WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE’S

FAMOUS DRAMA

#### William Shakespeare



Cassius' words to Brutus in *[Julius Caesar](jc.html)*could well be Shakespeare's words to his audience with respect to his plays:

And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

In his dramatic works, Shakespeare has provided insights into human nature which, in the opinion of many of his disciples, equal those of the greatest modern psychologists. The impact of the Bard's insights is compounded by a masterful use of the language which makes him the mostly widely studied English writer.  
  
Church records indicate that William Shakespeare was baptised in [Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire](stratford.html) on April 26, 1564. April 23 is widely accepted as his date of birth. His father was a respected tradesman (a glover who was involved in a variety of commercial activities) who held several important municipal offices.  
  
Shakespeare was probably educated at the local grammar school. He would have viewed local theatrical productions by groups of travelling players. When he was eighteen he married the twenty-six year old Anne Hathaway. In May of 1583 she gave birth to their first daughter, Susanna. In 1585, twins, named Hamnet and Judith, were born. Shortly thereafter, Shakespeare left Stratford. It is speculated that he was fleeing prosecution for poaching deer on the property of a local nobleman.  
  
By about 1587 he had arrived in London and begun his career as an actor and playwright. His success earned him the jealousy of rivals such as Richard Greene who condemned him as "an upstart crow" in 1592.  
  
The following is a chronological listing of Shakespeare's canon of plays and poetry:

1588-93 - *The Comedy of Errors*  
1588-92 - *Henry VI* (three parts)  
1592-93 - *Richard III*  
1592-94 - *Titus Andronicus*  
1593-94 - *The Taming of the Shrew*  
1593-94 - *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*  
1593-94 - "The Rape of Lucrece"  
1593-1600 - "Sonnets"  
1588-95 - *Love's Labor's Lost*[1594-96 -](rj.html) *[Romeo and Juliet](rj.html)*  
1595 - *Richard II*  
1594-96 - *A Midsummer Night's Dream*  
1590-97 - *King John*  
1592 - "Venus and Adonis"  
1596-97 - *The Merchant of Venice*  
1597 - *Henry IV* (Part I)  
1597-98 - *Henry IV* (Part II)  
1598-1600 - *Much Ado About Nothing*  
1598-99 - *Henry V*[1599](jc.html) **[-](jc.html)** *[Julius Caesar](jc.html)*  
1599-1600 - *As You Like It*  
1600-02 - *Twelfth Night*[1600-0I -](hamlet.html) *[Hamlet](hamlet.html)*  
1597-1601 - *The Merry Wives of Windsor*  
1600-0I - "The Phoenix and the Turtle"  
160I-02 - *Troilus and Cressida*  
1602-04 - *All's Well That Ends Well*  
1603-04 - *Othello*  
1604 - *Measure for Measure*  
1604-09 - *Timon of Athens*[1605-06 -](lear.html) *[King Lear](lear.html)*  
[1605-06 -](macbeth.html) *[Macbeth](macbeth.html)*  
1606-07 - *Antony and Cleopatra*  
1607-09 - *Coriolanus*  
1608-09 - *Pericles*  
1609-IO - *Cymbeline*  
16IO-II - *The Winter's Tale*  
16II - *The Tempest*  
16I2-I3 - *Henry VIII*  
16I3 - *The Two Noble Kinsmen*In 1594, Shakespeare joined [The Chamberlain's Men](lcm.html), a theatrical company which enjoyed the patronage of the [royal court](hampton.html). It is believed that he was instrumental in enabling his father to receive a grant of arms from the College of Heralds in 1596. The following year he purchased New Place, one of the largest houses in Stratford. He was one of the proprietors of the [Globe](http://www.delphi.co.uk/delphi/interactive/16.Globe/intro.html) Theatre which was built in 1599.  
  
Although he continued to contribute to the theatre in London until 1614, Shakespeare moved back to Stratford in 1610. He died on April 23, 1616 of a fever contracted after an evening of entertaining fellow writers, Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, in his home.  
  
Shakespeare was buried on April 25 in Holy Trinity Church in Stratford under a gravestone bearing the following lines:

Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare  
To digg the dust enclosed heare;  
Blese be ye man yt spares these stones  
And curst be he yt moves my bones

The Group

Jonell Chris A. Bonecillo

Ambrose Ollero

Shariff Nardo

Terrence Talosig

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

* **Act 1**
* Scene 1. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.
* Scene 2. Paris. The KING's palace.
* Scene 3. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.
* **Act 2**
* Scene 1. Paris. The KING's palace.
* Scene 2. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.
* Scene 3. Paris. The KING's palace.
* Scene 4. Paris. The KING's palace.
* Scene 5. Paris. The KING's palace.
* **Act 3**
* Scene 1. Florence. The DUKE's palace.
* Scene 2. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.
* Scene 3. Florence. Before the DUKE's palace.
* Scene 4. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.
* Scene 5. Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.
* Scene 6. Camp before Florence.
* Scene 7. Florence. The Widow's house.
* **Act 4**
* Scene 1. Without the Florentine camp.
* Scene 2. Florence. The Widow's house.
* Scene 3. The Florentine camp.
* Scene 4. Florence. The Widow's house.
* Scene 5. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.
* **Act 5**
* Scene 1. Marseilles. A street.
* Scene 2. Rousillon. Before the COUNT's palace.
* Scene 3. Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Act 1, Scene 1

Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS of Rousillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black

**COUNTESS**

In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

**BERTRAM**

And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death  
anew: but I must [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) his majesty's command, to  
whom I am now in [ward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WARD), evermore in subjection.

**LAFEU**

You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you,  
sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times  
good must of necessity hold his [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) to you; whose  
worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather  
than lack it where there is such abundance.

**COUNTESS**

What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

**LAFEU**

He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose  
practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and  
finds no other advantage in the process but only the  
losing of hope by time.

**COUNTESS**

This young gentlewoman had a father,--O, that  
'had'! how [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) a passage 'tis!--whose [skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL) was  
almost as great as his [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY); had it stretched so  
[far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR), would have made nature immortal, and death  
should have play for lack of work. Would, for the  
king's sake, he were [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING)! I think it would be  
the death of the king's disease.

**LAFEU**

How called you the man you speak of, madam?

**COUNTESS**

He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was  
his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

**LAFEU**

He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very  
lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he  
was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge  
could be set up against mortality.

**BERTRAM**

What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

**LAFEU**

A fistula, my lord.

**BERTRAM**

I heard not of it before.

**LAFEU**

I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman  
the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

**COUNTESS**

His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my  
overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that  
her education promises; her dispositions she  
inherits, which makes fair [gifts](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GIFTS) fairer; for where  
an unclean mind carries [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) qualities, there  
commendations go with pity; they are virtues and  
traitors too; in her they are the better for their  
simpleness; she derives her [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY) and achieves her goodness.

**LAFEU**

Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

**COUNTESS**

'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise  
in. The remembrance of her father never approaches  
her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all  
[livelihood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVELIHOOD) from her cheek. No more of this, Helena;  
go to, no more; lest it be rather [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) you [affect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AFFECT)  
a sorrow than have it.

**HELENA**

I do [affect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AFFECT) a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

**LAFEU**

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,  
excessive grief the enemy to the [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING).

**COUNTESS**

If the [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) be enemy to the grief, the excess  
makes it soon [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL).

**BERTRAM**

Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

**LAFEU**

How understand we that?

**COUNTESS**

Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father  
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE)  
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none: be [able](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABLE) for thine enemy  
Rather in [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) than [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE), and [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) thy [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)  
Under thy own life's key: be [cheque](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEQUE)'d for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,  
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,  
[Advise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISE) him.

**LAFEU**

He cannot want the best  
That shall [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) his love.

**COUNTESS**

Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

Exit

**BERTRAM**

[To HELENA] The best wishes that can be forged in  
your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable  
to my mother, your [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS), and make much of her.

**LAFEU**

Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT) of  
your father.

Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU

**HELENA**

O, were that all! I think not on my father;  
And these great tears grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
I have forgot him: my imagination  
Carries no [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) in't but Bertram's.  
I am undone: there is no [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING), none,  
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT)  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE), his curls,  
In our heart's [table](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLE); heart too [capable](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAPABLE)  
Of every [line](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LINE) and [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK) of his sweet [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR):  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES

Aside

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fixed evils sit so [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) in him,  
That they take place, when [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE)'s steely bones  
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

**PAROLLES**

Save you, fair queen!

**HELENA**

And you, monarch!

**PAROLLES**

No.

**HELENA**

And no.

**PAROLLES**

Are you meditating on virginity?

**HELENA**

Ay. You have some [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN) of soldier in you: let me  
[ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how  
may we barricado it against him?

**PAROLLES**

[Keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) him out.

**HELENA**

But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant,  
in the [defence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFENCE) yet is weak: unfold to us some  
warlike resistance.

**PAROLLES**

There is none: man, sitting down before you, will  
undermine you and [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW) you up.

**HELENA**

Bless our poor virginity from underminers and  
blowers up! Is there no military policy, how  
virgins might [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW) up men?

**PAROLLES**

Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be  
blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with  
the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It  
is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to  
preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational  
increase and there was never virgin got till  
virginity was first lost. That you were made of is  
metal to make virgins. Virginity by being [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) lost  
may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is  
ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

**HELENA**

I will stand for 't a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE), though therefore I die a virgin.

**PAROLLES**

There's [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) can be said in 't; 'tis against the  
rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity,  
is to [accuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ACCUSE) your mothers; which is most infallible  
disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin:  
virginity murders itself and should be buried in  
highways out of all sanctified limit, as a [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE)  
offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites,  
much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very  
paring, and so dies with feeding his own [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH).  
Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of  
self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the  
canon. [Keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) it not; you cannot choose but loose  
by't: out with 't! within ten year it will make  
itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the  
principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

**HELENA**

How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING)?

**PAROLLES**

Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it  
likes. 'Tis a [commodity](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMMODITY) will lose the gloss with  
lying; the longer kept, the less [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH): off with 't  
while 'tis vendible; [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) the time of request.  
Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out  
of fashion: richly [suited](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUITED), but unsuitable: just  
like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) not  
now. Your date is better in your pie and your  
porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity,  
your old virginity, is like one of our French  
withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry,  
'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better;  
marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you anything with it?

**HELENA**

Not my virginity yet [ ]  
There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother and a [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) and a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND),  
A phoenix, captain and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of pretty, [fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND), adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he--  
I know not what he shall. God send him well!  
The court's a learning place, and he is one--

**PAROLLES**

What one, i' faith?

**HELENA**

That I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) well. 'Tis pity--

**PAROLLES**

What's pity?

**HELENA**

That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think, which never  
Return us thanks.

Enter Page

**Page**

Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

Exit

**PAROLLES**

[Little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) Helen, farewell; if I can [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) thee, I  
will think of thee at court.

**HELENA**

Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

**PAROLLES**

Under Mars, I.

**HELENA**

I especially think, under Mars.

**PAROLLES**

Why under Mars?

**HELENA**

The wars have so kept you under that you must needs  
be born under Mars.

**PAROLLES**

When he was predominant.

**HELENA**

When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

**PAROLLES**

Why think you so?

**HELENA**

You go so much [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD) when you fight.

**PAROLLES**

That's for advantage.

**HELENA**

So is running away, when fear proposes the safety;  
but the composition that your valour and fear makes  
in you is a [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) of a good wing, and I like the [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) well.

**PAROLLES**

I am so [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of businesses, I cannot [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) thee  
acutely. I will return [perfect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERFECT) courtier; in the  
which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize  
thee, so thou wilt be [capable](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAPABLE) of a courtier's  
counsel and understand what [advice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVICE) shall thrust upon  
thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and  
thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When  
thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast  
none, [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) thy friends; get thee a good husband,  
and [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) him as he uses thee; so, farewell.

Exit

**HELENA**

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD) pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL).  
What [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) is it which mounts my love so [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH),  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)?  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense and do [suppose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUPPOSE)  
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove  
So show her merit, that did miss her love?  
The king's disease--my [project](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROJECT) may deceive me,  
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.

Exit

Act 1, Scene 2

Paris. The KING's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING of France, with letters, and divers Attendants

**KING**

The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune and continue  
A braving war.

**First Lord**

So 'tis reported, sir.

**KING**

Nay, 'tis most credible; we here received it  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)  
Prejudicates the business and would seem  
To have us make denial.

**First Lord**

His love and wisdom,  
Approved so to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

**KING**

He hath arm'd our [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER),  
And Florence is denied before he comes:  
Yet, for our gentlemen that [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

**Second Lord**

It well may serve  
A nursery to our [gentry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTRY), who are sick  
For [breathing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREATHING) and exploit.

**KING**

What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

**First Lord**

It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,  
Young Bertram.

**KING**

Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;  
[Frank](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRANK) nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts  
Mayst thou [inherit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INHERIT) too! Welcome to Paris.

**BERTRAM**

My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

**KING**

I would I had that [corporal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORPORAL) soundness now,  
As when thy father and myself in friendship  
First tried our soldiership! He did look [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR)  
Into the service of the time and was  
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth  
He had the [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST)  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour;  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE) or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and at this time  
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him  
He used as creatures of another place  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man  
Might be a [copy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COPY) to these younger times;  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goers [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD).

**BERTRAM**

His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;  
So in [approof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPROOF) lives not his epitaph  
As in your royal speech.

**KING**

Would I were with him! He would always say--  
Methinks I hear him now; his [plausive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PLAUSIVE) words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there and to bear,--'Let me not live,'--  
This his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out,--'Let me not live,' quoth he,  
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the [snuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SNUFF)  
Of younger spirits, whose [apprehensive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPREHENSIVE) senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions.' This he [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)'d;  
I after him do after him [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) too,  
Since I nor [wax](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAX) nor honey can [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME),  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

**Second Lord**

You are loved, sir:  
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

**KING**

I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much famed.

**BERTRAM**

Some six months since, my lord.

**KING**

If he were [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING), I would try him yet.  
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out  
With [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) applications; nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son's no dearer.

**BERTRAM**

Thank your majesty.

Exeunt. Flourish

Act 1, Scene 3

Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown

**COUNTESS**

I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

**Steward**

Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I  
[wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) might be found in the calendar of my past  
endeavours; for then we [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND) our modesty and make  
foul the clearness of our deservings, when of  
ourselves we publish them.

**COUNTESS**

What does this [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) here? Get you gone, sirrah:  
the complaints I have heard of you I do not all  
believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know  
you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability  
enough to make such knaveries yours.

**Clown**

'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

**COUNTESS**

Well, sir.

**Clown**

No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though  
many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have  
your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel  
the woman and I will do as we may.

**COUNTESS**

Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

**Clown**

I do beg your good will in this case.

**COUNTESS**

In what case?

**Clown**

In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no  
heritage: and I think I shall never have the  
blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for  
they say barnes are blessings.

**COUNTESS**

Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

**Clown**

My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on  
by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

**COUNTESS**

Is this all your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP)'s reason?

**Clown**

Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons such as they  
are.

**COUNTESS**

May the world know them?

**Clown**

I have been, madam, a [wicked](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WICKED) creature, as you and  
all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry  
that I may repent.

**COUNTESS**

Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

**Clown**

I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have  
friends for my wife's sake.

**COUNTESS**

Such friends are thine enemies, [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE).

**Clown**

You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the  
knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of.  
He that ears my land spares my team and gives me  
leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my  
drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher  
of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh  
and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my  
flesh and blood is my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND): ergo, he that kisses  
my wife is my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND). If men could be contented to  
be what they are, there were no fear in marriage;  
for young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam the  
Papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in  
religion, their heads are both one; they may jowl  
horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

**COUNTESS**

Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE)?

**Clown**

A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT)  
way:  
For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND).

**COUNTESS**

Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

**Steward**

May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to  
you: of her I am to speak.

**COUNTESS**

Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her;  
Helen, I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN).

**Clown**

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?  
[Fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND) done, done [fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND),  
Was this King Priam's joy?  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) bad if one be good,  
Among [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.

**COUNTESS**

What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

**Clown**

One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying  
o' the song: would God would serve the world so all  
the year! we'ld find no fault with the tithe-woman,  
if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we  
might have a good woman born but one every blazing  
star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the [lottery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LOTTERY)  
well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck  
one.

**COUNTESS**

You'll be gone, sir [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), and do as I command you.

**Clown**

That man should be at woman's command, and yet no  
hurt done! Though [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY) be no puritan, yet it  
will do no hurt; it will [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) the surplice of  
humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am  
going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

Exit

**COUNTESS**

Well, now.

**Steward**

I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

**COUNTESS**

Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and  
she herself, [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) other advantage, may lawfully  
make title to as much love as she finds: there is  
more owing her than is [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID); and more shall be paid  
her than she'll demand.

**Steward**

Madam, I was very late more near her than I think  
she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate  
to herself her own words to her own ears; she  
[thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT), I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) vow for her, they [touched](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCHED) not any  
[stranger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGER) sense. Her matter was, she loved your son:  
Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT)  
such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no  
god, that would not [extend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXTEND) his might, only where  
qualities were [level](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LEVEL); Dian no queen of virgins, that  
would suffer her poor knight surprised, [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT)  
rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward.  
This she delivered in the most bitter [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) of  
sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I  
held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal;  
[sithence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SITHENCE), in the loss that may happen, it concerns  
you something to know it.

**COUNTESS**

You have discharged this honestly; [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) it to  
yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this  
before, which hung so tottering in the balance that  
I could neither believe nor [misdoubt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISDOUBT). Pray you,  
leave me: stall this in your [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM); and I thank you  
for your [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) care: I will speak with you further anon.

Exit Steward

Enter HELENA

Even so it was with me when I was young:  
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;  
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;  
It is the show and [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION) is [impress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPRESS)'d in youth:  
By our remembrances of days foregone,  
Such were our faults, or then we [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) them none.  
Her [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) is sick on't: I observe her now.

**HELENA**

What is your pleasure, madam?

**COUNTESS**

You know, Helen,  
I am a mother to you.

**HELENA**

Mine honourable [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS).

**COUNTESS**

Nay, a mother:  
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'  
Methought you [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) a serpent: what's in 'mother,'  
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;  
And [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN)  
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from [foreign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOREIGN) seeds:  
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I [express](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPRESS) to you a mother's care:  
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood  
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)?  
Why? that you are my daughter?

**HELENA**

That I am not.

**COUNTESS**

I say, I am your mother.

**HELENA**

Pardon, madam;  
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:  
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;  
No note upon my parents, his all noble:  
My master, my dear lord he is; and I  
His servant live, and will his vassal die:  
He must not be my brother.

**COUNTESS**

Nor I your mother?

**HELENA**

You are my mother, madam; would you were,--  
So that my lord your son were not my brother,--  
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,  
I care no more for than I do for heaven,  
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,  
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

**COUNTESS**

Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:  
God shield you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) it not! daughter and mother  
So strive upon your pulse. What, [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) again?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see  
The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
Your [salt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SALT) tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross  
You love my son; [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION) is ashamed,  
Against the proclamation of thy [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION),  
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look thy cheeks  
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes  
See it so [grossly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GROSSLY) shown in thy behaviors  
That in their [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) they speak it: only sin  
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?  
If it be so, you have [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND) a goodly clew;  
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,  
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
Tell me truly.

**HELENA**

Good madam, pardon me!

**COUNTESS**

Do you love my son?

**HELENA**

Your pardon, noble [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)!

**COUNTESS**

Love you my son?

**HELENA**

Do not you love him, madam?

**COUNTESS**

Go not about; my love hath in't a [bond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOND),  
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose  
The [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) appeach'd.

**HELENA**

Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) heaven and you,  
That before you, and [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) unto [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) heaven,  
I love your son.  
My friends were poor, but [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST); so's my love:  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him  
That he is loved of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet in this [captious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAPTIOUS) and intenible sieve  
I still pour in the waters of my love  
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love  
For loving where you do: but if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites a [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) youth,  
Did ever in so true a flame of [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING)  
[Wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) chastely and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love: O, then, give pity  
To her, whose [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) is such that cannot choose  
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that her [search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH) implies,  
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

**COUNTESS**

Had you not lately an intent,--speak truly,--  
To go to Paris?

**HELENA**

Madam, I had.

**COUNTESS**

Wherefore? tell true.

**HELENA**

I will tell truth; by grace itself I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR).  
You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience had collected  
For [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,  
As notes whose faculties inclusive were  
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy, approved, set down,  
To cure the [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) languishings whereof  
The king is [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER)'d lost.

**COUNTESS**

This was your [motive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTIVE)  
For Paris, was it? speak.

**HELENA**

My lord your son made me to think of this;  
Else Paris and the [medicine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEDICINE) and the king  
Had from the conversation of my thoughts  
Haply been absent then.

**COUNTESS**

But think you, Helen,  
If you should [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) your [supposed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUPPOSED) aid,  
He would receive it? he and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help: how shall they [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT)  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) to itself?

**HELENA**

There's something in't,  
More than my father's [skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL), which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good [receipt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECEIPT)  
Shall for my legacy be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour  
But give me leave to try [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS), I'ld venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure  
By such a day and hour.

**COUNTESS**

Dost thou believe't?

**HELENA**

Ay, madam, knowingly.

**COUNTESS**

Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,  
Means and attendants and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME)  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:  
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 1

Paris. The KING's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, and PAROLLES

**KING**

Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:  
Share the [advice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVICE) betwixt you; if both gain, all  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,  
And is enough for both.

**First Lord**

'Tis our hope, sir,  
After well enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

**KING**

No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,--  
Those bated that [inherit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INHERIT) but the fall  
Of the last monarchy,--see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) you loud: I say, farewell.

**Second Lord**

Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

**KING**

Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:  
They say, our French lack language to [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY),  
If they demand: beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.

**Both**

Our hearts receive your warnings.

**KING**

Farewell. Come hither to me.

Exit, attended

**First Lord**

O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

**PAROLLES**

'Tis not his fault, the spark.

**Second Lord**

O, 'tis [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) wars!

**PAROLLES**

Most admirable: I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) those wars.

**BERTRAM**

I am commanded here, and kept a [coil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COIL) with  
'Too young' and 'the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) year' and ''tis too early.'

**PAROLLES**

An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

**BERTRAM**

I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn  
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

**First Lord**

There's honour in the theft.

**PAROLLES**

Commit it, count.

**Second Lord**

I am your accessary; and so, farewell.

**BERTRAM**

I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

**First Lord**

Farewell, captain.

**Second Lord**

Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

**PAROLLES**

Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good  
sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall  
find in the [regiment](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REGIMENT) of the Spinii one Captain  
Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here  
on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword  
entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his  
reports for me.

**First Lord**

We shall, noble captain.

Exeunt Lords

**PAROLLES**

Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

**BERTRAM**

Stay: the king.

Re-enter KING. BERTRAM and PAROLLES retire

**PAROLLES**

[To BERTRAM] [Use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) a more spacious [ceremony](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEREMONY) to the  
noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the  
[list](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIST) of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to  
them: for they [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) themselves in the cap of the  
time, there do muster true [gait](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAIT), eat, speak, and  
move under the influence of the most received star;  
and though the devil lead the [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE), such are to  
be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

**BERTRAM**

And I will do so.

**PAROLLES**

Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES

Enter LAFEU

**LAFEU**

[Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

**KING**

I'll fee thee to stand up.

**LAFEU**

Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.  
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) me mercy,  
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

**KING**

I would I had; so I had [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) thy pate,  
And [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK)'d thee mercy for't.

**LAFEU**

Good faith, across: but, my good lord 'tis thus;  
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

**KING**

No.

**LAFEU**

O, will you eat no grapes, my royal [fox](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOX)?  
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if  
My royal [fox](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOX) could reach them: I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) a [medicine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEDICINE)  
That's [able](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABLE) to [breathe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREATHE) life into a stone,  
[Quicken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICKEN) a rock, and make you dance [canary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CANARY)  
With spritely fire and [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION); whose simple [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH),  
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,  
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,  
And write to her a love-line.

**KING**

What 'her' is this?

**LAFEU**

Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one arrived,  
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may [convey](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVEY) my thoughts  
In this my [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) deliverance, I have spoke  
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,  
Wisdom and [constancy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANCY), hath amazed me more  
Than I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) blame my weakness: will you see her  
For that is her demand, and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

**KING**

Now, good Lafeu,  
[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) in the admiration; that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
By wondering how thou took'st it.

**LAFEU**

Nay, I'll [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) you,  
And not be all day neither.

Exit

**KING**

Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA

**LAFEU**

Nay, come your ways.

**KING**

This haste hath wings indeed.

**LAFEU**

Nay, come your ways:  
This is his majesty; say your mind to him:  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,  
That [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) leave two together; fare you well.

Exit

**KING**

Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

**HELENA**

Ay, my good lord.  
Gerard de Narbon was my father;  
In what he did profess, well found.

**KING**

I knew him.

**HELENA**

The rather will I spare my praises [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) him:  
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me: chiefly one.  
Which, as the dearest issue of his [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE),  
And of his old experience the oily darling,  
He bade me store up, as a [triple](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRIPLE) [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so;  
And hearing your [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) majesty is [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH)'d  
With that malignant cause wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER),  
I come to [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) it and my appliance  
With all bound humbleness.

**KING**

We thank you, maiden;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned doctors leave us and  
The congregated college have concluded  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not  
So [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN) our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empirics, or to dissever so  
Our great self and our [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT), to esteem  
A senseless help when help past sense we [deem](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEEM).

**HELENA**

My duty then shall [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) me for my pains:  
I will no more enforce mine [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) on you.  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back a again.

**KING**

I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:  
Thou [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT)'st to help me; and such thanks I give  
As one near death to those that [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) him live:  
But what at [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) I know, thou know'st no part,  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

**HELENA**

What I can do can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.  
He that of greatest works is finisher  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown  
From simple sources, and great seas have dried  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.  
Oft expectation fails and most oft there  
Where most it promises, and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

**KING**

I must not hear thee; fare thee well, [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) maid;  
Thy pains not used must by thyself be [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID):  
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

**HELENA**

Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:  
It is not so with Him that all things knows  
As 'tis with us that [square](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SQUARE) our guess by shows;  
But most it is presumption in us when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;  
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor that proclaim  
Myself against the [level](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LEVEL) of mine [aim](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AIM);  
But know I think and think I know most sure  
My art is not past [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) nor you past cure.

**KING**

Are thou so confident? within what space  
Hopest thou my cure?

**HELENA**

The great'st grace lending grace  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING)  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath [quench](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUENCH)'d his sleepy lamp,  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS),  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

**KING**

Upon thy certainty and confidence  
What darest thou venture?

**HELENA**

Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness, a [divulged](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIVULGED) [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)  
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name  
[Sear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAR)'d otherwise; nay, worse--if worse--extended  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

**KING**

Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak  
His powerful sound within an organ weak:  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear; for all that life can [rate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RATE)  
[Worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) name of life in thee hath estimate,  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
That happiness and [prime](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIME) can happy call:  
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate  
[Skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL) [infinite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INFINITE) or monstrous [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE).  
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
That ministers thine own death if I die.

**HELENA**

If I break time, or flinch in [property](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROPERTY)  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,  
And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

**KING**

Make thy demand.

**HELENA**

But will you make it even?

**KING**

Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

**HELENA**

Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand  
What husband in thy [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) I will command:  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,  
My low and humble name to [propagate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROPAGATE)  
With any branch or [image](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMAGE) of thy [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE);  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK), thee to bestow.

**KING**

Here is my hand; the premises observed,  
Thy will by my performance shall be served:  
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,  
Thy resolved [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT), on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must,  
Though more to know could not be more to trust,  
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest  
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.  
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed  
As [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) as word, my deed shall [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH) thy [meed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEED).

Flourish. Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 2

Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown

**COUNTESS**

Come on, sir; I shall now [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) you to the height of  
your breeding.

**Clown**

I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I  
know my business is but to the court.

**COUNTESS**

To the court! why, what place make you special,  
when you [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) off that with such contempt? But to the court!

**Clown**

Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he  
may easily [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it off at court: he that cannot make  
a leg, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing,  
has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed  
such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the  
court; but for me, I have an [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) will serve all  
men.

**COUNTESS**

Marry, that's a bountiful [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) that fits all  
questions.

**Clown**

It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks,  
the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn  
buttock, or any buttock.

**COUNTESS**

Will your [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) serve [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) to all questions?

**Clown**

As [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) as ten groats is for the hand of an [attorney](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTORNEY),  
as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's  
[rush](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RUSH) for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove  
Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his  
hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen  
to a wrangling [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), as the nun's lip to the  
friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

**COUNTESS**

Have you, I say, an [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) of such fitness for all  
questions?

**Clown**

From below your duke to beneath your constable, it  
will [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) any question.

**COUNTESS**

It must be an [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) of most monstrous size that  
must [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) all demands.

**Clown**

But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned  
should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that  
belongs to't. [Ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) me if I am a courtier: it shall  
do you no harm to learn.

**COUNTESS**

To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in  
question, hoping to be the wiser by your [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER). I  
pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

**Clown**

O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off. More,  
more, a hundred of them.

**COUNTESS**

Sir, I am a poor [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) of yours, that loves you.

**Clown**

O Lord, sir! [Thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK), [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK), spare not me.

**COUNTESS**

I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

**Clown**

O Lord, sir! Nay, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) me to't, I warrant you.

**COUNTESS**

You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

**Clown**

O Lord, sir! spare not me.

**COUNTESS**

Do you [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY), 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and  
'spare not me?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very  
sequent to your whipping: you would [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) very well  
to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

**Clown**

I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord,  
sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

**COUNTESS**

I play the noble housewife with the time  
To [entertain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAIN)'t so merrily with a fool.

**Clown**

O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well again.

**COUNTESS**

An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this,  
And urge her to a present [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) back:  
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:  
This is not much.

**Clown**

Not much commendation to them.

**COUNTESS**

Not much employment for you: you understand me?

**Clown**

Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

**COUNTESS**

Haste you again.

Exeunt severally

Act 2, Scene 3

Paris. The KING's palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

**LAFEU**

They say miracles are past; and we have our  
philosophical persons, to make [modern](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MODERN) and [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR),  
things supernatural and causeless. [Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) is it that  
we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves  
into [seeming](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEMING) knowledge, when we should submit  
ourselves to an unknown fear.

**PAROLLES**

Why, 'tis the rarest [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) of wonder that hath  
[shot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOT) out in our latter times.

**BERTRAM**

And so 'tis.

**LAFEU**

To be relinquish'd of the artists,--

**PAROLLES**

So I say.

**LAFEU**

Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

**PAROLLES**

So I say.

**LAFEU**

Of all the learned and [authentic](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AUTHENTIC) fellows,--

**PAROLLES**

Right; so I say.

**LAFEU**

That gave him out incurable,--

**PAROLLES**

Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

**LAFEU**

Not to be helped,--

**PAROLLES**

Right; as 'twere, a man [assured](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASSURED) of a--

**LAFEU**

Uncertain life, and sure death.

**PAROLLES**

Just, you say well; so would I have said.

**LAFEU**

I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

**PAROLLES**

It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you  
shall read it in--what do you call there?

**LAFEU**

A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

**PAROLLES**

That's it; I would have said the very same.

**LAFEU**

Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me,  
I speak in respect--

**PAROLLES**

Nay, 'tis [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE), 'tis very strange, that is the  
brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most  
facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the--

**LAFEU**

Very hand of heaven.

**PAROLLES**

Ay, so I say.

**LAFEU**

In a most weak--

pausing

and debile minister, great [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER), great  
transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a  
further [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) to be made than alone the recovery of  
the king, as to be--

pausing

generally thankful.

**PAROLLES**

I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants. LAFEU and PAROLLES retire

**LAFEU**

[Lustig](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LUSTIG), as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the  
better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's  
[able](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABLE) to lead her a [coranto](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORANTO).

**PAROLLES**

[Mort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORT) du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

**LAFEU**

'Fore God, I think so.

**KING**

Go, call before me all the lords in court.  
Sit, my preserver, by thy [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT)'s side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast [repeal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REPEAL)'d, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promised gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords

Fair maid, send forth thine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE): this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) and father's voice  
I have to [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE): thy [frank](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRANK) election make;  
Thou hast [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to choose, and they none to forsake.

**HELENA**

To each of you one fair and [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)  
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!

**LAFEU**

I'ld give [bay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BAY) [Curtal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CURTAL) and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were [broken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKEN) than these boys',  
And [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) as [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) beard.

**KING**

Peruse them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.

**HELENA**

Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

**All**

We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

**HELENA**

I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
That I protest I simply am a maid.  
Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,  
Let the [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) death sit on thy cheek for ever;  
We'll ne'er come there again.'

**KING**

Make choice; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

**HELENA**

Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,  
And to imperial Love, that god most [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH),  
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

**First Lord**

And grant it.

**HELENA**

Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

**LAFEU**

I had rather be in this choice than throw [ames-ace](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AMES-ACE)  
for my life.

**HELENA**

The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

**Second Lord**

No better, if you please.

**HELENA**

My [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) receive,  
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

**LAFEU**

Do all they [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) her? An they were sons of mine,  
I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the  
Turk, to make eunuchs of.

**HELENA**

Be not afraid that I your hand should take;  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

**LAFEU**

These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her:  
sure, they are bastards to the English; the French  
ne'er got 'em.

**HELENA**

You are too young, too happy, and too good,  
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

**Fourth Lord**

Fair one, I think not so.

**LAFEU**

There's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk  
wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth  
of fourteen; I have known thee already.

**HELENA**

[To BERTRAM] I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not say I take you; but I give  
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER). This is the man.

**KING**

Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

**BERTRAM**

My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,  
In such a business give me leave to [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE)  
The help of mine own eyes.

**KING**

Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

**BERTRAM**

Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

**KING**

Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

**BERTRAM**

But follows it, my lord, to [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me down  
Must [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) for your raising? I know her well:  
She had her breeding at my father's charge.  
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever!

**KING**

'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which  
I can build up. [Strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) is it that our bloods,  
Of [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR), weight, and [heat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HEAT), pour'd all together,  
Would quite [confound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONFOUND) distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS), save what thou dislikest,  
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest  
Of [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) for the name: but do not so:  
From lowest place when [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell's, and [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) none,  
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone  
Is good [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a name. Vileness is so:  
The [property](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROPERTY) by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
In these to nature she's immediate heir,  
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,  
Which challenges itself as honour's born  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE)  
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE)  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
Where dust and [damn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAMN)'d oblivion is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can [create](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREATE) the rest: [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) and she  
Is her own dower; honour and [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH) from me.

**BERTRAM**

I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

**KING**

Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

**HELENA**

That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad:  
Let the rest go.

**KING**

My honour's at the stake; which to [defeat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEAT),  
I must produce my [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER). Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;  
That dost in vile [misprision](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISPRISION) shackle up  
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,  
We, poising us in her defective [scale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCALE),  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour where  
We please to have it grow. [Cheque](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEQUE) thy contempt:  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) claims;  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
Into the [staggers](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAGGERS) and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate  
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) all terms of pity. Speak; thine [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER).

**BERTRAM**

Pardon, my [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider  
What great creation and what [dole](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DOLE) of honour  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE), is now  
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,  
Is as 'twere born so.

**KING**

Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate  
A balance more replete.

**BERTRAM**

I take her hand.

**KING**

Good fortune and the [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) of the king  
Smile upon this contract; whose [ceremony](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEREMONY)  
Shall seem [expedient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPEDIENT) on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast  
Shall more [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,  
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

Exeunt all but LAFEU and PAROLLES

**LAFEU**

[Advancing] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

**PAROLLES**

Your pleasure, sir?

**LAFEU**

Your lord and master did well to make his  
recantation.

**PAROLLES**

Recantation! My lord! my master!

**LAFEU**

Ay; is it not a language I speak?

**PAROLLES**

A most harsh one, and not to be understood [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT)  
bloody succeeding. My master!

**LAFEU**

Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

**PAROLLES**

To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

**LAFEU**

To what is count's man: count's master is of  
another style.

**PAROLLES**

You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

**LAFEU**

I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which  
title age cannot [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) thee.

**PAROLLES**

What I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) too well do, I dare not do.

**LAFEU**

I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty  
wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy  
travel; it might [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS): yet the scarfs and the  
bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from  
believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I  
have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care  
not: yet art thou good for nothing but [taking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TAKING) up; and  
that thou't scarce [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH).

**PAROLLES**

Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,--

**LAFEU**

Do not plunge thyself too [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) in anger, lest thou  
hasten thy trial; which if--Lord have mercy on thee  
for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee  
well: thy casement I need not [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN), for I look  
through thee. Give me thy hand.

**PAROLLES**

My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

**LAFEU**

Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

**PAROLLES**

I have not, my lord, deserved it.

**LAFEU**

Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not  
[bate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATE) thee a scruple.

**PAROLLES**

Well, I shall be wiser.

**LAFEU**

Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at  
a smack o' the [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY). If ever thou be'st bound  
in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is  
to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold  
my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge,  
that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

**PAROLLES**

My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

**LAFEU**

I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor  
doing eternal: for doing I am past: as I will by  
thee, in what [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) age will give me leave.

Exit

**PAROLLES**

Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off  
me; [scurvy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCURVY), old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must  
be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT); there is no fettering of authority.  
I'll [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) him, by my life, if I can meet him with  
any convenience, an he were double and double a  
lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I  
would of--I'll [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU

**LAFEU**

Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news  
for you: you have a new [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS).

**PAROLLES**

I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make  
some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good  
lord: whom I serve above is my master.

**LAFEU**

Who? God?

**PAROLLES**

Ay, sir.

**LAFEU**

The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou  
garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of  
sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set  
thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine  
honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'ld [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT)  
thee: methinks, thou art a [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) offence, and  
every man should [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) thee: I think thou wast  
created for men to [breathe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREATHE) themselves upon thee.

**PAROLLES**

This is hard and undeserved [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE), my lord.

**LAFEU**

Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for [picking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PICKING) a  
kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and  
no true traveller: you are more [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) with lords  
and honourable personages than the commission of your  
birth and [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) gives you heraldry. You are not  
[worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) another word, else I'ld call you [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE). I leave you.

Exit

**PAROLLES**

Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good;  
let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM

**BERTRAM**

Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

**PAROLLES**

What's the matter, sweet-heart?

**BERTRAM**

Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,  
I will not bed her.

**PAROLLES**

What, what, sweet-heart?

**BERTRAM**

O my Parolles, they have married me!  
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

**PAROLLES**

France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

**BERTRAM**

There's letters from my mother: what the import is,  
I know not yet.

**PAROLLES**

Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!  
He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME),  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions  
France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;  
Therefore, to the war!

**BERTRAM**

It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak; his present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

**PAROLLES**

Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

**BERTRAM**

Go with me to my [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER), and [advise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISE) me.  
I'll send her [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) away: to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) sorrow.

**PAROLLES**

Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard:  
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:  
The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 4

Paris. The KING's palace.

Enter HELENA and Clown

**HELENA**

My mother greets me [kindly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KINDLY); is she well?

**Clown**

She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's  
very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be  
given, she's very well and wants nothing i', the  
world; but yet she is not well.

**HELENA**

If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's  
not very well?

**Clown**

Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

**HELENA**

What two things?

**Clown**

One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her  
quickly! the other that she's in earth, from whence  
God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES

**PAROLLES**

Bless you, my fortunate lady!

**HELENA**

I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own  
good fortunes.

**PAROLLES**

You had my prayers to lead them on; and to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) them  
on, have them still. O, my [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), how does my old lady?

**Clown**

So that you had her wrinkles and I her money,  
I would she did as you say.

**PAROLLES**

Why, I say nothing.

**Clown**

Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's  
tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say  
nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have  
nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which  
is within a very [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) of nothing.

**PAROLLES**

Away! thou'rt a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE).

**Clown**

You should have said, sir, before a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) thou'rt a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE); that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had  
been truth, sir.

**PAROLLES**

Go to, thou art a [witty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITTY) fool; I have found thee.

**Clown**

Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you  
taught to find me? The [search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH), sir, was profitable;  
and much fool may you find in you, even to the  
world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

**PAROLLES**

A good [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), i' faith, and well fed.  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;  
A very serious business calls on him.  
The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;  
Whose want, and whose [delay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DELAY), is strew'd with sweets,  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy  
And pleasure drown the brim.

**HELENA**

What's his will else?

**PAROLLES**

That you will take your instant leave o' the king  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.

**HELENA**

What more commands he?

**PAROLLES**

That, [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) this obtain'd, you presently  
[Attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) his further pleasure.

**HELENA**

In every thing I wait upon his will.

**PAROLLES**

I shall report it so.

**HELENA**

I pray you.

Exit PAROLLES

Come, sirrah.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 5

Paris. The KING's palace.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM

**LAFEU**

But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

**BERTRAM**

Yes, my lord, and of very valiant [approof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPROOF).

**LAFEU**

You have it from his own deliverance.

**BERTRAM**

And by other warranted testimony.

**LAFEU**

Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

**BERTRAM**

I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in  
knowledge and accordingly valiant.

**LAFEU**

I have then sinned against his experience and  
transgressed against his valour; and my [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) that  
way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my  
heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make  
us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES

**PAROLLES**

[To BERTRAM] These things shall be done, sir.

**LAFEU**

Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

**PAROLLES**

Sir?

**LAFEU**

O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good  
workman, a very good tailor.

**BERTRAM**

[Aside to PAROLLES] Is she gone to the king?

**PAROLLES**

She is.

**BERTRAM**

Will she away to-night?

**PAROLLES**

As you'll have her.

**BERTRAM**

I have [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER) for our horses; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
End ere I do begin.

**LAFEU**

A good traveller is something at the latter end of a  
dinner; but one that lies three thirds and uses a  
known truth to [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) a thousand nothings with, should  
be [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

**BERTRAM**

Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

**PAROLLES**

I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's  
displeasure.

**LAFEU**

You have made shift to run into 't, [boots](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOTS) and [spurs](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPURS)  
and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and  
out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer  
question for your residence.

**BERTRAM**

It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

**LAFEU**

And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's  
prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this  
of me, there can be no kernel in this [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) nut; the  
soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in  
matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them  
tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur:  
I have spoken better of you than you have or will to  
deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

Exit

**PAROLLES**

An idle lord. I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR).

**BERTRAM**

I think so.

**PAROLLES**

Why, do you not know him?

**BERTRAM**

Yes, I do know him well, and common speech  
Gives him a worthy [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS). Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA

**HELENA**

I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,  
Spoke with the king and have procured his leave  
For present parting; only he desires  
Some private speech with you.

**BERTRAM**

I shall obey his will.  
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
Which holds not [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR) with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE)  
On my particular. Prepared I was not  
For such a business; therefore am I found  
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you  
That presently you take our way for [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME);  
And rather muse than [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) why I entreat you,  
For my respects are better than they seem  
And my appointments have in them a need  
Greater than shows itself at the first view  
To you that know them not. This to my mother:

Giving a letter

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

**HELENA**

Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

**BERTRAM**

Come, come, no more of that.

**HELENA**

And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that  
Wherein [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

**BERTRAM**

Let that go:  
My haste is very great: farewell; hie [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME).

**HELENA**

Pray, sir, your pardon.

**BERTRAM**

Well, what would you say?

**HELENA**

I am not worthy of the [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH) I [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE),  
Nor [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;  
But, like a timorous thief, most [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

**BERTRAM**

What would you have?

**HELENA**

Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.  
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:  
Faith yes;  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

**BERTRAM**

I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

**HELENA**

I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

**BERTRAM**

Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell.

Exit HELENA

Go thou [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME); where I will never come  
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.  
Away, and for our [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT).

**PAROLLES**

Bravely, [coragio](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORAGIO)!

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 1

Florence. The DUKE's palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence attended; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.DUKE So that from point to point now have you heard The fundamental reasons of this war, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth And more thirsts after.First Lord Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer.DUKE Therefore we marvel much our cousin France Would in so just a business shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.Second Lord Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield, But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of a council frames By self-unable motion: therefore dare not Say what I think of it, since I have found Myself in my incertain grounds to fail As often as I guess'd.DUKE Be it his pleasure.First Lord But I am sure the younger of our nature, That surfeit on their ease, will day by day Come here for physic.DUKE Welcome shall they be; And all the honours that can fly from us Shall on them settle. You know your places well; When better fall, for your avails they fell: To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 2

Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown

**COUNTESS**

It hath happened all as I would have had it, save  
that he comes not along with her.

**Clown**

By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very  
melancholy man.

**COUNTESS**

By what observance, I pray you?

**Clown**

Why, he will look upon his [boot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOT) and sing; mend the  
ruff and sing; [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) questions and sing; [pick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PICK) his  
teeth and sing. I know a man that had this [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK) of  
melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

**COUNTESS**

Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Opening a letter

**Clown**

I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our  
old ling and our Isbels o' the [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) are nothing  
like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court:  
the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to  
love, as an old man loves money, with no [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH).

**COUNTESS**

What have we here?

**Clown**

E'en that you have there.

