161	Act 2.1	line 132, 141, 149, 150, 151
Act 2.4	line 51	Act 2.4	line 49
Act 3.1	line 53, no stage direction here, 137, 140~151, 250, (273), 285, 299, no stage direction here, 301~384	Act 3.1	line 53, (136), 137, 140~151, 247, (270), 280, 291, (292), 294~372
Act 4.4	line 86, 121, no stage direction here,	Act 4.4	line 84, 119, (119),
Act 4.4	line 123, no stage direction here, 124, 131, no stage direction here	Act 4.4	line 121, (121), 122, 128, (128)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.2	line 8, 9	Act 1.2	line 7, 9
Act 1.3	line 58, 68, no stage direction here, 73, no stage direction here, 78, 79	Act 1.3	line 51, 61, (65), 66, (69), (71), 72, 74
Act 1.4	line no stage direction here, 107	Act 1.4	line (103), 104
Act 2.1	line (0), 1, 4~19, no stage direction here, 73, 100, 130	Act 2.1	line (0), 1, 4~18, (51), (68), 72, 95, 124
Act 2.2	line 19, 65, 66, 81	Act 2.2	line 20, 65, 80
Act 3.2	line 32	Act 3.2	line 28
Act 3.3	line 140	Act 3.3	line 131
Act 4.4	line 3	Act 4.4	line 3
Act 4.5	line 123	Act 4.5	line 116
Act 4.6	line 12, no stage direction here	Act 4.6	line 12, (20)

THE WINTER'S TALE

Riverside		CD	
Act 1.1	line 28	Act 1.1	line 28
Act 3.2	line 11~20, 132~135	Act 3.2	line 11~20, 132~135
Act 3.3	line (46)	Act 3.3	line (45)
Act 4.4	line 619	Act 4.4	line 620
Act 5.2	line 34	Act 5.2	line 34