Exit

**COUNTESS**

[Reads] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath  
recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded  
her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not'  
eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it  
before the report come. If there be breadth enough  
in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty  
to you. Your unfortunate son,  
BERTRAM.  
This is not well, [rash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RASH) and unbridled boy.  
To fly the favours of so good a king;  
To pluck his indignation on thy head  
By the misprising of a maid too [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS)  
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown

**Clown**

O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two  
soldiers and my young lady!

**COUNTESS**

What is the matter?

**Clown**

Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some  
comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I  
[thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) he would.

**COUNTESS**

Why should he be killed?

**Clown**

So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does:  
the [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) is in standing to't; that's the loss of  
men, though it be the getting of children. Here  
they come will tell you more: for my part, I only  
hear your son was run away.

Exit

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen

**First Gentleman**

Save you, good madam.

**HELENA**

Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

**Second Gentleman**

Do not say so.

**COUNTESS**

Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,  
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I pray you?

**Second Gentleman**

Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:  
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,  
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

**HELENA**

Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

Reads

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which  
never shall come off, and show me a child begotten  
of thy body that I am father to, then call me  
husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'  
This is a dreadful sentence.

**COUNTESS**

Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

**First Gentleman**

Ay, madam;  
And for the contents' sake are [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for our pain.

**COUNTESS**

I prithee, lady, have a better [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER);  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robb'st me of a [moiety](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOIETY): he was my son;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child. [Towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) Florence is he?

**Second Gentleman**

Ay, madam.

**COUNTESS**

And to be a soldier?

**Second Gentleman**

Such is his noble purpose; and believe 't,  
The duke will [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

**COUNTESS**

Return you thither?

**First Gentleman**

Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED).

**HELENA**

[Reads] Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.  
'Tis bitter.

**COUNTESS**

Find you that there?

**HELENA**

Ay, madam.

**First Gentleman**

'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his  
heart was not consenting to.

**COUNTESS**

Nothing in France, until he have no wife!  
There's nothing here that is too good for him  
But only she; and she deserves a lord  
That twenty such rude boys might [tend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEND) upon  
And call her hourly [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS). Who was with him?

**First Gentleman**

A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have sometime known.

**COUNTESS**

Parolles, was it not?

**First Gentleman**

Ay, my good lady, he.

**COUNTESS**

A very tainted fellow, and [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of wickedness.  
My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

**First Gentleman**

Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that too much,  
Which holds him much to have.

**COUNTESS**

You're welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you  
Written to bear along.

**Second Gentleman**

We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

**COUNTESS**

Not so, but as we change our courtesies.  
Will you draw near!

Exeunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen

**HELENA**

'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'  
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!  
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;  
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
That chase thee from thy [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) and expose  
Those [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I  
That [drive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRIVE) thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast [shot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOT) at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) of fire,  
Fly with [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) [aim](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AIM); move the still-peering air,  
That sings with piercing; do not [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) my lord.  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST),  
I am the [caitiff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAITIFF) that do hold him to't;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected: better 'twere  
I met the [ravin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAVIN) lion when he roar'd  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE). No, come thou [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME), Rousillon,  
Whence honour but of [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;  
My being here it is that holds thee [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE):  
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house  
And angels officed all: I will be gone,  
That pitiful rumour may report my [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT),  
To consolate thine [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR). Come, night; end, day!  
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

Exit

Act 3, Scene 3

Florence. Before the DUKE's palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets

**DUKE**

The [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) of our horse thou art; and we,  
Great in our hope, [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

**BERTRAM**

Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

**DUKE**

Then go thou forth;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous [helm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HELM),  
As thy auspicious [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)!

**BERTRAM**

This very day,  
Great Mars, I [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) myself into thy [file](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FILE):  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 4

Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Steward

**COUNTESS**

Alas! and would you take the letter of her?  
Might you not know she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

**Steward**

[Reads]  
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:  
Bless him at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) in peace, whilst I from [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR)  
His name with zealous fervor sanctify:  
His taken labours bid him me forgive;  
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
Where death and [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) dogs the heels of [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH):  
He is too good and fair for death and me:  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

**COUNTESS**

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!  
Rinaldo, you did never lack [advice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVICE) so much,  
As letting her [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) so: had I spoke with her,  
I could have well [diverted](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIVERTED) her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

**Steward**

Pardon me, madam:  
If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

**COUNTESS**

What [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL) shall  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear  
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
Let every word weigh heavy of her [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH)  
That he does weigh too [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT): my greatest grief.  
Though [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:  
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return; and hope I may that she,  
Hearing so much, will [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love: which of them both  
Is dearest to me. I have no [skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL) in sense  
To make distinction: provide this messenger:  
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 5

Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens

**Widow**

Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we  
shall lose all the [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT).

**DIANA**

They say the French count has done most honourable service.

**Widow**

It is reported that he has taken their greatest  
commander; and that with his own hand he slew the  
duke's brother.

Tucket

We have lost our labour; they are gone a [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY)  
way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

**MARIANA**

Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with  
the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this  
French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and  
no legacy is so rich as [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY).

**Widow**

I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited  
by a gentleman his companion.

**MARIANA**

I know that [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE); hang him! one Parolles: a  
filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the  
young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises,  
enticements, oaths, [tokens](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOKENS), and all these engines of  
lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid  
hath been seduced by them; and the [misery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISERY) is,  
example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of  
maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession,  
but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten  
them. I hope I need not to [advise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISE) you further; but  
I hope your own grace will [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) you where you are,  
though there were no further [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) known but the  
modesty which is so lost.

**DIANA**

You shall not need to fear me.

**Widow**

I hope so.

Enter HELENA, disguised like a Pilgrim

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at  
my house; thither they send one another: I'll  
question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

**HELENA**

To Saint Jaques le Grand.  
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

**Widow**

At the Saint Francis here beside the [port](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PORT).

**HELENA**

Is this the way?

**Widow**

Ay, marry, is't.

A march afar

Hark you! they come this way.  
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  
But till the troops come by,  
I will [conduct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDUCT) you where you shall be lodged;  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

**HELENA**

Is it yourself?

**Widow**

If you shall please so, pilgrim.

**HELENA**

I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

**Widow**

You came, I think, from France?

**HELENA**

I did so.

**Widow**

Here you shall see a countryman of yours  
That has done worthy service.

**HELENA**

His name, I pray you.

**DIANA**

The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

**HELENA**

But by the [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR), that hears most nobly of him:  
His face I know not.

**DIANA**

Whatsome'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him  
Against his [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING): think you it is so?

**HELENA**

Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

**DIANA**

There is a gentleman that serves the count  
Reports but coarsely of her.

**HELENA**

What's his name?

**DIANA**

Monsieur Parolles.

**HELENA**

O, I believe with him,  
In [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) of praise, or to the [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH)  
Of the great count himself, she is too [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)  
To have her name repeated: all her deserving  
Is a reserved [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY), and that  
I have not heard examined.

**DIANA**

Alas, poor lady!  
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

**Widow**

I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs [sadly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADLY): this young maid might do her  
A [shrewd](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHREWD) [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN), if she pleased.

**HELENA**

How do you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)?  
May be the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

**Widow**

He does indeed;  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) honour of a maid:  
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her [guard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GUARD)  
In honestest [defence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFENCE).

**MARIANA**

The gods [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) else!

**Widow**

So, now they come:

Drum and Colours

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole army

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;  
That, Escalus.

**HELENA**

Which is the Frenchman?

**DIANA**

He;  
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.  
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester  
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?

**HELENA**

I like him well.

**DIANA**

'Tis pity he is not [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST): [yond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YOND)'s that same [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE)  
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,  
I would Poison that vile [rascal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RASCAL).

**HELENA**

Which is he?

**DIANA**

That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

**HELENA**

Perchance he's hurt i' the [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE).

**PAROLLES**

Lose our drum! well.

**MARIANA**

He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

**Widow**

Marry, hang you!

**MARIANA**

And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and army

**Widow**

The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) you  
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents  
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

**HELENA**

I humbly thank you:  
Please it this matron and this [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) maid  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin  
Worthy the note.

**BOTH**

We'll take your offer [kindly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KINDLY).

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 6

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords

**Second Lord**

Nay, good my lord, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) him to't; let him have his  
way.

**First Lord**

If your lordship find him not a [hilding](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HILDING), hold me no  
more in your [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT).

**Second Lord**

On my life, my lord, a bubble.

**BERTRAM**

Do you think I am so [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) deceived in him?

**Second Lord**

Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge,  
[without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) any malice, but to speak of him as my  
kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an [infinite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INFINITE) and  
endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner  
of no one good [quality](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUALITY) worthy your lordship's  
[entertainment](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAINMENT).

**First Lord**

It were [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) you knew him; lest, reposing too [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) in  
his [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE), which he hath not, he might at some  
great and trusty business in a main [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) fail you.

**BERTRAM**

I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

**First Lord**

None better than to let him fetch off his drum,  
which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

**Second Lord**

I, with a troop of Florentines, will [suddenly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDENLY)  
[surprise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SURPRISE) him; such I will have, whom I am sure he  
knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink  
him so, that he shall [suppose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUPPOSE) no other but that he  
is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when  
we [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him to our own tents. Be but your lordship  
present at his examination: if he do not, for the  
promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of  
[base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the  
intelligence in his [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) against you, and that with  
the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never  
trust my judgment in any thing.

**First Lord**

O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum;  
he says he has a stratagem for't: when your  
lordship sees the bottom of his [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS) in't, and to  
what metal this [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT) lump of ore will be  
melted, if you give him not John Drum's  
[entertainment](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAINMENT), your [inclining](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INCLINING) cannot be [removed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMOVED).  
Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES

**Second Lord**

[Aside to BERTRAM] O, for the love of laughter,  
hinder not the honour of his [design](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESIGN): let him fetch  
off his drum in any hand.

**BERTRAM**

How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your  
[disposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSITION).

**First Lord**

A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

**PAROLLES**

'But a drum'! is't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost!  
There was excellent command,--to charge in with our  
horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

**First Lord**

That was not to be blamed in the command of the  
service: it was a disaster of war that Caesar  
himself could not have prevented, if he had been  
there to command.

**BERTRAM**

Well, we cannot greatly condemn our [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS): some  
dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is  
not to be recovered.

**PAROLLES**

It might have been recovered.

**BERTRAM**

It might; but it is not now.

**PAROLLES**

It is to be recovered: but that the merit of  
service is seldom attributed to the true and exact  
performer, I would have that drum or another, or  
'hic jacet.'

**BERTRAM**

Why, if you have a [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH), to't, monsieur: if you  
think your mystery in stratagem can [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) this  
instrument of honour again into his native [quarter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARTER),  
be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will  
grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you  
[speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) well in it, the duke shall both speak of it.  
and [extend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXTEND) to you what further becomes his  
greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your  
worthiness.

**PAROLLES**

By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

**BERTRAM**

But you must not now slumber in it.

**PAROLLES**

I'll about it this evening: and I will presently  
pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my  
certainty, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) myself into my [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) preparation;  
and by midnight look to hear further from me.

**BERTRAM**

May I be [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

**PAROLLES**

I know not what the [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS) will be, my lord; but  
the attempt I vow.

**BERTRAM**

I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of  
thy soldiership, will [subscribe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUBSCRIBE) for thee. Farewell.

**PAROLLES**

I love not many words.

Exit

**Second Lord**

No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a  
[strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems  
to undertake this business, which he knows is not to  
be done; damns himself to do and dares better be  
damned than to do't?

**First Lord**

You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it  
is that he will steal himself into a man's [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) and  
for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but  
when you find him out, you have him ever after.

**BERTRAM**

Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of  
this that so seriously he does [address](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDRESS) himself unto?

**Second Lord**

None in the world; but return with an [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION) and  
[clap](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLAP) upon you two or three probable lies: but we  
have almost [embossed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EMBOSSED) him; you shall see his fall  
to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT).

**First Lord**

We'll make you some sport with the [fox](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOX) ere we case  
him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu:  
when his disguise and he is [parted](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PARTED), tell me what a  
sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this  
very night.

**Second Lord**

I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

**BERTRAM**

Your brother he shall go along with me.

**Second Lord**

As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

Exit

**BERTRAM**

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

**First Lord**

But you say she's [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST).

**BERTRAM**

That's all the fault: I spoke with her but [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)  
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,  
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,  
[Tokens](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOKENS) and letters which she did re-send;  
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:  
Will you go see her?

**First Lord**

With all my heart, my lord.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 7

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter HELENA and Widow

**HELENA**

If you [misdoubt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISDOUBT) me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

**Widow**

Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;  
And would not [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) my reputation now  
In any staining act.

**HELENA**

Nor would I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,  
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken  
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

**Widow**

I should believe you:  
For you have show'd me that which well approves  
You're great in fortune.

**HELENA**

Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR),  
Which I will over-[pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) and pay again  
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,  
Lays down his wanton [siege](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIEGE) before her beauty,  
Resolved to carry her: let her in [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) consent,  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.  
Now his [important](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPORTANT) blood will nought [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY)  
That she'll demand: a ring the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds  
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

**Widow**

Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

**HELENA**

You see it lawful, then: it is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE), delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent: after this,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is passed already.

**Widow**

I have yielded:  
Instruct my daughter how she shall [persever](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERSEVER),  
That time and place with this deceit so lawful  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics of all sorts and songs composed  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists  
As if his life [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) on't.

**HELENA**

Why then to-night  
Let us [assay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASSAY) our plot; which, if it [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED),  
Is [wicked](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WICKED) meaning in a lawful deed  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful [fact](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FACT):  
But let's about it.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 1

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush

**Second Lord**

He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner.  
When you sally upon him, speak what terrible  
language you will: though you understand it not  
yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to  
understand him, unless some one among us whom we  
must produce for an interpreter.

**First Soldier**

Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

**Second Lord**

Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

**First Soldier**

No, sir, I warrant you.

**Second Lord**

But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

**First Soldier**

E'en such as you speak to me.

**Second Lord**

He must think us some band of strangers i' the  
adversary's [entertainment](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAINMENT). Now he hath a smack of  
all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every  
one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we  
speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to  
know [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) our purpose: choughs' language,  
gabble enough, and good enough. As for you,  
interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch,  
ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep,  
and then to return and [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES

**PAROLLES**

Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be  
time enough to go [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME). What shall I say I have  
done? It must be a very [plausive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PLAUSIVE) [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION) that  
carries it: they begin to smoke me; and disgraces  
have of late knocked too often at my door. I find  
my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the  
fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not  
daring the reports of my tongue.

**Second Lord**

This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue  
was guilty of.

**PAROLLES**

What the devil should move me to undertake the  
recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the  
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I  
must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in  
exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they  
will say, 'Came you off with so [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE)?' and great  
ones I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not give. Wherefore, what's the  
[instance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INSTANCE)? Tongue, I must [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) you into a  
butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of  
Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

**Second Lord**

Is it possible he should know what he is, and be  
that he is?

**PAROLLES**

I would the cutting of my garments would serve the  
[turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN), or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

**Second Lord**

We cannot afford you so.

**PAROLLES**

Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in  
stratagem.

**Second Lord**

'Twould not do.

**PAROLLES**

Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

**Second Lord**

Hardly serve.

**PAROLLES**

Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel.

**Second Lord**

How deep?

**PAROLLES**

Thirty fathom.

**Second Lord**

Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

**PAROLLES**

I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)  
I recovered it.

**Second Lord**

You shall hear one anon.

**PAROLLES**

A drum now of the enemy's,--

Alarum within

**Second Lord**

Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

**All**

Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

**PAROLLES**

O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

They seize and blindfold him

**First Soldier**

Boskos thromuldo boskos.

**PAROLLES**

I know you are the Muskos' [regiment](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REGIMENT):  
And I shall lose my life for want of language;  
If there be here [German](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GERMAN), or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll  
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

**First Soldier**

Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak  
thy tongue. Kerely bonto, sir, betake thee to thy  
faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM).

**PAROLLES**

O!

**First Soldier**

O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.

**Second Lord**

Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

**First Soldier**

The [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) is content to spare thee yet;  
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform  
Something to save thy life.

**PAROLLES**

O, let me live!  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE), their purposes; nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

**First Soldier**

But wilt thou faithfully?

**PAROLLES**

If I do not, [damn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAMN) me.

**First Soldier**

Acordo linta.  
Come on; thou art granted space.

Exit, with PAROLLES guarded. A short alarum within

**Second Lord**

Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,  
We have caught the [woodcock](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOODCOCK), and will [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) him muffled  
Till we do hear from them.

**Second Soldier**

Captain, I will.

**Second Lord**

A' will betray us all unto ourselves:  
Inform on that.

**Second Soldier**

So I will, sir.

**Second Lord**

Till then I'll [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) him dark and safely lock'd.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 2

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA

**BERTRAM**

They told me that your name was Fontibell.

**DIANA**

No, my good lord, Diana.

**BERTRAM**

Titled goddess;  
And [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) it, with [addition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDITION)! But, fair soul,  
In your [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) frame hath love no [quality](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUALITY)?  
If [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) fire of youth [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stem;  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got.

**DIANA**

She then was [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST).

**BERTRAM**

So should you be.

**DIANA**

No:  
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE) to your wife.

**BERTRAM**

No more o' that;  
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:  
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

**DIANA**

Ay, so you serve us  
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) ourselves  
And mock us with our bareness.

**BERTRAM**

How have I sworn!

**DIANA**

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,  
But the plain [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) vow that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) not by,  
But take the [High](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH)'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,  
If I should [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) by God's great attributes,  
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,  
To [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths  
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,  
At least in my opinion.

**BERTRAM**

Change it, change it;  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever  
My love as it begins shall so [persever](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERSEVER).

**DIANA**

I see that men make ropes in such a scarre  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

**BERTRAM**

I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER)  
To give it from me.

**DIANA**

Will you not, my lord?

**BERTRAM**

It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

**DIANA**

Mine honour's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

**BERTRAM**

Here, take my ring:  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

**DIANA**

When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:  
I'll [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER) take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:  
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:  
And on your finger in the night I'll [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT)  
Another ring, that what in time proceeds  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

**BERTRAM**

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

Exit

**DIANA**

For which live long to thank both heaven and me!  
You may so in the end.  
My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men  
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me  
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so [braid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAID),  
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:  
Only in this disguise I think't no sin  
To [cozen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COZEN) him that would unjustly win.

Exit

Act 4, Scene 3

The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers

**First Lord**

You have not given him his mother's letter?

**Second Lord**

I have delivered it an hour since: there is  
something in't that stings his nature; for on the  
reading it he changed almost into another man.

**First Lord**

He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking  
off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

**Second Lord**

Especially he hath incurred the everlasting  
displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his  
bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a  
thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

**First Lord**

When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the  
[grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) of it.

**Second Lord**

He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in  
Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he  
fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath  
given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself  
made in the unchaste composition.

**First Lord**

Now, God [delay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DELAY) our rebellion! as we are ourselves,  
what things are we!

**Second Lord**

[Merely](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MERELY) our own traitors. And as in the common course  
of all treasons, we still see them reveal  
themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends,  
so he that in this action contrives against his own  
[nobility](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NOBILITY), in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

**First Lord**

Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of  
our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his  
company to-night?

**Second Lord**

Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

**First Lord**

That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see  
his company anatomized, that he might take a [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE)  
of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had  
set this [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT).

**Second Lord**

We will not meddle with him till he come; for his  
[presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) must be the whip of the other.

**First Lord**

In the [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) time, what hear you of these wars?

**Second Lord**

I hear there is an overture of peace.

**First Lord**

Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

**Second Lord**

What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel  
higher, or return again into France?

**First Lord**

I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether  
of his council.

**Second Lord**

Let it be [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID), sir; so should I be a great deal  
of his act.

**First Lord**

Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his  
house: her [pretence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRETENCE) is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques  
le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere  
sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing the  
tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her  
grief; in [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE), made a groan of her last breath, and  
now she sings in heaven.

**Second Lord**

How is this justified?

**First Lord**

The stronger part of it by her own letters, which  
makes her story true, even to the [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) of her  
death: her death itself, which could not be her  
[office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by  
the rector of the place.

**Second Lord**

Hath the count all this intelligence?

**First Lord**

Ay, and the particular confirmations, [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) from  
[point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT), so to the [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) arming of the verity.

**Second Lord**

I am heartily [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) that he'll be glad of this.

**First Lord**

How mightily [sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES) we make us comforts of our losses!

**Second Lord**

And how mightily some other times we drown our gain  
in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath  
here acquired for him shall at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) be encountered  
with a [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) as ample.

**First Lord**

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and  
ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our  
faults whipped them not; and our crimes would  
despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger

How now! where's your master?

**Servant**

He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath  
taken a solemn leave: his lordship will [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT)  
morning for France. The duke hath offered him  
letters of commendations to the king.

**Second Lord**

They shall be no more than needful there, if they  
were more than they can commend.

**First Lord**

They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness.  
Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

**BERTRAM**

I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a  
month's length a-piece, by an abstract of [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS):  
I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his  
nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) to my  
lady mother I am returning; entertained my [convoy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVOY);  
and between these main parcels of dispatch effected  
many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but  
that I have not ended yet.

**Second Lord**

If the business be of any difficulty, and this  
morning your departure [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), it requires haste of  
your lordship.

**BERTRAM**

I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), the business is not ended, as fearing to  
hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this  
dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come,  
[bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) forth this [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT) [module](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MODULE), he has deceived  
me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

**Second Lord**

[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night,  
poor gallant [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE).

**BERTRAM**

No matter: his heels have deserved it, in usurping  
his [spurs](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPURS) so long. How does he carry himself?

**Second Lord**

I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry  
him. But to [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) you as you would be understood;  
he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he  
hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes  
to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to  
this very instant disaster of his setting i' the  
stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

**BERTRAM**

Nothing of me, has a'?

**Second Lord**

His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his  
face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you  
are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier

**BERTRAM**

A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of  
me: hush, hush!

**First Lord**

Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa

**First Soldier**

He calls for the tortures: what will you say  
[without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) 'em?

**PAROLLES**

I will confess what I know [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) constraint: if  
ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

**First Soldier**

Bosko chimurcho.

**First Lord**

Boblibindo chicurmurco.

**First Soldier**

You are a merciful [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL). Our general bids you  
[answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) to what I shall [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) you out of a note.

**PAROLLES**

And truly, as I hope to live.

**First Soldier**

[Reads] 'First demand of him how many horse the  
duke is strong.' What say you to that?

**PAROLLES**

Five or six thousand; but very weak and  
unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and  
the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation  
and [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT) and as I hope to live.

**First Soldier**

Shall I set down your [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) so?

**PAROLLES**

Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

**BERTRAM**

All's one to him. What a past-saving [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE) is this!

**First Lord**

You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur  
Parolles, the gallant militarist,--that was his own  
phrase,--that had the whole theoric of war in the  
[knot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNOT) of his scarf, and the [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) in the chape of  
his dagger.

**Second Lord**

I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword  
clean. nor believe he can have every thing in him  
by wearing his apparel neatly.

**First Soldier**

Well, that's set down.

**PAROLLES**

Five or six thousand horse, I said,-- I will say  
true,--or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

**First Lord**

He's very near the truth in this.

**BERTRAM**

But I [con](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CON) him no thanks for't, in the nature he  
delivers it.

**PAROLLES**

Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

**First Soldier**

Well, that's set down.

**PAROLLES**

I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the  
rogues are marvellous poor.

**First Soldier**

[Reads] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are  
a-foot.' What say you to that?

**PAROLLES**

By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present  
hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a  
hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so  
many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick,  
and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own  
company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and  
fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and  
sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand  
poll; half of the which [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not shake snow from off  
their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

**BERTRAM**

What shall be done to him?

**First Lord**

Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my  
[condition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDITION), and what [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT) I have with the duke.

**First Soldier**

Well, that's set down.

Reads

'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain  
be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is  
with the duke; what his valour, [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY), and  
expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not  
possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to  
corrupt him to [revolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REVOLT).' What say you to this? what  
do you know of it?

**PAROLLES**

I beseech you, let me [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) to the particular of  
the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

**First Soldier**

Do you know this Captain Dumain?

**PAROLLES**

I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris,  
from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's  
fool with child,--a dumb innocent, that could not  
say him nay.

**BERTRAM**

Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know  
his brains are forfeit to the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) tile that falls.

**First Soldier**

Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

**PAROLLES**

Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

**First Lord**

Nay look not so upon me; we shall hear of your  
lordship anon.

**First Soldier**

What is his reputation with the duke?

**PAROLLES**

The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer  
of mine; and [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) to me this other day to [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) him  
out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

**First Soldier**

Marry, we'll [search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH).

**PAROLLES**

In good [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS), I do not know; either it is there,  
or it is upon a [file](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FILE) with the duke's other letters  
in my [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT).

**First Soldier**

Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

**PAROLLES**

I do not know if it be it or no.

**BERTRAM**

Our interpreter does it well.

**First Lord**

Excellently.

**First Soldier**

[Reads] 'Dian, the count's a fool, and [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of gold,'--

**PAROLLES**

That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an  
[advertisement](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVERTISEMENT) to a proper maid in Florence, one  
Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count  
Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very  
ruttish: I pray you, sir, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it up again.

**First Soldier**

Nay, I'll read it first, by your [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR).

**PAROLLES**

My meaning in't, I protest, was very [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) in the  
behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be  
a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to  
virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

**BERTRAM**

Damnable both-sides rogue!

**First Soldier**

[Reads] 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;  
After he scores, he never pays the score:  
Half won is [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH) well made; match, and well make it;  
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;  
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to [mell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MELL) with, boys are not to kiss:  
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,  
Who pays before, but not when he does [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE) it.  
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR),  
PAROLLES.'

**BERTRAM**

He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme  
in's forehead.

**Second Lord**

This is your devoted [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), sir, the manifold  
linguist and the armipotent soldier.

**BERTRAM**

I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now  
he's a cat to me.

**First Soldier**

I perceive, sir, by the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL)'s looks, we shall be  
[fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) to hang you.

**PAROLLES**

My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to  
die; but that, my offences being many, I would  
repent out the remainder of nature: let me live,  
sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

**First Soldier**

We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely;  
therefore, [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) more to this Captain Dumain: you  
have answered to his reputation with the duke and to  
his valour: what is his [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY)?

**PAROLLES**

He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for  
rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he  
professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he  
is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with  
such volubility, that you would think truth were a  
fool: drunkenness is his best [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE), for he will  
be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE)  
harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they  
know his conditions and [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) him in straw. I have but  
[little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) more to say, sir, of his [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY): he has  
every thing that an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man should not have; what  
an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man should have, he has nothing.

**First Lord**

I begin to love him for this.

**BERTRAM**

For this description of thine [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY)? A pox upon  
him for me, he's more and more a cat.

**First Soldier**

What say you to his expertness in war?

**PAROLLES**

Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English  
tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of  
his soldiership I know not; except, in that [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)  
he had the honour to be the officer at a place there  
called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of  
files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of  
this I am not certain.

**First Lord**

He hath out-villained villany so [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR), that the  
rarity redeems him.

**BERTRAM**

A pox on him, he's a cat still.

**First Soldier**

His qualities being at this poor price, I need not  
to [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) you if gold will corrupt him to [revolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REVOLT).

**PAROLLES**

Sir, for a [quart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUART) d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple  
of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) the  
entail from all remainders, and a perpetual  
succession for it perpetually.

**First Soldier**

What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

**Second Lord**

Why does be [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) him of me?

**First Soldier**

What's he?

**PAROLLES**

E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so  
great as the first in goodness, but greater a great  
deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward,  
yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is:  
in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming  
on he has the cramp.

**First Soldier**

If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray  
the Florentine?

**PAROLLES**

Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

**First Soldier**

I'll whisper with the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL), and know his pleasure.

**PAROLLES**

[Aside] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all  
drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to  
beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy  
the count, have I run into this [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER). Yet who  
would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

**First Soldier**

There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the  
[general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) says, you that have so traitorously  
discovered the secrets of your army and made such  
pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can  
serve the world for no [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE); therefore you  
must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

**PAROLLES**

O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

**First Lord**

That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

Unblinding him

So, look about you: know you any here?

**BERTRAM**

Good morrow, noble captain.

**Second Lord**

God bless you, Captain Parolles.

**First Lord**

God save you, noble captain.

**Second Lord**

Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu?  
I am for France.

**First Lord**

Good captain, will you give me a [copy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COPY) of the sonnet  
you [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon?  
an I were not a very coward, I'ld compel it of you:  
but fare you well.

Exeunt BERTRAM and Lords

**First Soldier**

You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that  
has a [knot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNOT) on't yet

**PAROLLES**

Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

**First Soldier**

If you could find out a [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) where but women were  
that had received so much [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME), you might begin an  
impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France  
too: we shall speak of you there.

Exit with Soldiers

**PAROLLES**

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,  
'Twould [burst](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BURST) at this. Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall: simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,  
Let him fear this, for it will come to [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS)  
that every braggart shall be found an ass.  
Rust, sword? cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!  
There's place and means for every man alive.  
I'll after them.

Exit

Act 4, Scene 4

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA

**HELENA**

That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,  
Ere I can [perfect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERFECT) mine intents, to kneel:  
Time was, I did him a desired [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE),  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty [Tartar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TARTAR)'s [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) would peep forth,  
And [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER), thanks: I duly am inform'd  
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place  
We have convenient [convoy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVOY). You must know  
I am [supposed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUPPOSED) dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME); where, heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be before our welcome.

**Widow**

[Gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) madam,  
You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

**HELENA**

Nor you, [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS),  
Ever a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my [motive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTIVE)  
And helper to a husband. But, O [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) men!  
That can such sweet [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) make of what they hate,  
When [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) trusting of the [cozen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COZEN)'d thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play  
With what it loathes for that which is away.  
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

**DIANA**

Let death and [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY)  
Go with your [impositions](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPOSITIONS), I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

**HELENA**

Yet, I pray you:  
But with the word the time will [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) on summer,  
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:  
All's well that ends well; still the [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE)'s the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 5

Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown

**LAFEU**

No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta  
fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have  
made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in  
his [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR): your daughter-in-law had been alive at  
this hour, and your son here at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME), more advanced  
by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

**COUNTESS**

I would I had not known him; it was the death of the  
most [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) gentlewoman that ever nature had  
praise for creating. If she had partaken of my  
flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I  
could not have owed her a more rooted love.

**LAFEU**

'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may [pick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PICK) a  
thousand salads ere we [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) on such another herb.

**Clown**

Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the  
salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

**LAFEU**

They are not herbs, you [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE); they are nose-herbs.

**Clown**

I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much  
[skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL) in grass.

**LAFEU**

Whether dost thou profess thyself, a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) or a fool?

**Clown**

A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) at a man's.

**LAFEU**

Your distinction?

**Clown**

I would [cozen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COZEN) the man of his wife and do his service.

**LAFEU**

So you were a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) at his service, indeed.

**Clown**

And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

**LAFEU**

I will [subscribe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUBSCRIBE) for thee, thou art both [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) and fool.

**Clown**

At your service.

**LAFEU**

No, no, no.

**Clown**

Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as  
great a prince as you are.

**LAFEU**

Who's that? a Frenchman?

**Clown**

Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy  
is more hotter in France than there.

**LAFEU**

What prince is that?

**Clown**

The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of  
darkness; alias, the devil.

**LAFEU**

Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this  
to [suggest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUGGEST) thee from thy master thou talkest of;  
serve him still.

**Clown**

I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a  
great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a  
good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the  
world; let his [nobility](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NOBILITY) remain in's court. I am for  
the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be  
too [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) for pomp to enter: some that humble  
themselves may; but the many will be too chill and  
[tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER), and they'll be for the flowery way that  
leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

**LAFEU**

Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I  
tell thee so before, because I would not fall out  
with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well  
looked to, [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) any tricks.

**Clown**

If I [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be  
jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

Exit

**LAFEU**

A [shrewd](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHREWD) [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) and an [unhappy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNHAPPY).

**COUNTESS**

So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much  
sport out of him: by his authority he remains here,  
which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and,  
indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

**LAFEU**

I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to  
tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and  
that my lord your son was upon his return [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME), I  
moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of  
my daughter; which, in the minority of them both,  
his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did  
first [propose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROPOSE): his highness hath promised me to do  
it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath  
conceived against your son, there is no fitter  
matter. How does your ladyship like it?

**COUNTESS**

With very much content, my lord; and I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) it  
[happily](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAPPILY) effected.

**LAFEU**

His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as [able](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABLE)  
body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here  
to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such  
intelligence hath seldom failed.

**COUNTESS**

It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I  
die. I have letters that my son will be here  
to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain  
with me till they meet together.

**LAFEU**

Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might  
safely be admitted.

**COUNTESS**

You need but plead your honourable privilege.

**LAFEU**

Lady, of that I have made a [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) charter; but I  
thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown

**Clown**

O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a [patch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATCH) of  
velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't  
or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly [patch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATCH) of  
velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a  
half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

**LAFEU**

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good [livery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVERY)  
of honour; so belike is that.

**Clown**

But it is your carbonadoed face.

**LAFEU**

Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk  
with the young noble soldier.

**Clown**

Faith there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE)  
hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head  
and nod at every man.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 1

Marseilles. A street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants

**HELENA**

But this exceeding posting day and night  
Must [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) your spirits low; we cannot help it:  
But since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) your [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) limbs in my affairs,  
Be [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) you do so grow in my requital  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman

This man may help me to his majesty's [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR),  
If he would spend his [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER). God save you, sir.

**Gentleman**

And you.

**HELENA**

Sir, I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) you in the court of France.

**Gentleman**

I have been [sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES) there.

**HELENA**

I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
An therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE) manners by, I [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) you to  
The [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

**Gentleman**

What's your will?

**HELENA**

That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king,  
And aid me with that store of [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) you have  
To come into his [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE).

**Gentleman**

The king's not here.

**HELENA**

Not here, sir!

**Gentleman**

Not, indeed:  
He [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) [removed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMOVED) last night and with more haste  
Than is his [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE).

**Widow**

Lord, how we lose our pains!

**HELENA**

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,  
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

**Gentleman**

Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;  
Whither I am going.

**HELENA**

I do beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) hand,  
Which I presume shall [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER) you no blame  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you with what good [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED)  
Our means will make us means.

**Gentleman**

This I'll do for you.

**HELENA**

And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.  
Go, go, provide.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 2

Rousillon. Before the COUNT's palace.

Enter Clown, and PAROLLES, following

**PAROLLES**

Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this  
letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to  
you, when I have held familiarity with fresher  
clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's  
[mood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOOD), and smell somewhat strong of her strong  
displeasure.

**Clown**

Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it  
smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will  
henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering.  
Prithee, [allow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ALLOW) the wind.

**PAROLLES**

Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake  
but by a metaphor.

**Clown**

Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my  
nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get  
thee further.

**PAROLLES**

Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

**Clown**

Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's  
close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he  
comes himself.

Enter LAFEU

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's  
cat,--but not a musk-cat,--that has fallen into the  
unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he  
says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) the  
carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed,  
ingenious, foolish, rascally [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE). I do pity his  
distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to  
your lordship.

Exit

**PAROLLES**

My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly  
scratched.

**LAFEU**

And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to  
pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the  
[knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) with fortune, that she should scratch you, who  
of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves  
thrive long under her? There's a [quart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUART) d'ecu for  
you: let the justices make you and fortune friends:  
I am for other business.

**PAROLLES**

I beseech your honour to hear me one [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) word.

**LAFEU**

You beg a [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) penny more: come, you shall ha't;  
save your word.

**PAROLLES**

My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

**LAFEU**

You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION)!  
give me your hand. How does your drum?

**PAROLLES**

O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

**LAFEU**

Was I, in [sooth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOOTH)? and I was the first that lost thee.

**PAROLLES**

It lies in you, my lord, to [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me in some grace,  
for you did [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me out.

**LAFEU**

Out upon thee, [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE)! dost thou [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) upon me at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)  
both the [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) of God and the devil? One brings  
thee in grace and the other brings thee out.

Trumpets sound

The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah,  
inquire further after me; I had talk of you last  
night: though you are a fool and a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), you shall  
eat; go to, follow.

**PAROLLES**

I praise God for you.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 3

Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants

**KING**

We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem  
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her [estimation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ESTIMATION) [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME).

**COUNTESS**

'Tis past, my liege;  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
[Natural](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NATURAL) rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE),  
O'erbears it and burns on.

**KING**

My honour'd lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all;  
Though my revenges were [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) bent upon him,  
And [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH)'d the time to shoot.

**LAFEU**

This I must say,  
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady  
Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,  
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve  
Humbly call'd [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS).

**KING**

Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;  
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition: let him not [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) our pardon;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,  
A [stranger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGER), no offender; and inform him  
So 'tis our will he should.

**Gentleman**

I shall, my liege.

Exit

**KING**

What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

**LAFEU**

All that he is hath reference to your highness.

**KING**

Then shall we have a [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH). I have letters sent me  
That set him [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) in fame.

Enter BERTRAM

**LAFEU**

He looks well on't.

**KING**

I am not a day of season,  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE): but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;  
The time is fair again.

**BERTRAM**

My high-repented blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

**KING**

All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK)'st decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time  
Steals ere we can effect them. You [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER)  
The daughter of this lord?

**BERTRAM**

Admiringly, my liege, at first  
I [stuck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUCK) my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) a herald of my tongue  
Where the impression of mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) infixing,  
Contempt his scornful [perspective](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERSPECTIVE) did lend me,  
Which warp'd the [line](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LINE) of every other [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR);  
Scorn'd a fair [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR), or [express](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPRESS)'d it stolen;  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object: thence it came  
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
The dust that did offend it.

**KING**

Well excused:  
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,  
Like a [remorseful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMORSEFUL) pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our [rash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RASH) faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them until we know their [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE):  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves [unjust](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNJUST),  
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) late sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:  
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

**COUNTESS**

Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!  
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

**LAFEU**

Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
Must be digested, give a [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) from you  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.

BERTRAM gives a ring

By my old beard,  
And every [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er I took her at court,  
I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) upon her finger.

**BERTRAM**

Hers it was not.

**KING**

Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitied to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave  
her  
Of what should [stead](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STEAD) her most?

**BERTRAM**

My [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

**COUNTESS**

Son, on my life,  
I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) her [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's [rate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RATE).

**LAFEU**

I am sure I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) her [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it.

**BERTRAM**

You are deceived, my lord; she never [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) it:  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT)  
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed  
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully  
I could not [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceased  
In heavy satisfaction and would never  
Receive the ring again.

**KING**

Plutus himself,  
That knows the [tinct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TINCT) and multiplying [medicine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEDICINE),  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety  
That she would never [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
Where you have never come, or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

**BERTRAM**

She never [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) it.

**KING**

Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;  
And makest conjectural fears to come into me  
Which I would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) shut out. If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,--'twill not prove so;--  
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

Guards seize BERTRAM

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) vanity,  
[Having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) vainly fear'd too [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE). Away with him!  
We'll sift this matter further.

**BERTRAM**

If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was.

Exit, guarded

**KING**

I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman

**Gentleman**

[Gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath for four or five removes come short  
To [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an [importing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPORTING) visage; and she told me,  
In a sweet [verbal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VERBAL) brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

**KING**

[Reads] Upon his many protestations to marry me  
when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won  
me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows  
are forfeited to me, and my honour's [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID) to him. He  
stole from Florence, [taking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TAKING) no leave, and I follow  
him to his [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) for justice: grant it me, O  
king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer  
flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.  
DIANA CAPILET.

**LAFEU**

I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and [toll](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOLL) for  
this: I'll none of him.

**KING**

The heavens have [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) well on thee Lafeu,  
To [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:  
Go speedily and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) again the count.  
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

**COUNTESS**

Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded

**KING**

I wonder, sir, [sith](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SITH) wives are monsters to you,  
And that you fly them as you [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and DIANA

What woman's that?

**DIANA**

I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
[Derived](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DERIVED) from the [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) Capilet:  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) I may be pitied.

**Widow**

I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING),  
And both shall [cease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEASE), [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) your remedy.

**KING**

Come hither, count; do you know these women?

**BERTRAM**

My lord, I neither can nor will [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY)  
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

**DIANA**

Why do you look so [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) upon your wife?

**BERTRAM**

She's none of mine, my lord.

**DIANA**

If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,  
Either both or none.

**LAFEU**

Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you  
are no husband for her.

**BERTRAM**

My lord, this is a [fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND) and [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness  
[Lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) a more noble [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) upon mine honour  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

**KING**

Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)  
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour  
Than in my [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) it lies.

**DIANA**

Good my lord,  
[Ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

**KING**

What say'st thou to her?

**BERTRAM**

She's impudent, my lord,  
And was a common [gamester](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAMESTER) to the camp.

**DIANA**

He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price:  
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,  
Whose [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) and rich [validity](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VALIDITY)  
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that  
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,  
If I be one.

**COUNTESS**

He blushes, and 'tis it:  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,  
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

**KING**

Methought you said  
You [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) one here in court could witness it.

**DIANA**

I did, my lord, but loath am to produce  
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

**LAFEU**

I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) the man to-day, if man he be.

**KING**

Find him, and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him hither.

Exit an Attendant

**BERTRAM**

What of him?  
He's quoted for a most perfidious [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE),  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.  
Am I or that or this for what he'll [utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER),  
That will speak any thing?

**KING**

She hath that ring of yours.

**BERTRAM**

I think she has: certain it is I liked her,  
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:  
She knew her distance and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy; and, in [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE),  
Her [infinite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INFINITE) [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING), with her [modern](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MODERN) grace,  
Subdued me to her [rate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RATE): she got the ring;  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

**DIANA**

I must be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT):  
You, that have [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d off a first so noble wife,  
May justly [diet](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIET) me. I pray you yet;  
Since you lack [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE), I will lose a husband;  
Send for your ring, I will return it [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME),  
And give me mine again.

**BERTRAM**

I have it not.

**KING**

What ring was yours, I pray you?

**DIANA**

Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger.

**KING**

Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

**DIANA**

And this was it I gave him, being abed.

**KING**

The story then goes [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE), you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

**DIANA**

I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES

**BERTRAM**

My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

**KING**

You boggle shrewdly, every feather stars you.  
Is this the man you speak of?

**DIANA**

Ay, my lord.

**KING**

Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
Which on your just proceeding I'll [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) off,  
By him and by this woman here what know you?

**PAROLLES**

So please your majesty, my master hath been an  
honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him,  
which gentlemen have.

**KING**

Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

**PAROLLES**

Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

**KING**

How, I pray you?

**PAROLLES**

He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

**KING**

How is that?

**PAROLLES**

He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

**KING**

As thou art a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), and no knave. What an  
equivocal companion is this!

**PAROLLES**

I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

**LAFEU**

He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

**DIANA**

Do you know he promised me marriage?

**PAROLLES**

Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

**KING**

But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

**PAROLLES**

Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them,  
as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for  
indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and  
of [Limbo](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIMBO) and of Furies and I know not what: yet I  
was in that [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT) with them at that time that I  
knew of their going to bed, and of other motions,  
as promising her marriage, and things which would  
derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not  
speak what I know.

**KING**

Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say  
they are married: but thou art too [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) in thy  
evidence; therefore stand aside.  
This ring, you say, was yours?

**DIANA**

Ay, my good lord.

**KING**

Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

**DIANA**

It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

**KING**

Who lent it you?

**DIANA**

It was not lent me neither.

**KING**

Where did you find it, then?

**DIANA**

I found it not.

**KING**

If it were yours by none of all these ways,  
How could you give it him?

**DIANA**

I never gave it him.

**LAFEU**

This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off  
and on at pleasure.

**KING**

This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

**DIANA**

It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

**KING**

Take her away; I do not like her now;  
To prison with her: and away with him.  
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,  
Thou diest within this hour.

**DIANA**

I'll never tell you.

**KING**

Take her away.

**DIANA**

I'll [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) in bail, my liege.

**KING**

I think thee now some common [customer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUSTOMER).

**DIANA**

By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

**KING**

Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

**DIANA**

Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:  
He knows I am no maid, and he'll [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) to't;  
I'll [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) I am a maid, and he knows not.  
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;  
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

**KING**

She does [abuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABUSE) our ears: to prison with her.

**DIANA**

Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:

Exit Widow

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,  
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I [quit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUIT) him:  
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:  
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK):  
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA

**KING**

Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) of mine eyes?  
Is't real that I see?

**HELENA**

No, my good lord;  
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name and not the thing.

**BERTRAM**

Both, both. O, pardon!

**HELENA**

O my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wondrous [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND). There is your ring;  
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:  
'When from my finger you can get this ring  
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

**BERTRAM**

If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

**HELENA**

If it appear not plain and prove [untrue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNTRUE),  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!  
O my dear mother, do I see you [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING)?

**LAFEU**

Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:

To PAROLLES

Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,  
I thank thee: wait on me [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME), I'll make sport with thee:  
Let thy courtesies alone, they are [scurvy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCURVY) ones.

**KING**

Let us from [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

To DIANA

If thou be'st yet a [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) uncropped flower,  
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) thy dower;  
For I can guess that by thy [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) aid  
Thou [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP)'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.  
Of that and all the [progress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROGRESS), more or less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall [express](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPRESS):  
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish

EPILOGUE

**KING**

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you [express](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPRESS) content; which we will [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY),  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;  
Your [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) hands lend us, and take our hearts.

Exeunt

JULIUS CAESAR

1. **Act 1**
2. Scene 1. Rome. A street.
3. Scene 2. A public place.
4. Scene 3. The same. A street.
5. **Act 2**
6. Scene 1. Rome. BRUTUS's orchard.
7. Scene 2. CAESAR's house.
8. Scene 3. A street near the Capitol.
9. Scene 4. Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.
10. **Act 3**
11. Scene 1. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.
12. Scene 2. The Forum.
13. Scene 3. A street.
14. **Act 4**
15. Scene 1. A house in Rome.
16. Scene 2. Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.
17. Scene 3. Brutus's tent.
18. **Act 5**
19. Scene 1. The plains of Philippi.
20. Scene 2. The same. The field of battle.
21. Scene 3. Another part of the field.
22. Scene 4. Another part of the field.
23. Scene 5. Another part of the field.

Act 1, Scene 1

Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners

**FLAVIUS**

[Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)! [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME), you idle creatures get you home:  
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) the [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN)  
Of your profession? Speak, what [trade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRADE) art thou?

**First Commoner**

Why, sir, a carpenter.

**MARULLUS**

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?  
You, sir, what [trade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRADE) are you?

**Second Commoner**

Truly, sir, in [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) of a [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) workman, I am but,  
as you would say, a cobbler.

**MARULLUS**

But what [trade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRADE) art thou? [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) me directly.

**Second Commoner**

A [trade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRADE), sir, that, I hope, I may [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) with a [safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE)  
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

**MARULLUS**

What [trade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRADE), thou [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE)? thou naughty knave, what trade?

**Second Commoner**

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet,  
if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

**MARULLUS**

What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) fellow!

**Second Commoner**

Why, sir, cobble you.

**FLAVIUS**

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

**Second Commoner**

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I  
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's  
matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon  
to old shoes; when they are in great [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER), I  
recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon  
neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

**FLAVIUS**

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

**Second Commoner**

Truly, sir, to [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) out their shoes, to get myself  
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday,  
to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

**MARULLUS**

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME)?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT) expectation,  
To see great Pompey [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) the streets of Rome:  
And when you [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores?  
And do you now [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) on this ingratitude.

**FLAVIUS**

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT);  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners

See whether their basest metal be not moved;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) the Capitol;  
This way will I disrobe the images,  
If you do find them [deck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DECK)'d with ceremonies.

**MARULLUS**

May we do so?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

**FLAVIUS**

It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,  
And [drive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRIVE) away the [vulgar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VULGAR) from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK).  
These [growing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GROWING) feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men  
And [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 2

A public place.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer

**CAESAR**

Calpurnia!

**CASCA**

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

**CAESAR**

Calpurnia!

**CALPURNIA**

Here, my lord.

**CAESAR**

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

**ANTONY**

Caesar, my lord?

**CAESAR**

Forget not, in your [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED), Antonius,  
To [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) Calpurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, [touched](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCHED) in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

**ANTONY**

I shall [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER):  
When Caesar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

**CAESAR**

Set on; and leave no [ceremony](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEREMONY) out.

Flourish

**Soothsayer**

Caesar!

**CAESAR**

Ha! who calls?

**CASCA**

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

**CAESAR**

Who is it in the press that calls on me?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
[Cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d to hear.

**Soothsayer**

Beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

What man is that?

**BRUTUS**

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

Set him before me; let me see his face.

**CASSIUS**

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

**CAESAR**

What say'st thou to me now? speak [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) again.

**Soothsayer**

Beware the ides of March.

**CAESAR**

He is a dreamer; let us leave him: [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS).

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

**CASSIUS**

Will you go see the [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER) of the course?

**BRUTUS**

Not I.

**CASSIUS**

I pray you, do.

**BRUTUS**

I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) a hand  
Over your [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) that loves you.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius,  
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,  
I [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) the trouble of my [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE)  
[Merely](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MERELY) upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some [soil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOIL) perhaps to my behaviors;  
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--  
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

**CASSIUS**

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION);  
By means whereof this [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST) of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius; for the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

**CASSIUS**

'Tis just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)  
Your hidden worthiness into your [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) in Rome,  
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)'d that noble Brutus had his eyes.

**BRUTUS**

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

**CASSIUS**

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:  
And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Brutus:  
Were I a common laugher, or did [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE)  
To [stale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STALE) with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard  
And after scandal them, or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and shout

**BRUTUS**

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people  
Choose Caesar for their king.

**CASSIUS**

Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

**BRUTUS**

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) good,  
Set honour in one [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently,  
For let the gods so [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

**CASSIUS**

I know that [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD) [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR).  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) self,  
I had as [lief](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIEF) not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE), upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT)?' Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;  
But ere we could arrive the [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) proposed,  
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body,  
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
His coward lips did from their [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR) fly,  
And that same [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER) should  
So get the start of the majestic world  
And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

**BRUTUS**

Another [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) shout!  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

**CASSIUS**

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE),  
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man?  
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) his [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) in Rome  
As easily as a king.

**BRUTUS**

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some [aim](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AIM):  
How I have [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) of this and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further moved. What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time  
Both meet to hear and [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) such [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) things.  
Till then, my noble [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), chew upon this:  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) upon us.

**CASSIUS**

I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

**CASSIUS**

As they [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

**BRUTUS**

I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calpurnia's cheek is [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE); and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
As we have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) him in the Capitol,  
Being [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS)'d in conference by some senators.

**CASSIUS**

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

**CAESAR**

Antonius!

**ANTONY**

Caesar?

**CAESAR**

Let me have men about me that are [fat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAT);  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:  
[Yond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YOND) Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

**ANTONY**

Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman and well given.

**CAESAR**

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should [avoid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AVOID)  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT)  
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
[Whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.  
Come on my right hand, for this [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA

**CASCA**

You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

**BRUTUS**

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,  
That Caesar looks so [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD).

**CASCA**

Why, you were with him, were you not?

**BRUTUS**

I should not then [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) Casca what had chanced.

**CASCA**

Why, there was a crown offered him: and being  
offered him, he [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it by with the back of his hand,  
thus; and then the people [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) a-shouting.

**BRUTUS**

What was the second noise for?

**CASCA**

Why, for that too.

**CASSIUS**

They shouted thrice: what was the last [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) for?

**CASCA**

Why, for that too.

**BRUTUS**

Was the crown offered him thrice?

**CASCA**

Ay, marry, was't, and he [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it by thrice, every  
time gentler than other, and at every putting-by  
mine [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) neighbours shouted.

**CASSIUS**

Who offered him the crown?

**CASCA**

Why, Antony.

**BRUTUS**

Tell us the manner of it, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Casca.

**CASCA**

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it:  
it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) Mark  
Antony offer him a crown;--yet 'twas not a crown  
neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told  
you, he [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it by [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE): but, for all that, to my  
thinking, he would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) have had it. Then he  
offered it to him again; then he [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it by again:  
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) his  
fingers off it. And then he offered it the third  
time; he [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it the third time by: and still as he  
refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their  
chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps  
and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because  
Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked  
Caesar; for he swounded and [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) down at it: and  
for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of  
opening my lips and [receiving](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECEIVING) the bad air.

**CASSIUS**

But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swound?

**CASCA**

He [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) down in the market-place, and foamed at  
mouth, and was speechless.

**BRUTUS**

'Tis very like: he hath the failing sickness.

**CASSIUS**

No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I,  
And [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) Casca, we have the falling sickness.

**CASCA**

I know not what you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) by that; but, I am sure,  
Caesar [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) down. If the tag-rag people did not  
[clap](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLAP) him and hiss him, according as he pleased and  
displeased them, as they [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) to do the players in  
the theatre, I am no true man.

**BRUTUS**

What said he when he came unto himself?

**CASCA**

Marry, before he [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) down, when he perceived the  
common herd was glad he refused the crown, he  
plucked me [ope](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPE) his doublet and offered them his  
throat to [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT). An I had been a man of any  
[occupation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OCCUPATION), if I would not have taken him at a word,  
I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so  
he [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL). When he came to himself again, he said,  
If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired  
their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three  
or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good  
soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but  
there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had  
stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

**BRUTUS**

And after that, he came, thus [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD), away?

**CASCA**

Ay.

**CASSIUS**

Did Cicero say any thing?

**CASCA**

Ay, he spoke [Greek](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEK).

**CASSIUS**

To what effect?

**CASCA**

Nay, an I tell you that, Ill ne'er look you i' the  
face again: but those that understood him smiled at  
one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own  
part, it was [Greek](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEK) to me. I could tell you more  
news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs  
off Caesar's images, are [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) to silence. Fare you  
well. There was more foolery yet, if I could  
[remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) it.

**CASSIUS**

Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

**CASCA**

No, I am promised forth.

**CASSIUS**

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

**CASCA**

Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner  
[worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) the eating.

**CASSIUS**

Good: I will [expect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPECT) you.

**CASCA**

Do so. Farewell, both.

Exit

**BRUTUS**

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!  
He was [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) mettle when he went to school.

**CASSIUS**

So is he now in execution  
Of any [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT),  
Which gives men [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH) to digest his words  
With better appetite.

**BRUTUS**

And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) to you; or, if you will,  
Come [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) to me, and I will wait for you.

**CASSIUS**

I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit BRUTUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet  
That noble minds [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit

Act 1, Scene 3

The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

**CICERO**

Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME)?  
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

**CASCA**

Are not you moved, when all the [sway](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWAY) of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN)  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

**CICERO**

Why, [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) you any thing more wonderful?

**CASCA**

A common slave--you know him well by sight--  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides--I ha' not since [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up my sword--  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) annoying me: and there were [drawn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRAWN)  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear; who swore they [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW)  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These are their reasons; they are [natural](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NATURAL);'  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) upon.

**CICERO**

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

**CASCA**

He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

**CICERO**

Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

**CASCA**

Farewell, Cicero.

Exit CICERO

Enter CASSIUS

**CASSIUS**

Who's there?

**CASCA**

A Roman.

**CASSIUS**

Casca, by your voice.

**CASCA**

Your [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) is good. Cassius, what night is this!

**CASSIUS**

A very pleasing night to [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) men.

**CASCA**

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

**CASSIUS**

Those that have known the earth so [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of faults.  
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bared my [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) to the thunder-stone;  
And when the [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) blue lightning seem'd to [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN)  
The [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST) of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the [aim](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AIM) and very flash of it.

**CASCA**

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by [tokens](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOKENS) send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

**CASSIUS**

You are [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL), Casca, and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) not. You look [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) and [gaze](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAZE)  
And [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on fear and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts from [quality](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUALITY) and [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND),  
Why old men fool and children [calculate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CALCULATE),  
Why all these things change from their [ordinance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDINANCE)  
Their natures and preformed faculties  
To monstrous [quality](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUALITY),--why, you shall find  
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE).  
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL), as these [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) eruptions are.

**CASCA**

'Tis Caesar that you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN); is it not, Cassius?

**CASSIUS**

Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and [sufferance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUFFERANCE) show us womanish.

**CASCA**

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow  
[Mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) to establish Caesar as a king;  
And he shall [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

**CASSIUS**

I know where I will [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do [defeat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEAT):  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still

**CASCA**

So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to cancel his captivity.

**CASSIUS**

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: what [trash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRASH) is Rome,  
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves  
For the [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me [indifferent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INDIFFERENT).

**CASCA**

You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:  
Be [factious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FACTIOUS) for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR)  
As who goes farthest.

**CASSIUS**

There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To [undergo](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNDERGO) with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the [complexion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPLEXION) of the element  
In [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR)'s like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

**CASCA**

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

**CASSIUS**

'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his [gait](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAIT);  
He is a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND).

Enter CINNA

Cinna, where haste you so?

**CINNA**

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

**CASSIUS**

No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

**CINNA**

I am glad on 't. What a [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) night is this!  
There's two or three of us have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) sights.

**CASSIUS**

Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

**CINNA**

Yes, you are.  
O Cassius, if you could  
But win the noble Brutus to our party--

**CASSIUS**

Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) it in the praetor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with [wax](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAX)  
Upon old Brutus' [statue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUE): all this done,  
[Repair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REPAIR) to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

**CINNA**

All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

**CASSIUS**

That done, [repair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REPAIR) to Pompey's theatre.

Exit CINNA

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire  
Upon the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) encounter yields him ours.

**CASCA**

O, he sits [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) in all the people's hearts:  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE), like richest alchemy,  
Will change to [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) and to worthiness.

**CASSIUS**

Him and his [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) and our great need of him  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 1

Rome. BRUTUS's orchard.

Enter BRUTUS

**BRUTUS**

What, Lucius, ho!  
I cannot, by the [progress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROGRESS) of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

**LUCIUS**

Call'd you, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

**LUCIUS**

I will, my lord.

Exit

**BRUTUS**

It must be by his death: and for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL). He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?--that;--  
And then, I grant, we [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) with.  
The [abuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABUSE) of greatness is, when it disjoins  
[Remorse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMORSE) from [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER): and, to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known when his affections [sway](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWAY)'d  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF),  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) attains the upmost [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND).  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) [degrees](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEGREES)  
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.  
Then, lest he may, [prevent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PREVENT). And, since the [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL)  
Will bear no [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR) for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND), grow mischievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

**LUCIUS**

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL)'d up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Gives him the letter

**BRUTUS**

Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

**LUCIUS**

I know not, sir.

**BRUTUS**

Look in the calendar, and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me word.

**LUCIUS**

I will, sir.

Exit

**BRUTUS**

The exhalations whizzing in the air  
Give so much [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) that I may read by them.

Opens the letter and reads

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.  
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!  
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'  
Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.  
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?  
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin [drive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRIVE), when he was call'd a king.  
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated  
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise:  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS

**LUCIUS**

Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Knocking within

**BRUTUS**

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

Exit LUCIUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION), all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The Genius and the [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) instruments  
Are then in council; and the [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of man,  
Like to a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS

**LUCIUS**

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

**BRUTUS**

Is he alone?

**LUCIUS**

No, sir, there are [moe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOE) with him.

**BRUTUS**

Do you know them?

**LUCIUS**

No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR).

**BRUTUS**

Let 'em enter.

Exit LUCIUS

They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou [path](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATH), thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS

**CASSIUS**

I think we are too [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) upon your rest:  
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

**BRUTUS**

I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

**CASSIUS**

Yes, every man of them, and no man here  
But honours you; and every one doth [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

**BRUTUS**

He is welcome hither.

**CASSIUS**

This, Decius Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

He is welcome too.

**CASSIUS**

This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

**BRUTUS**

They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

**CASSIUS**

Shall I entreat a word?

BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

**CASCA**

No.

**CINNA**

O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines  
That [fret](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRET) the clouds are messengers of day.

**CASCA**

You shall confess that you are both deceived.  
Here, as I [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) my sword, the sun arises,  
Which is a great way [growing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GROWING) on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) up higher [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) the north  
He first presents his fire; and the [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

**BRUTUS**

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

**CASSIUS**

And let us [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) our resolution.

**BRUTUS**

No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
The [sufferance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUFFERANCE) of our souls, the time's [abuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABUSE),--  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by [lottery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LOTTERY). But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To [kindle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KINDLE) cowards and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause,  
To [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) us to redress? what other [bond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOND)  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter? and what other oath  
Than [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY) to honesty engaged,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
[Swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) priests and cowards and men [cautelous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAUTELOUS),  
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)  
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN)  
The even [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think that or our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS)'d from him.

**CASSIUS**

But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?  
I think he will stand very strong with us.

**CASCA**

Let us not leave him out.

**CINNA**

No, by no means.

**METELLUS CIMBER**

O, let us have him, for his silver hairs  
Will [purchase](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PURCHASE) us a good opinion  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

**BRUTUS**

O, name him not: let us not break with him;  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

**CASSIUS**

Then leave him out.

**CASCA**

Indeed he is not [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT).

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Shall no man else be [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH)'d but only Caesar?

**CASSIUS**

Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,  
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him  
A [shrewd](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHREWD) contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR)  
As to annoy us all: which to [prevent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PREVENT),  
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

**BRUTUS**

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) the head off and then [hack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HACK) the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,  
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,  
Caesar must bleed for it! And, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm  
When Caesar's head is off.

**CASSIUS**

Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar--

**BRUTUS**

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:  
If he love Caesar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) and die for Caesar:  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness and much company.

**TREBONIUS**

There is no fear in him; let him not die;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes

**BRUTUS**

Peace! count the clock.

**CASSIUS**

The clock hath stricken three.

**TREBONIUS**

'Tis time to part.

**CASSIUS**

But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:  
It may be, these [apparent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPARENT) prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Never fear that: if he be so resolved,  
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;  
For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him to the Capitol.

**CASSIUS**

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

**BRUTUS**

By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

**CINNA**

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

**METELLUS CIMBER**

Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
I wonder none of you have [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) of him.

**BRUTUS**

Now, good Metellus, go along by him:  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

**CASSIUS**

The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.  
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER)  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

**BRUTUS**

Good gentlemen, look [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) and merrily;  
Let not our looks [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on our purposes,  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untired spirits and [formal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORMAL) [constancy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANCY):  
And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

Boy! Lucius! [Fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA

**PORTIA**

Brutus, my lord!

**BRUTUS**

Portia, what [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you? wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak [condition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDITION) to the raw cold morning.

**PORTIA**

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You [suddenly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDENLY) arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK)'d you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;  
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
Yet I insisted, yet you [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)'d not,  
But, with an angry [wafture](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAFTURE) of your hand,  
Gave [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) for me to leave you: so I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevail'd on your [condition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDITION),  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

**BRUTUS**

I am not well in health, and that is all.

**PORTIA**

Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

**BRUTUS**

Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

**PORTIA**

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) of my place,  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had to resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

**BRUTUS**

Kneel not, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Portia.

**PORTIA**

I should not need, if you were [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Brutus.  
Within the [bond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOND) of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT) or limitation,  
To [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you [sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES)? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

**BRUTUS**

You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) heart

**PORTIA**

If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
I grant I am a woman; but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but withal  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
I have made strong [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF) of my [constancy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANCY),  
Giving myself a [voluntary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VOLUNTARY) [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND)  
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience.  
And not my husband's secrets?

**BRUTUS**

O ye gods,  
[Render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER) me worthy of this noble wife!

Knocking within

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;  
And by and by thy [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the [charactery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHARACTERY) of my [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) brows:  
Leave me with haste.

Exit PORTIA

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS

**LUCIUS**

He is a sick man that would speak with you.

**BRUTUS**

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.  
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

**LIGARIUS**

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

**BRUTUS**

O, what a time have you chose out, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) Caius,  
To [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

**LIGARIUS**

I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

**BRUTUS**

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) to hear of it.

**LIGARIUS**

By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!  
[Brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) son, [derived](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DERIVED) from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up  
My [mortified](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTIFIED) spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

**BRUTUS**

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

**LIGARIUS**

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

**BRUTUS**

That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

**LIGARIUS**

Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

**BRUTUS**

Follow me, then.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 2

CAESAR's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown

**CAESAR**

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant

**Servant**

My lord?

**CAESAR**

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice  
And [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me their opinions of [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS).

**Servant**

I will, my lord.

Exit

Enter CALPURNIA

**CALPURNIA**

What [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

**CAESAR**

Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

**CALPURNIA**

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN),  
Recounts most horrid sights [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) by the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH).  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE) hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Caesar! these things are beyond all [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE),  
And I do fear them.

**CAESAR**

What can be avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?  
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) as to Caesar.

**CALPURNIA**

When beggars die, there are no comets [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN);  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

**CAESAR**

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE) of death but [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE).  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.  
It seems to me most [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers?

**Servant**

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an [offering](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFERING) forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

**CAESAR**

The gods do this in [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) of cowardice:  
Caesar should be a beast [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a heart,  
If he should stay at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) to-day for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not: [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) knows [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) well  
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible:  
And Caesar shall go forth.

**CALPURNIA**

Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

**CAESAR**

Mark Antony shall say I am not well,  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME).

Enter DECIUS BRUTUS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

**CAESAR**

And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE), and that I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not, falser:  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

**CALPURNIA**

Say he is sick.

**CAESAR**

Shall Caesar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR),  
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

**CAESAR**

The cause is in my will: I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME):  
She dreamt to-night she [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) my [statua](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUA),  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) to-day.

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your [statue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUE) spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics and [cognizance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COGNIZANCE).  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

**CAESAR**

And this way have you well expounded it.

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

I have, when you have heard what I can say:  
And know it now: the senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER)'d, for some one to say  
'Break up the senate till another time,  
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'  
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper  
'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?  
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love  
To our proceeding bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.

**CAESAR**

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!  
I am ashamed I did [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

**PUBLIUS**

Good morrow, Caesar.

**CAESAR**

Welcome, Publius.  
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?  
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,  
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.  
What is 't o'clock?

**BRUTUS**

Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

**CAESAR**

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

**ANTONY**

So to most noble Caesar.

**CAESAR**

Bid them prepare within:  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.  
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!  
I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
[Remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) you.

**TREBONIUS**

Caesar, I will:

Aside

and so near will I be,  
That your best friends shall [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) I had been further.

**CAESAR**

Good friends, go in, and [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE) some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

**BRUTUS**

[Aside] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 3

A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

**ARTEMIDORUS**

'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;  
come not near Casca; have an [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) to Cinna, trust not  
Trebonius: mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus  
loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.  
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is  
bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal,  
look about you: security gives way to conspiracy.  
The mighty gods [defend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEND) thee! Thy lover,  
'ARTEMIDORUS.'  
Here will I stand till Caesar [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) cannot live  
Out of the teeth of [emulation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EMULATION).  
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do [contrive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRIVE).

Exit

Act 2, Scene 4

Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS

**PORTIA**

I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

**LUCIUS**

To know my errand, madam.

**PORTIA**

I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.  
O [constancy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANCY), be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) counsel!  
Art thou here yet?

**LUCIUS**

Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
And so return to you, and nothing else?

**PORTIA**

Yes, [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

**LUCIUS**

I hear none, madam.

**PORTIA**

Prithee, listen well;  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

**LUCIUS**

[Sooth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOOTH), madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer

**PORTIA**

Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

**Soothsayer**

At mine own house, good lady.

**PORTIA**

What is't o'clock?

**Soothsayer**

About the ninth hour, lady.

**PORTIA**

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

**Soothsayer**

Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,  
To see him [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) on to the Capitol.

**PORTIA**

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

**Soothsayer**

That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar  
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

**PORTIA**

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) him?

**Soothsayer**

None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.  
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,  
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Exit

**PORTIA**

I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
The heavens [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) thee in thine enterprise!  
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit  
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt severally

Act 3, Scene 1

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others

**CAESAR**

[To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

**Soothsayer**

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

**CAESAR**

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

**ARTEMIDORUS**

[Delay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DELAY) not, Caesar; read it instantly.

**CAESAR**

What, is the fellow mad?

**PUBLIUS**

Sirrah, give place.

**CASSIUS**

What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following

**POPILIUS**

I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) your enterprise to-day may thrive.

**CASSIUS**

What enterprise, Popilius?

**POPILIUS**

Fare you well.

Advances to CAESAR

**BRUTUS**

What said Popilius Lena?

**CASSIUS**

He [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)'d to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

**BRUTUS**

Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.

**CASSIUS**

Casca, be [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN), for we fear prevention.  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Caesar never shall [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) back,  
For I will slay myself.

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, be [constant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANT):  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

**CASSIUS**

Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

**BRUTUS**

He is [address](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDRESS)'d: press near and second him.

**CINNA**

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

**CAESAR**

Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

**METELLUS CIMBER**

Most [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH), most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart,--

Kneeling

**CAESAR**

I must [prevent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PREVENT) thee, Cimber.  
These [couchings](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUCHINGS) and these lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) [pre-ordinance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRE-ORDINANCE) and first decree  
Into the law of children. Be not [fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND),  
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood  
That will be thaw'd from the true [quality](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUALITY)  
With that which melteth fools; I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), sweet words,  
Low-crooked court'sies and [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) spaniel-fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished:  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) cause  
Will he be satisfied.

**METELLUS CIMBER**

Is there no voice more worthy than my own  
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

**BRUTUS**

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of [repeal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REPEAL).

**CAESAR**

What, Brutus!

**CASSIUS**

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

**CASSIUS**

I could be well moved, if I were as you:  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am [constant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANT) as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting [quality](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUALITY)  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and [apprehensive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPREHENSIVE);  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION): and that I am he,  
Let me a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) show it, even in this;  
That I was [constant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANT) Cimber should be banish'd,  
And [constant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANT) do remain to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) him so.

**CINNA**

O Caesar,--

**CAESAR**

[Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

Great Caesar,--

**CAESAR**

Doth not Brutus [bootless](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOTLESS) kneel?

**CASCA**

Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

**CAESAR**

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

**CINNA**

[Liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY)! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!  
Run [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), proclaim, [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) it about the streets.

**CASSIUS**

Some to the common pulpits, and [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) out  
'[Liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY), freedom, and enfranchisement!'

**BRUTUS**

People and senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID).

**CASCA**

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

And Cassius too.

**BRUTUS**

Where's Publius?

**CINNA**

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

**METELLUS CIMBER**

Stand [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) together, lest some [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) of Caesar's  
Should chance--

**BRUTUS**

Talk not of standing. Publius, good [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER);  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

**CASSIUS**

And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

**BRUTUS**

Do so: and let no man [abide](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABIDE) this deed,  
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

**CASSIUS**

Where is Antony?

**TREBONIUS**

Fled to his house amazed:  
Men, wives and children stare, [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) out and run  
As it were doomsday.

**BRUTUS**

Fates, we will know your pleasures:  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

**CASSIUS**

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

**BRUTUS**

Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) 'Peace, freedom and [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY)!'

**CASSIUS**

Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

**BRUTUS**

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

**CASSIUS**

So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the [knot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNOT) of us be call'd  
The men that gave their [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY).

**DECIUS BRUTUS**

What, shall we forth?

**CASSIUS**

Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

**BRUTUS**

Soft! who comes here? A [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) of Antony's.

**Servant**

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST);  
Caesar was mighty, [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD), royal, and loving:  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and loved him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolved  
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead  
So well as Brutus [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING); but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE)  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

**BRUTUS**

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
[Depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) untouch'd.

**Servant**

I'll fetch him presently.

Exit

**BRUTUS**

I know that we shall have him well to [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND).

**CASSIUS**

I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) we may: but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

**BRUTUS**

But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE)? Fare thee well.  
I know not, gentlemen, what you [intend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INTEND),  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT)  
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) of death,  
As here by Caesar, and by you [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

**BRUTUS**

O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) wrong of Rome--  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity--  
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER), do receive you in  
With all [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) love, good thoughts, and reverence.

**CASSIUS**

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

**BRUTUS**

Only be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT) till we have appeased  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

**ANTONY**

I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER) me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;  
[Next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT), Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours: now yours, Metellus;  
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;  
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,--alas, what shall I say?  
My [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT) now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must [conceit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONCEIT) me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.  
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
To see thy thy Anthony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou [bay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BAY)'d, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
[Sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN)'d in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy [lethe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LETHE).  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie!

**CASSIUS**

Mark Antony,--

**ANTONY**

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;  
Then, in a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), it is cold modesty.

**CASSIUS**

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what [compact](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPACT) [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you to have with us?  
Will you be [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK)'d in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not [depend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPEND) on you?

**ANTONY**

Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,  
[Sway](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWAY)'d from the [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT), by looking down on Caesar.  
Friends am I with you all and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

**BRUTUS**

Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of good regard  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.

**ANTONY**

That's all I seek:  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND),  
Speak in the [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER) of his funeral.

**BRUTUS**

You shall, Mark Antony.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, a word with you.

Aside to BRUTUS

You know not what you do: do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be moved  
By that which he will [utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER)?

**BRUTUS**

By your pardon;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Caesar shall  
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

**CASSIUS**

I know not what may fall; I like it not.

**BRUTUS**

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,  
And say you do't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

**ANTONY**

Be it so.  
I do desire no more.

**BRUTUS**

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

**ANTONY**

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--  
Which, like dumb mouths, do [ope](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPE) their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and [utterance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTERANCE) of my tongue--  
A curse shall [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE)  
And dreadful objects so [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR)  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants [quarter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARTER)'d with the hands of war;  
All pity choked with custom of [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) deeds:  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
[Cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

**Servant**

I do, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

**Servant**

He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth--  
O Caesar!--

Seeing the body

**ANTONY**

Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
[Passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION), I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

**Servant**

He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

**ANTONY**

Post back with [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED), and tell him what hath chanced:  
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt [discourse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCOURSE)  
To young Octavius of the [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of things.  
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

Act 3, Scene 2

The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

**Citizens**

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

**BRUTUS**

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.  
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Caesar's death.

**First Citizen**

I will hear Brutus speak.

**Second Citizen**

I will hear Cassius; and [compare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPARE) their reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

**Third Citizen**

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

**BRUTUS**

Be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT) till the last.  
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my  
cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me  
for mine honour, and have [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) to mine honour, that  
you may believe: [censure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CENSURE) me in your wisdom, and  
awake your senses, that you may the better judge.  
If there be any in this assembly, any dear [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) of  
Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar  
was no less than his. If then that [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) demand  
why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER):  
--Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved  
Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) and  
die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live  
all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him;  
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was  
valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I  
slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his  
fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his  
ambition. Who is here so [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) that would be a  
bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.  
Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If  
any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so  
vile that will not love his [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

**All**

None, Brutus, none.

**BRUTUS**

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to  
Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of  
his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not  
extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences  
enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,  
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive  
the benefit of his dying, a place in the  
commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this  
I [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART),--that, as I slew my best lover for the  
good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,  
when it shall please my [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) to need my death.

**All**

Live, Brutus! live, live!

**First Citizen**

[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him with triumph [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) unto his house.

**Second Citizen**

Give him a [statue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUE) with his ancestors.

**Third Citizen**

Let him be Caesar.

**Fourth Citizen**

Caesar's better parts  
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

**First Citizen**

We'll [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him to his house  
With shouts and clamours.

**BRUTUS**

My countrymen,--

**Second Citizen**

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

**First Citizen**

Peace, ho!

**BRUTUS**

Good countrymen, let me [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is [allow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ALLOW)'d to make.  
I do entreat you, not a man [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART),  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

**First Citizen**

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

**Third Citizen**

Let him go up into the public chair;  
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

**ANTONY**

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit

**Fourth Citizen**

What does he say of Brutus?

**Third Citizen**

He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

**Fourth Citizen**

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

**First Citizen**

This Caesar was a tyrant.

**Third Citizen**

Nay, that's certain:  
We are blest that Rome is [rid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RID) of him.

**Second Citizen**

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

**ANTONY**

You [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Romans,--

**Citizens**

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

**ANTONY**

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)'d it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men--  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) to Rome  
Whose ransoms did the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner [stuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFF):  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE), not [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

**First Citizen**

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

**Second Citizen**

If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Caesar has had great wrong.

**Third Citizen**

Has he, masters?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

**Fourth Citizen**

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

**First Citizen**

If it be found so, some will dear [abide](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABIDE) it.

**Second Citizen**

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

**Third Citizen**

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

**Fourth Citizen**

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

**ANTONY**

But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there.  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) of Caesar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament--  
Which, pardon me, I do not [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) to read--  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

**Fourth Citizen**

We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

**All**

The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

**ANTONY**

Have patience, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD), you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, bearing the will of Caesar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

**Fourth Citizen**

Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

**ANTONY**

Will you be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT)? will you stay awhile?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:  
I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

**Fourth Citizen**

They were traitors: honourable men!

**All**

The will! the testament!

**Second Citizen**

They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

**ANTONY**

You will compel me, then, to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

**Several Citizens**

Come down.

**Second Citizen**

Descend.

**Third Citizen**

You shall have leave.

ANTONY comes down

**Fourth Citizen**

A ring; stand [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND).

**First Citizen**

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

**Second Citizen**

Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

**ANTONY**

Nay, press not so upon me; stand [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) off.

**Several Citizens**

Stand back; room; bear back.

**ANTONY**

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER)  
The first time ever Caesar [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT),  
That day he overcame the Nervii:  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL):  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) of all;  
For when the noble Caesar [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then [burst](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BURST) his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) of Pompey's [statua](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUA),  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL).  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) down,  
Whilst bloody treason [flourish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLOURISH)'d over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The [dint](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DINT) of pity: these are [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) drops.  
[Kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

**First Citizen**

O piteous spectacle!

**Second Citizen**

O noble Caesar!

**Third Citizen**

O woful day!

**Fourth Citizen**

O traitors, villains!

**First Citizen**

O most bloody [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)!

**Second Citizen**

We will be revenged.

**All**

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!  
Let not a traitor live!

**ANTONY**

Stay, countrymen.

**First Citizen**

Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

**Second Citizen**

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

**ANTONY**

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honourable:  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND); and that they know [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), nor words, nor [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH),  
Action, nor [utterance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTERANCE), nor the [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) a tongue  
In every [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND) of Caesar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

**All**

We'll mutiny.

**First Citizen**

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

**Third Citizen**

Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

**ANTONY**

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

**All**

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

**ANTONY**

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?  
Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:  
You have forgot the will I told you of.

**All**

Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

**ANTONY**

Here is the will, and under Caesar's [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL).  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) man, seventy-five drachmas.

**Second Citizen**

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

**Third Citizen**

O royal Caesar!

**ANTONY**

Hear me with patience.

**All**

Peace, ho!

**ANTONY**

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,  
To walk [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD), and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

**First Citizen**

Never, never. Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

**Second Citizen**

Go fetch fire.

**Third Citizen**

Pluck down benches.

**Fourth Citizen**

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

Exeunt Citizens with the body

**ANTONY**

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow!

**Servant**

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

**ANTONY**

Where is he?

**Servant**

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

**ANTONY**

And thither will I [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) to visit him:  
He comes upon a [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH). Fortune is merry,  
And in this [mood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOOD) will give us any thing.

**Servant**

I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are [rid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RID) like madmen through the gates of Rome.

**ANTONY**

Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had moved them. [Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me to Octavius.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 3

A street.

Enter CINNA the poet

**CINNA THE POET**

I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

**First Citizen**

What is your name?

**Second Citizen**

Whither are you going?

**Third Citizen**

Where do you dwell?

**Fourth Citizen**

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

**Second Citizen**

[Answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) every man directly.

**First Citizen**

Ay, and briefly.

**Fourth Citizen**

Ay, and wisely.

**Third Citizen**

Ay, and truly, you were best.

**CINNA THE POET**

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I  
dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to  
[answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) every man directly and briefly, wisely and  
truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

**Second Citizen**

That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:  
you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

**CINNA THE POET**

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

**First Citizen**

As a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) or an enemy?

**CINNA THE POET**

As a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND).

**Second Citizen**

That matter is answered directly.

**Fourth Citizen**

For your dwelling,--briefly.

**CINNA THE POET**

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

**Third Citizen**

Your name, sir, truly.

**CINNA THE POET**

Truly, my name is Cinna.

**First Citizen**

Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

**CINNA THE POET**

I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

**Fourth Citizen**

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

**CINNA THE POET**

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**Fourth Citizen**

It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his  
name out of his heart, and [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) him going.

**Third Citizen**

Tear him, tear him! Come, brands ho! fire-brands:  
to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius'  
house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 1

A house in Rome.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table

**ANTONY**

These many, then, shall die; their names are [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK)'d.

**OCTAVIUS**

Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

**LEPIDUS**

I do consent--

**OCTAVIUS**

[Prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) him down, Antony.

**LEPIDUS**

Upon [condition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDITION) Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

**ANTONY**

He shall not live; look, with a spot I [damn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAMN) him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall [determine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DETERMINE)  
How to [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) off some charge in legacies.

**LEPIDUS**

What, shall I find you here?

**OCTAVIUS**

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit LEPIDUS

**ANTONY**

This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT),  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

**OCTAVIUS**

So you [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) him;  
And took his voice who should be [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK)'d to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

**ANTONY**

Octavius, I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) more days than you:  
And though we [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) the way;  
And [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

**OCTAVIUS**

You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

**ANTONY**

So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender:  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His [corporal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORPORAL) [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE), is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On abjects, orts and imitations,  
Which, out of [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) and staled by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
But as a [property](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROPERTY). And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things:--Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers: we must [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) make head:  
Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclosed,  
And [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN) perils surest answered.

**OCTAVIUS**

Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
And [bay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BAY)'d about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 2

Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them

**BRUTUS**

Stand, ho!

**LUCILIUS**

Give the word, ho! and stand.

**BRUTUS**

What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

**LUCILIUS**

He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

**BRUTUS**

He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)  
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

**PINDARUS**

I do not doubt  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of regard and honour.

**BRUTUS**

He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;  
How he received you, let me be resolved.

**LUCILIUS**

With courtesy and with [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) enough;  
But not with such [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR) instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

**BRUTUS**

Thou hast described  
A hot [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) cooling: ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced [ceremony](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEREMONY).  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

**LUCILIUS**

They [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) this night in Sardis to be [quarter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARTER)'d;  
The greater part, the horse in [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL),  
Are come with Cassius.

**BRUTUS**

Hark! he is arrived.

Low march within

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers

**CASSIUS**

Stand, ho!

**BRUTUS**

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

**First Soldier**

Stand!

**Second Soldier**

Stand!

**Third Soldier**

Stand!

**CASSIUS**

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

**BRUTUS**

Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them--

**BRUTUS**

Cassius, be content.  
Speak your griefs [softly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOFTLY): I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT), Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

**CASSIUS**

Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) from this ground.

**BRUTUS**

Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT) till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius [guard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GUARD) our door.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 3

Brutus's tent.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

**CASSIUS**

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
For [taking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TAKING) bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

**BRUTUS**

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

**CASSIUS**

In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE) offence should bear his comment.

**BRUTUS**

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

**CASSIUS**

I an itching palm!  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

**BRUTUS**

The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

**CASSIUS**

Chastisement!

**BRUTUS**

[Remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) March, the ides of March [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER):  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH)'d his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our [large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE) honours  
For so much [trash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRASH) as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and [bay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BAY) the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

**CASSIUS**

Brutus, [bay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BAY) not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE), abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

**BRUTUS**

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

**CASSIUS**

I am.

**BRUTUS**

I say you are not.

**CASSIUS**

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

**BRUTUS**

Away, slight man!

**CASSIUS**

Is't possible?

**BRUTUS**

Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your [rash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RASH) choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

**CASSIUS**

O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

**BRUTUS**

All this! ay, more: [fret](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRET) till your proud heart break;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods  
You shall digest the venom of your [spleen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPLEEN),  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

**CASSIUS**

Is it come to this?

**BRUTUS**

You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

**CASSIUS**

You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say 'better'?

**BRUTUS**

If you did, I care not.

**CASSIUS**

When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

**BRUTUS**

Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

**CASSIUS**

I durst not!

**BRUTUS**

No.

**CASSIUS**

What, durst not tempt him!

**BRUTUS**

For your life you durst not!

**CASSIUS**

Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for.

**BRUTUS**

You have done that you should be [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY)  
That they [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) by me as the idle wind,  
Which I [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile [trash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRASH)  
By any indirection: I did send  
To you for gold to [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)'d Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such [rascal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RASCAL) counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!

**CASSIUS**

I denied you not.

**BRUTUS**

You did.

**CASSIUS**

I did not: he was but a fool that brought  
My [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) back. Brutus hath rived my heart:  
A [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

**BRUTUS**

I do not, till you [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) them on me.

**CASSIUS**

You love me not.

**BRUTUS**

I do not like your faults.

**CASSIUS**

A friendly [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) could never see such faults.

**BRUTUS**

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) Olympus.

**CASSIUS**

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
[Cheque](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEQUE)'d like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
And here my naked [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST); within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

**BRUTUS**

Sheathe your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) is cold again.

**CASSIUS**

Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

**BRUTUS**

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

**CASSIUS**

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

**BRUTUS**

And my heart too.

**CASSIUS**

O Brutus!

**BRUTUS**

What's the matter?

**CASSIUS**

Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that [rash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RASH) humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?

**BRUTUS**

Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

**Poet**

[Within] Let me go in to see the generals;  
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

**LUCILIUS**

[Within] You shall not come to them.

**Poet**

[Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS

**CASSIUS**

How now! what's the matter?

**Poet**

For [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME), you generals! what do you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) more years, I'm sure, than ye.

**CASSIUS**

Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

**BRUTUS**

Get you [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), sirrah; [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) fellow, hence!

**CASSIUS**

Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

**BRUTUS**

I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:  
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?  
Companion, [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)!

**CASSIUS**

Away, away, be gone.

Exit Poet

**BRUTUS**

Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

**CASSIUS**

And come yourselves, and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) Messala with you  
Immediately to us.

Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS

**BRUTUS**

Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Exit LUCIUS

**CASSIUS**

I did not think you could have been so angry.

**BRUTUS**

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

**CASSIUS**

Of your philosophy you make no [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE),  
If you give place to accidental evils.

**BRUTUS**

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

**CASSIUS**

Ha! Portia!

**BRUTUS**

She is dead.

**CASSIUS**

How 'scaped I killing when I [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS)'d you so?  
O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

**BRUTUS**

Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong:--for with her death  
That tidings came;--with this she [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

**CASSIUS**

And died so?

**BRUTUS**

Even so.

**CASSIUS**

O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

**BRUTUS**

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

**CASSIUS**

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

**BRUTUS**

Come in, Titinius!

Exit LUCIUS

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Welcome, good Messala.  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

**CASSIUS**

Portia, art thou gone?

**BRUTUS**

No more, I pray you.  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER),  
[Bending](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BENDING) their expedition [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) Philippi.

**MESSALA**

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

**BRUTUS**

With what [addition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDITION)?

**MESSALA**

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) to death an hundred senators.

**BRUTUS**

Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

**CASSIUS**

Cicero one!

**MESSALA**

Cicero is dead,  
And by that [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER) of proscription.  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

**BRUTUS**

No, Messala.

**MESSALA**

Nor nothing in your letters [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) of her?

**BRUTUS**

Nothing, Messala.

**MESSALA**

That, methinks, is [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE).

**BRUTUS**

Why [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) you? hear you aught of her in yours?

**MESSALA**

No, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

**MESSALA**

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) manner.

**BRUTUS**

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:  
With meditating that she must die [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE),  
I have the patience to endure it now.

**MESSALA**

Even so great men great losses should endure.

**CASSIUS**

I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

**BRUTUS**

Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

**CASSIUS**

I do not think it good.

**BRUTUS**

Your reason?

**CASSIUS**

This it is:  
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

**BRUTUS**

Good reasons must, of [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE), give place to better.  
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a [forced](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCED) affection;  
For they have grudged us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;  
From which advantage shall we [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

**CASSIUS**

Hear me, good brother.

**BRUTUS**

Under your pardon. You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is [ripe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RIPE):  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to [decline](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DECLINE).  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

**CASSIUS**

Then, with your will, go on;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) rest.  
There is no more to say?

**CASSIUS**

No more. Good night:  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE).

**BRUTUS**

Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

My gown.

Exit LUCIUS

Farewell, good Messala:  
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

**CASSIUS**

O my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such [division](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIVISION) 'tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

Every thing is well.

**CASSIUS**

Good night, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Good night, good brother.

**TITINIUS**

|  
| Good night, Lord Brutus.

**MESSALA**

|

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

**LUCIUS**

Here in the [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT).

**BRUTUS**

What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
Call Claudius and some other of my men:  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT).

**LUCIUS**

Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

**VARRO**

Calls my lord?

**BRUTUS**

I pray you, sirs, lie in my [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT) and sleep;  
It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

**VARRO**

So please you, we will stand and [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) your pleasure.

**BRUTUS**

I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;  
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) I sought for so;  
I [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it in the pocket of my gown.

VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down

**LUCIUS**

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

**BRUTUS**

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) thy instrument a [strain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIN) or two?

**LUCIUS**

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

**BRUTUS**

It does, my boy:  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

**LUCIUS**

It is my duty, sir.

**BRUTUS**

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

**LUCIUS**

I have slept, my lord, already.

**BRUTUS**

It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;  
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,  
I will be good to thee.

Music, and a song

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,  
[Lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY)'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee music? [Gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE), good night;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;  
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.  
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d down  
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL), or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold and my [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art.

**GHOST**

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

**BRUTUS**

Why comest thou?

**GHOST**

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

Well; then I shall see thee again?

**GHOST**

Ay, at Philippi.

**BRUTUS**

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Exit Ghost

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius!

**LUCIUS**

The strings, my lord, are [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE).

**BRUTUS**

He thinks he still is at his instrument.  
Lucius, awake!

**LUCIUS**

My lord?

**BRUTUS**

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

**LUCIUS**

My lord, I do not know that I did [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY).

**BRUTUS**

Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

**LUCIUS**

Nothing, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

To VARRO

Fellow thou, awake!

**VARRO**

My lord?

**CLAUDIUS**

My lord?

**BRUTUS**

Why did you so [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) out, sirs, in your sleep?

**VARRO**

|  
| Did we, my lord?

**CLAUDIUS**

|

**BRUTUS**

Ay: [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) you any thing?

**VARRO**

No, my lord, I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) nothing.

**CLAUDIUS**

Nor I, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

**VARRO**

|  
| It shall be done, my lord.

**CLAUDIUS**

|

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 1

The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

**OCTAVIUS**

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) to [warn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WARN) us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

**ANTONY**

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
With [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) [bravery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVERY), thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

**Messenger**

Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) of [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE) is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

**ANTONY**

Octavius, lead your [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE) [softly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOFTLY) on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

**OCTAVIUS**

Upon the right hand I; [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) thou the left.

**ANTONY**

Why do you [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) me in this [exigent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXIGENT)?

**OCTAVIUS**

I do not [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) you; but I will do so.

March

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others

**BRUTUS**

They stand, and would have parley.

**CASSIUS**

Stand [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST), Titinius: we must out and talk.

**OCTAVIUS**

Mark Antony, shall we give [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) of [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE)?

**ANTONY**

No, Caesar, we will [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) on their charge.  
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

**OCTAVIUS**

Stir not until the signal.

**BRUTUS**

Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

**OCTAVIUS**

Not that we love words better, as you do.

**BRUTUS**

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

**ANTONY**

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:  
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

**CASSIUS**

Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

**ANTONY**

Not stingless too.

**BRUTUS**

O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

**ANTONY**

Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers  
[Hack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HACK)'d one another in the sides of Caesar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

**CASSIUS**

Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have ruled.

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,  
The [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF) of it will [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) to redder drops. Look;  
I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds  
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

**BRUTUS**

Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING)'st them with thee.

**OCTAVIUS**

So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

**BRUTUS**

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy [strain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIN),  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

**CASSIUS**

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

**ANTONY**

Old Cassius still!

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, Antony, away!  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

**CASSIUS**

Why, now, [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW) wind, swell billow and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

**BRUTUS**

Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

**LUCILIUS [Standing forth]**

My lord?

BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart

**CASSIUS**

Messala!

**MESSALA**

[Standing forth] What says my [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL)?

**CASSIUS**

Messala,  
This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE) all our liberties.  
You know that I held Epicurus strong  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT) things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
Two mighty eagles [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL), and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us:  
This morning are they fled away and gone;  
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,  
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

**MESSALA**

Believe not so.

**CASSIUS**

I but believe it partly;  
For I am [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) of spirit and resolved  
To meet all perils very [constantly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANTLY).

**BRUTUS**

Even so, Lucilius.

**CASSIUS**

Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE), then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you then determined to do?

**BRUTUS**

Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself, I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to [prevent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PREVENT)  
The time of life: arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) powers  
That govern us below.

**CASSIUS**

Then, if we lose this [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE),  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

**BRUTUS**

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

**CASSIUS**

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

**BRUTUS**

Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 2

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

**BRUTUS**

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.

Loud alarum

Let them set on at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE); for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 3

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

**CASSIUS**

O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

**TITINIUS**

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;  
Who, [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS

**PINDARUS**

Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) off.

**CASSIUS**

This hill is [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

**TITINIUS**

They are, my lord.

**CASSIUS**

Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy [spurs](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPURS) in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest [assured](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASSURED)  
Whether [yond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YOND) troops are [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) or enemy.

**TITINIUS**

I will be here again, even with a [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT).

Exit

**CASSIUS**

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT) was ever [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK); regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

PINDARUS ascends the hill

This day I breathed first: time is come [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND),  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

**PINDARUS**

[Above] O my lord!

**CASSIUS**

What news?

**PINDARUS**

[Above] Titinius is enclosed [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND) about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he [spurs](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPURS) on. Now they are almost on him.  
Now, Titinius! Now some [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT). O, he lights too.  
He's ta'en.

Shout

And, hark! they shout for joy.

**CASSIUS**

Come down, behold no more.  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends

Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) thine oath;  
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,  
That ran through Caesar's bowels, [search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH) this [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM).  
Stand not to [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER): here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER)'d, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.

PINDARUS stabs him

Caesar, thou art revenged,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

Dies

**PINDARUS**

So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
[Far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) from this [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Exit

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA

**MESSALA**

It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER),  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

**TITINIUS**

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

**MESSALA**

Where did you leave him?

**TITINIUS**

All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

**MESSALA**

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

**TITINIUS**

He lies not like the [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING). O my heart!

**MESSALA**

Is not that he?

**TITINIUS**

No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!  
Mistrust of my [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS) hath done this deed.

**MESSALA**

Mistrust of good [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS) hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,  
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

**TITINIUS**

What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

**MESSALA**

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT).

**TITINIUS**

Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

Exit MESSALA

Why didst thou send me forth, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!  
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
By your leave, gods:--this is a Roman's part  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Kills himself

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS

**BRUTUS**

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

**MESSALA**

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

**BRUTUS**

Titinius' face is upward.

**CATO**

He is slain.

**BRUTUS**

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD) and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.

Low alarums

**CATO**

[Brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) Titinius!  
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

**BRUTUS**

Are yet two Romans [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE) more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY).  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.  
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 4

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others

**BRUTUS**

Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

**CATO**

What [bastard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASTARD) doth not? Who will go with me?  
I will proclaim my name about the field:  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)'s [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND);  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

**BRUTUS**

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)'s [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND); know me for Brutus!

Exit

**LUCILIUS**

O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;  
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

**First Soldier**

[Yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD), or thou diest.

**LUCILIUS**

Only I [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT);

Offering money

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

**First Soldier**

We must not. A noble prisoner!

**Second Soldier**

Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

**First Soldier**

I'll tell the news. Here comes the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL).

Enter ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

**ANTONY**

Where is he?

**LUCILIUS**

[Safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE), Antony; Brutus is [safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE) enough:  
I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods [defend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEND) him from so great a [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)!  
When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

**ANTONY**

This is not Brutus, [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND); but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH): [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) this man [safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE);  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;  
And [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) us word unto Octavius' [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT)  
How every thing is chanced.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 5

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

**BRUTUS**

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

**CLITUS**

Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,  
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

**BRUTUS**

Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

Whispers

**CLITUS**

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

**BRUTUS**

Peace then! no words.

**CLITUS**

I'll rather kill myself.

**BRUTUS**

Hark thee, Dardanius.

Whispers

**DARDANIUS**

Shall I do such a deed?

**CLITUS**

O Dardanius!

**DARDANIUS**

O Clitus!

**CLITUS**

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

**DARDANIUS**

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

**CLITUS**

Now is that noble vessel [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

**BRUTUS**

Come hither, good Volumnius; [list](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIST) a word.

**VOLUMNIUS**

What says my lord?

**BRUTUS**

Why, this, Volumnius:  
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me  
Two [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) times by night; at Sardis [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE),  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:  
I know my hour is come.

**VOLUMNIUS**

Not so, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) us to the pit:

Low alarums

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:  
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

**VOLUMNIUS**

That's not an [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) for a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), my lord.

Alarum still

**CLITUS**

Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

**BRUTUS**

Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE); for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history:  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'

**CLITUS**

Fly, my lord, fly.

**BRUTUS**

[Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)! I will follow.

Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
Thou art a fellow of a good [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT);  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:  
Hold then my sword, and [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

**STRATO**

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

**BRUTUS**

Farewell, good Strato.

Runs on his sword

Caesar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

Dies

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army

**OCTAVIUS**

What man is that?

**MESSALA**

My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

**STRATO**

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

**LUCILIUS**

So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

**OCTAVIUS**

All that served Brutus, I will [entertain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAIN) them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

**STRATO**

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

**OCTAVIUS**

Do so, good Messala.

**MESSALA**

How died my master, Strato?

**STRATO**

I held the sword, and he did run on it.

**MESSALA**

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

**ANTONY**

This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators save only he  
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;  
He only, in a [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT)  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE), and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

**OCTAVIUS**

According to his [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) let us [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) him,  
With all [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) and rites of burial.  
Within my [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT) his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER)'d honourably.  
So call the field to rest; and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST

1. **Act 1**
2. [Scene 1.](loveslabourslost.1.1.html) The king of Navarre's park.
3. [Scene 2.](loveslabourslost.1.2.html) The same.
4. **Act 2**
5. [Scene 1.](loveslabourslost.2.1.html) The same.
6. **Act 3**
7. [Scene 1.](loveslabourslost.3.1.html) The same.
8. **Act 4**
9. [Scene 1.](loveslabourslost.4.1.html) The same.
10. [Scene 2.](loveslabourslost.4.2.html) The same.
11. [Scene 3.](loveslabourslost.4.3.html) The same.
12. **Act 5**
13. [Scene 1.](loveslabourslost.5.1.html) The same.
14. [Scene 2.](loveslabourslost.5.2.html) The same.

Act 1, Scene 1

The king of Navarre's park.

Enter FERDINAND king of Navarre, BIRON, LONGAVILLE and DUMAIN

**FERDINAND**

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
The endeavor of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall [bate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATE) his scythe's keen edge  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) conquerors,--for so you are,  
That war against your own affections  
And the huge army of the world's desires,--  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE):  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;  
Our court shall be a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) Academe,  
Still and contemplative in [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me  
My fellow-scholars, and to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS)'d; and now [subscribe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUBSCRIBE) your names,  
That his own hand may strike his honour down  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,  
[Subscribe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUBSCRIBE) to your deep oaths, and [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) it too.

**LONGAVILLE**

I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST):  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
[Fat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAT) paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS).

**DUMAIN**

My loving lord, Dumain is [mortified](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTIFIED):  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH), to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) in philosophy.

**BIRON**

I can but say their protestation over;  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, to live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances;  
As, not to see a woman in that term,  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;  
And one day in a week to [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) no food  
And but one meal on every day beside,  
The which I hope is not enrolled there;  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) to wink of all the day--  
When I was wont to think no harm all night  
And make a dark night too of half the day--  
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP),  
Not to see ladies, study, [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST), not sleep!

**FERDINAND**

Your oath is [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS)'d to pass away from these.

**BIRON**

Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:  
I only swore to study with your grace  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

**LONGAVILLE**

You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

**BIRON**

By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST).  
What is the end of study? let me know.

**FERDINAND**

Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

**BIRON**

Things hid and barr'd, you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), from common sense?

**FERDINAND**

Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

**BIRON**

Come on, then; I will [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) to study so,  
To know the thing I am [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) to know:  
As thus,--to study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID);  
Or study where to meet some [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE),  
When mistresses from common sense are hid;  
Or, [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) sworn too hard a keeping oath,  
Study to break it and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:  
[Swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

**FERDINAND**

These be the stops that hinder study quite  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

**BIRON**

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which with pain purchased doth [inherit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INHERIT) pain:  
As, painfully to pore upon a [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK)  
To seek the [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) of truth; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:  
[Light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) seeking [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) doth light of light beguile:  
So, ere you find where [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) in darkness lies,  
Your [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) indeed  
By fixing it upon a fairer [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
Who dazzling so, that [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) shall be his heed  
And give him [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) that it was blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun  
That will not be deep-search'd with [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) looks:  
Small have continual plodders ever won  
Save [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) authority from others' books  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights  
That give a name to every fixed star  
Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk and [wot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOT) not what they are.  
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.

**FERDINAND**

How well he's read, to reason against reading!

**DUMAIN**

Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

**LONGAVILLE**

He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.

**BIRON**

The [spring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING) is near when [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) geese are a-breeding.

**DUMAIN**

How follows that?

**BIRON**

[Fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) in his place and time.

**DUMAIN**

In reason nothing.

**BIRON**

Something then in rhyme.

**FERDINAND**

Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the [spring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING).

**BIRON**

Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;  
But like of each thing that in season grows.  
So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) gate.

**FERDINAND**

Well, sit you out: go [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME), Biron: adieu.

**BIRON**

No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:  
And though I have for barbarism spoke more  
Than for that [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL) knowledge you can say,  
Yet confident I'll [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) what I have swore  
And bide the penance of each three years' day.  
Give me the paper; let me read the same;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

**FERDINAND**

How well this yielding rescues thee from [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)!

**BIRON**

[Reads] 'Item, That no woman shall come within a  
mile of my court:' Hath this been proclaimed?

**LONGAVILLE**

Four days ago.

**BIRON**

Let's see the penalty.

Reads

'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?

**LONGAVILLE**

Marry, that did I.

**BIRON**

Sweet lord, and why?

**LONGAVILLE**

To fright them [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) with that dread penalty.

**BIRON**

A dangerous law against [gentility](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTILITY)!

Reads

'Item, If any man be [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) to talk with a woman  
within the term of three years, he shall endure such  
public [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'  
This article, my liege, yourself must break;  
For well you know here comes in embassy  
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak--  
A maid of grace and complete majesty--  
About surrender up of Aquitaine  
To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father:  
Therefore this article is made in vain,  
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

**FERDINAND**

What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

**BIRON**

So study evermore is overshot:  
While it doth study to have what it would  
It doth forget to do the thing it should,  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

**FERDINAND**

We must of [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE) dispense with this decree;  
She must lie here on mere necessity.

**BIRON**

Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within this three years' space;  
For every man with his affects is born,  
Not by might master'd but by special grace:  
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;  
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'  
So to the laws at [large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE) I write my name:

Subscribes

And he that breaks them in the least degree  
Stands in attainder of eternal [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME):  
Suggestions are to other as to me;  
But I believe, although I seem so loath,  
I am the last that will last [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) his oath.  
But is there no [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) recreation granted?

**FERDINAND**

Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted  
With a refined traveller of Spain;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;  
One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;  
A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:  
This child of fancy, that Armado [hight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGHT),  
For interim to our studies shall relate  
In high-born words the [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) of many a knight  
From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.  
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;  
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie  
And I will [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) him for my minstrelsy.

**BIRON**

Armado is a most illustrious [wight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIGHT),  
A man of [fire-new](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIRE-NEW) words, fashion's own knight.

**LONGAVILLE**

[Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD) the swain and he shall be our sport;  
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD

**DULL**

Which is the duke's own person?

**BIRON**

This, fellow: what wouldst?

**DULL**

I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his  
grace's [tharborough](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THARBOROUGH): but I would see his own person  
in flesh and blood.

**BIRON**

This is he.

**DULL**

Signior Arme--Arme--commends you. There's villany  
[abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD): this letter will tell you more.

**COSTARD**

Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

**FERDINAND**

A letter from the magnificent Armado.

**BIRON**

How low soever the matter, I hope in God for [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) words.

**LONGAVILLE**

A [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

**BIRON**

To hear? or forbear laughing?

**LONGAVILLE**

To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to  
forbear both.

**BIRON**

Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to  
climb in the merriness.

**COSTARD**

The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta.  
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

**BIRON**

In what manner?

**COSTARD**

In manner and form following, sir; all those three:  
I was [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) with her in the manor-house, sitting with  
her upon the form, and taken following her into the  
park; which, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) together, is in manner and form  
following. Now, sir, for the manner,--it is the  
manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,--  
in some form.

**BIRON**

For the following, sir?

**COSTARD**

As it shall follow in my correction: and God [defend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEND)  
the right!

**FERDINAND**

Will you hear this letter with attention?

**BIRON**

As we would hear an oracle.

**COSTARD**

Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'Great deputy, the [welkin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WELKIN)'s vicegerent and  
sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god,  
and body's fostering patron.'

**COSTARD**

Not a word of [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD) yet.

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'So it is,'--

**COSTARD**

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

**FERDINAND**

Peace!

**COSTARD**

Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

**FERDINAND**

No words!

**COSTARD**

Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

**FERDINAND**

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

**COSTARD**

Me?

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'--

**COSTARD**

Me?

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'that shallow vassal,'--

**COSTARD**

Still me?

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'which, as I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER), [hight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGHT) [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD),'--

**COSTARD**

O, me!

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'sorted and consorted, [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY) to thy  
established proclaimed edict and [continent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTINENT) canon,  
which with,--O, with--but with this I [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION) to say  
wherewith,--

**COSTARD**

With a wench.

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a  
female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a  
woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on,  
have sent to thee, to receive the [meed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEED) of  
punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony  
[Dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL); a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and  
[estimation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ESTIMATION).'

**DULL**

'Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony [Dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL).

**FERDINAND**

[Reads] 'For Jaquenetta,--so is the weaker vessel  
called which I apprehended with the aforesaid  
swain,--I [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) her as a vessel of the law's fury;  
and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING)  
her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted  
and heart-burning [heat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HEAT) of duty.  
[DON](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

**BIRON**

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

**FERDINAND**

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

**COSTARD**

Sir, I confess the wench.

**FERDINAND**

Did you hear the proclamation?

**COSTARD**

I do confess much of the hearing it but [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) of  
the marking of it.

**FERDINAND**

It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken  
with a wench.

**COSTARD**

I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

**FERDINAND**

Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

**COSTARD**

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

**FERDINAND**

It is so varied, too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

**COSTARD**

If it were, I [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

**FERDINAND**

This maid will not serve your [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN), sir.

**COSTARD**

This maid will serve my [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN), sir.

**FERDINAND**

Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST)  
a week with bran and water.

**COSTARD**

I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

**FERDINAND**

And [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Armado shall be your keeper.  
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:  
And go we, lords, to [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) in [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) that  
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Exeunt FERDINAND, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN

**BIRON**

I'll [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) my head to any good man's hat,  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.  
Sirrah, come on.

**COSTARD**

I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was  
taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true  
girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of  
prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and  
till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 2

The same.

Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO and MOTH

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Boy, what [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) is it when a man of great spirit  
grows melancholy?

**MOTH**

A great [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN), sir, that he will look [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD).

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Why, [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS) is one and the self-same thing, dear [imp](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMP).

**MOTH**

No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

How canst thou part [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS) and melancholy, my  
[tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) [juvenal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JUVENAL)?

**MOTH**

By a [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR) demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Why tough senior? why tough senior?

**MOTH**

Why [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) [juvenal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JUVENAL)? why tender juvenal?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I spoke it, [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) [juvenal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JUVENAL), as a congruent epitheton  
appertaining to thy young days, which we may  
nominate [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER).

**MOTH**

And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your  
old time, which we may name tough.

**ARMADO**

Pretty and apt.

**MOTH**

How [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or  
I apt, and my saying pretty?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Thou pretty, because [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE).

**MOTH**

[Little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) pretty, because [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE). Wherefore apt?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

And therefore apt, because [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK).

**MOTH**

Speak you this in my praise, master?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

In thy condign praise.

**MOTH**

I will praise an eel with the same praise.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

What, that an eel is ingenious?

**MOTH**

That an eel is [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK).

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I do say thou art [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) in answers: thou heatest my blood.

**MOTH**

I am answered, sir.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I love not to be crossed.

**MOTH**

[Aside] He speaks the mere [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY); crosses love not him.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I have promised to study three years with the duke.

**MOTH**

You may do it in an hour, sir.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Impossible.

**MOTH**

How many is one thrice told?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

**MOTH**

You are a gentleman and a [gamester](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAMESTER), sir.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I confess both: they are both the varnish of a  
complete man.

**MOTH**

Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of  
deuce-ace amounts to.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

It doth amount to one more than two.

**MOTH**

Which the [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) [vulgar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VULGAR) do call three.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

True.

**MOTH**

Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here  
is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how  
easy it is to [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) 'years' to the word 'three,' and  
study three years in two words, the dancing horse  
will tell you.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

A most [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) figure!

**MOTH**

To prove you a [cipher](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CIPHER).

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is  
[base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a  
[base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) wench. If drawing my sword against the humour  
of affection would deliver me from the reprobate  
[thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and  
ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised  
courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should  
outswear Cupid. Comfort, me, boy: what great men  
have been in love?

**MOTH**

Hercules, master.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name  
more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good  
repute and carriage.

**MOTH**

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

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

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

**MOTH**

A woman, master.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Of what [complexion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPLEXION)?

**MOTH**

Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Tell me precisely of what [complexion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPLEXION).

**MOTH**

Of the sea-water [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN), sir.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Is that one of the four complexions?

**MOTH**

As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

[Green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) indeed is the [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR) of lovers; but to have a  
love of that [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR), methinks Samson had small reason  
for it. He surely affected her for her [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).

**MOTH**

It was so, sir; for she had a [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

My love is most immaculate [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) and red.

**MOTH**

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

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Define, define, well-educated infant.

**MOTH**

My father's [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) and my mother's tongue, assist me!

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and  
[pathetical](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATHETICAL)!

**MOTH**

If she be made of [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known,  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred  
And fears by [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) shown:  
Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know,  
For still her cheeks [possess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POSSESS) the same  
Which native she doth [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE).  
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of  
[white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) and red.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

**MOTH**

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some  
three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be  
found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for  
the writing nor the tune.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I will have that subject newly [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) o'er, that I may  
example my [digression](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIGRESSION) by some mighty precedent.  
Boy, I do love that [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) girl that I took in the  
park with the rational hind [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD): she deserves well.

**MOTH**

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

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

**MOTH**

And that's great marvel, loving a [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) wench.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I say, sing.

**MOTH**

Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA

**DULL**

Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD)  
[safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE): and you must suffer him to take no delight  
nor no penance; but a' must [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) three days a week.  
For this damsel, I must [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) her at the park: she  
is allowed for the [day-woman](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAY-WOMAN). Fare you well.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

**JAQUENETTA**

Man?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I will visit thee at the lodge.

**JAQUENETTA**

That's hereby.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I know where it is situate.

**JAQUENETTA**

Lord, how wise you are!

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I will tell thee wonders.

**JAQUENETTA**

With that face?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I love thee.

**JAQUENETTA**

So I heard you say.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

And so, farewell.

**JAQUENETTA**

Fair weather after you!

**DULL**

Come, Jaquenetta, away!

Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

[Villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), thou shalt [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) for thy offences ere thou  
be pardoned.

**COSTARD**

Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a  
[full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH).

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Thou shalt be heavily punished.

**COSTARD**

I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they  
are but [lightly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHTLY) rewarded.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Take away this [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN); shut him up.

**MOTH**

Come, you transgressing [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE); away!

**COSTARD**

Let me not be pent up, sir: I will [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST), being loose.

**MOTH**

No, sir; that were [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) and loose: thou shalt to prison.

**COSTARD**

Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation  
that I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN), some shall see.

**MOTH**

What shall some see?

**COSTARD**

Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon.  
It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their  
words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank  
God I have as [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) patience as another man; and  
therefore I can be quiet.

Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I do [affect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AFFECT) the very ground, which is [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE), where  
her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which  
is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which  
is a great [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) of falsehood, if I love. And  
how can that be true love which is falsely  
attempted? Love is a [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR); Love is a devil:  
there is no evil [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL) but Love. Yet was Samson so  
tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was  
Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).  
Cupid's [butt-shaft](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BUTT-SHAFT) is too hard for Hercules' club;  
and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier.  
The first and second cause will not serve my [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN);  
the passado he respects not, the duello he regards  
not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his  
glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust rapier!  
be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea,  
he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme,  
for I am sure I shall [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) sonnet. Devise, [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT);  
write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit

Act 2, Scene 1

The same.

Enter the PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants

**BOYET**

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:  
Consider who the king your father sends,  
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE),  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace  
As Nature was in making graces dear  
When she did starve the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) world beside  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

**PRINCESS**

Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN),  
Needs not the painted [flourish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLOURISH) of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgement of the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
Not [utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER)'d by [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) sale of chapmen's tongues:  
I am less proud to hear you tell my [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH)  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) in the praise of mine.  
But now to [task](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASK) the tasker: good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD), Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall outwear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:  
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
[Bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) of your worthiness, we [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.  
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,  
On serious business, craving [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) dispatch,  
Importunes personal conference with his grace:  
Haste, signify so much; while we [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND),  
Like humble-visaged suitors, his [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) will.

**BOYET**

Proud of employment, willingly I go.

**PRINCESS**

All [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE) is willing pride, and yours is so.

Exit BOYET

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are vow-fellows with this [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) duke?

**First Lord**

Lord Longaville is one.

**PRINCESS**

Know you the man?

**MARIA**

I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,  
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized  
In Normandy, [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) I this Longaville:  
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.  
The only [soil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOIL) of his fair [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE)'s gloss,  
If [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE)'s gloss will [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN) with any [soil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOIL),  
Is a sharp [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) matched with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT), whose will still wills  
It should none spare that come within his [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER).

**PRINCESS**

Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

**MARIA**

They say so most that most his humours know.

**PRINCESS**

Such short-lived [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) do wither as they grow.  
Who are the rest?

**KATHARINE**

The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,  
Of all that [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) love for virtue loved:  
Most [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to do most harm, least knowing ill;  
For he hath [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace though he had no [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).  
I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) him at the Duke Alencon's [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE);  
And much too [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) of that good I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW)  
Is my report to his great worthiness.

**ROSALINE**

Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.  
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) begets occasion for his [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT);  
For every object that the one doth catch  
The other turns to a mirth-moving [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST),  
Which his fair tongue, [conceit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONCEIT)'s expositor,  
Delivers in such apt and [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) words  
That aged ears play truant at his tales  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
So sweet and [voluble](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VOLUBLE) is his [discourse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCOURSE).

**PRINCESS**

God bless my ladies! are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

**First Lord**

Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET

**PRINCESS**

Now, what admittance, lord?

**BOYET**

Navarre had notice of your fair approach;  
And he and his competitors in oath  
Were all [address](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDRESS)'d to meet you, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes Navarre.

Enter FERDINAND, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants

**FERDINAND**

Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

**PRINCESS**

'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have  
not yet: the roof of this court is too [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) to be  
yours; and welcome to the wide fields too [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) to be mine.

**FERDINAND**

You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

**PRINCESS**

I will be welcome, then: [conduct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDUCT) me thither.

**FERDINAND**

Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

**PRINCESS**

Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

**FERDINAND**

Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

**PRINCESS**

Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.

**FERDINAND**

Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

**PRINCESS**

Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.  
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:  
Tis deadly sin to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) that oath, my lord,  
And sin to break it.  
But pardon me. I am too sudden-bold:  
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.  
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,  
And [suddenly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDENLY) [resolve](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESOLVE) me in my suit.

**FERDINAND**

Madam, I will, if [suddenly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDENLY) I may.

**PRINCESS**

You will the sooner, that I were away;  
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.

**BIRON**

Did not I dance with you in Brabant [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)?

**ROSALINE**

Did not I dance with you in Brabant [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)?

**BIRON**

I know you did.

**ROSALINE**

How needless was it then to [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) the question!

**BIRON**

You must not be so [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK).

**ROSALINE**

'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

**BIRON**

Your [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)'s too hot, it speeds too [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST), 'twill [tire](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TIRE).

**ROSALINE**

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

**BIRON**

What time o' day?

**ROSALINE**

The hour that fools should [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK).

**BIRON**

Now fair befall your mask!

**ROSALINE**

Fair fall the face it covers!

**BIRON**

And send you many lovers!

**ROSALINE**

Amen, so you be none.

**BIRON**

Nay, then will I be gone.

**FERDINAND**

Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say that he or we, as neither have,  
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH).  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitaine;  
Which we much rather had [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) withal  
And have the money by our father lent  
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.  
Dear Princess, were not his requests so [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR)  
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST)  
And go well satisfied to France again.

**PRINCESS**

You do the king my father too much wrong  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseeming to confess [receipt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECEIPT)  
Of that which hath so faithfully been [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID).

**FERDINAND**

I do protest I never heard of it;  
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back  
Or [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) up Aquitaine.

**PRINCESS**

We arrest your word.  
Boyet, you can produce acquittances  
For such a sum from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

**FERDINAND**

Satisfy me so.

**BOYET**

So please your grace, the packet is not come  
Where that and other specialties are bound:  
To-morrow you shall have a [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT) of them.

**FERDINAND**

It shall suffice me: at which interview  
All [liberal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERAL) reason I will [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) unto.  
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand  
As honour [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) breach of honour may  
Make [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) of to thy true worthiness:  
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;  
But here [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) you shall be so received  
As you shall [deem](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEEM) yourself lodged in my heart,  
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

**PRINCESS**

Sweet health and fair desires [consort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSORT) your grace!

**FERDINAND**

Thy own [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) wish I thee in every place!

Exit

**BIRON**

Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

**ROSALINE**

Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

**BIRON**

I would you heard it groan.

**ROSALINE**

Is the fool sick?

**BIRON**

Sick at the heart.

**ROSALINE**

Alack, let it blood.

**BIRON**

Would that do it good?

**ROSALINE**

My physic says 'ay.'

**BIRON**

Will you [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK)'t with your [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)?

**ROSALINE**

No [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT), with my knife.

**BIRON**

Now, God save thy life!

**ROSALINE**

And yours from long [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING)!

**BIRON**

I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Retiring

**DUMAIN**

Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

**BOYET**

The heir of Alencon, Katharine her name.

**DUMAIN**

A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

Exit

**LONGAVILLE**

I beseech you a word: what is she in the [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE)?

**BOYET**

A woman [sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES), an you [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) her in the [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).

**LONGAVILLE**

Perchance [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) in the light. I desire her name.

**BOYET**

She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME).

**LONGAVILLE**

Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

**BOYET**

Her mother's, I have heard.

**LONGAVILLE**

God's blessing on your beard!

**BOYET**

Good sir, be not offended.  
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

**LONGAVILLE**

Nay, my choler is ended.  
She is a most sweet lady.

**BOYET**

Not unlike, sir, that may be.

Exit LONGAVILLE

**BIRON**

What's her name in the cap?

**BOYET**

Rosaline, by good [hap](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAP).

**BIRON**

Is she wedded or no?

**BOYET**

To her will, sir, or so.

**BIRON**

You are welcome, sir: adieu.

**BOYET**

Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

Exit BIRON

**MARIA**

That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord:  
Not a word with him but a [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST).

**BOYET**

And every [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) but a word.

**PRINCESS**

It was well done of you to take him at his word.

**BOYET**

I was as willing to grapple as he was to [board](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOARD).

**MARIA**

Two hot sheeps, marry.

**BOYET**

And wherefore not ships?  
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

**MARIA**

You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST)?

**BOYET**

So you grant pasture for me.

Offering to kiss her

**MARIA**

Not so, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) beast:  
My lips are no common, though [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) they be.

**BOYET**

Belonging to whom?

**MARIA**

To my fortunes and me.

**PRINCESS**

Good [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:  
This civil war of [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) were much better used  
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

**BOYET**

If my observation, which very seldom lies,  
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

**PRINCESS**

With what?

**BOYET**

With that which we lovers entitle affected.

**PRINCESS**

Your reason?

**BOYET**

Why, all his behaviors did make their [retire](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RETIRE)  
To the court of his [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE), peeping thorough desire:  
His heart, like an agate, with your print [impress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPRESS)'d,  
Proud with his form, in his [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE) [express](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPRESS)'d:  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their [repair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REPAIR),  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:  
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;  
Who, tendering their own [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) from where they were glass'd,  
Did [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) you to buy them, along as you [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS)'d:  
His face's own [margent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MARGENT) did [quote](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUOTE) such amazes  
That all eyes [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) his eyes enchanted with gazes.  
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

**PRINCESS**

Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

**BOYET**

But to speak that in words which his [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) hath  
disclosed.  
I only have made a mouth of his [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

**ROSALINE**

Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.

**MARIA**

He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.

**ROSALINE**

Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

**BOYET**

Do you hear, my mad wenches?

**MARIA**

No.

**BOYET**

What then, do you see?

**ROSALINE**

Ay, our way to be gone.

**BOYET**

You are too hard for me.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 1

The same.

Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO and MOTH

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Warble, child; make [passionate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSIONATE) my sense of hearing.

**MOTH**

Concolinel.

Singing

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key,  
give enlargement to the swain, [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him [festinately](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FESTINATELY)  
hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

**MOTH**

Master, will you win your love with a French [brawl](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAWL)?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

How meanest thou? brawling in French?

**MOTH**

No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at  
the tongue's end, [canary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CANARY) to it with your feet, humour  
it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and  
sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you  
swallowed love with singing love, sometime through  
the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling  
love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of  
your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly  
doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in  
your pocket like a man after the old painting; and  
[keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) not too long in one tune, but a snip and away.  
These are complements, these are humours; these  
betray [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE) wenches, that would be betrayed [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT)  
these; and make them men of note--do you note  
me?--that most are affected to these.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

How hast thou purchased this experience?

**MOTH**

By my penny of observation.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

But O,--but O,--

**MOTH**

'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

**MOTH**

No, master; the hobby-horse is but a [colt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLT), and your  
love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Almost I had.

**MOTH**

Negligent student! learn her by heart.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

By heart and in heart, boy.

**MOTH**

And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

What wilt thou prove?

**MOTH**

A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT), upon  
the instant: by heart you love her, because your  
heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her,  
because your heart is in love with her; and out of  
heart you love her, being out of heart that you  
cannot enjoy her.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I am all these three.

**MOTH**

And three times as much more, and yet nothing at  
all.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

**MOTH**

A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador  
for an ass.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

**MOTH**

Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse,  
for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

The way is but short: away!

**MOTH**

As [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT) as lead, sir.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

The meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL), and slow?

**MOTH**

Minime, [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) master; or rather, master, no.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I say lead is slow.

**MOTH**

You are too [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT), sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sweet smoke of rhetoric!  
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:  
I shoot thee at the swain.

**MOTH**

Thump then and I flee.

Exit

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

A most acute [juvenal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JUVENAL); [voluble](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VOLUBLE) and free of grace!  
By thy [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR), sweet [welkin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WELKIN), I must sigh in thy face:  
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD

**MOTH**

A wonder, master! here's a [costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD) [broken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKEN) in a shin.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.

**COSTARD**

No enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the  
[mail](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MAIL), sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no  
l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

By [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE), thou enforcest laughter; thy [silly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SILLY)  
[thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) my [spleen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPLEEN); the heaving of my lungs provokes  
me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars!  
Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and  
the word l'envoy for a salve?

**MOTH**

Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

No, page: it is an epilogue or [discourse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCOURSE), to make plain  
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.  
I will example it:  
The [fox](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOX), the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.  
There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

**MOTH**

I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

The [fox](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOX), the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

**MOTH**

Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.  
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with  
my l'envoy.  
The [fox](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOX), the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.

**MOTH**

A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you  
desire more?

**COSTARD**

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's [flat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLAT).  
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be [fat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAT).  
To sell a bargain well is as [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING) as [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) and loose:  
Let me see; a [fat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAT) l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Come hither, come hither. How did this [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) begin?

**MOTH**

By saying that a [costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD) was [broken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKEN) in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

**COSTARD**

True, and I for a plantain: thus came your  
[argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) in;  
Then the boy's [fat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAT) l'envoy, the goose that you bought;  
And he ended the market.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

But tell me; how was there a [costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD) [broken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKEN) in a shin?

**MOTH**

I will tell you sensibly.

**COSTARD**

Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:  
I [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD), running out, that was safely within,  
[Fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) over the threshold and [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) my shin.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

We will talk no more of this matter.

**COSTARD**

Till there be more matter in the shin.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sirrah [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD), I will enfranchise thee.

**COSTARD**

O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy,  
some goose, in this.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

By my sweet soul, I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) setting thee at [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY),  
enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured,  
restrained, captivated, bound.

**COSTARD**

True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I give thee thy [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY), set thee from durance; and,  
in lieu thereof, [impose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPOSE) on thee nothing but this:  
bear this significant

Giving a letter

to the [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) maid Jaquenetta:  
there is remuneration; for the best [ward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WARD) of mine  
honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

Exit

**MOTH**

Like the sequel, I. Signior [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD), adieu.

**COSTARD**

My sweet [ounce](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUNCE) of man's flesh! my [incony](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INCONY) Jew!

Exit MOTH

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration!  
O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three  
farthings--remuneration.--'What's the price of this  
[inkle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INKLE)?'--'One penny.'--'No, I'll give you a  
remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration!  
why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will  
never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON

**BIRON**

O, my good [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD)! exceedingly well met.

**COSTARD**

Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man  
buy for a remuneration?

**BIRON**

What is a remuneration?

**COSTARD**

Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

**BIRON**

Why, then, three-farthing [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) of silk.

**COSTARD**

I thank your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP): God be wi' you!

**BIRON**

Stay, [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE); I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR), good my [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE),  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

**COSTARD**

When would you have it done, sir?

**BIRON**

This afternoon.

**COSTARD**

Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

**BIRON**

Thou knowest not what it is.

**COSTARD**

I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

**BIRON**

Why, [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), thou must know first.

**COSTARD**

I will come to your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) to-morrow morning.

**BIRON**

It must be done this afternoon.  
Hark, [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE), it is but this:  
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) lady;  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,  
And Rosaline they call her: [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) for her;  
And to her [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) hand see thou do commend  
This [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL)'d-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Giving him a shilling

**COSTARD**

Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration,  
a'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I  
will do it sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration!

Exit

**BIRON**

And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;  
A very beadle to a [humorous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HUMOROUS) sigh;  
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;  
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;  
Than whom no [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) so magnificent!  
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;  
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;  
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
Sole imperator and great [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL)  
Of trotting 'paritors:--O my [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) heart:--  
And I to be a [corporal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORPORAL) of his field,  
And [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) his colours like a tumbler's hoop!  
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman, that is like a [German](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GERMAN) clock,  
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,  
And never going aright, being a [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH),  
But being [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH)'d that it may still go right!  
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;  
And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch-balls [stuck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUCK) in her face for eyes;  
Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed  
Though Argus were her eunuch and her [guard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GUARD):  
And I to sigh for her! to [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) for her!  
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
That Cupid will [impose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPOSE) for my neglect  
Of his almighty dreadful [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:  
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

Exit

Act 4, Scene 1

The same.

Enter the PRINCESS, and her train, a Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE

**PRINCESS**

Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

**BOYET**

I know not; but I think it was not he.

**PRINCESS**

Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.  
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:  
On Saturday we will return to France.  
Then, forester, my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

**Forester**

Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

**PRINCESS**

I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

**Forester**

Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

**PRINCESS**

What, what? first praise me and again say no?  
O short-lived [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE)! Not fair? alack for woe!

**Forester**

Yes, madam, fair.

**PRINCESS**

Nay, never paint me now:  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:  
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

**Forester**

Nothing but fair is that which you [inherit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INHERIT).

**PRINCESS**

See see, my beauty will be saved by merit!  
O heresy in fair, [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) for these days!  
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.  
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
Thus will I save my [credit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREDIT) in the shoot:  
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;  
If wounding, then it was to show my [skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL),  
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.  
And out of question so it is [sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES),  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD) part,  
We bend to that the working of the heart;  
As I for praise alone now seek to [spill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPILL)  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

**BOYET**

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty  
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

**PRINCESS**

Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.

**BOYET**

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD

**COSTARD**

God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

**PRINCESS**

Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

**COSTARD**

Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

**PRINCESS**

The thickest and the tallest.

**COSTARD**

The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.  
An your [waist](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAIST), [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS), were as slender as my [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT),  
One o' these maids' girdles for your [waist](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAIST) should be [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT).  
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

**PRINCESS**

What's your will, sir? what's your will?

**COSTARD**

I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

**PRINCESS**

O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) of mine:  
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.

**BOYET**

I am bound to serve.  
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;  
It is [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) to Jaquenetta.

**PRINCESS**

We will read it, I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR).  
Break the neck of the [wax](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAX), and every one give [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR).

Reads

**BOYET**

'By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible;  
true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that  
thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful  
than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have  
commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The  
magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set  
[eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar  
Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say,  
Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the [vulgar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VULGAR),--O [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) and obscure vulgar!--videlicet, He  
came, [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW), and overcame: he came, one; saw two;  
overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he  
come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to  
whom came he? to the beggar: what [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) he? the  
beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The  
conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's.  
The captive is enriched: on whose side? the  
beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose  
side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in  
both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison:  
thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness.  
Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce  
thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I  
will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes;  
for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus,  
expecting thy reply, I [profane](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROFANE) my lips on thy foot,  
my eyes on thy picture. and my heart on thy every  
part. Thine, in the dearest [design](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESIGN) of industry,  
[DON](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'  
  
Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play:  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

**PRINCESS**

What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?  
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

**BOYET**

I am much deceived but I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) the style.

**PRINCESS**

Else your memory is bad, going o'er it [erewhile](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EREWHILE).

**BOYET**

This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;  
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport  
To the prince and his bookmates.

**PRINCESS**

Thou fellow, a word:  
Who gave thee this letter?

**COSTARD**

I told you; my lord.

**PRINCESS**

To whom shouldst thou give it?

**COSTARD**

From my lord to my lady.

**PRINCESS**

From which lord to which lady?

**COSTARD**

From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

**PRINCESS**

Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

To ROSALINE

Here, sweet, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up this: 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt PRINCESS and train

**BOYET**

Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

**ROSALINE**

Shall I teach you to know?

**BOYET**

Ay, my [continent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTINENT) of beauty.

**ROSALINE**

Why, she that bears the bow.  
Finely [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) off!

**BOYET**

My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,  
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.  
Finely [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on!

**ROSALINE**

Well, then, I am the shooter.

**BOYET**

And who is your deer?

**ROSALINE**

If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.  
Finely [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on, indeed!

**MARIA**

You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes  
at the brow.

**BOYET**

But she herself is [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) lower: have I hit her now?

**ROSALINE**

Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was  
a man when King Pepin of France was a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) boy, as  
touching the [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) it?

**BOYET**

So I may [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) thee with one as old, that was a  
woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE)  
wench, as touching the [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) it.

**ROSALINE**

Thou canst not [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) it, hit it, hit it,  
Thou canst not [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) it, my good man.

**BOYET**

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
An I cannot, another can.

Exeunt ROSALINE and KATHARINE

**COSTARD**

By my troth, most pleasant: how both did [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) it!

**MARIA**

A mark marvellous well [shot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOT), for they both did [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) it.

**BOYET**

A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!  
Let the mark have a [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) in't, to mete at, if it may be.

**MARIA**

Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

**COSTARD**

Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) the [clout](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLOUT).

**BOYET**

An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

**COSTARD**

Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the [pin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PIN).

**MARIA**

Come, come, you talk [greasily](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREASILY); your lips grow foul.

**COSTARD**

She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

**BOYET**

I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

Exeunt BOYET and MARIA

**COSTARD**

By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) him down!  
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most [incony](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INCONY)  
[vulgar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VULGAR) [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)!  
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it  
were, so [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT).  
Armado o' th' one side,--O, a most dainty man!  
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!  
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a'  
will [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)!  
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)!  
Ah, heavens, it is a most [pathetical](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATHETICAL) nit!  
Sola, sola!

Shout within

Exit COSTARD, running

Act 4, Scene 2

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony  
of a good conscience.

**HOLOFERNES**

The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; [ripe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RIPE)  
as the [pomewater](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POMEWATER), who now hangeth like a jewel in  
the [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) of caelo, the sky, the [welkin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WELKIN), the heaven;  
and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra,  
the [soil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOIL), the land, the earth.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly  
varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I  
assure ye, it was a [buck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BUCK) of the first head.

**HOLOFERNES**

Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

**DULL**

'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a [pricket](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICKET).

**HOLOFERNES**

Most barbarous intimation! yet a [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of  
insinuation, as it were, in [via](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIA), in way, of  
explication; facere, as it were, replication, or  
rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his  
inclination, after his undressed, unpolished,  
uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather,  
unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to  
insert again my haud credo for a deer.

**DULL**

I said the deer was not a haud credo; twas a [pricket](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICKET).

**HOLOFERNES**

Twice-sod simplicity, his coctus!  
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred  
in a [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK); he hath not eat paper, as it were; he  
hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not  
replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in  
the duller parts:  
And such barren plants are set before us, that we  
thankful should be,  
Which we of [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE) and feeling are, for those parts that  
do fructify in us more than he.  
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,  
So were there a [patch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATCH) set on learning, to see him in a school:  
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,  
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

**DULL**

You two are book-men: can you tell me by your [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)  
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five  
weeks old as yet?

**HOLOFERNES**

Dictynna, goodman [Dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL); Dictynna, goodman Dull.

**DULL**

What is Dictynna?

**SIR NATHANIEL**

A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

**HOLOFERNES**

The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,  
And [raught](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAUGHT) not to five weeks when he came to  
five-score.  
The allusion holds in the exchange.

**DULL**

'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

**HOLOFERNES**

God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds  
in the exchange.

**DULL**

And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for  
the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside  
that, 'twas a [pricket](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICKET) that the princess killed.

**HOLOFERNES**

Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph  
on the death of the deer? And, to humour the  
ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a [pricket](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICKET).

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall  
please you to abrogate scurrility.

**HOLOFERNES**

I will something [affect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AFFECT) the letter, for it argues facility.  
The preyful princess pierced and [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK)'d a pretty  
pleasing [pricket](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICKET);  
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made  
sore with shooting.  
The dogs did yell: [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) L to sore, then [sorel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOREL) jumps  
from thicket;  
Or [pricket](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICKET) sore, or else [sorel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOREL); the people fall a-hooting.  
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores  
one [sorel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOREL).  
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

A rare talent!

**DULL**

[Aside] If a talent be a [claw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLAW), look how he claws  
him with a talent.

**HOLOFERNES**

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a  
foolish [extravagant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXTRAVAGANT) spirit, [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of forms, figures,  
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,  
revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of  
memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and  
delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the  
gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am  
thankful for it.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my  
parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by  
you, and their daughters profit very greatly under  
you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

**HOLOFERNES**

[Mehercle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEHERCLE), if their sons be ingenuous, they shall  
want no instruction; if their daughters be [capable](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAPABLE),  
I will [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca  
loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD

**JAQUENETTA**

God give you good morrow, master Parson.

**HOLOFERNES**

Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be  
pierced, which is the one?

**COSTARD**

Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

**HOLOFERNES**

Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of [conceit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONCEIT) in a  
tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough  
for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

**JAQUENETTA**

Good master Parson, be so good as read me this  
letter: it was given me by [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD), and sent me  
from [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Armado: I beseech you, read it.

**HOLOFERNES**

Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra  
Ruminat,--and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I  
may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;  
Venetia, Venetia,  
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.  
Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee  
not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.  
Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather,  
as Horace says in his--What, my soul, verses?

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Ay, sir, and very learned.

**HOLOFERNES**

Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; [lege](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LEGE), domine.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

[Reads]  
If love make me forsworn, how shall I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) to love?  
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove:  
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like  
osiers bow'd.  
Study his bias leaves and makes his [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live that art would  
comprehend:  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) wonder;  
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:  
Thy [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
Which not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, love, this wrong,  
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

**HOLOFERNES**

You find not the apostraphas, and so miss the  
accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are  
only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy,  
facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret.  
Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso,  
but for smelling out the odouriferous flowers of  
fancy, the jerks of [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION)? Imitari is nothing:  
so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper,  
the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin,  
was this directed to you?

**JAQUENETTA**

Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE)  
queen's lords.

**HOLOFERNES**

I will overglance the superscript: 'To the  
snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady  
Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of  
the letter, for the nomination of the party writing  
to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all  
desired employment, BIRON.' Sir Nathaniel, this  
Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here  
he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the [stranger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGER)  
queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of  
progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my  
sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the  
king: it may concern much. Stay not thy  
compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

**JAQUENETTA**

Good [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD), go with me. Sir, God save your life!

**COSTARD**

Have with thee, my girl.

Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very  
religiously; and, as a certain father saith,--

**HOLOFERNES**

Sir tell me not of the father; I do fear [colourable](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOURABLE)  
colours. But to return to the verses: did they  
please you, Sir Nathaniel?

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Marvellous well for the pen.

**HOLOFERNES**

I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil  
of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please  
you to gratify the [table](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLE) with a grace, I will, on my  
privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid  
child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I  
will prove those verses to be very unlearned,  
neither savouring of poetry, [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), nor [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION): I  
beseech your society.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is  
the happiness of life.

**HOLOFERNES**

And, [certes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CERTES), the text most infallibly concludes it.

To DULL

Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not  
say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at  
their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 3

The same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper

**BIRON**

The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing  
myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in  
a pitch,--pitch that defiles: defile! a foul  
word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say  
the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well  
proved, [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)! By the Lord, this love is as mad as  
Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep:  
well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if  
I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),--by this [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), but for her eye, I would not  
love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing  
in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By  
heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme  
and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme,  
and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my  
sonnets already: the clown [bore](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BORE) it, the fool sent  
it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter  
fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care  
a [pin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PIN), if the other three were in. Here comes one  
with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

Stands aside

Enter FERDINAND, with a paper

**FERDINAND**

Ay me!

**BIRON**

[Aside] [Shot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOT), by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid:  
thou hast thumped him with thy [bird-bolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BIRD-BOLT) under the  
left pap. In faith, secrets!

**FERDINAND**

[Reads]  
So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT);  
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show:  
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP)  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O queen of queens! how [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) dost thou excel,  
No [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) can think, nor tongue of [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) tell.  
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:  
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Steps aside

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR).

**BIRON**

Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper

**LONGAVILLE**

Ay me, I am forsworn!

**BIRON**

Why, he comes in like a [perjure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERJURE), wearing papers.

**FERDINAND**

In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)!

**BIRON**

One drunkard loves another of the name.

**LONGAVILLE**

Am I the first that have been perjured so?

**BIRON**

I could [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:  
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,  
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

**LONGAVILLE**

I fear these stubborn lines lack [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to move:  
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!  
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

**BIRON**

O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:  
Disfigure not his slop.

**LONGAVILLE**

This same shall go.

Reads

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT),  
Persuade my heart to this [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) perjury?  
Vows for thee [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:  
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:  
If [broken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKEN) then, it is no fault of mine:  
If by me [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE), what fool is not so wise  
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

**BIRON**

This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,  
A [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.  
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

**LONGAVILLE**

By whom shall I send this?--Company! stay.

Steps aside

**BIRON**

All hid, all hid; an old infant play.  
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky.  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'ereye.  
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)!

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

**DUMAIN**

O most divine Kate!

**BIRON**

O most [profane](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROFANE) coxcomb!

**DUMAIN**

By heaven, the wonder in a [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)!

**BIRON**

By earth, she is not, [corporal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORPORAL), there you lie.

**DUMAIN**

Her amber [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) for foul hath amber quoted.

**BIRON**

An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

**DUMAIN**

As upright as the cedar.

**BIRON**

Stoop, I say;  
Her shoulder is with child.

**DUMAIN**

As fair as day.

**BIRON**

Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

**DUMAIN**

O that I had my [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)!

**LONGAVILLE**

And I had mine!

**FERDINAND**

And I mine too, good Lord!

**BIRON**

Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

**DUMAIN**

I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood and will [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER)'d be.

**BIRON**

A fever in your blood! why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers: sweet [misprision](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISPRISION)!

**DUMAIN**

[Once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) more I'll read the ode that I have [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT).

**BIRON**

[Once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) more I'll mark how love can vary [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).

**DUMAIN**

[Reads]  
On a day--alack the day!--  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom [passing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSING) fair  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, can passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
[Wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW);  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee;  
Thou for whom Jove would [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)  
Juno but an Ethiope were;  
And [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) himself for Jove,  
Turning [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) for thy love.  
This will I send, and something else more plain,  
That shall [express](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPRESS) my true love's fasting pain.  
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,  
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;  
For none offend where all alike do dote.

**LONGAVILLE**

[Advancing] Dumain, thy love is [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) from charity.  
You may look [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE), but I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

**FERDINAND**

[Advancing] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;  
You chide at him, offending twice as much;  
You do not love Maria; Longaville  
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,  
Nor never [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) his wreathed arms athwart  
His loving [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) down his heart.  
I have been closely shrouded in this bush  
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:  
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,  
[Saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) sighs reek from you, noted well your [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION):  
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;  
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

To LONGAVILLE

You would for paradise break faith, and troth;

To DUMAIN

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.  
What will Biron say when that he shall hear  
Faith so infringed, which such zeal did [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)?  
How will he scorn! how will he spend his [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)!  
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!  
For all the [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH) that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.

**BIRON**

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

Advancing

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!  
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears  
There is no certain princess that appears;  
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;  
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!  
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,  
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?  
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
But I a beam do find in each of three.  
O, what a scene of foolery have I [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN),  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of [teen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEEN)!  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a gnat!  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critic Timon laugh at idle [toys](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOYS)!  
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?  
And [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
And where my liege's? all about the [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST):  
A caudle, ho!

**FERDINAND**

Too bitter is thy [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST).  
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

**BIRON**

Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:  
I, that am [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST); I, that hold it sin  
To break the vow I am engaged in;  
I am betray'd, by keeping company  
With men like men of inconstancy.  
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time  
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
A [gait](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAIT), a [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE), a brow, a [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST), a [waist](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAIST),  
A leg, a limb?

**FERDINAND**

Soft! whither away so [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST)?  
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

**BIRON**

I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD

**JAQUENETTA**

God bless the king!

**FERDINAND**

What present hast thou there?

**COSTARD**

Some certain treason.

**FERDINAND**

What makes treason here?

**COSTARD**

Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

**FERDINAND**

If it mar nothing neither,  
The treason and you go in peace away together.

**JAQUENETTA**

I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:  
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

**FERDINAND**

Biron, read it over.

Giving him the paper

Where hadst thou it?

**JAQUENETTA**

Of [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD).

**FERDINAND**

Where hadst thou it?

**COSTARD**

Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

BIRON tears the letter

**FERDINAND**

How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

**BIRON**

A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

**LONGAVILLE**

It did move him to [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION), and therefore let's hear it.

**DUMAIN**

It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Gathering up the pieces

**BIRON**

[To *[COSTARD](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD)*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were  
born to do me [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME).  
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

**FERDINAND**

What?

**BIRON**

That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the [mess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MESS):  
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.  
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

**DUMAIN**

Now the number is even.

**BIRON**

True, true; we are four.  
Will these turtles be gone?

**FERDINAND**

[Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), sirs; away!

**COSTARD**

Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA

**BIRON**

Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!  
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;  
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:  
We cannot [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) the cause why we were born;  
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

**FERDINAND**

What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

**BIRON**

Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind  
Kisses the [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE) ground with obedient [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST)?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?

**FERDINAND**

What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?  
My love, her [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS), is a [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) moon;  
She an attending star, scarce [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) a [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).

**BIRON**

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:  
O, but for my love, day would [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) to night!  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,  
Where [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) worthies make one dignity,  
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.  
Lend me the [flourish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLOURISH) of all [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) tongues,--  
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,  
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.  
A wither'd [hermit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HERMIT), five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE):  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:  
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

**FERDINAND**

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

**BIRON**

Is ebony like her? O [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) divine!  
A wife of such [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) were felicity.  
O, who can give an oath? where is a [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK)?  
That I may [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) to look:  
No face is fair that is not [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) so black.

**FERDINAND**

O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

**BIRON**

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).  
O, if in black my lady's brows be [deck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DECK)'d,  
It mourns that painting and usurping [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR)  
Should ravish doters with a [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) [aspect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASPECT);  
And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
Her [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) turns the fashion of the days,  
For native blood is counted painting now;  
And therefore red, that would [avoid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AVOID) dispraise,  
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

**DUMAIN**

To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

**LONGAVILLE**

And since her time are colliers counted bright.

**FERDINAND**

And Ethiopes of their sweet [complexion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPLEXION) [crack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRACK).

**DUMAIN**

Dark needs no candles now, for dark is [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).

**BIRON**

Your mistresses [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

**FERDINAND**

'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,  
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

**BIRON**

I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

**FERDINAND**

No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

**DUMAIN**

I never knew man hold vile [stuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFF) so dear.

**LONGAVILLE**

Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

**BIRON**

O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,  
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

**DUMAIN**

O, vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

**FERDINAND**

But what of this? are we not all in love?

**BIRON**

Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

**FERDINAND**

Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove  
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

**DUMAIN**

Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

**LONGAVILLE**

O, some authority how to proceed;  
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

**DUMAIN**

Some salve for perjury.

**BIRON**

'Tis more than need.  
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.  
Consider what you first did [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) unto,  
To [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST), to study, and to see no woman;  
[Flat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLAT) treason 'gainst the kingly [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of youth.  
Say, can you [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST)? your stomachs are too young;  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you have forsworn his [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK),  
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive; They are the ground, the books, the academes From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire

Why, universal plodding poisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) and long-during action tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) of eyes  
And study too, the causer of your vow;  
For where is any author in the world  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself  
And where we are our learning likewise is:  
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation have found out  
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
Other slow arts entirely [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) the brain;  
And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:  
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
But, with the [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) of all elements,  
Courses as [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT) as [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) in every [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER),  
And gives to every [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE);  
A lover's eyes will [gaze](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAZE) an eagle blind;  
A lover's [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:  
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) horns of cockl'd snails;  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE):  
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR):  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
Never durst poet [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) a pen to write  
Until his ink were [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER)'d with Love's sighs;  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain and [nourish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NOURISH) all the world:  
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.  
Then fools you were these women to forswear,  
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,  
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,  
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,  
Let us [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) lose our oaths to find ourselves,  
Or else we lose ourselves to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) our oaths.  
It is religion to be thus forsworn,  
For charity itself fulfills the law,  
And who can sever love from charity?

**FERDINAND**

Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

**BIRON**

[Advance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVANCE) your standards, and upon them, lords;  
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first [advised](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISED),  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

**LONGAVILLE**

Now to plain-dealing; [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) these glozes by:  
Shall we [resolve](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESOLVE) to woo these girls of France?

**FERDINAND**

And win them too: therefore let us devise  
Some [entertainment](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAINMENT) for them in their tents.

**BIRON**

First, from the park let us [conduct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDUCT) them thither;  
Then homeward every man [attach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTACH) the hand  
Of his fair [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS): in the afternoon  
We will with some [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours  
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

**FERDINAND**

Away, away! no time shall be omitted  
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

**BIRON**

Allons! allons! Sow'd [cockle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COCKLE) reap'd no corn;  
And justice always whirls in equal [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE):  
[Light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 1

The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL

**HOLOFERNES**

Satis quod sufficit.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner  
have been sharp and sententious; pleasant [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT)  
scurrility, [witty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITTY) [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) affection, [audacious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AUDACIOUS) without  
impudency, learned [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) opinion, and [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) with-  
out heresy. I did converse this quondam day with  
a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nomi-  
nated, or called, [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Adriano de Armado.

**HOLOFERNES**

Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his  
[discourse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCOURSE) peremptory, his tongue filed, his [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
ambitious, his [gait](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAIT) majestical, and his [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL)  
behavior vain, ridiculous, and [thrasonical](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THRASONICAL). He is  
too [picked](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PICKED), too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it  
were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

A most singular and choice epithet.

Draws out his table-book

**HOLOFERNES**

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer  
than the staple of his [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT). I [abhor](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABHOR) such  
fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and  
point-devise companions; such rackers of  
orthography, as to speak [dout](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DOUT), [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE), when he should  
say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,--d,  
e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf;  
half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebor; neigh  
abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,--which he  
would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of  
insanie: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

**HOLOFERNES**

Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) scratch'd,  
'twill serve.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Videsne quis venit?

**HOLOFERNES**

Video, et gaudeo.

Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Chirrah!

To MOTH

**HOLOFERNES**

Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Men of peace, well encountered.

**HOLOFERNES**

Most military sir, salutation.

**MOTH**

[Aside to *[COSTARD](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD)*] They have been at a great feast  
of languages, and stolen the scraps.

**COSTARD**

O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words.  
I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word;  
for thou art not so long by the head as  
honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier  
swallowed than a [flap-dragon](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLAP-DRAGON).

**MOTH**

Peace! the peal begins.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

[To HOLOFERNES] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

**MOTH**

Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is a,  
b, spelt [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD), with the horn on his head?

**HOLOFERNES**

Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

**MOTH**

Ba, most [silly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SILLY) sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

**HOLOFERNES**

Quis, quis, thou consonant?

**MOTH**

The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or  
the fifth, if I.

**HOLOFERNES**

I will repeat them,--a, e, i,--

**MOTH**

The sheep: the other two concludes it,--o, u.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Now, by the [salt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SALT) wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet  
[touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH), a [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) venue of [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)! snip, snap, quick and  
[home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME)! it rejoiceth my intellect: true [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)!

**MOTH**

Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

**HOLOFERNES**

What is the figure? what is the figure?

**MOTH**

Horns.

**HOLOFERNES**

Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

**MOTH**

Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about  
your infamy circum circa,--a gig of a cuckold's horn.

**COSTARD**

An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst  
have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very  
remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny  
purse of [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an  
the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my  
[bastard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASTARD), what a joyful father wouldst thou make me!  
Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'  
ends, as they say.

**HOLOFERNES**

O, I smell [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) Latin; dunghill for unguem.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singled from the  
barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the  
[charge-house](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHARGE-HOUSE) on the top of the mountain?

**HOLOFERNES**

Or mons, the hill.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

**HOLOFERNES**

I do, [sans](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SANS) question.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and  
affection to congratulate the princess at her  
pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the  
rude multitude call the afternoon.

**HOLOFERNES**

The posterior of the day, most [generous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENEROUS) sir, is  
liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon:  
the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do  
assure you, sir, I do assure.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR),  
I do assure ye, very good [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND): for what is  
[inward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INWARD) between us, let it [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS). I do beseech thee,  
[remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy  
head: and among other [important](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPORTANT) and most serious  
designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let  
that [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS): for I must tell thee, it will please his  
grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor  
shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally  
with my [excrement](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXCREMENT), with my mustachio; but, sweet  
heart, let that [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS). By the world, I recount no  
fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his  
greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of  
travel, that hath [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) the world; but let that [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS).  
The very all of all is,--but, sweet heart, I do  
implore secrecy,--that the king would have me  
present the princess, sweet [chuck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHUCK), with some  
delightful [ostentation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OSTENTATION), or show, or pageant, or  
antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the  
curate and your sweet self are good at such  
eruptions and [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) breaking out of mirth, as it  
were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to  
crave your assistance.

**HOLOFERNES**

Sir, you shall present before her the [Nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) Worthies.  
Sir, as concerning some [entertainment](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAINMENT) of time, some  
show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by  
our assistants, at the king's command, and this most  
gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before  
the princess; I say none so [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) as to present the  
[Nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) Worthies.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

**HOLOFERNES**

Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman,  
Judas Maccabaeus; this swain, because of his great  
limb or joint, shall [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) Pompey the Great; the  
page, Hercules,-

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for  
that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

**HOLOFERNES**

Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in  
minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a  
snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

**MOTH**

An excellent device! so, if any of the audience  
hiss, you may [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) 'Well done, Hercules! now thou  
crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an  
offence [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS), though few have the grace to do it.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

For the rest of the Worthies?--

**HOLOFERNES**

I will play three myself.

**MOTH**

Thrice-worthy gentleman!

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Shall I tell you a thing?

**HOLOFERNES**

We [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND).

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

We will have, if this [fadge](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FADGE) not, an antique. I  
beseech you, follow.

**HOLOFERNES**

[Via](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIA), goodman [Dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL)! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

**DULL**

Nor understood none neither, sir.

**HOLOFERNES**

Allons! we will employ thee.

**DULL**

I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play  
On the [tabour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABOUR) to the Worthies, and let them dance the [hay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAY).

**HOLOFERNES**

Most [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL), [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) [Dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL)! To our sport, away!

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 2

The same.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA

**PRINCESS**

Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART),  
If fairings come thus plentifully in:  
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!  
Look you what I have from the loving king.

**ROSALINE**

Madame, came nothing else along with that?

**PRINCESS**

Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme  
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
[Writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) o' both sides the leaf, [margent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MARGENT) and all,  
That he was [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) to [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) on Cupid's name.

**ROSALINE**

That was the way to make his godhead [wax](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAX),  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

**KATHARINE**

Ay, and a [shrewd](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHREWD) [unhappy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNHAPPY) gallows too.

**ROSALINE**

You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

**KATHARINE**

He made her melancholy, [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD), and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:  
And so may you; for a [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) heart lives long.

**ROSALINE**

What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) word?

**KATHARINE**

A [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) [condition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDITION) in a beauty dark.

**ROSALINE**

We need more [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) to find your meaning out.

**KATHARINE**

You'll mar the [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) by [taking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TAKING) it in [snuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SNUFF);  
Therefore I'll darkly end the [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT).

**ROSALINE**

Look what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

**KATHARINE**

So do not you, for you are a [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) wench.

**ROSALINE**

Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).

**KATHARINE**

You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

**ROSALINE**

Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'

**PRINCESS**

Well bandied both; a set of [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) well play'd.  
But Rosaline, you have a [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) too:  
Who sent it? and what is it?

**ROSALINE**

I would you knew:  
An if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) were as great; be witness this.  
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:  
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,  
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:  
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.  
O, he hath [drawn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRAWN) my picture in his letter!

**PRINCESS**

Any thing like?

**ROSALINE**

Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

**PRINCESS**

Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

**KATHARINE**

Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

**ROSALINE**

'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,  
My red dominical, my golden letter:  
O, that your face were not so [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of O's!

**KATHARINE**

A pox of that [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST)! and I [beshrew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BESHREW) all shrows.

**PRINCESS**

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

**KATHARINE**

Madam, this glove.

**PRINCESS**

Did he not send you twain?

**KATHARINE**

Yes, madam, and moreover  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,  
A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

**MARIA**

This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

**PRINCESS**

I think no less. Dost thou not [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) in heart  
The chain were longer and the letter short?

**MARIA**

Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

**PRINCESS**

We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

**ROSALINE**

They are worse fools to [purchase](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PURCHASE) mocking so.  
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:  
O that I knew he were but in by the week!  
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek  
And wait the season and observe the times  
And spend his prodigal [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) in [bootless](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOTLESS) rhymes  
And shape his service wholly to my hests  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!  
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE)  
That he should be my fool and I his fate.

**PRINCESS**

None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,  
As [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school  
And [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)'s own grace to grace a learned fool.

**ROSALINE**

The blood of youth burns not with such excess  
As gravity's [revolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REVOLT) to wantonness.

**MARIA**

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note  
As foolery in the wise, when [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) doth dote;  
Since all the [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) thereof it doth apply  
To prove, by [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) in simplicity.

**PRINCESS**

Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET

**BOYET**

O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

**PRINCESS**

Thy news Boyet?

**BOYET**

Prepare, madam, prepare!  
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are  
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,  
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:  
Muster your [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS); stand in your own [defence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFENCE);  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE).

**PRINCESS**

Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

**BOYET**

Under the cool shade of a sycamore  
I [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) to close mine eyes some half an hour;  
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,  
[Toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) that shade I might behold addrest  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear,  
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:  
Action and accent did they teach him there;  
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'  
And ever and anon they made a doubt  
[Presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) majestical would [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) him out,  
'For,' quoth the king, 'an [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL) shalt thou see;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'  
The boy replied, 'An [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL) is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'  
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,  
Making the [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) wag by their praises bolder:  
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore  
A better speech was never spoke before;  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, '[Via](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIA)! we will do't, come what will come;'  
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'  
The fourth [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d on the toe, and down he [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL).  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this [spleen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPLEEN) ridiculous appears,  
To [cheque](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEQUE) their folly, [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION)'s solemn tears.

**PRINCESS**

But what, but what, come they to visit us?

**BOYET**

They do, they do: and are apparell'd thus.  
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.  
Their purpose is to [parle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PARLE), to court and dance;  
And every one his love-feat will [advance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVANCE)  
Unto his [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS), which they'll know  
By favours [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) which they did bestow.

**PRINCESS**

And will they so? the gallants shall be [task](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASK)'d;  
For, ladies, we shall every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.  
Hold, Rosaline, this [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) thou shalt [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR),  
And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.  
And change your favours too; so shall your loves  
Woo [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY), deceived by these removes.

**ROSALINE**

Come on, then; [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) the favours most in [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT).

**KATHARINE**

But in this changing what is your intent?

**PRINCESS**

The effect of my intent is to [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.  
Their [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal  
Upon the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) occasion that we meet,  
With visages displayed, to talk and [greet](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREET).

**ROSALINE**

But shall we dance, if they desire to't?

**PRINCESS**

No, to the death, we will not move a foot;  
Nor to their penn'd speech [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER) we no grace,  
But while 'tis spoke each [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) away her face.

**BOYET**

Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

**PRINCESS**

Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out  
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,  
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
And they, well mock'd, [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) away with [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME).

Trumpets sound within

**BOYET**

The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come.

The Ladies mask

Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH; FERDINAND, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked

**MOTH**

All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!--

**BOYET**

Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

**MOTH**

A holy parcel of the fairest dames.

The Ladies turn their backs to him

That ever [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d their--backs--to [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) views!

**BIRON**

[Aside to MOTH] Their eyes, [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), their eyes!

**MOTH**

That ever [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d their eyes to [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) views!--Out--

**BOYET**

True; out indeed.

**MOTH**

Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe  
Not to behold--

**BIRON**

[Aside to MOTH] [Once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) to behold, rogue.

**MOTH**

[Once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
--with your sun-beamed eyes--

**BOYET**

They will not [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) to that epithet;  
You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

**MOTH**

They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

**BIRON**

Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

Exit MOTH

**ROSALINE**

What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:  
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will:  
That some plain man recount their purposes  
Know what they would.

**BOYET**

What would you with the princess?

**BIRON**

Nothing but peace and [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) visitation.

**ROSALINE**

What would they, say they?

**BOYET**

Nothing but peace and [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) visitation.

**ROSALINE**

Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

**BOYET**

She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

**FERDINAND**

Say to her, we have measured many miles  
To tread a [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) with her on this grass.

**BOYET**

They say, that they have measured many a mile  
To tread a [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) with you on this grass.

**ROSALINE**

It is not so. [Ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) them how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,  
The [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) then of one is easily told.

**BOYET**

If to come hither you have measured miles,  
And many miles, the princess bids you tell  
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

**BIRON**

Tell her, we [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) them by weary steps.

**BOYET**

She hears herself.

**ROSALINE**

How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

**BIRON**

We number nothing that we spend for you:  
Our duty is so rich, so [infinite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INFINITE),  
That we may do it still [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) it.

**ROSALINE**

My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

**FERDINAND**

Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,  
Those clouds [removed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMOVED), upon our watery [eyne](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYNE).

**ROSALINE**

O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

**FERDINAND**

Then, in our [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) do but vouchsafe one change.  
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE).

**ROSALINE**

Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.

Music plays

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

**FERDINAND**

Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

**ROSALINE**

You took the moon at [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL), but now she's changed.

**FERDINAND**

Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The music plays; vouchsafe some [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) to it.

**ROSALINE**

Our ears vouchsafe it.

**FERDINAND**

But your legs should do it.

**ROSALINE**

Since you are strangers and come here by chance,  
We'll not be [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE): take hands. We will not dance.

**FERDINAND**

Why take we hands, then?

**ROSALINE**

Only to part friends:  
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) ends.

**FERDINAND**

More [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) of this measure; be not [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE).

**ROSALINE**

We can afford no more at such a price.

**FERDINAND**

Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?

**ROSALINE**

Your absence only.

**FERDINAND**

That can never be.

**ROSALINE**

Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;  
Twice to your visor, and half [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) to you.

**FERDINAND**

If you [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) to dance, let's hold more chat.

**ROSALINE**

In private, then.

**FERDINAND**

I am best pleased with that.

They converse apart

**BIRON**

White-handed [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS), one sweet word with thee.

**PRINCESS**

Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

**BIRON**

Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE),  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!  
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

**PRINCESS**

Seventh sweet, adieu:  
Since you can [cog](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COG), I'll play no more with you.

**BIRON**

One word in secret.

**PRINCESS**

Let it not be sweet.

**BIRON**

Thou grievest my gall.

**PRINCESS**

Gall! bitter.

**BIRON**

Therefore meet.

They converse apart

**DUMAIN**

Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

**MARIA**

Name it.

**DUMAIN**

Fair lady,--

**MARIA**

Say you so? Fair lord,--  
Take that for your fair lady.

**DUMAIN**

Please it you,  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

They converse apart

**KATHARINE**

What, was your vizard made [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a tongue?

**LONGAVILLE**

I know the reason, lady, why you [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK).

**KATHARINE**

O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

**LONGAVILLE**

You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

**KATHARINE**

Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

**LONGAVILLE**

A calf, fair lady!

**KATHARINE**

No, a fair lord calf.

**LONGAVILLE**

Let's part the word.

**KATHARINE**

No, I'll not be your half  
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

**LONGAVILLE**

Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!  
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

**KATHARINE**

Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

**LONGAVILLE**

One word in private with you, ere I die.

**KATHARINE**

Bleat [softly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOFTLY) then; the butcher hears you [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY).

They converse apart

**BOYET**

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) than may be [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN),  
Above the sense of sense; so sensible  
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT), swifter things.

**ROSALINE**

Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

**BIRON**

By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

**FERDINAND**

Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS).

**PRINCESS**

Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

Exeunt FERDINAND, Lords, and Blackamoors

Are these the breed of [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) so wonder'd at?

**BOYET**

Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

**ROSALINE**

[Well-liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WELL-LIKING) [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) they have; gross, gross; [fat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAT), fat.

**PRINCESS**

O poverty in [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), kingly-poor flout!  
Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?  
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?  
This pert Biron was out of [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE) quite.

**ROSALINE**

O, they were all in lamentable cases!  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

**PRINCESS**

Biron did [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) himself out of all suit.

**MARIA**

Dumain was at my service, and his sword:  
No [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT), quoth I; my servant [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) was mute.

**KATHARINE**

Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;  
And [trow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TROW) you what he called me?

**PRINCESS**

Qualm, perhaps.

**KATHARINE**

Yes, in good faith.

**PRINCESS**

Go, sickness as thou art!

**ROSALINE**

Well, better [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) have worn plain [statute-caps](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUTE-CAPS).  
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

**PRINCESS**

And [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) Biron hath plighted faith to me.

**KATHARINE**

And Longaville was for my service born.

**MARIA**

Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

**BOYET**

Madam, and pretty mistresses, give [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR):  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes; for it can never be  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

**PRINCESS**

Will they return?

**BOYET**

They will, they will, God knows,  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore change favours; and, when they [repair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REPAIR),  
[Blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW) like sweet roses in this summer air.

**PRINCESS**

How [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW)? how blow? speak to be understood.

**BOYET**

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels [vailing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VAILING) clouds, or roses blown.

**PRINCESS**

[Avaunt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AVAUNT), perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

**ROSALINE**

Good madam, if by me you'll be [advised](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISED),  
Let's, mock them still, as well known as disguised:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless [gear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GEAR);  
And wonder what they were and to what end  
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT) to us.

**BOYET**

Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

**PRINCESS**

Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.

Exeunt PRINCESS, ROSALINE, KATHARINE, and MARIA

Re-enter FERDINAND, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits

**FERDINAND**

Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

**BOYET**

Gone to her [tent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENT). Please it your majesty  
Command me any service to her thither?

**FERDINAND**

That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

**BOYET**

I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

Exit

**BIRON**

This fellow pecks up [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) as pigeons pease,  
And utters it again when God doth please:  
He is [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)'s pedler, and retails his wares  
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;  
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he  
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, monsieur the [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE),  
That, when he plays at [tables](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLES), chides the dice  
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing  
A [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) most meanly; and in ushering  
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:  
This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth as [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) as whale's bone;  
And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
[Pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

**FERDINAND**

A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
That [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) Armado's page out of his part!

**BIRON**

See where it comes! Behavior, what wert thou  
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHARINE

**FERDINAND**

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

**PRINCESS**

'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.

**FERDINAND**

Construe my speeches better, if you may.

**PRINCESS**

Then [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) me better; I will give you leave.

**FERDINAND**

We came to visit you, and purpose now  
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

**PRINCESS**

This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:  
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

**FERDINAND**

Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:  
The [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) of your [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) must break my oath.

**PRINCESS**

You nickname [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE); [vice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VICE) you should have spoke;  
For [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE)'s [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) never breaks men's troth.  
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure  
As the unsullied lily, I protest,  
A world of torments though I should endure,  
I would not [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) to be your house's guest;  
So much I hate a breaking cause to be  
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

**FERDINAND**

O, you have lived in desolation here,  
Unseen, unvisited, much to our [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME).

**PRINCESS**

Not so, my lord; it is not so, I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR);  
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:  
A [mess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MESS) of Russians left us but of late.

**FERDINAND**

How, madam! Russians!

**PRINCESS**

Ay, in truth, my lord;  
Trim gallants, [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of courtship and of [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE).

**ROSALINE**

Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:  
My lady, to the manner of the days,  
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.  
We four indeed confronted were with four  
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,  
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not call them fools; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) have drink.

**BIRON**

This [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) is [dry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRY) to me. Fair [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) sweet,  
Your [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) makes wise things foolish: when we [greet](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREET),  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
By [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) we lose light: your capacity  
Is of that nature that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

**ROSALINE**

This proves you wise and rich, for in my [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),--

**BIRON**

I am a fool, and [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of poverty.

**ROSALINE**

But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

**BIRON**

O, I am yours, and all that I [possess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POSSESS)!

**ROSALINE**

All the fool mine?

**BIRON**

I cannot give you less.

**ROSALINE**

Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

**BIRON**

Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

**ROSALINE**

There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case  
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

**FERDINAND**

We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

**DUMAIN**

Let us confess and [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) it to a [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST).

**PRINCESS**

Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD)?

**ROSALINE**

Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE)?  
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

**BIRON**

Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.  
Can any face of brass hold longer out?  
Here stand I lady, dart thy [skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL) at me;  
Bruise me with scorn, [confound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONFOUND) me with a flout;  
Thrust thy sharp [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) quite through my ignorance;  
[Cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) me to pieces with thy keen [conceit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONCEIT);  
And I will [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) thee never more to dance,  
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.  
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
Nor to the [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) of a schoolboy's tongue,  
Nor never come in vizard to my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND),  
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!  
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies  
Have blown me [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of maggot [ostentation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OSTENTATION):  
I do forswear them; and I here protest,  
By this [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) glove;--how white the hand, God knows!--  
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be [express](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPRESS)'d  
In russet yeas and [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) kersey noes:  
And, to begin, wench,--so God help me, la!--  
My love to thee is sound, [sans](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SANS) [crack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRACK) or [flaw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLAW).

**ROSALINE**

[Sans](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SANS) [sans](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SANS), I pray you.

**BIRON**

Yet I have a [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK)  
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;  
I'll leave it by [degrees](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEGREES). Soft, let us see:  
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;  
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;  
These lords are visited; you are not free,  
For the Lord's [tokens](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOKENS) on you do I see.

**PRINCESS**

No, they are free that gave these [tokens](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOKENS) to us.

**BIRON**

Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

**ROSALINE**

It is not so; for how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

**BIRON**

Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

**ROSALINE**

Nor shall not, if I do as I [intend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INTEND).

**BIRON**

Speak for yourselves; my [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) is at an end.

**FERDINAND**

Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression  
Some fair excuse.

**PRINCESS**

The fairest is confession.  
Were not you here but even now disguised?

**FERDINAND**

Madam, I was.

**PRINCESS**

And were you well [advised](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISED)?

**FERDINAND**

I was, fair madam.

**PRINCESS**

When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)?

**FERDINAND**

That more than all the world I did [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) her.

**PRINCESS**

When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

**FERDINAND**

Upon mine honour, no.

**PRINCESS**

Peace, peace! forbear:  
Your oath [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE), you [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE) not to forswear.

**FERDINAND**

Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

**PRINCESS**

I will: and therefore [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) it. Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)?

**ROSALINE**

Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eyesight, and did value me  
Above this world; adding thereto moreover  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

**PRINCESS**

God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth unhold his word.

**FERDINAND**

What [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you, madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

**ROSALINE**

By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

**FERDINAND**

My faith and this the princess I did give:  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

**PRINCESS**

Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR);  
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.  
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

**BIRON**

Neither of either; I remit both twain.  
I see the [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK) on't: here was a consent,  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight [zany](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Z.html" \l "ZANY),  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,  
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK)  
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,  
Told our intents before; which [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) disclosed,  
The ladies did change favours: and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) of she.  
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forsworn, in will and error.  
Much upon this it is: and might not you

To BOYET

Forestall our sport, to make us thus [untrue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNTRUE)?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by the [squier](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SQUIER),  
And laugh upon the apple of her [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)?  
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
You [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) our page out: go, you are [allow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ALLOW)'d;  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your [shroud](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHROUD).  
You [leer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LEER) upon me, do you? there's an [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

**BOYET**

[Full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) merrily  
Hath this [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) [manage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MANAGE), this career, been run.

**BIRON**

Lo, he is tilting [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT)! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD

Welcome, pure [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)! thou partest a fair fray.

**COSTARD**

O Lord, sir, they would know  
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

**BIRON**

What, are there but three?

**COSTARD**

No, sir; but it is vara [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE),  
For every one pursents three.

**BIRON**

And three times thrice is [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE).

**COSTARD**

Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.  
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir we know  
what we know:  
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,--

**BIRON**

Is not [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE).

**COSTARD**

Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

**BIRON**

By Jove, I always took three threes for [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE).

**COSTARD**

O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING)  
by reckoning, sir.

**BIRON**

How much is it?

**COSTARD**

O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,  
sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine  
own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man  
in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

**BIRON**

Art thou one of the Worthies?

**COSTARD**

It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the  
Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of  
the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

**BIRON**

Go, bid them prepare.

**COSTARD**

We will [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) it finely off, sir; we will take  
some care.

Exit

**FERDINAND**

Biron, they will [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) us: let them not approach.

**BIRON**

We are shame-proof, my lord: and tis some policy  
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

**FERDINAND**

I say they shall not come.

**PRINCESS**

Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:  
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

**BIRON**

A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal  
sweet breath as will [utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER) a [brace](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRACE) of words.

Converses apart with FERDINAND, and delivers him a paper

**PRINCESS**

Doth this man serve God?

**BIRON**

Why [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) you?

**PRINCESS**

He speaks not like a man of God's making.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for,  
I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding  
fantastical; too, too vain, too too vain: but we  
will [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra.  
I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) you the peace of mind, most royal [couplement](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUPLEMENT)!

Exit

**FERDINAND**

Here is like to be a good [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) of Worthies. He  
presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the  
Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page,  
Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabaeus: And if  
these four Worthies in their first show thrive,  
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

**BIRON**

There is five in the first show.

**FERDINAND**

You are deceived; 'tis not so.

**BIRON**

The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool  
and the boy:--  
[Abate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABATE) throw at [novum](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NOVUM), and the whole world again  
Cannot [pick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PICK) out five such, take each one in his vein.

**FERDINAND**

The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey

**COSTARD**

I Pompey am,--

**BOYET**

You lie, you are not he.

**COSTARD**

I Pompey am,--

**BOYET**

With [libbard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBBARD)'s head on knee.

**BIRON**

Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends  
with thee.

**COSTARD**

I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big--

**DUMAIN**

The Great.

**COSTARD**

It is, 'Great,' sir:--  
Pompey surnamed the Great;  
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make  
my foe to sweat:  
And travelling along this [coast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COAST), I here am come by chance,  
And [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France,  
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

**PRINCESS**

Great thanks, great Pompey.

**COSTARD**

'Tis not so much [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH); but I hope I was [perfect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERFECT): I  
made a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) fault in 'Great.'

**BIRON**

My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander

**SIR NATHANIEL**

When in the world I lived, I was the world's  
commander;  
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my  
conquering might:  
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,--

**BOYET**

Your nose says, no, you are not for it stands too right.

**BIRON**

Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

**PRINCESS**

The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

**SIR NATHANIEL**

When in the world I lived, I was the world's  
commander,--

**BOYET**

Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

**BIRON**

Pompey the Great,--

**COSTARD**

Your servant, and [Costard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COSTARD).

**BIRON**

Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

**COSTARD**

[To SIR NATHANIEL] O, sir, you have overthrown  
Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of  
the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds  
his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given  
to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror,  
and afeard to speak! run away for [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME), Alisander.

SIR NATHANIEL retires

There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an  
[honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a  
marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good  
bowler: but, for Alisander,--alas, you see how  
'tis,--a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) o'erparted. But there are Worthies  
a-coming will speak their mind in some other [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT).

Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH, for Hercules

**HOLOFERNES**

Great Hercules is presented by this [imp](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMP),  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;  
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.  
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,  
Ergo I come with this apology.  
[Keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) some [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) in thy exit, and vanish.

MOTH retires

Judas I am,--

**DUMAIN**

A Judas!

**HOLOFERNES**

Not Iscariot, sir.  
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabaeus.

**DUMAIN**

Judas Maccabaeus clipt is plain Judas.

**BIRON**

A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?

**HOLOFERNES**

Judas I am,--

**DUMAIN**

The more [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) for you, Judas.

**HOLOFERNES**

What [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you, sir?

**BOYET**

To make Judas hang himself.

**HOLOFERNES**

Begin, sir; you are my elder.

**BIRON**

Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

**HOLOFERNES**

I will not be [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) out of [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE).

**BIRON**

Because thou hast no face.

**HOLOFERNES**

What is this?

**BOYET**

A cittern-head.

**DUMAIN**

The head of a bodkin.

**BIRON**

A Death's face in a ring.

**LONGAVILLE**

The face of an old Roman coin, scarce [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN).

**BOYET**

The pommel of Caesar's falchion.

**DUMAIN**

The carved-bone face on a flask.

**BIRON**

Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

**DUMAIN**

Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

**BIRON**

Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.  
And now forward; for we have [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) thee in [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE).

**HOLOFERNES**

You have [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) me out of [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE).

**BIRON**

[False](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE); we have given thee faces.

**HOLOFERNES**

But you have out-faced them all.

**BIRON**

An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

**BOYET**

Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.  
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

**DUMAIN**

For the latter end of his name.

**BIRON**

For the ass to the Jude; give it him:--Jud-as, away!

**HOLOFERNES**

This is not [generous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENEROUS), not [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE), not humble.

**BOYET**

A [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

HOLOFERNES retires

**PRINCESS**

Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, for Hector

**BIRON**

Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

**DUMAIN**

Though my mocks come [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) by me, I will now be merry.

**FERDINAND**

Hector was but a Troyan in [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) of this.

**BOYET**

But is this Hector?

**FERDINAND**

I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

**LONGAVILLE**

His leg is too big for Hector's.

**DUMAIN**

More calf, certain.

**BOYET**

No; he is best endued in the small.

**BIRON**

This cannot be Hector.

**DUMAIN**

He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift,--

**DUMAIN**

A [gilt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GILT) nutmeg.

**BIRON**

A lemon.

**LONGAVILLE**

[Stuck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUCK) with cloves.

**DUMAIN**

No, cloven.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Peace!--  
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty  
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;  
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea  
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.  
I am that flower,--

**DUMAIN**

That mint.

**LONGAVILLE**

That columbine.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

**LONGAVILLE**

I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

**DUMAIN**

Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks,  
[beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) not the bones of the buried: when he breathed,  
he was a man. But I will forward with my device.

To the PRINCESS

Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

**PRINCESS**

Speak, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) Hector: we are much delighted.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

I do adore thy sweet grace's [slipper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLIPPER).

**BOYET**

[Aside to DUMAIN] Loves her by the foot,--

**DUMAIN**

[Aside to BOYET] He may not by the yard.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

This Hector [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) surmounted Hannibal,--

**COSTARD**

The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she  
is two months on her way.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

What meanest thou?

**COSTARD**

Faith, unless you play the [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) Troyan, the poor  
wench is cast away: she's [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK); the child brags in  
her belly already: tis yours.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt  
die.

**COSTARD**

Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is  
[quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by  
him.

**DUMAIN**

Most rare Pompey!

**BOYET**

Renowned Pompey!

**BIRON**

Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey!  
Pompey the Huge!

**DUMAIN**

Hector trembles.

**BIRON**

Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them  
on! stir them on!

**DUMAIN**

Hector will challenge him.

**BIRON**

Ay, if a' have no man's blood in's belly than will  
sup a flea.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

**COSTARD**

I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man:  
I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you,  
let me borrow my arms again.

**DUMAIN**

Room for the [incensed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INCENSED) Worthies!

**COSTARD**

I'll do it in my shirt.

**DUMAIN**

Most resolute Pompey!

**MOTH**

Master, let me take you a buttonhole lower. Do you  
not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)  
you? You will lose your reputation.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat  
in my shirt.

**DUMAIN**

You may not [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

**BIRON**

What reason have you for't?

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go  
[woolward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOLWARD) for penance.

**BOYET**

True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of  
linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but  
a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT)  
his heart for a [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR).

Enter MERCADE

**MERCADE**

God save you, madam!

**PRINCESS**

Welcome, Mercade;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

**MERCADE**

I am [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY), madam; for the news I [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING)  
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father--

**PRINCESS**

Dead, for my life!

**MERCADE**

Even so; my [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) is told.

**BIRON**

Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

**ADRIANO DE ARMADO**

For mine own part, I [breathe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREATHE) free breath. I have  
[seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) the day of wrong through the [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) hole of  
discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

Exeunt Worthies

**FERDINAND**

How fares your majesty?

**PRINCESS**

Boyet, prepare; I will away tonight.

**FERDINAND**

Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

**PRINCESS**

Prepare, I say. I thank you, [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) lords,  
For all your fair endeavors; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide  
The [liberal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERAL) [opposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPPOSITION) of our spirits,  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath: your gentleness  
Was guilty of it. Farewell worthy lord!  
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:  
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

**FERDINAND**

The extreme parts of time extremely forms  
All causes to the purpose of his [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED),  
And often at his very loose decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate:  
And though the mourning brow of progeny  
[Forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) the smiling courtesy of love  
The holy suit which [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) it would [convince](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVINCE),  
Yet, since love's [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost  
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable  
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

**PRINCESS**

I understand you not: my griefs are double.

**BIRON**

[Honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) plain words best pierce the [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) of grief;  
And by these badges understand the king.  
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,  
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposed end of our intents:  
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,--  
As love is [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of unbefitting strains,  
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,  
Form'd by the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) and therefore, like the eye,  
[Full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) shapes, of habits and of forms,  
Varying in subjects as the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) doth roll  
To every varied object in his glance:  
Which parti-coated [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) of loose love  
[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE),  
By being [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,--fair ladies, you:  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

**PRINCESS**

We have received your letters [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of love;  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) and courtesy,  
As [bombast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOMBAST) and as lining to the time:  
But more devout than this in our respects  
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

**DUMAIN**

Our letters, madam, show'd much more than [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST).

**LONGAVILLE**

So did our looks.

**ROSALINE**

We did not [quote](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUOTE) them so.

**FERDINAND**

Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

**PRINCESS**

A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,  
[Full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:  
If for my love, as there is no such cause,  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
Your oath I will not trust; but go with [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED)  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about the annual reckoning.  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in [heat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HEAT) of blood;  
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds  
Nip not the [gaudy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAUDY) blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine  
I will be thine; and till that instant shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house,  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY), let our hands part,  
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

**FERDINAND**

If this, or more than this, I would [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY),  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) hand of death close up mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)!  
[Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) ever then my heart is in thy [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST).

**BIRON**

[And what to me, my love? and what to me?

***ROSALINE***

You must be purged too, your sins are *[rack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RACK)*'d,  
You are attaint with faults and perjury:  
Therefore if you my *[favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR)* *[mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)* to get,  
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
But seek the weary beds of people sick]

***DUMAIN***

But what to me, my love? but what to me? A wife?

***KATHARINE***

A beard, fair health, and *[honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY)*;  
With three-fold love I *[wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)* you all these three.

***DUMAIN***

O, shall I say, I thank you, *[gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE)* wife?

***KATHARINE***

Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day  
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:  
Come when the king doth to my lady come;  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

***DUMAIN***

I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

***KATHARINE***

Yet *[swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)* not, lest ye be forsworn again.

***LONGAVILLE***

What says Maria?

***MARIA***

At the twelvemonth's end  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful *[friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)*.

***LONGAVILLE***

I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

***MARIA***

The liker you; few taller are so young.

***BIRON***

Studies my lady? *[mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)*, look on me;  
Behold the window of my heart, mine *[eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)*,  
What humble suit attends thy *[answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)* there:  
*[Impose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPOSE)* some service on me for thy love.

***ROSALINE***

Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,  
Before I *[saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW)* you; and the world's *[large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE)* tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,  
*[Full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL)* of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which you on all estates will execute  
That lie within the mercy of your *[wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)*.  
To *[weed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEED)* this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
And therewithal to win me, if you please,  
*[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT)* the which I am not to be won,  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your *[task](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASK)* shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavor of your *[wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)*  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

***BIRON***

To move *[wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD)* laughter in the throat of death?  
It cannot be; it is impossible:  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

***ROSALINE***

Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:  
A *[jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST)*'s prosperity lies in the *[ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)*  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you and that fault withal;  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

***BIRON***

A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,  
I'll *[jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST)* a twelvemonth in an hospital.

***PRINCESS***

[To FERDINAND] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

***FERDINAND***

No, madam; we will *[bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING)* you on your way.

***BIRON***

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
*[Jack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JACK)* hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

***FERDINAND***

Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

***BIRON***

That's too long for a play.

Re-enter DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO

***ADRIANO DE ARMADO***

Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,--

***PRINCESS***

Was not that Hector?

***DUMAIN***

The worthy knight of Troy.

***ADRIANO DE ARMADO***

I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am  
a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the  
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most  
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
the two learned men have compiled in praise of the  
owl and the cuckoo? It should have

followed in the  
end of our show.

***FERDINAND***

Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

***ADRIANO DE ARMADO***

Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the *[Spring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING)*;  
the one maintained by the owl, the other by the  
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG

*[SPRING](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING)*.  
When daisies *[pied](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PIED)* and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married *[ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)*!  
  
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
nd maidens bleach their summer smocks  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he, Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married *[ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)*!  
  
WINTER.  
When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
And Tom bears logs into the *[hall](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HALL)*  
And milk comes frozen *[home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME)* in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth *[keel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEL)* the pot.  
  
When all aloud the wind doth *[blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW)*  
And coughing drowns the parson's *[saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW)*  
And birds sit brooding in the snow  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth *[keel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEL)* the pot.

***ADRIANO DE ARMADO***

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of  
Apollo. You that way: we this way.

Exeunt

MACBETH

1. **Act 1**
2. Scene 1. A desert place.
3. Scene 2. A camp near Forres.
4. Scene 3. A heath near Forres.
5. Scene 4. Forres. The palace.
6. Scene 5. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.
7. Scene 6. Before Macbeth's castle.
8. Scene 7. Macbeth's castle.
9. **Act 2**
10. Scene 1. Court of Macbeth's castle.
11. Scene 2. The same.
12. Scene 3. The same.
13. Scene 4. Outside Macbeth's castle.
14. **Act 3**
15. Scene 1. Forres. The palace.
16. Scene 2. The palace.
17. Scene 3. A park near the palace.
18. Scene 4. The same. Hall in the palace.
19. Scene 5. A Heath.
20. Scene 6. Forres. The palace.
21. **Act 4**
22. Scene 1. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.
23. Scene 2. Fife. Macduff's castle.
24. Scene 3. England. Before the King's palace.
25. **Act 5**
26. Scene 1. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.
27. Scene 2. The country near Dunsinane.
28. Scene 3. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.
29. Scene 4. Country near Birnam wood.
30. Scene 5. Dunsinane. Within the castle.
31. Scene 6. Dunsinane. Before the castle.
32. Scene 7. Another part of the field.
33. Scene 8. Another part of the field.

Act 1, Scene 1

A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

**First Witch**

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

**Second Witch**

When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE)'s lost and won.

**Third Witch**

That will be ere the set of sun.

**First Witch**

Where the place?

**Second Witch**

Upon the heath.

**Third Witch**

There to meet with Macbeth.

**First Witch**

I come, Graymalkin!

**Second Witch**

[Paddock](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PADDOCK) calls.

**Third Witch**

Anon.

**ALL**

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 2

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant

**DUNCAN**

What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his [plight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PLIGHT), of the [revolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REVOLT)  
The newest [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE).

**MALCOLM**

This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

**Sergeant**

Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do [cling](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLING) together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald--  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him--from the western isles  
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:  
For [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) Macbeth--well he deserves that name--  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE);  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

**DUNCAN**

O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

**Sergeant**

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that [spring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING) whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord surveying [vantage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VANTAGE),  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men  
Began a [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) assault.

**DUNCAN**

Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

**Sergeant**

Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say [sooth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOOTH), I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or [memorise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEMORISE) another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell.  
But I am faint, my gashes [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) for help.

**DUNCAN**

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

Exit Sergeant, attended

Who comes here?

Enter ROSS

**MALCOLM**

The worthy thane of Ross.

**LENNOX**

What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look  
That seems to speak things [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE).

**ROSS**

God save the king!

**DUNCAN**

Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

**ROSS**

From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,  
With terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF),  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
[Point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) against [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) on us.

**DUNCAN**

Great happiness!

**ROSS**

That now  
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition:  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE).

**DUNCAN**

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) interest: go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title [greet](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREET) Macbeth.

**ROSS**

I'll see it done.

**DUNCAN**

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 3

A heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

**First Witch**

Where hast thou been, sister?

**Second Witch**

Killing swine.

**Third Witch**

Sister, where thou?

**First Witch**

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:--  
'Give me,' quoth I:  
'[Aroint](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AROINT) thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

**Second Witch**

I'll give thee a wind.

**First Witch**

Thou'rt [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND).

**Third Witch**

And I another.

**First Witch**

I myself have all the other,  
And the very ports they [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW),  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's [card](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CARD).  
I will drain him [dry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRY) as [hay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAY):  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
He shall live a man [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID):  
Weary se'nnights [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

**Second Witch**

Show me, show me.

**First Witch**

Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

Drum within

**Third Witch**

A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

**ALL**

The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine  
And thrice again, to make up [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE).  
Peace! the charm's [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND) up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

**MACBETH**

So foul and fair a day I have not [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN).

**BANQUO**

How [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) is't call'd to Forres? What are these  
So wither'd and so [wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD) in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,  
And yet your beards [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) me to interpret  
That you are so.

**MACBETH**

Speak, if you can: what are you?

**First Witch**

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

**Second Witch**

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

**Third Witch**

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

**BANQUO**

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You [greet](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREET) with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) and of royal hope,  
That he seems [rapt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAPT) withal: to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

**First Witch**

Hail!

**Second Witch**

Hail!

**Third Witch**

Hail!

**First Witch**

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

**Second Witch**

Not so happy, yet much happier.

**Third Witch**

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

**First Witch**

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

**MACBETH**

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:  
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE) this [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

Witches vanish

**BANQUO**

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

**MACBETH**

Into the air; and what seem'd [corporal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORPORAL) melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

**BANQUO**

Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the [insane](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INSANE) root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

**MACBETH**

Your children shall be kings.

**BANQUO**

You shall be king.

**MACBETH**

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**BANQUO**

To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

**ROSS**

The king hath [happily](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAPPILY) received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS); and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the [stout](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOUT) Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
[Strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) images of death. As [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK) as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great [defence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFENCE),  
And pour'd them down before him.

**ANGUS**

We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT),  
Not [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) thee.

**ROSS**

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which [addition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDITION), hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

**BANQUO**

What, can the devil speak true?

**MACBETH**

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me  
In borrow'd robes?

**ANGUS**

Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
With those of Norway, or did [line](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LINE) the rebel  
With hidden help and [vantage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VANTAGE), or that with both  
He labour'd in his [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)'s wreck, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH**

[Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind.

To ROSS and ANGUS

Thanks for your pains.

To BANQUO

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

**BANQUO**

That trusted [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME)  
Might yet [enkindle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENKINDLE) you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE):  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

**MACBETH [Aside]**

Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen.  
  
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS),  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) to that [suggestion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUGGESTION)  
Whose horrid [image](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMAGE) doth unfix my [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR)  
And make my [seated](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEATED) heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT), whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

**BANQUO**

Look, how our partner's [rapt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAPT).

**MACBETH**

[Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) my stir.

**BANQUO**

New horrors come upon him,  
Like our [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE).

**MACBETH**

[Aside] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

**BANQUO**

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

**MACBETH**

Give me your [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR): my [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL) brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. [Kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)  
The leaf to read them. Let us [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,  
The interim [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

**BANQUO**

Very gladly.

**MACBETH**

Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 4

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants

**DUNCAN**

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

**MALCOLM**

My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) him die: who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth  
A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

**DUNCAN**

There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An [absolute](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABSOLUTE) trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) before  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY).

**MACBETH**

The service and the loyalty I [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE),  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
[Safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE) [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) your love and honour.

**DUNCAN**

Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of [growing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GROWING). Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

**BANQUO**

There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

**DUNCAN**

My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

**MACBETH**

The rest is labour, which is not used for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

**DUNCAN**

My worthy Cawdor!

**MACBETH**

[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) see my black and deep desires:  
The [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) fears, when it is done, to see.

Exit

**DUNCAN**

True, worthy Banquo; he is [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman.

Flourish. Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 5

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS): and I have  
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
them than [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) knowledge. When I burned in desire  
to question them further, they made themselves air,  
into which they vanished. [Whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) I stood [rapt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAPT) in  
the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who  
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,  
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred  
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that  
shalt be!' This have I [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. [Lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) it  
to thy heart, and farewell.'  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) ambition, but without  
The illness should [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE),  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR);  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND),  
Which fate and [metaphysical](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "METAPHYSICAL) aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

**Messenger**

The king comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

**Messenger**

So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

**LADY MACBETH**

Give him tending;  
He brings great news.

Exit Messenger

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That [tend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEND) on [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK) my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to [remorse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMORSE),  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) purpose, nor [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your [sightless](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHTLESS) substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK) night,  
And [pall](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALL) thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND) it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

**MACBETH**

My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

And when goes [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)?

**MACBETH**

To-morrow, as he purposes.

**LADY MACBETH**

O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!  
Your face, my thane, is as a [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) where men  
May read [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for: and you shall [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT)  
This night's great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign [sway](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWAY) and masterdom.

**MACBETH**

We will speak further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Only look up clear;  
To alter [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) ever is to fear:  
Leave all the rest to me.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 6

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants

**DUNCAN**

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) senses.

**BANQUO**

This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does [approve](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPROVE),  
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no [jutty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JUTTY), frieze,  
Buttress, nor [coign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COIGN) of [vantage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VANTAGE), but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and [haunt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAUNT), I have observed,  
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH

**DUNCAN**

See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

**LADY MACBETH**

All our service  
In every [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) twice done and then done double  
Were poor and [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

**DUNCAN**

Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath [holp](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOLP) him  
To his [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

**DUNCAN**

Give me your hand;  
[Conduct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDUCT) me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) him.  
By your leave, hostess.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 7

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his [surcease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SURCEASE) [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS); that but this [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW)  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this [bank](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BANK) and shoal of time,  
We'ld [jump](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JUMP) the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE), that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the [sightless](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHTLESS) couriers of the air,  
Shall [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW) the horrid deed in every [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

**LADY MACBETH**

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER)?

**MACBETH**

Hath he [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK)'d for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) and [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE)  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

**MACBETH**

Prithee, peace:  
I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

**LADY MACBETH**

What beast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep--  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and [wassail](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WASSAIL) so [convince](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVINCE)  
That memory, the [warder](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WARDER) of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the [receipt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECEIPT) of reason  
A [limbeck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIMBECK) only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great [quell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUELL)?

**MACBETH**

[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should [compose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPOSE)  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER) and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

**MACBETH**

I am settled, and bend up  
Each [corporal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CORPORAL) agent to this terrible [feat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEAT).  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
[False](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) face must hide what the [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) heart doth know.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 1

Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him

**BANQUO**

How goes the night, boy?

**FLEANCE**

The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

**BANQUO**

And she goes down at twelve.

**FLEANCE**

I take't, 'tis later, sir.

**BANQUO**

Hold, take my sword. There's [husbandry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HUSBANDRY) in heaven;  
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword.  
Who's there?

**MACBETH**

A [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND).

**BANQUO**

What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great [largess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGESS) to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

**MACBETH**

Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

**BANQUO**

All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

**MACBETH**

I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

**BANQUO**

At your [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND)'st leisure.

**MACBETH**

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

**BANQUO**

So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP)  
My [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) franchised and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

**MACBETH**

Good repose the while!

**BANQUO**

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE

**MACBETH**

Go bid thy [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS), when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Exit Servant

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE).  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and [dudgeon](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DUDGEON) gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld  
Nature seems dead, and [wicked](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WICKED) dreams [abuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABUSE)  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
[Pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH), thus with his stealthy pace.  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) his [design](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESIGN)  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. [Whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) I threat, he lives:  
Words to the [heat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HEAT) of deeds too cold breath gives.

A bell rings

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

Exit

Act 2, Scene 2

The same.

Enter LADY MACBETH

**LADY MACBETH**

That which hath made them drunk hath made me [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD);  
What hath [quench](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUENCH)'d them hath given me fire.  
Hark! Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:  
The doors are [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN); and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

**MACBETH**

[Within] Who's there? what, ho!

**LADY MACBETH**

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH

My husband!

**MACBETH**

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

**LADY MACBETH**

I heard the owl scream and the crickets [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY).  
Did not you speak?

**MACBETH**

When?

**LADY MACBETH**

Now.

**MACBETH**

As I descended?

**LADY MACBETH**

Ay.

**MACBETH**

Hark!  
Who lies i' the second [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER)?

**LADY MACBETH**

Donalbain.

**MACBETH**

This is a [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT).

Looking on his hands

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT), to say a [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT).

**MACBETH**

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried  
'Murder!'  
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and [address](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDRESS)'d them  
Again to sleep.

**LADY MACBETH**

There are two lodged together.

**MACBETH**

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;  
As they had [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'  
When they did say 'God bless us!'

**LADY MACBETH**

Consider it not so deeply.

**MACBETH**

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?  
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
[Stuck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUCK) in my throat.

**LADY MACBETH**

These deeds must not be [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT)  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

**MACBETH**

Methought I heard a voice [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) 'Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
[Balm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BALM) of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

**LADY MACBETH**

What do you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)?

**MACBETH**

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

**LADY MACBETH**

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

**MACBETH**

I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not.

**LADY MACBETH**

Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit. Knocking within

**MACBETH**

Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas in incarnadine,  
Making the [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

**LADY MACBETH**

My hands are of your [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR); but I [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)  
To [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) a heart so [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE).

Knocking within

I hear a knocking  
At the south entry: [retire](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RETIRE) we to our [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER);  
A [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it, then! Your [constancy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANCY)  
Hath left you unattended.

Knocking within

Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

**MACBETH**

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Knocking within

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 3

The same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter

**Porter**

Here's a knocking indeed! If a  
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have  
old turning the key.

Knocking within

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of  
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged  
himself on the expectation of plenty: come in  
time; have napkins enow about you; here  
you'll sweat for't.

Knocking within

Knock,  
knock! Who's there, in the other devil's  
name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could  
[swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) in both the scales against either [scale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCALE);  
who committed treason enough for God's sake,  
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come  
in, equivocator.

Knocking within

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an  
English tailor come hither, for stealing out of  
a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may  
roast your goose.

Knocking within

Knock,  
knock; never at quiet! What are you? But  
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter  
it no further: I had [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) to have let in  
some of all professions that go the primrose  
way to the everlasting bonfire.

Knocking within

Anon, anon! I pray you, [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) the porter.

Opens the gate

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

**MACDUFF**

Was it so late, [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

**Porter**

'Faith sir, we were carousing till the  
second [cock](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COCK): and drink, sir, is a great  
provoker of three things.

**MACDUFF**

What three things does drink especially provoke?

**Porter**

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes;  
it provokes the desire, but it takes  
away the performance: therefore, much drink  
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery:  
it makes him, and it mars him; it sets  
him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him,  
and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and  
not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him  
in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

**Porter**

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on  
me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I  
think, being too strong for him, though he took  
up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast  
him.

**MACDUFF**

Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

**LENNOX**

Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow, both.

**MACDUFF**

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

**MACBETH**

Not yet.

**MACDUFF**

He did command me to call timely on him:  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

**MACBETH**

I'll [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) you to him.

**MACDUFF**

I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet 'tis one.

**MACBETH**

The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

**MACDUFF**

I'll make so [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) to call,  
For 'tis my limited service.

Exit

**LENNOX**

Goes the king [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to-day?

**MACBETH**

He does: he did appoint so.

**LENNOX**

The night has been unruly: where we [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY),  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

**MACBETH**

'Twas a rough night.

**LENNOX**

My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF

**MACDUFF**

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

**MACBETH**

|  
| What's the matter.

**LENNOX**

|

**MACDUFF**

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) [ope](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPE)  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building!

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? the life?

**LENNOX**

[Mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Approach the [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER), and destroy your [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)  
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX

Awake, awake!  
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT),  
And look on death itself! up, up, and see  
The great doom's [image](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMAGE)! Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE) this horror! Ring the bell.

Bell rings

Enter LADY MACBETH

**LADY MACBETH**

What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

**MACDUFF**

O [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR),  
Would murder as it [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL).

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master 's murder'd!

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

**BANQUO**

Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS

**MACBETH**

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There 's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but [toys](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOYS): renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is [drawn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRAWN), and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

**DONALBAIN**

What is amiss?

**MACBETH**

You are, and do not know't:  
The [spring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING), the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

**MACDUFF**

Your royal father 's murder'd.

**MALCOLM**

O, by whom?

**LENNOX**

Those of his [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER), as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

**MACBETH**

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

**MACDUFF**

Wherefore did you so?

**MACBETH**

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their [trade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRADE), their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), ho!

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady.

**MALCOLM**

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) for ours?

**DONALBAIN**

[Aside to MALCOLM] What should be spoken here,  
where our fate,  
Hid in an auger-hole, may [rush](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RUSH), and seize us?  
Let 's away;  
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

**MALCOLM**

[Aside to DONALBAIN] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION).

**BANQUO**

Look to the lady:

LADY MACBETH is carried out

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence  
Against the undivulged [pretence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRETENCE) I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

**MACDUFF**

And so do I.

**ALL**

So all.

**MACBETH**

Let's briefly [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the [hall](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HALL) together.

**ALL**

Well contented.

Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.MALCOLM What will you do? Let's not consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.DONALBAIN To Ireland, I; our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer: where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, The nearer bloody.MALCOLM This murderous shaft that's shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 4

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter ROSS and an old Man

**Old Man**

Threescore and ten I can [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) well:  
Within the volume of which time I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN)  
Hours dreadful and things [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE); but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

**ROSS**

Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME),  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) should kiss it?

**Old Man**

'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE) of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

**ROSS**

And Duncan's horses--a thing most [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) and certain--  
Beauteous and [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT), the minions of their [race](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RACE),  
[Turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d [wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD) in nature, [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with [mankind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MANKIND).

**Old Man**

'Tis said they eat each other.

**ROSS**

They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world, sir, now?

**MACDUFF**

Why, see you not?

**ROSS**

Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

**MACDUFF**

Those that Macbeth hath slain.

**ROSS**

Alas, the day!  
What good could they [pretend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRETEND)?

**MACDUFF**

They were suborn'd:  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

**ROSS**

'Gainst nature still!  
Thriftless ambition, that wilt [ravin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAVIN) up  
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

**MACDUFF**

He is already named, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

**ROSS**

Where is Duncan's body?

**MACDUFF**

Carried to Colmekill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

**ROSS**

Will you to Scone?

**MACDUFF**

No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

**ROSS**

Well, I will thither.

**MACDUFF**

Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

**ROSS**

Farewell, father.

**Old Man**

God's benison go with you; and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 1

Forres. The palace.

Enter BANQUO

**BANQUO**

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them--  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants

**MACBETH**

Here's our chief guest.

**LADY MACBETH**

If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all-thing unbecoming.

**MACBETH**

To-night we hold a solemn supper sir,  
And I'll request your [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE).

**BANQUO**

Let your highness  
Command upon me; to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

**MACBETH**

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

We should have else desired your good [advice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVICE),  
Which still hath been both [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) you ride?

**BANQUO**

As [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR), my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast.

**BANQUO**

My lord, I will not.

**MACBETH**

We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION): but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE)  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

**MACBETH**

I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) your horses [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT) and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.

Exit BANQUO

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant

Sirrah, a word with you: [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) those men  
Our pleasure?

**ATTENDANT**

They are, my lord, [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) them before us.

Exit Attendant

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER) of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
When first they [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a [line](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LINE) of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) Duncan have I murder'd;  
[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the [list](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIST).  
And champion me to the [utterance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTERANCE)! Who's there!

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

Exit Attendant

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**First Murderer**

It was, so please your highness.

**MACBETH**

Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS)'d in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand, how [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS)'d,  
the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

**First Murderer**

You made it known to us.

**MACBETH**

I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE)  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

**First Murderer**

We are men, my liege.

**MACBETH**

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
[Shoughs](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOUGHS), water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs: the valued [file](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FILE)  
Distinguishes the [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT), the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
Particular [addition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDITION). from the [bill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BILL)  
That writes them all alike: and so of men.  
Now, if you have a [station](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATION) in the [file](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FILE),  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;  
And I will [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were [perfect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERFECT).

**Second Murderer**

I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so [incensed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INCENSED) that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

**First Murderer**

And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my lie on any chance,  
To mend it, or be [rid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RID) on't.

**MACBETH**

Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

**Both Murderers**

True, my lord.

**MACBETH**

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefaced [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) sweep him from my [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
For sundry weighty reasons.

**Second Murderer**

We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

**First Murderer**

Though our lives--

**MACBETH**

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most  
I will [advise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISE) you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the [perfect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERFECT) spy o' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT)  
That I require a clearness: and with him--  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. [Resolve](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESOLVE) yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.

**Both Murderers**

We are resolved, my lord.

**MACBETH**

I'll call upon you [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT): [abide](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABIDE) within.

Exeunt Murderers

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT),  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

Exit

Act 3, Scene 2

The palace.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant

**LADY MACBETH**

Is Banquo gone from court?

**Servant**

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Say to the king, I would [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) his leisure  
For a few words.

**Servant**

Madam, I will.

Exit

**LADY MACBETH**

Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH

How now, my lord! why do you [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) alone,  
Of [sorriest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRIEST) fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) all remedy  
Should be [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) regard: what's done is done.

**MACBETH**

We have [scotch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCOTCH)'d the snake, not kill'd it:  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) of her former tooth.  
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the  
worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE);  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, [foreign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOREIGN) levy, nothing,  
Can [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) him further.

**LADY MACBETH**

Come on;  
[Gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and [jovial](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JOVIAL) among your guests to-night.

**MACBETH**

So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him [eminence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EMINENCE), both with [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

**LADY MACBETH**

You must leave this.

**MACBETH**

O, [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

**LADY MACBETH**

But in them nature's [copy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COPY)'s not [eterne](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ETERNE).

**MACBETH**

There's comfort yet; they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT), ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne [beetle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEETLE) with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

**LADY MACBETH**

What's to be done?

**MACBETH**

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest [chuck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHUCK),  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, [seeling](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEELING) night,  
Scarf up the [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) of pitiful day;  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great [bond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOND)  
Which keeps me [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE)! [Light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) thickens; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD):  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
While night's black agents to their preys do [rouse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUSE).  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 3

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers

**First Murderer**

But who did bid thee join with us?

**Third Murderer**

Macbeth.

**Second Murderer**

He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers  
Our offices and what we have to do  
To the [direction](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIRECTION) just.

**First Murderer**

Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now [spurs](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPURS) the [lated](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LATED) traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH).

**Third Murderer**

Hark! I hear horses.

**BANQUO**

[Within] Give us a [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) there, ho!

**Second Murderer**

Then 'tis he: the rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' the court.

**First Murderer**

His horses go about.

**Third Murderer**

Almost a mile: but he does usually,  
So all men do, from [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

**Second Murderer**

A [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), a light!

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch

**Third Murderer**

'Tis he.

**First Murderer**

Stand to't.

**BANQUO**

It will be rain to-night.

**First Murderer**

Let it come down.

They set upon BANQUO

**BANQUO**

O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. O [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE)!

Dies. FLEANCE escapes

**Third Murderer**

Who did strike out the [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT)?

**First Murderer**

Wast not the way?

**Third Murderer**

There's but one down; the son is fled.

**Second Murderer**

We have lost  
Best half of our affair.

**First Murderer**

Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 4

The same. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants

**MACBETH**

You know your own [degrees](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEGREES); sit down: at first  
And last the hearty welcome.

**Lords**

Thanks to your majesty.

**MACBETH**

Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE), but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

**LADY MACBETH**

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door

**MACBETH**

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:  
Be [large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE) in mirth; anon we'll drink a [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE)  
The [table](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLE) [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND).

Approaching the door

There's blood on thy face.

**First Murderer**

'Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

'Tis better thee [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

**First Murderer**

My lord, his throat is [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT); that I did for him.

**MACBETH**

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

**First Murderer**

Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

**MACBETH**

Then comes my [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) again: I had else been [perfect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERFECT),  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) as the casing air:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) doubts and fears. But Banquo's [safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE)?

**First Murderer**

Ay, my good lord: [safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE) in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty [trenched](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRENCHED) gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

**MACBETH**

Thanks for that:  
There the grown serpent lies; the [worm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORM) that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow  
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

Exit Murderer

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord,  
You do not give the [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER): the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME);  
From thence the sauce to meat is [ceremony](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEREMONY);  
Meeting were bare [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) it.

**MACBETH**

Sweet remembrancer!  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

**LENNOX**

May't please your highness sit.

The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place

**MACBETH**

Here had we now our [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)'s honour roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

**ROSS**

His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company.

**MACBETH**

The [table](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLE)'s [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL).

**LENNOX**

Here is a place reserved, sir.

**MACBETH**

Where?

**LENNOX**

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

**MACBETH**

Which of you have done this?

**Lords**

What, my good lord?

**MACBETH**

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

**ROSS**

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

**LADY MACBETH**

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: pray you, [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) seat;  
The [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) is momentary; upon a [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT)  
He will again be well: if much you note him,  
You shall offend him and [extend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXTEND) his [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION):  
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

**MACBETH**

Ay, and a [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) one, that [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

**LADY MACBETH**

O proper [stuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFF)!  
This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorized by her grandam. [Shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

**MACBETH**

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you?  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

**LADY MACBETH**

What, quite unmann'd in folly?

**MACBETH**

If I stand here, I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) him.

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)!

**MACBETH**

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere human [statute](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUTE) purged the [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR): the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE)  
Than such a murder is.

**LADY MACBETH**

My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

**MACBETH**

I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,  
I have a [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL).  
I drink to the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) joy o' the whole [table](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLE),  
And to our dear [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

**Lords**

Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO

**MACBETH**

[Avaunt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AVAUNT)! and [quit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUIT) my [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)! let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

**LADY MACBETH**

Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

**MACBETH**

What man [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE), I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,  
And [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The baby of a girl. [Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)!

GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes

Why, so: being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

**LADY MACBETH**

You have displaced the mirth, [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) the good meeting,  
With most admired disorder.

**MACBETH**

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) our special wonder? You make me [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE)  
Even to the [disposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSITION) that I [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE),  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) the [natural](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NATURAL) ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanched with fear.

**ROSS**

What sights, my lord?

**LADY MACBETH**

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;  
Question enrages him. At [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE), good night:  
Stand not upon the [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER) of your going,  
But go at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE).

**LENNOX**

Good night; and better health  
[Attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) his majesty!

**LADY MACBETH**

A [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) good night to all!

Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH

**MACBETH**

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

**LADY MACBETH**

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

**MACBETH**

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

**LADY MACBETH**

Did you send to him, sir?

**MACBETH**

I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
[Strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

**LADY MACBETH**

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

**MACBETH**

Come, we'll to sleep. My [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE):  
We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 5

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting HECATE

**First Witch**

Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

**HECATE**

Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
[Saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) and overbold? How did you [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE)  
To [trade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRADE) and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic [sleights](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLEIGHTS)  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
He hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:  
And you all know, security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c

Hark! I am call'd; my [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

Exit

**First Witch**

Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 6

Forres. The palace.

Enter LENNOX and another Lord

**LENNOX**

My former speeches have but [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The  
[gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) father? damned [fact](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FACT)!  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT)  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY)'t. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key--  
As, an't please heaven, he shall not--they  
should find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd  
His [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

**Lord**

The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth  
Lives in the English court, and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT): thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That, by the help of these--with Him above  
To ratify the work--we may again  
Give to our [tables](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLES) meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:  
All which we pine for now: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

**LENNOX**

Sent he to Macduff?

**Lord**

He did: and with an [absolute](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABSOLUTE) 'Sir, not I,'  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time  
That clogs me with this [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER).'

**LENNOX**

And that well might  
[Advise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISE) him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL)  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT) blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)  
Under a hand accursed!

**Lord**

I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 1

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

**First Witch**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

**Second Witch**

Thrice and [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) the hedge-pig whined.

**Third Witch**

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

**First Witch**

[Round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND) about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**Second Witch**

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
[Eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**Third Witch**

[Scale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCALE) of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and [gulf](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GULF)  
Of the [ravin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAVIN)'d salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and [slips](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLIPS) of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and [Tartar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TARTAR)'s lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a [drab](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRAB),  
Make the gruel [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK) and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's [chaudron](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAUDRON),  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**Second Witch**

Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches

**HECATE**

O well done! I commend your pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains;  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Live elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) in.

Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c

HECATE retires

**Second Witch**

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something [wicked](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WICKED) this way comes.  
[Open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN), locks,  
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH

**MACBETH**

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

**ALL**

A deed [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a name.

**MACBETH**

I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) me:  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
[Confound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONFOUND) and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) me  
To what I [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) you.

**First Witch**

Speak.

**Second Witch**

Demand.

**Third Witch**

We'll [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER).

**First Witch**

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

**MACBETH**

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

**First Witch**

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

**ALL**

Come, [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) or low;  
Thyself and [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) [deftly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFTLY) show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head

**MACBETH**

Tell me, thou unknown [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER),--

**First Witch**

He knows thy [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT):  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

**First Apparition**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

Descends

**MACBETH**

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one  
word more,--

**First Witch**

He will not be commanded: here's another,  
More [potent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POTENT) than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: A bloody Child

**Second Apparition**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

**MACBETH**

Had I three ears, I'ld hear thee.

**Second Apparition**

Be bloody, [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD), and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

Descends

**MACBETH**

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make [assurance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASSURANCE) double sure,  
And take a [bond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOND) of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand

What is this  
That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND)  
And top of sovereignty?

**ALL**

Listen, but speak not to't.

**Third Apparition**

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) to [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

Descends

**MACBETH**

That will never be  
Who can [impress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPRESS) the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!  
Rebellion's head, rise never till the [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD)  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) his breath  
To time and [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

**ALL**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

I will be satisfied: [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

Hautboys

**First Witch**

Show!

**Second Witch**

Show!

**Third Witch**

Show!

**ALL**

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART)!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; GHOST OF BANQUO following

**MACBETH**

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does [sear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAR) mine eye-balls. And thy [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR),  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!  
What, will the [line](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LINE) stretch out to the [crack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRACK) of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:  
Horrible [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)! Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.

Apparitions vanish

What, is this so?

**First Witch**

Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER) we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND):  
That this great king may [kindly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KINDLY) say,  
Our duties did his welcome [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY).

Music. The witches dance and then vanish, with HECATE

**MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) there!

Enter LENNOX

**LENNOX**

What's your grace's will?

**MACBETH**

[Saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) you the weird sisters?

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Came they not by you?

**LENNOX**

No, indeed, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And [damn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAMN)'d all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

**LENNOX**

'Tis two or three, my lord, that [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

**MACBETH**

Fled to England!

**LENNOX**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will [surprise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SURPRISE);  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his [line](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LINE). No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more sights!--Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me where they are.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 2

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS

**LADY MACDUFF**

What had he done, to make him fly the land?

**ROSS**

You must have patience, madam.

**LADY MACDUFF**

He had none:  
His [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT) was madness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

**ROSS**

You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,  
His mansion and his titles in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the [natural](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NATURAL) [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH): for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear and nothing is the love;  
As [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) is the wisdom, where the [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT)  
So runs against all reason.

**ROSS**

My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, [judicious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JUDICIOUS), and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not speak  
much further;  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a [wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD) and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will [cease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEASE), or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

**LADY MACDUFF**

Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

**ROSS**

I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE).

Exit

**LADY MACDUFF**

Sirrah, your father's dead;  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

**Son**

As birds do, mother.

**LADY MACDUFF**

What, with worms and flies?

**Son**

With what I get, I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN); and so do they.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor [lime](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIME),  
The pitfall nor the gin.

**Son**

Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.  
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

**Son**

Nay, how will you do for a husband?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

**Son**

Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Thou speak'st with all thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT): and yet, i' faith,  
With [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) enough for thee.

**Son**

Was my father a traitor, mother?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Ay, that he was.

**Son**

What is a traitor?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, one that swears and lies.

**Son**

And be all traitors that do so?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

**Son**

And must they all be hanged that [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) and lie?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Every one.

**Son**

Who must hang them?

**LADY MACDUFF**

Why, the [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) men.

**Son**

Then the liars and swearers are fools,  
for there are liars and swearers enow to [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT)  
the [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) men and hang up them.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Now, God help thee, poor monkey!  
But how wilt thou do for a father?

**Son**

If he were dead, you'ld weep for  
him: if you would not, it were a good [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN)  
that I should quickly have a new father.

**LADY MACDUFF**

Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

**Messenger**

Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of honour I am [perfect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PERFECT).  
I doubt some [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER) does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's [advice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVICE),  
Be not found here; [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), with your [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) [abide](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABIDE) no longer.

Exit

**LADY MACDUFF**

Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) now  
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,  
Do I [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up that womanly [defence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFENCE),  
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers

What are these faces?

**First Murderer**

Where is your husband?

**LADY MACDUFF**

I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

**First Murderer**

He's a traitor.

**Son**

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN)!

**First Murderer**

What, you egg!

Stabbing him

Young fry of treachery!

**Son**

He has kill'd me, mother:  
Run away, I pray you!

Dies

Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying 'Murder!' Exeunt Murderers, following her

Act 4, Scene 3

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

**MALCOLM**

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) bosoms empty.

**MACDUFF**

Let us rather  
Hold [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) the [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY), new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

**MALCOLM**

What I believe I'll wail,  
What know believe, and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST): you have loved him well.  
He hath not [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH)'d you yet. I am young;  
but something  
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

**MACDUFF**

I am not treacherous.

**MALCOLM**

But Macbeth is.  
A good and [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave  
your pardon;  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL);  
Though all things foul would [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

**MACDUFF**

I have lost my hopes.

**MALCOLM**

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that [rawness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RAWNESS) left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) leave-taking? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

**MACDUFF**

Bleed, bleed, poor [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)!  
Great tyranny! [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not [cheque](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEQUE) thee: [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) thou  
thy wrongs;  
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to [boot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOT).

**MALCOLM**

Be not offended:  
I speak not as in [absolute](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABSOLUTE) fear of you.  
I think our [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here from [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it on my sword, yet my poor [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

**MACDUFF**

What should he be?

**MALCOLM**

It is myself I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN): in whom I know  
All the particulars of [vice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VICE) so grafted  
That, when they shall be [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN)'d, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE)  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

**MACDUFF**

Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more [damn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAMN)'d  
In evils to top Macbeth.

**MALCOLM**

I grant him bloody,  
[Luxurious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LUXURIOUS), avaricious, [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE), deceitful,  
[Sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN), malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust, and my desire  
All [continent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTINENT) impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

**MACDUFF**

Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
[Convey](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVEY) your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We have willing dames enough: there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclined.

**MALCOLM**

With this there grows  
In my most ill-composed affection such  
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,  
I should [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) off the nobles for their lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels [unjust](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNJUST) against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH).

**MACDUFF**

This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will.  
Of your mere own: all these are [portable](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PORTABLE),  
With other graces weigh'd.

**MALCOLM**

But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, [temperance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPERANCE), stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the [division](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIVISION) of each [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER), I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, [confound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONFOUND)  
All unity on earth.

**MACDUFF**

O Scotland, Scotland!

**MALCOLM**

If such a one be [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

**MACDUFF**

[Fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) to govern!  
No, not to live. O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen that [bore](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BORE) thee,  
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST),  
Thy hope ends here!

**MALCOLM**

Macduff, this noble [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION),  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER), and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: but God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) myself to thy [direction](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIRECTION), and  
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow and delight  
No less in truth than life: my first [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) speaking  
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)'s to command:  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT), was setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL)! Why are you silent?

**MACDUFF**

Such welcome and unwelcome things at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

**MALCOLM**

Well; more anon.--Comes the king forth, I pray you?

**Doctor**

Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
The great [assay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASSAY) of art; but at his touch--  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand--  
They presently amend.

**MALCOLM**

I thank you, doctor.

Exit Doctor

**MACDUFF**

What's the disease he means?

**MALCOLM**

'Tis call'd the evil:  
A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE),  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of grace.

Enter ROSS

**MACDUFF**

See, who comes here?

**MALCOLM**

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

**MACDUFF**

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

**MALCOLM**

I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

**ROSS**

Sir, amen.

**MACDUFF**

Stands Scotland where it did?

**ROSS**

Alas, poor [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE); where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) to smile;  
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A [modern](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MODERN) ecstasy; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK)'d for who; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

**MACDUFF**

O, relation  
Too [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE), and yet too true!

**MALCOLM**

What's the newest grief?

**ROSS**

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:  
Each minute teems a new one.

**MACDUFF**

How does my wife?

**ROSS**

Why, well.

**MACDUFF**

And all my children?

**ROSS**

Well too.

**MACDUFF**

The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

**ROSS**

No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

**MACDUFF**

But not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

**ROSS**

When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) the tyrant's [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) a-foot:  
Now is the time of help; your [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) in Scotland  
Would [create](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREATE) soldiers, make our women fight,  
To [doff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DOFF) their dire distresses.

**MALCOLM**

Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither: [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That [Christendom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHRISTENDOM) gives out.

**ROSS**

Would I could [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)  
This comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not [latch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LATCH) them.

**MACDUFF**

What concern they?  
The [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) cause? or is it a [fee-grief](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEE-GRIEF)  
Due to some [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST)?

**ROSS**

No mind that's [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST)  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

**MACDUFF**

If it be mine,  
[Keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) it not from me, quickly let me have it.

**ROSS**

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall [possess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POSSESS) them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

**MACDUFF**

Hum! I guess at it.

**ROSS**

Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the [quarry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARRY) of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

**MALCOLM**

Merciful heaven!  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

**MACDUFF**

My children too?

**ROSS**

Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

**MACDUFF**

And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

**ROSS**

I have said.

**MALCOLM**

Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

**MACDUFF**

He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) swoop?

**MALCOLM**

[Dispute](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPUTE) it like a man.

**MACDUFF**

I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man:  
I cannot but [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
[Fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

**MALCOLM**

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
[Convert](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVERT) to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

**MACDUFF**

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes  
And braggart with my tongue! But, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) heavens,  
[Cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) short all [intermission](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INTERMISSION); [front](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRONT) to front  
[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he '[scape](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCAPE),  
Heaven forgive him too!

**MALCOLM**

This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth  
Is [ripe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RIPE) for shaking, and the powers above  
[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on their instruments. Receive what [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER) you may:  
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 1

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

**Doctor**

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive  
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

**Gentlewoman**

Since his majesty went into the field, I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN)  
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon  
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,  
write upon't, read it, afterwards [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) it, and again  
return to bed; yet all this while in a most [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) sleep.

**Doctor**

A great perturbation in nature, to receive at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)  
the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of  
watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her  
walking and other actual performances, what, at any  
time, have you heard her say?

**Gentlewoman**

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

**Doctor**

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

**Gentlewoman**

Neither to you nor any one; [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) no witness to  
confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;  
and, upon my life, [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST) asleep. Observe her; stand close.

**Doctor**

How came she by that [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT)?

**Gentlewoman**

Why, it stood by her: she has [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) by her  
continually; 'tis her command.

**Doctor**

You see, her eyes are [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN).

**Gentlewoman**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**Doctor**

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

**Gentlewoman**

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus  
washing her hands: I have known her continue in  
this a [quarter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARTER) of an hour.

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here's a spot.

**Doctor**

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from  
her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

**LADY MACBETH**

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,  
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my  
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we  
fear who knows it, when none can call our [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to  
account?--Yet who would have [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) the old man  
to have had so much blood in him.

**Doctor**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--  
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'  
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with  
this starting.

**Doctor**

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

**Gentlewoman**

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of  
that: heaven knows what she has known.

**LADY MACBETH**

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the  
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE)  
hand. Oh, oh, oh!

**Doctor**

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

**Gentlewoman**

I would not have such a heart in my [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) for the  
dignity of the whole body.

**Doctor**

Well, well, well,--

**Gentlewoman**

Pray God it be, sir.

**Doctor**

This disease is beyond my [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE): yet I have known  
those which have walked in their sleep who have died  
holily in their beds.

**LADY MACBETH**

Wash your hands, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on your nightgown; look not so  
[pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE).--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he  
cannot come out on's [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE).

**Doctor**

Even so?

**LADY MACBETH**

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:  
come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's  
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

Exit

**Doctor**

Will she go now to bed?

**Gentlewoman**

Directly.

**Doctor**

Foul whisperings are [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD): unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) eyes upon her. So, good night:  
My mind she has mated, and amazed my [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT).  
I think, but [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not speak.

**Gentlewoman**

Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 2

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers

**MENTEITH**

The English [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:  
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the [mortified](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTIFIED) man.

**ANGUS**

Near Birnam [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD)  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

**CAITHNESS**

Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

**LENNOX**

For certain, sir, he is not: I have a [file](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FILE)  
Of all the [gentry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTRY): there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

**MENTEITH**

What does the tyrant?

**CAITHNESS**

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

**ANGUS**

Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

**MENTEITH**

Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

**CAITHNESS**

Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:  
Meet we the [medicine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEDICINE) of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY)'s purge  
Each drop of us.

**LENNOX**

Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) Birnam.

Exeunt, marching

Act 5, Scene 3

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants

**MACBETH**

[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me no more reports; let them fly all:  
Till Birnam [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot [taint](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TAINT) with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) consequences have pronounced me thus:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) upon thee.' Then fly,  
[false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I [sway](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWAY) by and the heart I bear  
Shall never [sag](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAG) with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant

The devil [damn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAMN) thee black, thou cream-faced [loon](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LOON)!  
Where got'st thou that goose look?

**Servant**

There is ten thousand--

**MACBETH**

Geese, [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN)!

**Servant**

Soldiers, sir.

**MACBETH**

Go [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, [patch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATCH)?  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

**Servant**

The English [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE), so please you.

**MACBETH**

Take thy face [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE).

Exit Servant

Seyton!--I am sick at heart,  
When I behold--Seyton, I say!--This push  
Will [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER) me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the [sear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAR), the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their [stead](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STEAD),  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY), and [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not. Seyton!

Enter SEYTON

**SEYTON**

What is your [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) pleasure?

**MACBETH**

What news more?

**SEYTON**

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

**MACBETH**

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be [hack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HACK)'d.  
Give me my armour.

**SEYTON**

'Tis not needed yet.

**MACBETH**

I'll [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it on.  
Send out more horses; [skirr](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKIRR) the [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND);  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT), doctor?

**Doctor**

Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with [thick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK) coming fancies,  
That [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) her from her rest.

**MACBETH**

Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the [stuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFF)'d [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

**Doctor**

Therein the [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT)  
Must minister to himself.

**MACBETH**

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.  
Come, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) mine armour on; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.--Pull't off, I say.--  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE)? Hear'st thou of them?

**Doctor**

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

**MACBETH**

[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

**Doctor**

[Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 4

Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD and YOUNG SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching

**MALCOLM**

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be [safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE).

**MENTEITH**

We doubt it nothing.

**SIWARD**

What [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) is this before us?

**MENTEITH**

The [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) of Birnam.

**MALCOLM**

Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

**Soldiers**

It shall be done.

**SIWARD**

We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

**MALCOLM**

'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the [revolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REVOLT),  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

**MACDUFF**

Let our just censures  
[Attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) the true event, and [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) we on  
Industrious soldiership.

**SIWARD**

The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE).  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
[Towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) which [advance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVANCE) the war.

Exeunt, marching

Act 5, Scene 5

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours

**MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD) walls;  
The [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) is still 'They come:' our castle's strength  
Will laugh a [siege](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIEGE) to scorn: here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not [forced](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCED) with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) them [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD) [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME).

A cry of women within

What is that noise?

**SEYTON**

It is the [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) of women, my good lord.

Exit

**MACBETH**

I have almost forgot the [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE) of fears;  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL) of [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR)  
Would at a dismal treatise [rouse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUSE) and stir  
As life were in't: I have supp'd [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) with horrors;  
Direness, [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR) to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) start me.

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY)?

**SEYTON**

The queen, my lord, is dead.

**MACBETH**

She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE)  
Told by an idiot, [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou comest to [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) thy tongue; thy story quickly.

**Messenger**

[Gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) my lord,  
I should report that which I say I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW),  
But know not how to do it.

**MACBETH**

Well, say, sir.

**Messenger**

As I did stand my [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) upon the hill,  
I look'd [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) began to move.

**MACBETH**

Liar and [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE)!

**Messenger**

Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

**MACBETH**

If thou speak'st [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE),  
Upon the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine [cling](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLING) thee: if thy speech be [sooth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOOTH),  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD)  
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD)  
Comes [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) nor tarrying here.  
I gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) the estate o' the world were now undone.  
Ring the alarum-bell! [Blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW), wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 6

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs

**MALCOLM**

Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down.  
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first [battle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATTLE): worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER).

**SIWARD**

Fare you well.  
Do we but find the tyrant's [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

**MACDUFF**

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 7

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter MACBETH

**MACBETH**

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter YOUNG SIWARD

**YOUNG SIWARD**

What is thy name?

**MACBETH**

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

**MACBETH**

My name's Macbeth.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR).

**MACBETH**

No, nor more [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL).

**YOUNG SIWARD**

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain

**MACBETH**

Thou wast born of woman  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

Exit

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

**MACDUFF**

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will [haunt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAUNT) me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums

Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD

**SIWARD**

This way, my lord; the castle's gently [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER)'d:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) is to do.

**MALCOLM**

We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

**SIWARD**

Enter, sir, the castle.

Exeunt. Alarums

Act 5, Scene 8

Another part of the field.

Enter MACBETH

**MACBETH**

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? [whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF

**MACDUFF**

[Turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN), hell-hound, [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)!

**MACBETH**

Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

**MACDUFF**

I have no words:  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN)  
Than terms can give thee out!

They fight

**MACBETH**

Thou losest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword [impress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPRESS) as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD),  
To one of woman born.

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm;  
And let the [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL) whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) the word of promise to our [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR),  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

**MACDUFF**

Then [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and [gaze](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAZE) o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

**MACBETH**

I will not [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD),  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD) be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. [Lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) on, Macduff,  
And [damn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAMN)'d be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

Exeunt, fighting. Alarums

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers

**MALCOLM**

I would the friends we miss were [safe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAFE) arrived.

**SIWARD**

Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

**MALCOLM**

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

**ROSS**

Your son, my lord, has [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID) a soldier's debt:  
He only lived but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking [station](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATION) where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

**SIWARD**

Then he is dead?

**ROSS**

Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measured by his [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH), for then  
It hath no end.

**SIWARD**

Had he his hurts before?

**ROSS**

Ay, on the [front](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRONT).

**SIWARD**

Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

**MALCOLM**

He's [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

**SIWARD**

He's [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) no more  
They say he [parted](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PARTED) well, and [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID) his score:  
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head

**MACDUFF**

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

**ALL**

Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

**MALCOLM**

We shall not spend a [large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE) expense of time  
Before we reckon with your [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As [calling](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CALLING) [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) our exiled friends [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD)  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT), by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE), time and place:  
So, thanks to all at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

1. **Act 1**
2. [Scene 1.](muchadoaboutnothing.1.1.html) Before LEONATO'S house.
3. [Scene 2.](muchadoaboutnothing.1.2.html) A room in LEONATO's house.
4. [Scene 3.](muchadoaboutnothing.1.3.html) The same.
5. **Act 2**
6. [Scene 1.](muchadoaboutnothing.2.1.html) A hall in LEONATO'S house.
7. [Scene 2.](muchadoaboutnothing.2.2.html) The same.
8. [Scene 3.](muchadoaboutnothing.2.3.html) LEONATO'S orchard.
9. **Act 3**
10. [Scene 1.](muchadoaboutnothing.3.1.html) LEONATO'S garden.
11. [Scene 2.](muchadoaboutnothing.3.2.html) A room in LEONATO'S house
12. [Scene 3.](muchadoaboutnothing.3.3.html) A street.
13. [Scene 4.](muchadoaboutnothing.3.4.html) HERO's apartment.
14. [Scene 5.](muchadoaboutnothing.3.5.html) Another room in LEONATO'S house.
15. **Act 4**
16. [Scene 1.](muchadoaboutnothing.4.1.html) A church.
17. [Scene 2.](muchadoaboutnothing.4.2.html) A prison.
18. **Act 5**
19. [Scene 1.](muchadoaboutnothing.5.1.html) Before LEONATO'S house.
20. [Scene 2.](muchadoaboutnothing.5.2.html) LEONATO'S garden.
21. [Scene 3.](muchadoaboutnothing.5.3.html) A church.
22. [Scene 4.](muchadoaboutnothing.5.4.html) A room in LEONATO'S house.

Act 1, Scene 1

Before LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a Messenger

**LEONATO**

I learn in this letter that [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Peter of Arragon  
comes this night to Messina.

**Messenger**

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

**LEONATO**

How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

**Messenger**

But few of any [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT), and none of name.

**LEONATO**

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings  
[home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) numbers. I find here that [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Peter hath  
bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

**Messenger**

Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by  
[Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the  
promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb,  
the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better  
bettered expectation than you must [expect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPECT) of me to  
tell you how.

**LEONATO**

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

**Messenger**

I have already delivered him letters, and there  
appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could  
not show itself modest enough [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a badge of  
bitterness.

**LEONATO**

Did he break out into tears?

**Messenger**

In great [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE).

**LEONATO**

A [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) overflow of kindness: there are no faces  
truer than those that are so washed. How much  
better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

**BEATRICE**

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

**Messenger**

I know none of that name, lady: there was none such  
in the army of any [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT).

**LEONATO**

What is he that you [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) for, niece?

**HERO**

My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

**Messenger**

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

**BEATRICE**

He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged  
Cupid at the [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT); and my uncle's fool, reading  
the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged  
him at the [bird-bolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BIRD-BOLT). I pray you, how many hath he  
killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath  
he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

**LEONATO**

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

**Messenger**

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

**BEATRICE**

You had musty victual, and he hath [holp](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOLP) to eat it:  
he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an  
excellent [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH).

**Messenger**

And a good soldier too, lady.

**BEATRICE**

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

**Messenger**

A lord to a lord, a man to a man; [stuffed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFFED) with all  
honourable virtues.

**BEATRICE**

It is so, indeed; he is no less than a [stuffed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFFED) man:  
but for the stuffing,--well, we are all [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL).

**LEONATO**

You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a  
[kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her:  
they never meet but there's a skirmish of [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)  
between them.

**BEATRICE**

Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last  
conflict four of his five [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) went halting off, and  
now is the whole man governed with one: so that if  
he have [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) enough to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) himself warm, let him  
bear it for a difference between himself and his  
horse; for it is all the [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH) that he hath left,  
to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his  
companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

**Messenger**

Is't possible?

**BEATRICE**

Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as  
the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the  
[next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) block.

**Messenger**

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

**BEATRICE**

No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray  
you, who is his companion? Is there no young  
[squarer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SQUARER) now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

**Messenger**

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

**BEATRICE**

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

**Messenger**

I will hold friends with you, lady.

**BEATRICE**

Do, good [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND).

**LEONATO**

You will never run mad, niece.

**BEATRICE**

No, not till a hot January.

**Messenger**

[Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Pedro is approached.

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

**DON PEDRO**

Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your  
trouble: the fashion of the world is to [avoid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AVOID)  
cost, and you encounter it.

**LEONATO**

Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of  
your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should  
remain; but when you [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) from me, sorrow abides  
and happiness takes his leave.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**LEONATO**

Her mother hath many times told me so.

**BENEDICK**

Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

**LEONATO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

You have it [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL), Benedick: we may guess by this  
what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers  
herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an  
honourable father.

**BENEDICK**

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

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING)?

**BEATRICE**

Is it possible disdain should die while she hath  
such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick?  
Courtesy itself must [convert](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVERT) to disdain, if you come  
in her [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE).

**BENEDICK**

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

**BEATRICE**

A dear happiness to women: they would else have  
been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God  
and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I  
had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man  
[swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) he loves me.

**BENEDICK**

God [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) your ladyship still in that mind! so some  
gentleman or other shall '[scape](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCAPE) a predestinate  
scratched face.

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

I would my horse had the [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) of your tongue, and  
so good a continuer. But [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) your way, i' God's  
name; I have done.

**BEATRICE**

You always end with a [jade](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JADE)'s [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK): I know you of old.

**DON PEDRO**

That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio  
and Signior Benedick, my dear [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) Leonato hath  
invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at  
the least a month; and he heartily prays some  
occasion may detain us longer. I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) he is no  
hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

**LEONATO**

If you [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR), my lord, you shall not be forsworn.

To DON JOHN

Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to  
the prince your brother, I [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE) you all duty.

**DON JOHN**

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

**LEONATO**

Please it your grace lead on?

**DON PEDRO**

Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

Exeunt all except BENEDICK and CLAUDIO

**CLAUDIO**

Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

**BENEDICK**

I noted her not; but I looked on her.

**CLAUDIO**

Is she not a modest young lady?

**BENEDICK**

Do you question me, as an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man should do, for  
my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak  
after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

**CLAUDIO**

No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

**BENEDICK**

Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH)  
praise, too brown for a fair praise and too [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE)  
for a great praise: only this commendation I can  
afford her, that were she other than she is, she  
were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I  
do not like her.

**CLAUDIO**

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

**BENEDICK**

Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

**CLAUDIO**

Can the world buy such a jewel?

**BENEDICK**

Yea, and a case to [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it into. But speak you this  
with a [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) brow? or do you play the flouting [Jack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JACK),  
to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a  
rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take  
you, to go in the song?

**CLAUDIO**

In mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) she is the sweetest lady that ever I  
looked on.

**BENEDICK**

I can see yet [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) spectacles and I see no such  
matter: there's her cousin, an she were not  
possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty  
as the first of May doth the last of December. But I  
hope you have no intent to [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) husband, have you?

**CLAUDIO**

I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the  
[contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY), if Hero would be my wife.

**BENEDICK**

Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world  
one man but he will [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) his cap with suspicion?  
Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?  
Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck  
into a yoke, [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) the print of it and sigh away  
Sundays. Look [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BENEDICK**

I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

**DON PEDRO**

I charge thee on thy allegiance.

**BENEDICK**

You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb  
man; I would have you think so; but, on my  
allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is  
in love. With who? now that is your grace's part.  
Mark how short his [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) is;--With Hero, Leonato's  
short daughter.

**CLAUDIO**

If this were so, so were it uttered.

**BENEDICK**

Like the old [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE), my lord: 'it is not so, nor  
'twas not so, but, indeed, God [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) it should be  
so.'

**CLAUDIO**

If my [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION) change not shortly, God [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) it  
should be otherwise.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

By my troth, I speak my [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT).

**CLAUDIO**

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

**BENEDICK**

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

**CLAUDIO**

That I love her, I feel.

**DON PEDRO**

That she is worthy, I know.

**BENEDICK**

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

**DON PEDRO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

And never could maintain his part but in the [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE)  
of his will.

**BENEDICK**

That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she  
brought me up, I likewise give her most humble  
thanks: but that I will have a [recheat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECHEAT) winded in my  
forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,  
all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do  
them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the  
right to trust none; and the [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) is, for the which  
I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

**DON PEDRO**

I shall see thee, ere I die, look [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) with love.

**BENEDICK**

With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord,  
not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood  
with love than I will get again with drinking, [pick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PICK)  
out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me  
up at the door of a brothel-house for the [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) of  
blind Cupid.

**DON PEDRO**

Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou  
wilt prove a notable [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT).

**BENEDICK**

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

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BENEDICK**

The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible  
Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set  
them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted,  
and in such great letters as they write 'Here is  
good horse to hire,' let them signify under my [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN)  
'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

**CLAUDIO**

If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be [horn-mad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HORN-MAD).

**DON PEDRO**

Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his [quiver](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUIVER) in  
Venice, thou wilt [quake](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUAKE) for this shortly.

**BENEDICK**

I look for an earthquake too, then.

**DON PEDRO**

Well, you temporize with the hours. In the  
meantime, good Signior Benedick, [repair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REPAIR) to  
Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will  
not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made  
great preparation.

**BENEDICK**

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

**CLAUDIO**

To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,--

**DON PEDRO**

The sixth of July: Your loving [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), Benedick.

**BENEDICK**

Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your  
[discourse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCOURSE) is sometime guarded with fragments, and  
the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere  
you flout old ends any further, [examine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXAMINE) your  
conscience: and so I leave you.

Exit

**CLAUDIO**

My liege, your highness now may do me good.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

**DON PEDRO**

No child but Hero; she's his only heir.  
Dost thou [affect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AFFECT) her, Claudio?

**CLAUDIO**

O, my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
That liked, but had a rougher [task](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASK) in hand  
Than to [drive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRIVE) [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING) to the name of love:  
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

**DON PEDRO**

Thou wilt be like a lover presently  
And [tire](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TIRE) the hearer with a [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) of words.  
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,  
And I will break with her and with her father,  
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end  
That thou began'st to twist so [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) a story?

**CLAUDIO**

How sweetly you do minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his [complexion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPLEXION)!  
But lest my [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING) might too [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) seem,  
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

**DON PEDRO**

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?  
The fairest grant is the necessity.  
Look, what will serve is [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT): 'tis [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE), thou lovest,  
And I will [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) thee with the remedy.  
I know we shall have revelling to-night:  
I will assume thy part in some disguise  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,  
And in her [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) I'll unclasp my heart  
And take her hearing prisoner with the [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE)  
And strong encounter of my amorous [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE):  
Then after to her father will I break;  
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.  
In [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) let us [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it presently.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 2

A room in LEONATO's house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting

**LEONATO**

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

**ANTONIO**

He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell  
you [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) news that you yet dreamt not of.

**LEONATO**

Are they good?

**ANTONIO**

As the event stamps them: but they have a good  
[cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER); they show well [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD). The prince and Count  
Claudio, walking in a [thick-pleached](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THICK-PLEACHED) alley in mine  
orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine:  
the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my  
niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it  
this night in a dance: and if he found her  
accordant, he meant to take the present time by the  
top and instantly break with you of it.

**LEONATO**

Hath the fellow any [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) that told you this?

**ANTONIO**

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

**LEONATO**

No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear  
itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal,  
that she may be the better prepared for an [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER),  
if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.

Enter Attendants

Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) you  
mercy, [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND); go you with me, and I will [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) your  
[skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL). Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 3

The same.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE

**CONRADE**

What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out  
of [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD)?

**DON JOHN**

There is no [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) in the occasion that breeds;  
therefore the [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS) is [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) limit.

**CONRADE**

You should hear reason.

**DON JOHN**

And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

**CONRADE**

If not a present remedy, at least a [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT)  
[sufferance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUFFERANCE).

**DON JOHN**

I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art,  
born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral  
[medicine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEDICINE) to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide  
what I am: I must be [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) when I have cause and smile  
at no man's jests, eat when I have [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH) and wait  
for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and  
[tend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEND) on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and  
[claw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLAW) no man in his humour.

**CONRADE**

Yea, but you must not make the [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) show of this  
till you may do it [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) controlment. You have of  
late stood out against your brother, and he hath  
ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is  
impossible you should take true root but by the  
fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful  
that you frame the season for your own harvest.

**DON JOHN**

I had rather be a [canker](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CANKER) in a hedge than a rose in  
his grace, and it better fits my blood to be  
[disdained](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISDAINED) of all than to fashion a carriage to rob  
love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to  
be a flattering [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man, it must not be denied  
but I am a plain-dealing [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN). I am trusted with  
a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I  
have decreed not to sing in my [cage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAGE). If I had my  
mouth, I would bite; if I had my [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY), I would do  
my [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING): in the meantime let me be that I am and  
seek not to alter me.

**CONRADE**

Can you make no [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) of your [discontent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCONTENT)?

**DON JOHN**

I make all [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) of it, for I use it only.  
Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO

What news, Borachio?

**BORACHIO**

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

**DON JOHN**

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

**BORACHIO**

Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

**DON JOHN**

Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

**BORACHIO**

Even he.

**DON JOHN**

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

**BORACHIO**

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

**DON JOHN**

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

**BORACHIO**

Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a  
musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand  
in hand in [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) conference: I whipt me behind the  
arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the  
prince should woo Hero for himself, and [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING)  
obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

**DON JOHN**

Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to  
my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the  
glory of my overthrow: if I can [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) him any way, I  
bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

**CONRADE**

To the death, my lord.

**DON JOHN**

Let us to the great supper: their [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER) is the  
greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of  
my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

**BORACHIO**

We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 1

A hall in LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others

**LEONATO**

Was not Count John here at supper?

**ANTONIO**

I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) him not.

**BEATRICE**

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

**HERO**

He is of a very melancholy [disposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSITION).

**BEATRICE**

He were an excellent man that were made just in the  
midway between him and Benedick: the one is too  
like an [image](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMAGE) and says nothing, and the other too  
like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

**LEONATO**

Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's  
mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior  
Benedick's face,--

**BEATRICE**

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

**LEONATO**

By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a  
husband, if thou be so [shrewd](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHREWD) of thy tongue.

**ANTONIO**

In faith, she's too curst.

**BEATRICE**

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

**LEONATO**

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

**BEATRICE**

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

**LEONATO**

You may [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) on a husband that hath no beard.

**BEATRICE**

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

**LEONATO**

Well, then, go you into hell?

**BEATRICE**

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

**ANTONIO**

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

**BEATRICE**

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

**LEONATO**

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

**BEATRICE**

Not till God make men of some other metal than  
earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be  
overmastered with a pierce of valiant dust? to make  
an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?  
No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren;  
and, truly, I hold it a sin to [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH) in my kindred.

**LEONATO**

Daughter, [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) what I told you: if the prince  
do [solicit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOLICIT) you in that [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND), you know your [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER).

**BEATRICE**

The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be  
not wooed in good time: if the prince be too  
[important](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPORTANT), tell him there is [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) in every thing  
and so dance out the [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER). For, hear me, Hero:  
wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a [Scotch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCOTCH) jig,  
a [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE), and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot  
and hasty, like a [Scotch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCOTCH) jig, and [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) as  
fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a  
[measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE), [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) and ancientry; and then comes  
repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the  
cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE).

**LEONATO**

Cousin, you apprehend [passing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSING) shrewdly.

**BEATRICE**

I have a good [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE), uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

**LEONATO**

The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

All put on their masks

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

**DON PEDRO**

Lady, will you walk about with your [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)?

**HERO**

So you walk [softly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOFTLY) and look sweetly and say nothing,  
I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

**DON PEDRO**

With me in your company?

**HERO**

I may say so, when I please.

**DON PEDRO**

And when please you to say so?

**HERO**

When I like your [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR); for God [defend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEND) the lute  
should be like the case!

**DON PEDRO**

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

**HERO**

Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

**DON PEDRO**

Speak low, if you speak love.

Drawing her aside

**BALTHASAR**

Well, I would you did like me.

**MARGARET**

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

**BALTHASAR**

Which is one?

**MARGARET**

I say my prayers aloud.

**BALTHASAR**

I love you the better: the hearers may [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY), Amen.

**MARGARET**

God [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH) me with a good dancer!

**BALTHASAR**

Amen.

**MARGARET**

And God [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) him out of my [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT) when the dance is  
done! [Answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER), clerk.

**BALTHASAR**

No more words: the clerk is answered.

**URSULA**

I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

**ANTONIO**

At a word, I am not.

**URSULA**

I know you by the waggling of your head.

**ANTONIO**

To tell you true, I [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT) him.

**URSULA**

You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were  
the very man. Here's his [dry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRY) hand up and down: you  
are he, you are he.

**ANTONIO**

At a word, I am not.

**URSULA**

Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your  
excellent [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)? can [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) hide itself? Go to,  
mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an  
end.

**BEATRICE**

Will you not tell me who told you so?

**BENEDICK**

No, you shall pardon me.

**BEATRICE**

Nor will you not tell me who you are?

**BENEDICK**

Not now.

**BEATRICE**

That I was disdainful, and that I had my good [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)  
out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales:'--well this was  
Signior Benedick that said so.

**BENEDICK**

What's he?

**BEATRICE**

I am sure you know him well enough.

**BENEDICK**

Not I, believe me.

**BEATRICE**

Did he never make you laugh?

**BENEDICK**

I pray you, what is he?

**BEATRICE**

Why, he is the prince's jester: a very [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL) fool;  
only his gift is in devising impossible slanders:  
none but libertines delight in him; and the  
commendation is not in his [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), but in his villany;  
for he both pleases men and angers them, and then  
they laugh at him and [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) him. I am sure he is in  
the [fleet](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLEET): I would he had boarded me.

**BENEDICK**

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

**BEATRICE**

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

Music

We must follow the leaders.

**BENEDICK**

In every good thing.

**BEATRICE**

Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at  
the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) turning.

Dance. Then exeunt all except DON JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO

**DON JOHN**

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

**BORACHIO**

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

**DON JOHN**

Are not you Signior Benedick?

**CLAUDIO**

You know me well; I am he.

**DON JOHN**

Signior, you are very near my brother in his love:  
he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him  
from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may  
do the part of an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man in it.

**CLAUDIO**

How know you he loves her?

**DON JOHN**

I heard him [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) his affection.

**BORACHIO**

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

**DON JOHN**

Come, let us to the banquet.

Exeunt DON JOHN and BORACHIO

**CLAUDIO**

Thus [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) I in the name of Benedick,  
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.  
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.  
Friendship is [constant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANT) in all other things  
Save in the [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) and affairs of love:  
Therefore, all hearts in love [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) their own tongues;  
Let every [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) negotiate for itself  
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.  
This is an accident of hourly [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF),  
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK

**BENEDICK**

Count Claudio?

**CLAUDIO**

Yea, the same.

**BENEDICK**

Come, will you go with me?

**CLAUDIO**

Whither?

**BENEDICK**

Even to the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) willow, about your own business,  
[county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY). What fashion will you [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) the garland of?  
about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under  
your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR)  
it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

**CLAUDIO**

I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) him joy of her.

**BENEDICK**

Why, that's spoken like an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) drovier: so they  
sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would  
have served you thus?

**CLAUDIO**

I pray you, leave me.

**BENEDICK**

Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the  
boy that stole your meat, and you'll [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) the post.

**CLAUDIO**

If it will not be, I'll leave you.

Exit

**BENEDICK**

Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges.  
But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not  
know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go  
under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I  
am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it  
is the [base](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASE), though bitter, [disposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSITION) of Beatrice  
that puts the world into her person and so gives me  
out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BENEDICK**

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

**DON PEDRO**

To be whipped! What's his fault?

**BENEDICK**

The [flat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLAT) transgression of a schoolboy, who, being  
overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his  
companion, and he steals it.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BENEDICK**

Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made,  
and the garland too; for the garland he might have  
worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on  
you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BENEDICK**

If their singing [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) your saying, by my faith,  
you say honestly.

**DON PEDRO**

The Lady Beatrice hath a [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) to you: the  
gentleman that danced with her told her she is much  
wronged by you.

**BENEDICK**

O, she misused me past the endurance of a block!  
an oak but with one [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) leaf on it would have  
answered her; my very visor began to assume life and  
scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been  
myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was  
duller than a great thaw; huddling [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) upon jest  
with such impossible [conveyance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVEYANCE) upon me that I stood  
like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at  
me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs:  
if her breath were as terrible as her terminations,  
there were no [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) near her; she would infect to  
the north star. I would not marry her, though she  
were endowed with all that Adam bad left him before  
he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have  
turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make  
the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find  
her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God  
some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while  
she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a  
sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they  
would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror  
and perturbation follows her.

**DON PEDRO**

Look, here she comes.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO

**BENEDICK**

Will your grace command me any service to the  
world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now  
to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on;  
I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the  
furthest inch of Asia, [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) you the length of  
Prester John's foot, fetch you a [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) off the great  
Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pigmies,  
rather than hold three words' conference with this  
harpy. You have no employment for me?

**DON PEDRO**

None, but to desire your good company.

**BENEDICK**

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

Exit

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BEATRICE**

Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave  
him [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) for it, a double heart for his [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) one:  
marry, [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) before he won it of me with [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) dice,  
therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

**DON PEDRO**

You have [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) him down, lady, you have put him down.

**BEATRICE**

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

**DON PEDRO**

Why, how now, count! wherefore are you [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD)?

**CLAUDIO**

Not [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD), my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

How then? sick?

**CLAUDIO**

Neither, my lord.

**BEATRICE**

The count is neither [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD), nor sick, nor merry, nor  
well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and  
something of that jealous [complexion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPLEXION).

**DON PEDRO**

I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true;  
though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his [conceit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONCEIT) is  
[false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE). Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and  
fair Hero is won: I have [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) with her father,  
and his good will obtained: name the day of  
marriage, and God give thee joy!

**LEONATO**

Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my  
fortunes: his grace hath made the [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH), and an  
grace say Amen to it.

**BEATRICE**

Speak, count, 'tis your [cue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUE).

**CLAUDIO**

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were  
but [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as  
you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for  
you and dote upon the exchange.

**BEATRICE**

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

**DON PEDRO**

In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

**BEATRICE**

Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on  
the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his  
[ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) that he is in her heart.

**CLAUDIO**

And so she doth, cousin.

**BEATRICE**

Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the  
world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a  
corner and [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) heigh-ho for a husband!

**DON PEDRO**

Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

**BEATRICE**

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

**DON PEDRO**

Will you have me, lady?

**BEATRICE**

No, my lord, unless I might have another for  
working-days: your grace is too costly to [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR)  
every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I  
was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BEATRICE**

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

**LEONATO**

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

**BEATRICE**

I [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon.

Exit

**DON PEDRO**

By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

**LEONATO**

There's [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) of the melancholy element in her, my  
lord: she is never [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) but when she sleeps, and  
not ever [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) then; for I have heard my daughter say,  
she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked  
herself with laughing.

**DON PEDRO**

She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

**LEONATO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

She were an excellent wife for Benedict.

**LEONATO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

[County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Claudio, when [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) you to go to church?

**CLAUDIO**

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

**LEONATO**

Not till Monday, my dear son, which is [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) a just  
seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all  
things [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) my mind.

**DON PEDRO**

Come, you shake the head at so long a [breathing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREATHING):  
but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go  
dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of  
Hercules' labours; which is, to [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) Signior  
Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of  
affection the one with the other. I would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) have  
it a [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH), and I doubt not but to fashion it, if  
you three will but minister such assistance as I  
shall give you [direction](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIRECTION).

**LEONATO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

And I, my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

And you too, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Hero?

**HERO**

I will do any modest [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE), my lord, to help my  
cousin to a good husband.

**DON PEDRO**

And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that  
I know. Thus [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) can I praise him; he is of a noble  
[strain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIN), of approved valour and confirmed [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY). I  
will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she  
shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your  
two helps, will so [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) on Benedick that, in  
despite of his [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) and his [queasy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUEASY) [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH), he  
shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this,  
Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be  
ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me,  
and I will tell you my drift.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 2

The same.

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO

**DON JOHN**

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

**BORACHIO**

Yea, my lord; but I can [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) it.

**DON JOHN**

Any bar, any [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS), any impediment will be  
medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him,  
and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges  
evenly with mine. How canst thou [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) this marriage?

**BORACHIO**

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

**DON JOHN**

Show me briefly how.

**BORACHIO**

I think I told your lordship a year since, how much  
I am in the [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) of Margaret, the waiting  
gentlewoman to Hero.

**DON JOHN**

I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER).

**BORACHIO**

I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night,  
appoint her to look out at her lady's [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER) window.

**DON JOHN**

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

**BORACHIO**

The poison of that lies in you to [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER). Go you to  
the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that  
he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned  
Claudio--whose [estimation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ESTIMATION) do you mightily hold  
up--to a contaminated [stale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STALE), such a one as Hero.

**DON JOHN**

What [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF) shall I make of that?

**BORACHIO**

[Proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF) enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio,  
to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any  
other issue?

**DON JOHN**

Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

**BORACHIO**

Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) Pedro and  
the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know  
that Hero loves me; [intend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INTEND) a [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of zeal both to the  
prince and Claudio, as,--in love of your brother's  
honour, who hath made this [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH), and his [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)'s  
reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the  
semblance of a maid,--that you have discovered  
thus. They will scarcely believe this [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) trial:  
offer them instances; which shall bear no less  
[likelihood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKELIHOOD) than to see me at her chamber-window,  
hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me  
Claudio; and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) them to see this the very night  
before the intended wedding,--for in the meantime I  
will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be  
absent,--and there shall appear such [seeming](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEMING) truth  
of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called  
[assurance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASSURANCE) and all the preparation overthrown.

**DON JOHN**

Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT)  
it in [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE). Be [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING) in the working this, and  
thy fee is a thousand ducats.

**BORACHIO**

Be you [constant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANT) in the accusation, and my [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING)  
shall not [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) me.

**DON JOHN**

I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 3

LEONATO'S orchard.

Enter BENEDICK

**BENEDICK**

Boy!

Enter Boy

**Boy**

Signior?

**BENEDICK**

In my chamber-window lies a [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK): [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) it hither  
to me in the orchard.

**Boy**

I am here already, sir.

**BENEDICK**

I know that; but I would have thee [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), and here again.

Exit Boy

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much  
another man is a fool when he dedicates his  
behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at  
such shallow follies in others, become the [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT)  
of his own scorn by failing in love: and such a man  
is Claudio. I have known when there was no music  
with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he  
rather hear the [tabour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABOUR) and the pipe: I have known  
when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a  
good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake,  
carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to  
speak plain and to the purpose, like an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man  
and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his  
words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many  
[strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) dishes. May I be so converted and see with  
these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not  
be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but  
I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster  
of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman  
is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am  
well; another [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS), yet I am well; but till all  
graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in  
my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise,  
or I'll none; [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS), or I'll never cheapen her;  
fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not  
near me; noble, or not I for an [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL); of good  
[discourse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCOURSE), an excellent musician, and her [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) shall  
be of what [colour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COLOUR) it please God. Ha! the prince and  
Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

Withdraws

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO

**DON PEDRO**

Come, shall we hear this music?

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

**CLAUDIO**

O, very well, my lord: the music ended,  
We'll [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR with Music

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice  
To slander music any more than [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE).

**DON PEDRO**

It is the witness still of excellency  
To [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) a [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) face on his own perfection.  
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

**BALTHASAR**

Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit  
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,  
Yet will he [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) he loves.

**DON PEDRO**

Now, pray thee, come;  
Or, if thou wilt hold longer [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT),  
Do it in notes.

**BALTHASAR**

Note this before my notes;  
There's not a note of mine that's [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) the noting.

**DON PEDRO**

Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;  
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.

Air

**BENEDICK**

Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it  
not [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) that sheeps' guts should hale souls out  
of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when  
all's done.

The Song

**BALTHASAR**

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in sea and one on shore,  
To one thing [constant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSTANT) never:  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.  
  
Sing no more ditties, sing no [moe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOE),  
Of dumps so [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL) and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leafy:  
Then sigh not so, &c.

**DON PEDRO**

By my troth, a good song.

**BALTHASAR**

And an ill singer, my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BENEDICK**

An he had been a dog that should have howled thus,  
they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad  
voice bode no mischief. I had as [lief](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIEF) have heard the  
night-raven, come what plague could have come after  
it.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

The best I can, my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

Do so: farewell.

Exit BALTHASAR

Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of  
to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with  
Signior Benedick?

**CLAUDIO**

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

**LEONATO**

No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she  
should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in  
all [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD) behaviors seemed ever to [abhor](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABHOR).

**BENEDICK**

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

**LEONATO**

By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think  
of it but that she loves him with an enraged  
affection: it is past the [infinite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INFINITE) of [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT).

**DON PEDRO**

May be she doth but [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT).

**CLAUDIO**

Faith, like enough.

**LEONATO**

O God, [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT)! There was never counterfeit of  
[passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION) came so near the life of passion as she  
discovers it.

**DON PEDRO**

Why, what effects of [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION) shows she?

**CLAUDIO**

Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

**LEONATO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

She did, indeed.

**DON PEDRO**

How, how, pray you? You amaze me: I would have I  
[thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) her spirit had been invincible against all  
assaults of affection.

**LEONATO**

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

**BENEDICK**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

**LEONATO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**LEONATO**

This says she now when she is beginning to write to  
him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and  
there will she sit in her smock till she have [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) a  
sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

**CLAUDIO**

Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) a  
pretty [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) your daughter told us of.

**LEONATO**

O, when she had [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) it and was reading it over, she  
found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

**CLAUDIO**

That.

**LEONATO**

O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;  
railed at herself, that she should be so immodest  
to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I  
[measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I  
should flout him, if he [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) to me; yea, though I  
love him, I should.'

**CLAUDIO**

Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs,  
beats her heart, tears her [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR), prays, curses; 'O  
sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

**LEONATO**

She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the  
ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter  
is sometime [afeared](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AFEARED) she will do a [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) outrage  
to herself: it is very true.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an  
excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion,  
she is [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS).

**CLAUDIO**

And she is exceeding wise.

**DON PEDRO**

In every thing but in loving Benedick.

**LEONATO**

O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER)  
a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath  
the victory. I am [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for her, as I have just  
cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**LEONATO**

Were it good, think you?

**CLAUDIO**

Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she  
will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere  
she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo  
her, rather than she will [bate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BATE) one breath of her  
accustomed crossness.

**DON PEDRO**

She doth well: if she should make [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) of her  
love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the  
man, as you know all, hath a [contemptible](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTEMPTIBLE) spirit.

**CLAUDIO**

He is a very proper man.

**DON PEDRO**

He hath indeed a good [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD) happiness.

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

He doth indeed show some sparks that are like [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).

**CLAUDIO**

And I take him to be valiant.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**LEONATO**

If he do fear God, a' must necessarily [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) peace:  
if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a  
[quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) with fear and trembling.

**DON PEDRO**

And so will he do; for the man doth fear God,  
howsoever it seems not in him by some [large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE) jests  
he will make. Well I am [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for your niece. Shall  
we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

**CLAUDIO**

Never tell him, my lord: let her [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it out with  
good counsel.

**LEONATO**

Nay, that's impossible: she may [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) her heart out first.

**DON PEDRO**

Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter:  
let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I  
could [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) he would modestly [examine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXAMINE) himself, to see  
how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

**LEONATO**

My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

Let there be the same net spread for her; and that  
must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The  
sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of  
another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the  
scene that I would see, which will be [merely](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MERELY) a  
dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO

**BENEDICK**

[Coming forward] This can be no [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK): the  
conference was [sadly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADLY) borne. They have the truth of  
this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it  
seems her affections have their [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) bent. Love me!  
why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured:  
they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive  
the love come from her; they say too that she will  
rather die than give any [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) of affection. I did  
never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy  
are they that hear their detractions and can [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT)  
them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a  
truth, I can bear them witness; and [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS); 'tis  
so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving  
me; by my troth, it is no [addition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADDITION) to her [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), nor  
no great [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) of her folly, for I will be  
horribly in love with her. I may chance have some  
odd quirks and remnants of [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) [broken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKEN) on me,  
because I have railed so long against marriage: but  
doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat  
in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.  
Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of  
the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?  
No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would  
die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I  
were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day!  
she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in  
her.

Enter BEATRICE

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

You take pleasure then in the message?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's  
[point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) and choke a daw withal. You have no [stomach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOMACH),  
signior: fare you well.

Exit

**BENEDICK**

Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in  
to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that 'I took  
no more pains for those thanks than you took pains  
to thank me.' that's as much as to say, Any pains  
that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do  
not take pity of her, I am a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN); if I do not  
love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

Exit

Act 3, Scene 1

LEONATO'S garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA

**HERO**

Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor;  
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice  
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:  
Whisper her [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) and tell her, I and Ursula  
Walk in the orchard and our whole [discourse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISCOURSE)  
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;  
And bid her steal into the [pleached](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PLEACHED) bower,  
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
[Forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) the sun to enter, like favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that [advance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVANCE) their [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE)  
Against that [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) that bred it: there will she hide her,  
To listen our purpose. This is thy [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE);  
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

**MARGARET**

I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

Exit

**HERO**

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

Enter BEATRICE, behind

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

**URSULA**

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
[Cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:  
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

**HERO**

Then go we near her, that her [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) lose nothing  
Of the [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) sweet bait that we [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) for it.

Approaching the bower

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;  
I know her spirits are as [coy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COY) and [wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD)  
As haggerds of the rock.

**URSULA**

But are you sure  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

**HERO**

So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

**URSULA**

And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

**HERO**

They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;  
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,  
To [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

**URSULA**

Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman  
Deserve as [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) as fortunate a bed  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

**HERO**

O god of love! I know he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man:  
But Nature never framed a woman's heart  
Of prouder [stuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFF) than that of Beatrice;  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on, and her [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)  
Values itself so highly that to her  
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor [project](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROJECT) of affection,  
She is so self-endeared.

**URSULA**

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

**HERO**

Why, you speak truth. I never yet [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,  
But she would spell him [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD): if fair-faced,  
She would [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) the gentleman should be her sister;  
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,  
Made a foul blot; if [tall](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALL), a lance ill-headed;  
If low, an agate very vilely [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT);  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out  
And never gives to truth and [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

**URSULA**

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

**HERO**

No, not to be so odd and from all fashions  
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:  
But who [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) tell her so? If I should speak,  
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me  
Out of myself, press me to death with [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).  
Therefore let Benedick, like [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER)'d fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:  
It were a better death than die with mocks,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

**URSULA**

Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

**HERO**

No; rather I will go to Benedick  
And counsel him to fight against his [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION).  
And, truly, I'll devise some [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) slanders  
To [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN) my cousin with: one doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING).

**URSULA**

O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.  
She cannot be so much [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) true judgment--  
[Having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) so [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT) and excellent a [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)  
As she is prized to have--as to refuse  
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

**HERO**

He is the only man of Italy.  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

**URSULA**

I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,  
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) and valour,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

**HERO**

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

**URSULA**

His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.  
When are you married, madam?

**HERO**

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

**URSULA**

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

**HERO**

If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Exeunt HERO and URSULA

**BEATRICE**

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

Exit

Act 3, Scene 2

A room in LEONATO'S house

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO

**DON PEDRO**

I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and  
then go I [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) Arragon.

**CLAUDIO**

I'll [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) you thither, my lord, if you'll  
vouchsafe me.

**DON PEDRO**

Nay, that would be as great a [soil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOIL) in the new gloss  
of your marriage as to show a child his new coat  
and [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) him to [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it. I will only be [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD)  
with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown  
of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all  
mirth: he hath twice or thrice [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) Cupid's  
bow-string and the [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) hangman [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not shoot at  
him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his  
tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his  
tongue speaks.

**BENEDICK**

Gallants, I am not as I have been.

**LEONATO So say I**

methinks you are sadder.

**CLAUDIO**

I hope he be in love.

**DON PEDRO**

Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in  
him, to be truly [touched](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCHED) with love: if he be [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD),  
he wants money.

**BENEDICK**

I have the toothache.

**DON PEDRO**

Draw it.

**BENEDICK**

Hang it!

**CLAUDIO**

You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

**DON PEDRO**

What! sigh for the toothache?

**LEONATO**

Where is but a humour or a [worm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORM).

**BENEDICK**

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

**CLAUDIO**

Yet say I, he is in love.

**DON PEDRO**

There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be  
a fancy that he hath to [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) disguises; as, to be  
a Dutchman today, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the  
shape of two countries at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE), as, a [German](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GERMAN) from  
the [waist](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAIST) downward, all [slops](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLOPS), and a Spaniard from  
the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy  
to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no  
fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

Hath any man [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) him at the barber's?

**CLAUDIO**

No, but the barber's man hath been [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) with him,  
and the old ornament of his cheek hath already  
[stuffed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFFED) tennis-balls.

**LEONATO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

**CLAUDIO**

And when was he wont to wash his face?

**DON PEDRO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

Indeed, that tells a heavy [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) for him: conclude,  
conclude he is in love.

**CLAUDIO**

Nay, but I know who loves him.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

She shall be buried with her face upwards.

**BENEDICK**

Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old  
signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight  
or [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) wise words to speak to you, which these  
hobby-horses must not hear.

Exeunt BENEDICK and LEONATO

**DON PEDRO**

For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

**CLAUDIO**

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

Enter DON JOHN

**DON JOHN**

My lord and brother, God save you!

**DON PEDRO**

Good den, brother.

**DON JOHN**

If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

**DON PEDRO**

In private?

**DON JOHN**

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

**DON PEDRO**

What's the matter?

**DON JOHN**

[To CLAUDIO] Means your lordship to be married  
to-morrow?

**DON PEDRO**

You know he does.

**DON JOHN**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**DON JOHN**

You may think I love you not: let that appear  
hereafter, and [aim](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AIM) better at me by that I now will  
manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you  
well, and in dearness of heart hath [holp](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOLP) to effect  
your ensuing marriage;--surely suit ill spent and  
labour ill bestowed.

**DON PEDRO**

Why, what's the matter?

**DON JOHN**

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

**CLAUDIO**

Who, Hero?

**DON PEDRO**

Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero:

**CLAUDIO**

Disloyal?

**DON JOHN**

The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I  
could say she were worse: think you of a worse  
title, and I will [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) her to it. Wonder not till  
further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall  
see her chamber-window entered, even the night  
before her wedding-day: if you love her then,  
to-morrow wed her; but it would better [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) your honour  
to change your mind.

**CLAUDIO**

May this be so?

**DON PEDRO**

I will not think it.

**DON JOHN**

If you [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not trust that you see, confess not  
that you know: if you will follow me, I will show  
you enough; and when you have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) more and heard  
more, proceed accordingly.

**CLAUDIO**

If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry  
her to-morrow in the congregation, where I should  
wed, there will I [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) her.

**DON PEDRO**

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

**DON JOHN**

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

**DON PEDRO**

O day untowardly turned!

**CLAUDIO**

O mischief strangely thwarting!

**DON JOHN**

O plague right well prevented! so will you say when  
you have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) the sequel.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 3

A street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch

**DOGBERRY**

Are you good men and true?

**VERGES**

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

**DOGBERRY**

Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if  
they should have any allegiance in them, being  
chosen for the prince's [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH).

**VERGES**

Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

**DOGBERRY**

First, who think you the most desertless man to be  
constable?

**First Watchman**

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

**DOGBERRY**

Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed  
you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is  
the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

**Second Watchman**

Both which, master constable,--

**DOGBERRY**

You have: I knew it would be your [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER). Well,  
for your [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR), sir, why, give God thanks, and make  
no boast of it; and for your writing and reading,  
let that appear when there is no need of such  
vanity. You are [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) here to be the most  
senseless and [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) man for the constable of the  
[watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH); therefore bear you the lantern. This is your  
charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are  
to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

**Second Watchman**

How if a' will not stand?

**DOGBERRY**

Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and  
presently call the rest of the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) together and  
thank God you are [rid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RID) of a [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE).

**VERGES**

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

**DOGBERRY**

True, and they are to meddle with none but the  
prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in  
the streets; for, for the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) to babble and to  
talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

**Watchman**

We will rather sleep than talk: we know what  
belongs to a [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH).

**DOGBERRY**

Why, you speak like an [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) and most quiet  
watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should  
offend: only, have a care that your bills be not  
stolen. Well, you are to call at all the  
ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

**Watchman**

How if they will not?

**DOGBERRY**

Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if  
they make you not then the better [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER), you may  
say they are not the men you took them for.

**Watchman**

Well, sir.

**DOGBERRY**

If you meet a thief, you may [suspect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUSPECT) him, by [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE)  
of your [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE), to be no true man; and, for such  
[kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of men, the less you meddle or make with them,  
why the more is for your [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY).

**Watchman**

If we know him to be a thief, shall we not [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY)  
hands on him?

**DOGBERRY**

Truly, by your [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE), you may; but I think they  
that [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable  
way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him  
show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

**VERGES**

You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

**DOGBERRY**

Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more  
a man who hath any [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY) in him.

**VERGES**

If you hear a child [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) in the night, you must call  
to the nurse and bid her still it.

**Watchman**

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

**DOGBERRY**

Why, then, [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) in peace, and let the child wake  
her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her  
lamb when it baes will never [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) a calf when he bleats.

**VERGES**

'Tis very true.

**DOGBERRY**

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

**VERGES**

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

**DOGBERRY**

Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows  
the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT)  
the prince be willing; for, indeed, the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) ought  
to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a  
man against his will.

**VERGES**

By'r lady, I think it be so.

**DOGBERRY**

Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be  
any matter of weight chances, call up me: [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) your  
fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.  
Come, neighbour.

**Watchman**

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

**DOGBERRY**

One word more, [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) neighbours. I pray you [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH)  
about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being  
there to-morrow, there is a great [coil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COIL) to-night.  
Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you.

Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE

**BORACHIO**

What Conrade!

**Watchman**

[Aside] Peace! stir not.

**BORACHIO**

Conrade, I say!

**CONRADE**

Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

**BORACHIO**

Mass, and my elbow itched; I [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) there would a  
scab follow.

**CONRADE**

I will [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE) thee an [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) for that: and now forward  
with thy [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE).

**BORACHIO**

Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for  
it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard,  
[utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER) all to thee.

**Watchman**

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

**BORACHIO**

Therefore know I have earned of [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) John a thousand ducats.

**CONRADE**

Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

**BORACHIO**

Thou shouldst rather [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) if it were possible any  
villany should be so rich; for when rich villains  
have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what  
price they will.

**CONRADE**

I wonder at it.

**BORACHIO**

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

**CONRADE**

Yes, it is apparel.

**BORACHIO**

I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), the fashion.

**CONRADE**

Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

**BORACHIO**

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

**Watchman**

[Aside] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile  
thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a  
gentleman: I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) his name.

**BORACHIO**

Didst thou not hear somebody?

**CONRADE**

No; 'twas the vane on the house.

**BORACHIO**

Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this  
fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot  
bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty?  
[sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES) fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers  
in the reeky painting, sometime like god Bel's  
priests in the old church-window, sometime like the  
shaven Hercules in the [smirched](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SMIRCHED) worm-eaten tapestry,  
where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

**CONRADE**

All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears  
out more apparel than the man. But art not thou  
thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast  
shifted out of thy [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) into telling me of the fashion?

**BORACHIO**

Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night  
wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the  
name of Hero: she leans me out at her [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)'  
chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good  
night,--I tell this [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) vilely:--I should first  
tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master,  
planted and placed and possessed by my master [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON)  
John, [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

**CONRADE**

And [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) they Margaret was Hero?

**BORACHIO**

Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the  
devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly  
by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by  
the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly  
by my villany, which did confirm any slander that  
[Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore  
he would meet her, as he was appointed, [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) morning  
at the temple, and there, before the whole  
congregation, [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) her with what he [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) o'er night  
and send her [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) again [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a husband.

**First Watchman**

We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

**Second Watchman**

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

**First Watchman**

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

**CONRADE**

Masters, masters,--

**Second Watchman**

You'll be made [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) Deformed forth, I warrant you.

**CONRADE**

Masters,--

**First Watchman**

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

**BORACHIO**

We are like to prove a goodly [commodity](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMMODITY), being taken  
up of these men's bills.

**CONRADE**

A [commodity](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMMODITY) in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 4

HERO's apartment.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA

**HERO**

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

**URSULA**

I will, lady.

**HERO**

And bid her come hither.

**URSULA**

Well.

Exit

**MARGARET**

Troth, I think your other [rabato](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RABATO) were better.

**HERO**

No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) this.

**MARGARET**

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

**HERO**

My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR)  
none but this.

**MARGARET**

I like the new [tire](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TIRE) within excellently, if the [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR)  
were a [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) browner; and your gown's a most rare  
fashion, i' faith. I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) the Duchess of Milan's  
gown that they praise so.

**HERO**

O, that exceeds, they say.

**MARGARET**

By my troth, 's but a night-gown in [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) of  
yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with  
silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves,  
and skirts, [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND) underborne with a bluish tinsel:  
but for a [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE), [quaint](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUAINT), graceful and excellent  
fashion, yours is [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH) ten on 't.

**HERO**

God give me joy to [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it! for my heart is  
exceeding heavy.

**MARGARET**

'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

**HERO**

Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

**MARGARET**

Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not  
marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord  
honourable [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) marriage? I think you would have  
me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' and bad  
thinking do not [wrest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WREST) true speaking, I'll offend  
nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a  
husband'? None, I think, and it be the right husband  
and the right wife; otherwise 'tis [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), and not  
heavy: [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE

**HERO**

Good morrow, coz.

**BEATRICE**

Good morrow, sweet Hero.

**HERO**

Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

**BEATRICE**

I am out of all other tune, methinks.

**MARGARET**

[Clap](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLAP)'s into '[Light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) o' love;' that goes [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a  
burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

**BEATRICE**

Ye [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) o' love, with your heels! then, if your  
husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall  
lack no barns.

**MARGARET**

O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

**BEATRICE**

'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; tis time you were  
ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

**MARGARET**

For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

**BEATRICE**

For the letter that begins them all, H.

**MARGARET**

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

**BEATRICE**

What means the fool, [trow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TROW)?

**MARGARET**

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

**HERO**

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

**BEATRICE**

I am [stuffed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFFED), cousin; I cannot smell.

**MARGARET**

A maid, and [stuffed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFFED)! there's goodly catching of cold.

**BEATRICE**

O, God help me! God help me! how long have you  
professed [apprehension](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPREHENSION)?

**MARGARET**

Even since you left it. Doth not my [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) become me rarely?

**BEATRICE**

It is not [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) enough, you should [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it in your  
cap. By my troth, I am sick.

**MARGARET**

Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,  
and [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

**HERO**

There thou prickest her with a thistle.

**BEATRICE**

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

**MARGARET**

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

**BEATRICE**

What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

**MARGARET**

Not a [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) gallop.

Re-enter URSULA

**URSULA**

Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior  
Benedick, [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) John, and all the gallants of the  
town, are come to fetch you to church.

**HERO**

Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 5

Another room in LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES

**LEONATO**

What would you with me, [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) neighbour?

**DOGBERRY**

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

**LEONATO**

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

**DOGBERRY**

Marry, this it is, sir.

**VERGES**

Yes, in truth it is, sir.

**LEONATO**

What is it, my good friends?

**DOGBERRY**

Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) off the  
matter: an old man, sir, and his [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) are not so  
blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but,  
in faith, [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) as the skin between his brows.

**VERGES**

Yes, I thank God I am as [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) as any man [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING)  
that is an old man and no honester than I.

**DOGBERRY**

Comparisons are odorous: [palabras](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALABRAS), neighbour Verges.

**LEONATO**

Neighbours, you are tedious.

**DOGBERRY**

It pleases your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) to say so, but we are the  
poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part,  
if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in  
my heart to bestow it all of your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP).

**LEONATO**

All thy tediousness on me, ah?

**DOGBERRY**

Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for  
I hear as good exclamation on your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) as of any  
man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I  
am glad to hear it.

**VERGES**

And so am I.

**LEONATO**

I would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) know what you have to say.

**VERGES**

Marry, sir, our [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) to-night, excepting your  
[worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP)'s [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE), ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant  
knaves as any in Messina.

**DOGBERRY**

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they  
say, when the age is in, the [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) is out: God help  
us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith,  
neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men  
ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST)  
soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever  
[broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men  
are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

**LEONATO**

Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

**DOGBERRY**

[Gifts](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GIFTS) that God gives.

**LEONATO**

I must leave you.

**DOGBERRY**

One word, sir: our [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH), sir, have indeed  
comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would  
have them this morning examined before your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP).

**LEONATO**

Take their examination yourself and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) it me: I  
am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

**DOGBERRY**

It shall be suffigance.

**LEONATO**

Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger

**Messenger**

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

**LEONATO**

I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger

**DOGBERRY**

Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole;  
bid him [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we  
are now to examination these men.

**VERGES**

And we must do it wisely.

**DOGBERRY**

We will spare for no [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), I warrant you; here's  
that shall [drive](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRIVE) some of them to a non-come: only  
get the learned writer to set down our  
excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 1

A church.

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

**LEONATO**

Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain  
form of marriage, and you shall recount their  
particular duties afterwards.

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

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

**CLAUDIO**

No.

**LEONATO**

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

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

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

**HERO**

I do.

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

If either of you know any [inward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INWARD) impediment why you  
should not be conjoined, charge you, on your souls,  
to [utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER) it.

**CLAUDIO**

Know you any, Hero?

**HERO**

None, my lord.

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Know you any, count?

**LEONATO**

I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) make his [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER), none.

**CLAUDIO**

O, what men [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) do! what men may do! what men daily  
do, not knowing what they do!

**BENEDICK**

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

**CLAUDIO**

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

**LEONATO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

And what have I to give you back, whose [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH)  
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

**DON PEDRO**

Nothing, unless you [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER) her again.

**CLAUDIO**

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.  
There, Leonato, take her back again:  
Give not this rotten orange to your [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND);  
She's but the [sign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGN) and semblance of her honour.  
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!  
O, what authority and show of truth  
Can [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING) sin [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER) itself withal!  
Comes not that blood as modest evidence  
To witness simple [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE)? Would you not [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR),  
All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
By these exterior shows? But she is none:  
She knows the [heat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HEAT) of a [luxurious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LUXURIOUS) bed;  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

**LEONATO**

What do you [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), my lord?

**CLAUDIO**

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

**LEONATO**

Dear my lord, if you, in your own [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF),  
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
And made [defeat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEAT) of her virginity,--

**CLAUDIO**

I know what you would say: if I have known her,  
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:  
No, Leonato,  
I never tempted her with word too [large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE);  
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

**HERO**

And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

**CLAUDIO**

Out on thee! [Seeming](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEMING)! I will write against it:  
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
But you are more intemperate in your blood  
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.

**HERO**

Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

**LEONATO**

Sweet prince, why speak not you?

**DON PEDRO**

What should I speak?  
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
To link my dear [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) to a common [stale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STALE).

**LEONATO**

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

**DON JOHN**

Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

**BENEDICK**

This looks not like a nuptial.

**HERO**

True! O God!

**CLAUDIO**

Leonato, stand I here?  
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?  
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

**LEONATO**

All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

**CLAUDIO**

Let me but move one question to your daughter;  
And, by that fatherly and [kindly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KINDLY) [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER)  
That you have in her, bid her [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) truly.

**LEONATO**

I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

**HERO**

O, God [defend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEND) me! how am I beset!  
What [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of catechising call you this?

**CLAUDIO**

To make you [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) truly to your name.

**HERO**

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name  
With any just reproach?

**CLAUDIO**

Marry, that can Hero;  
Hero itself can blot out Hero's [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE).  
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight  
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?  
Now, if you are a maid, [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) to this.

**HERO**

I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,  
I am [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) you must hear: upon mine honour,  
Myself, my brother and this grieved count  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night  
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window  
Who hath indeed, most like a [liberal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERAL) [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN),  
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
A thousand times in secret.

**DON JOHN**

Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,  
Not to be spoke of;  
There is not chastity enough in language  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) offence to [utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER) them. Thus, pretty lady,  
I am [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for thy much misgovernment.

**CLAUDIO**

O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,  
If half thy [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD) graces had been placed  
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!  
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
To [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS).

**LEONATO**

Hath no man's dagger here a [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) for me?

HERO swoons

**BEATRICE**

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

**DON JOHN**

Come, let us go. These things, come thus to [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT),  
Smother her spirits up.

Exeunt DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO

**BENEDICK**

How doth the lady?

**BEATRICE**

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

**LEONATO**

O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.  
Death is the fairest [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER) for her [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)  
That may be [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)'d for.

**BEATRICE**

How now, cousin Hero!

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Have comfort, lady.

**LEONATO**

Dost thou look up?

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Yea, wherefore should she not?

**LEONATO**

Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing  
[Cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) upon her? Could she here [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY)  
The story that is printed in her blood?  
Do not live, Hero; do not [ope](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPE) thine eyes:  
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
[Thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?  
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not with charitable hand  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,  
Who smirch'd thus and mired with infamy,  
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;  
This [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) derives itself from unknown loins'?  
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised  
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much  
That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her,--why, she, O, she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again  
And [salt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SALT) too [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) which may season give  
To her foul-tainted flesh!

**BENEDICK**

Sir, sir, be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT).  
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

**BEATRICE**

O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

**BENEDICK**

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

**BEATRICE**

No, truly not; although, until last night,  
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

**LEONATO**

Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made  
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!  
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,  
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with tears? [Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) from her! let her die.

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Hear me a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE); for I have only been  
Silent so long and given way unto  
This course of fortune [ ]  
By noting of the lady I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames  
In [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL) whiteness [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) away those blushes;  
And in her [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading nor my observations,  
Which with experimental [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) doth warrant  
The tenor of my [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK); trust not my age,  
My reverence, [calling](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CALLING), nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.

**LEONATO**

Friar, it cannot be.  
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left  
Is that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:  
Why seek'st thou then to [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER) with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness?

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

**HERO**

They know that do [accuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ACCUSE) me; I know none:  
If I know more of any man alive  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,  
Prove you that any man with me conversed  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

There is some [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) [misprision](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISPRISION) in the princes.

**BENEDICK**

Two of them have the very bent of honour;  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) of it lives in John the [bastard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASTARD),  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

**LEONATO**

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION),  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awaked in such a [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND),  
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,  
Ability in means and choice of friends,  
To [quit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUIT) me of them throughly.

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Pause awhile,  
And let my counsel [sway](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWAY) you in this case.  
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:  
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
And publish it that she is dead indeed;  
Maintain a mourning [ostentation](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OSTENTATION)  
And on your family's old monument  
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites  
That appertain unto a burial.

**LEONATO**

What shall become of this? what will this do?

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf  
Change slander to [remorse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMORSE); that is some good:  
But not for that dream I on this [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) course,  
But on this [travail](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRAVAIL) look for greater birth.  
She dying, as it must so be maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accused,  
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused  
Of every hearer: for it so falls out  
That what we have we prize not to the [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH)  
[Whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we [rack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RACK) the value, then we find  
The [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) that possession would not show us  
[Whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate and [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of life,  
Into the [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,  
If ever love had interest in his liver,  
And [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) he had not so accused her,  
No, though he [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but [success](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUCCESS)  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) it down in [likelihood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKELIHOOD).  
But if all [aim](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AIM) but this be levell'd [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE),  
The supposition of the lady's death  
Will [quench](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUENCH) the wonder of her infamy:  
And if it [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT) not well, you may conceal her,  
As best befits her wounded reputation,  
In some reclusive and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

**BENEDICK**

Signior Leonato, let the friar [advise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISE) you:  
And though you know my [inwardness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INWARDNESS) and love  
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly as your soul  
Should with your body.

**LEONATO**

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

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

'Tis well consented: presently away;  
For to [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) sores strangely they [strain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIN) the cure.  
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day  
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

Exeunt all but BENEDICK and BEATRICE

**BENEDICK**

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

**BENEDICK**

I will not desire that.

**BEATRICE**

You have no reason; I do it freely.

**BENEDICK**

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

Is there any way to show such friendship?

**BEATRICE**

A very even way, but no such [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND).

**BENEDICK**

May a man do it?

**BEATRICE**

It is a man's [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE), but not yours.

**BENEDICK**

I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is  
not that [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE)?

**BEATRICE**

As [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) as the thing I know not. It were as  
possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as  
you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I  
confess nothing, nor I [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) nothing. I am [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for my cousin.

**BENEDICK**

By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

**BEATRICE**

Do not [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR), and eat it.

**BENEDICK**

I will [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) by it that you love me; and I will make  
him eat it that says I love not you.

**BEATRICE**

Will you not eat your word?

**BENEDICK**

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

**BEATRICE**

Why, then, God forgive me!

**BENEDICK**

What offence, sweet Beatrice?

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

And do it with all thy heart.

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

**BEATRICE**

Kill Claudio.

**BENEDICK**

Ha! not for the wide world.

**BEATRICE**

You kill me to [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) it. Farewell.

**BENEDICK**

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

Beatrice,--

**BEATRICE**

In faith, I will go.

**BENEDICK**

We'll be friends first.

**BEATRICE**

You [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

**BENEDICK**

Is Claudio thine enemy?

**BEATRICE**

Is he not approved in the height a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), that  
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O  
that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they  
come to take hands; and then, with public  
accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,  
--O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart  
in the market-place.

**BENEDICK**

Hear me, Beatrice,--

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

Nay, but, Beatrice,--

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

Beat--

**BEATRICE**

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony,  
a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant,  
surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I  
had any [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) would be a man for my sake! But  
manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into  
compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and  
trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules  
that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a  
man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

**BENEDICK**

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

**BEATRICE**

[Use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

**BENEDICK**

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

**BEATRICE**

Yea, as sure as I have a [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) or a soul.

**BENEDICK**

Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will  
kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand,  
Claudio shall [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER) me a dear account. As you  
hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your  
cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 2

A prison.

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

**DOGBERRY**

Is our whole [dissembly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISSEMBLY) [appeared](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "APPEARED)?

**VERGES**

O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

**Sexton**

Which be the malefactors?

**DOGBERRY**

Marry, that am I and my partner.

**VERGES**

Nay, that's certain; we have the [exhibition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXHIBITION) to [examine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXAMINE).

**Sexton**

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

**DOGBERRY**

Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your  
name, [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)?

**BORACHIO**

Borachio.

**DOGBERRY**

Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

**CONRADE**

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

**DOGBERRY**

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

**CONRADE**

|  
| Yea, sir, we hope.

**BORACHIO**

|

**DOGBERRY**

Write down, that they hope they serve God: and  
write God first; for God [defend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFEND) but God should go  
before such villains! Masters, it is proved already  
that you are [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) better than [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) knaves; and it  
will go near to be [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) so shortly. How [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)  
you for yourselves?

**CONRADE**

Marry, sir, we say we are none.

**DOGBERRY**

A marvellous [witty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITTY) fellow, I assure you: but I  
will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a  
word in your [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR): sir, I say to you, it is [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT)  
you are [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) knaves.

**BORACHIO**

Sir, I say to you we are none.

**DOGBERRY**

Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a  
[tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE). Have you [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) down, that they are none?

**Sexton**

Master constable, you go not the way to [examine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXAMINE):  
you must call forth the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) that are their accusers.

**DOGBERRY**

Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH)  
come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's  
name, [accuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ACCUSE) these men.

**First Watchman**

This man said, sir, that [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) John, the prince's  
brother, was a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN).

**DOGBERRY**

Write down Prince John a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN). Why, this is [flat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLAT)  
perjury, to call a prince's brother [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN).

**BORACHIO**

Master constable,--

**DOGBERRY**

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

**Sexton**

What heard you him say else?

**Second Watchman**

Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of  
[Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

**DOGBERRY**

[Flat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLAT) burglary as ever was committed.

**VERGES**

Yea, by mass, that it is.

**Sexton**

What else, fellow?

**First Watchman**

And that Count Claudio did [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), upon his words, to  
disgrace Hero before the whole assembly. and not marry her.

**DOGBERRY**

O [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN)! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting  
redemption for this.

**Sexton**

What else?

**Watchman**

This is all.

**Sexton**

And this is more, masters, than you can [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY).  
Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away;  
Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner  
refused, and upon the grief of this [suddenly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDENLY) died.  
Master constable, let these men be bound, and  
brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show  
him their examination.

Exit

**DOGBERRY**

Come, let them be [opinioned](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPINIONED).

**VERGES**

Let them be in the hands--

**CONRADE**

Off, coxcomb!

**DOGBERRY**

God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write  
down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them.  
Thou naughty [varlet](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VARLET)!

**CONRADE**

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

**DOGBERRY**

Dost thou not [suspect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUSPECT) my place? dost thou not  
[suspect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUSPECT) my years? O that he were here to write me  
down an ass! But, masters, [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) that I am an  
ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not  
that I am an ass. No, thou [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), thou art [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of  
piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness.  
I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer,  
and, which is more, a householder, and, which is  
more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in  
Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a  
rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath  
had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every  
thing handsome about him. [Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him away. O that  
I had been [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) down an ass!

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 1

Before LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO

**ANTONIO**

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself:  
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief  
Against yourself.

**LEONATO**

I pray thee, [cease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEASE) thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;  
Nor let no comforter delight mine [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me a father that so loved his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience;  
[Measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) his woe the length and breadth of mine  
And let it [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) every [strain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIN) for strain,  
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:  
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,  
Bid sorrow wag, [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) 'hem!' when he should groan,  
[Patch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATCH) grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
With [candle-wasters](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CANDLE-WASTERS); [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.  
But there is no such man: for, brother, men  
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION), which before  
Would give preceptial [medicine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEDICINE) to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air and agony with words:  
No, no; 'tis all men's [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
But no man's [virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) nor sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:  
My griefs [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) louder than [advertisement](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVERTISEMENT).

**ANTONIO**

Therein do men from children nothing differ.

**LEONATO**

I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;  
For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,  
However they have [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) the style of gods  
And made a push at chance and [sufferance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUFFERANCE).

**ANTONIO**

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

**LEONATO**

There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.  
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;  
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince  
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

**ANTONIO**

Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO

**DON PEDRO**

Good den, good den.

**CLAUDIO**

Good day to both of you.

**LEONATO**

Hear you. my lords,--

**DON PEDRO**

We have some haste, Leonato.

**LEONATO**

Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:  
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

**DON PEDRO**

Nay, do not [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) with us, good old man.

**ANTONIO**

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

**CLAUDIO**

Who wrongs him?

**LEONATO**

Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:--  
Nay, never [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) thy hand upon thy sword;  
I fear thee not.

**CLAUDIO**

Marry, [beshrew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BESHREW) my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear:  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

**LEONATO**

Tush, tush, man; never fleer and [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) at me:  
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,  
As under privilege of age to brag  
What I have done being young, or what would do  
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me  
That I am [forced](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCED) to [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) my reverence by  
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.  
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;  
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,  
And she lies buried with her ancestors;  
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

**CLAUDIO**

My villany?

**LEONATO**

Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

**DON PEDRO**

You say not right, old man.

**LEONATO**

My lord, my lord,  
I'll prove it on his body, if he [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE),  
Despite his [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE) [fence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FENCE) and his active [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE),  
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

**CLAUDIO**

Away! I will not have to do with you.

**LEONATO**

Canst thou so [daff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DAFF) me? Thou hast kill'd my child:  
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

**ANTONIO**

He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:  
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;  
Win me and [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) me; let him [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) me.  
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:  
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining [fence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FENCE);  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

**LEONATO**

Brother,--

**ANTONIO**

Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;  
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,  
That [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) as well [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) a man indeed  
As I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) take a serpent by the tongue:  
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

**LEONATO**

Brother Antony,--

**ANTONIO**

Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,  
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,--  
Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,  
That lie and [cog](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COG) and flout, deprave and slander,  
Go anticly, show [outward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OUTWARD) hideousness,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;  
And this is all.

**LEONATO**

But, brother Antony,--

**ANTONIO**

Come, 'tis no matter:  
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

**DON PEDRO**

Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.  
My heart is [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) for your daughter's death:  
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing  
But what was true and very [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF).

**LEONATO**

My lord, my lord,--

**DON PEDRO**

I will not hear you.

**LEONATO**

No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.

**ANTONIO**

And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO

**DON PEDRO**

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

Enter BENEDICK

**CLAUDIO**

Now, signior, what news?

**BENEDICK**

Good day, my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part  
almost a fray.

**CLAUDIO**

We had like to have had our two noses snapped off  
with two old men [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) teeth.

**DON PEDRO**

Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had  
we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

**BENEDICK**

In a [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) there is no true valour. I came  
to seek you both.

**CLAUDIO**

We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are  
high-proof melancholy and would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) have it beaten  
away. Wilt thou [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)?

**BENEDICK**

It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

**DON PEDRO**

Dost thou [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) by thy side?

**CLAUDIO**

Never any did so, though very many have been beside  
their [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT). I will bid thee draw, as we do the  
minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

**DON PEDRO**

As I am an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) man, he looks [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE). Art thou  
sick, or angry?

**CLAUDIO**

What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat,  
thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

**BENEDICK**

Sir, I shall meet your [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) in the career, and you  
charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

**CLAUDIO**

Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was  
[broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS).

**DON PEDRO**

By this [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), he changes more and more: I think  
he be angry indeed.

**CLAUDIO**

If he be, he knows how to [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) his girdle.

**BENEDICK**

Shall I speak a word in your [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR)?

**CLAUDIO**

God bless me from a challenge!

**BENEDICK**

[Aside to CLAUDIO] You are a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN); I [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) not:  
I will make it good how you [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE), with what you  
[dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE), and when you dare. Do me right, or I will  
protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet  
lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me  
hear from you.

**CLAUDIO**

Well, I will meet you, so I may have good [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER).

**DON PEDRO**

What, a feast, a feast?

**CLAUDIO**

I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's  
head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most  
curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find  
a [woodcock](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOODCOCK) too?

**BENEDICK**

Sir, your [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) ambles well; it goes easily.

**DON PEDRO**

I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) the  
other day. I said, thou hadst a [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT): 'True,'  
said she, 'a [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) one.' 'No,' said I, 'a  
great [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT):' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.'  
'Nay,' said I, 'a good [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT):' 'Just,' said she, 'it  
hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman  
is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.'  
'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I  
believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on  
Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning;  
there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus  
did she, an hour together, transshape thy particular  
virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou  
wast the properest man in Italy.

**CLAUDIO**

For the which she wept heartily and said she cared  
not.

**DON PEDRO**

Yea, that she did: but yet, for all that, an if she  
did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly:  
the old man's daughter told us all.

**CLAUDIO**

All, all; and, moreover, God [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) him when he was  
hid in the garden.

**DON PEDRO**

But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on  
the sensible Benedick's head?

**CLAUDIO**

Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the  
married man'?

**BENEDICK**

Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave  
you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests  
as braggarts do their blades, which God be thanked,  
hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank  
you: I must discontinue your company: your brother  
the [bastard](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BASTARD) is fled from Messina: you have among  
you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord  
Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till  
then, peace be with him.

Exit

**DON PEDRO**

He is in earnest.

**CLAUDIO**

In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for  
the love of Beatrice.

**DON PEDRO**

And hath challenged thee.

**CLAUDIO**

Most sincerely.

**DON PEDRO**

What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his  
doublet and hose and leaves off his [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)!

**CLAUDIO**

He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a  
doctor to such a man.

**DON PEDRO**

But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and  
be [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD). Did he not say, my brother was fled?

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

**DOGBERRY**

Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she  
shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay,  
an you be a cursing hypocrite [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE), you must be looked to.

**DON PEDRO**

How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio  
one!

**CLAUDIO**

Hearken after their offence, my lord.

**DON PEDRO**

Officers, what offence have these men done?

**DOGBERRY**

Marry, sir, they have committed [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) report;  
moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily,  
they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have  
belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified [unjust](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNJUST)  
things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

**DON PEDRO**

First, I [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) thee what they have done; thirdly, I  
[ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why  
they are committed; and, to conclude, what you [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY)  
to their charge.

**CLAUDIO**

Rightly reasoned, and in his own [division](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIVISION): and, by  
my troth, there's one meaning well [suited](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUITED).

**DON PEDRO**

Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus  
bound to your [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)? this learned constable is  
too [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING) to be understood: what's your offence?

**BORACHIO**

Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER):  
do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have  
deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms  
could not discover, these shallow fools have brought  
to [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT): who in the night overheard me confessing  
to this man how [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) John your brother [incensed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INCENSED) me  
to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into  
the orchard and [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) me court Margaret in Hero's  
garments, how you disgraced her, when you should  
marry her: my villany they have upon [record](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECORD); which  
I had rather [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) with my death than repeat over  
to my [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME). The lady is dead upon mine and my  
master's [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE) accusation; and, briefly, I desire  
nothing but the reward of a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN).

**DON PEDRO**

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

**CLAUDIO**

I have drunk poison [whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) he [utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER)'d it.

**DON PEDRO**

But did my brother set thee on to this?

**BORACHIO**

Yea, and [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID) me richly for the [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) of it.

**DON PEDRO**

He is composed and framed of treachery:  
And fled he is upon this villany.

**CLAUDIO**

Sweet Hero! now thy [image](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMAGE) doth appear  
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

**DOGBERRY**

Come, [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) away the plaintiffs: by this time our  
sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter:  
and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time  
and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

**VERGES**

Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the  
Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton

**LEONATO**

Which is the [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN)? let me see his eyes,  
That, when I note another man like him,  
I may [avoid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AVOID) him: which of these is he?

**BORACHIO**

If you would know your wronger, look on me.

**LEONATO**

Art thou the [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE) that with thy breath hast kill'd  
Mine innocent child?

**BORACHIO**

Yea, even I alone.

**LEONATO**

No, not so, [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN); thou beliest thyself:  
Here stand a pair of honourable men;  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.  
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:  
[Record](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECORD) it with your [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) and worthy deeds:  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

**CLAUDIO**

I know not how to pray your patience;  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;  
[Impose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPOSE) me to what penance your [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION)  
Can [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not  
But in mistaking.

**DON PEDRO**

By my soul, nor I:  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

**LEONATO**

I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;  
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,  
[Possess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POSSESS) the people in Messina here  
How innocent she died; and if your love  
Can labour ought in [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) [invention](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INVENTION),  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb  
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:  
To-morrow morning come you to my house,  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my [nephew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEPHEW): my brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the [copy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COPY) of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us:  
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,  
And so dies my revenge.

**CLAUDIO**

O noble sir,  
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!  
I do embrace your offer; and [dispose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSE)  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

**LEONATO**

To-morrow then I will [expect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPECT) your coming;  
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man  
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
Who I believe was [pack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PACK)'d in all this wrong,  
Hired to it by your brother.

**BORACHIO**

No, by my soul, she was not,  
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,  
But always hath been just and [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS)  
In any thing that I do know by her.

**DOGBERRY**

Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) and  
black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call  
me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his  
punishment. And also, the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) heard them talk of  
one Deformed: they say be wears a key in his [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) and  
a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's  
name, the which he hath used so long and never [paid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAID)  
that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing  
for God's sake: pray you, [examine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXAMINE) him upon that [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT).

**LEONATO**

I thank thee for thy care and [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) pains.

**DOGBERRY**

Your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) speaks like a most thankful and  
reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

**LEONATO**

There's for thy pains.

**DOGBERRY**

God save the foundation!

**LEONATO**

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

**DOGBERRY**

I leave an arrant [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) with your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP); which I  
beseech your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) to correct yourself, for the  
example of others. God [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP)! I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)  
your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) well; God restore you to health! I  
humbly give you leave to [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART); and if a merry  
meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES

**LEONATO**

Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

**ANTONIO**

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

**DON PEDRO**

We will not fail.

**CLAUDIO**

To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

**LEONATO**

[To the *[Watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH)*] [Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) you these fellows on. We'll  
talk with Margaret,  
How her acquaintance grew with this [lewd](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LEWD) fellow.

Exeunt, severally

Act 5, Scene 2

LEONATO'S garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting

**BENEDICK**

Pray thee, sweet [Mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) Margaret, deserve well at  
my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

**MARGARET**

Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

**BENEDICK**

In so [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) a style, Margaret, that no man [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING)  
shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou  
deservest it.

**MARGARET**

To have no man come over me! why, shall I always  
[keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) below stairs?

**BENEDICK**

Thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) is as [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK) as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

**MARGARET**

And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT),  
but hurt not.

**BENEDICK**

A most manly [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), Margaret; it will not hurt a  
woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give  
thee the bucklers.

**MARGARET**

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

**BENEDICK**

If you [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) them, Margaret, you must [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) in the  
pikes with a [vice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VICE); and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

**MARGARET**

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

**BENEDICK**

And therefore will come.

Exit MARGARET

Sings

The god of love,  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve,--  
  
I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) in singing; but in loving, Leander the good  
swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and  
a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mangers,  
whose names yet run smoothly in the even [road](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROAD) of a  
[blank](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLANK) verse, why, they were never so truly turned  
over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I  
cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find  
out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent  
rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for,  
'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous  
endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet,  
nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, signior, and [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) when you bid me.

**BENEDICK**

O, stay but till then!

**BEATRICE**

'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere  
I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with  
knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

**BENEDICK**

Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

**BEATRICE**

Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but  
foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I  
will [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) unkissed.

**BENEDICK**

Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense,  
so forcible is thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT). But I must tell thee  
plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either  
I must shortly hear from him, or I will [subscribe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUBSCRIBE)  
him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for  
which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

**BEATRICE**

For them all together; which maintained so politic  
a [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of evil that they will not admit any good  
part to intermingle with them. But for which of my  
good parts did you first suffer love for me?

**BENEDICK**

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

**BEATRICE**

In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart!  
If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for  
yours; for I will never love that which my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) hates.

**BENEDICK**

Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

**BEATRICE**

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

**BENEDICK**

An old, an old [instance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INSTANCE), Beatrice, that lived in  
the [lime](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIME) of good neighbours. If a man do not erect  
in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live  
no longer in monument than the bell rings and the  
[widow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIDOW) weeps.

**BEATRICE**

And how long is that, think you?

**BENEDICK**

Question: why, an hour in clamour and a [quarter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARTER) in  
rheum: therefore is it most [expedient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPEDIENT) for the  
wise, if [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) [Worm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORM), his conscience, find no  
impediment to the [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY), to be the trumpet of his  
own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for  
praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is  
praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

**BEATRICE**

Very ill.

**BENEDICK**

And how do you?

**BEATRICE**

Very ill too.

**BENEDICK**

Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave  
you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA

**URSULA**

Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old  
[coil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COIL) at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME): it is proved my Lady Hero hath been  
falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily  
abused; and [Don](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DON) John is the author of all, who is  
fed and gone. Will you come presently?

**BEATRICE**

Will you go hear this news, signior?

**BENEDICK**

I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be  
buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with  
thee to thy uncle's.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 3

A church.

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

**CLAUDIO**

Is this the monument of Leonato?

**Lord**

It is, my lord.

**CLAUDIO**

[Reading out of a scroll]  
Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero that here lies:  
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.  
So the life that died with [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)  
Lives in death with glorious fame.  
Hang thou there upon the tomb,  
Praising her when I am dumb.  
  
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.  
SONG.  
  
Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight;  
For the which, with songs of woe,  
[Round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND) about her tomb they go.  
Midnight, assist our moan;  
Help us to sigh and groan,  
Heavily, heavily:  
Graves, yawn and [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD) your dead,  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavily, heavily.

**CLAUDIO**

Now, unto thy bones good night!  
Yearly will I do this rite.

**DON PEDRO**

Good morrow, masters; [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) your torches out:  
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) day,  
Before the wheels of Phoebus, [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND) about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.  
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

**CLAUDIO**

Good morrow, masters: each his [several](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEVERAL) way.

**DON PEDRO**

Come, let us [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), and [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) on other weeds;  
And then to Leonato's we will go.

**CLAUDIO**

And Hymen now with luckier issue [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED)'s  
Than this for whom we [render](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RENDER)'d up this woe.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 4

A room in LEONATO'S house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

Did I not tell you she was innocent?

**LEONATO**

So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her  
Upon the error that you heard debated:  
But Margaret was in some fault for this,  
Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course of all the question.

**ANTONIO**

Well, I am glad that all things [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT) so well.

**BENEDICK**

And so am I, being else by faith enforced  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

**LEONATO**

Well, daughter, and you gentle-women all,  
Withdraw into a [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER) by yourselves,  
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

Exeunt Ladies

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour  
To visit me. You know your [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE), brother:  
You must be father to your brother's daughter  
And give her to young Claudio.

**ANTONIO**

Which I will do with confirm'd [countenance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTENANCE).

**BENEDICK**

Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

To do what, signior?

**BENEDICK**

To bind me, or undo me; one of them.  
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,  
Your niece regards me with an [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) of [fa](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR)[vour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR).

**LEONATO**

That [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

**BENEDICK**

And I do with an [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) of love requite her.

**LEONATO**

The [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT) whereof I think you had from me,  
From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?

**BENEDICK**

Your [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER), sir, is enigmatical:  
But, for my will, my will is your good will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
In the [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) of honourable marriage:  
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

**LEONATO**

My heart is with your [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING).

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

And my help.  
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three others

**DON PEDRO**

Good morrow to this fair assembly.

**LEONATO**

Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:  
We here [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) you. Are you yet determined  
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

**CLAUDIO**

I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

**LEONATO**

Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

Exit ANTONIO

**DON PEDRO**

Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,  
That you have such a February face,  
So [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

**CLAUDIO**

I think he thinks upon the savage bull.  
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold  
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,  
As [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.

**BENEDICK**

Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;  
And some such [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) bull leap'd your father's cow,  
And got a calf in that same noble [feat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEAT)  
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

**CLAUDIO**

For this I [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE) you: here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

**ANTONIO**

This same is she, and I do give you her.

**CLAUDIO**

Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

**LEONATO**

No, that you shall not, till you take her hand  
Before this friar and [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) to marry her.

**CLAUDIO**

Give me your hand: before this holy friar,  
I am your husband, if you like of me.

**HERO**

And when I lived, I was your other wife:

Unmasking

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

**CLAUDIO**

Another Hero!

**HERO**

Nothing certainer:  
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,  
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

**DON PEDRO**

The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

**LEONATO**

She died, my lord, but [whiles](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHILES) her slander lived.

**FRIAR FRANCIS**

All this amazement can I [qualify](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUALIFY):  
When after that the holy rites are ended,  
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:  
Meantime let wonder seem [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR),  
And to the chapel let us presently.

**BENEDICK**

Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

**BEATRICE**

[Unmasking] I [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) to that name. What is your will?

**BENEDICK**

Do not you love me?

**BEATRICE**

Why, no; no more than reason.

**BENEDICK**

Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio  
Have been deceived; they swore you did.

**BEATRICE**

Do not you love me?

**BENEDICK**

Troth, no; no more than reason.

**BEATRICE**

Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula  
Are much deceived; for they did [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) you did.

**BENEDICK**

They swore that you were almost sick for me.

**BEATRICE**

They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

**BENEDICK**

'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

**BEATRICE**

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

**LEONATO**

Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

**CLAUDIO**

And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;  
For here's a paper written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

**HERO**

And here's another  
[Writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

**BENEDICK**

A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.  
Come, I will have thee; but, by this [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), I take  
thee for pity.

**BEATRICE**

I would not [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) you; but, by this good day, I [yield](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YIELD)  
upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life,  
for I was told you were in a consumption.

**BENEDICK**

Peace! I will stop your mouth.

Kissing her

**DON PEDRO**

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

**BENEDICK**

I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of  
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost  
thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No:  
if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR)  
nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do  
purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any  
purpose that the world can say against it; and  
therefore never flout at me for what I have said  
against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my  
conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to  
have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my  
kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

**CLAUDIO**

I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice,  
that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE)  
life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of  
question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look  
exceedingly narrowly to thee.

**BENEDICK**

Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere  
we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts  
and our wives' heels.

**LEONATO**

We'll have dancing afterward.

**BENEDICK**

First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince,  
thou art [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD); get thee a wife, get thee a wife:  
there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger

**Messenger**

My lord, your brother John is ta'en in [flight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLIGHT),  
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

**BENEDICK**

Think not on him till to-morrow:  
I'll devise thee [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) punishments for him.  
Strike up, pipers.

Dance

Exeunt

ROMEO AND JULIET

1. **Prologue**
2. **Act 1**
3. Scene 1. Verona. A public place.
4. Scene 2. A street.
5. Scene 3. A room in Capulet's house.
6. Scene 4. A street.
7. Scene 5. A hall in Capulet's house.
8. **Prologue**
9. **Act 2**
10. Scene 1. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.
11. Scene 2. Capulet's orchard.
12. Scene 3. Friar Laurence's cell.
13. Scene 4. A street.
14. Scene 5. Capulet's orchard.
15. Scene 6. Friar Laurence's cell.
16. **Act 3**
17. Scene 1. Scene 1. A public place.
18. Scene 2. Capulet's orchard.
19. Scene 3. Friar Laurence's cell.
20. Scene 4. A room in Capulet's house.
21. Scene 5. Capulet's orchard.
22. **Act 4**
23. Scene 1. Friar Laurence's cell.
24. Scene 2. Hall in Capulet's house.
25. Scene 3. Juliet's chamber.
26. Scene 4. Hall in Capulet's house.
27. Scene 5. Juliet's chamber.
28. **Act 5**
29. Scene 1. Mantua. A street.
30. Scene 2. Friar Laurence's cell.
31. Scene 3. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.

Prologue

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) our scene,  
From [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whole misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT) ears [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND),  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

**Act 1, Scene 1**

Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers

**SAMPSON**

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

**GREGORY**

No, for then we should be colliers.

**SAMPSON**

I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), an we be in choler, we'll draw.

**GREGORY**

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

**SAMPSON**

I strike quickly, being moved.

**GREGORY**

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**GREGORY**

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:  
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

**SAMPSON**

A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will  
take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

**GREGORY**

That shows thee a weak [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE); for the weakest goes  
to the wall.

**SAMPSON**

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels,  
are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push  
Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids  
to the wall.

**GREGORY**

The [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) is between our masters and us their men.

**SAMPSON**

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I  
have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the  
maids, and [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) off their heads.

**GREGORY**

The heads of the maids?

**SAMPSON**

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;  
take it in what sense thou wilt.

**GREGORY**

They must take it in sense that feel it.

**SAMPSON**

Me they shall feel while I am [able](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABLE) to stand: and  
'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

**GREGORY**

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou  
hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes  
two of the house of the Montagues.

**SAMPSON**

My naked weapon is out: [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL), I will back thee.

**GREGORY**

How! [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) thy back and run?

**SAMPSON**

Fear me not.

**GREGORY**

No, marry; I fear thee!

**SAMPSON**

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

**GREGORY**

I will frown as I [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) by, and let them take it as  
they [list](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIST).

**SAMPSON**

Nay, as they [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE). I will bite my thumb at them;  
which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

[Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side, if I say  
ay?

**GREGORY**

No.

**SAMPSON**

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I  
bite my thumb, sir.

**GREGORY**

Do you [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL), sir?

**ABRAHAM**

[Quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) sir! no, sir.

**SAMPSON**

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

**ABRAHAM**

No better.

**SAMPSON**

Well, sir.

**GREGORY**

Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

**SAMPSON**

Yes, better, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

You lie.

**SAMPSON**

Draw, if you be men. Gregory, [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) thy [swashing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWASHING) [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW).

They fight

Enter BENVOLIO

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!  
[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up your swords; you know not what you do.

Beats down their swords

Enter TYBALT

**TYBALT**

What, art thou [drawn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRAWN) among these heartless hinds?  
[Turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

**BENVOLIO**

I do but [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) the peace: [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up thy sword,  
Or [manage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MANAGE) it to part these men with me.

**TYBALT**

What, [drawn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRAWN), and talk of peace! I hate the word,  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:  
Have at thee, coward!

They fight

Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs

**First Citizen**

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) them down!  
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

**CAPULET**

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

**LADY CAPULET**

A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

**CAPULET**

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

**MONTAGUE**

Thou [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) Capulet,--Hold me not, let me go.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--  
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,  
That [quench](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUENCH) the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
And made Verona's [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) citizens  
Cast by their [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) beseeming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
[Canker](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CANKER)'d with peace, to part your [canker](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CANKER)'d hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) away:  
You Capulet; shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
[Once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) more, on pain of death, all men [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART).

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO

**MONTAGUE**

Who set this [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) new abroach?  
Speak, [nephew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEPHEW), were you by when it began?

**BENVOLIO**

Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them: in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,  
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head and [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) the winds,  
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more and fought on part and part,  
Till the prince came, who [parted](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PARTED) either part.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

O, where is Romeo? [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) you him to-day?  
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

**BENVOLIO**

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
[Peer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PEER)'d forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD);  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,  
So early walking did I see your son:  
[Towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) him I made, but he was ware of me  
And stole into the covert of the [wood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOOD):  
I, measuring his affections by my own,  
That most are busied when they're most alone,  
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

**MONTAGUE**

Many a morning hath he there been [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN),  
With tears augmenting the [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) morning dew.  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from the [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) steals [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) my heavy son,  
And private in his [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER) pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) daylight out  
And makes himself an artificial night:  
Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

**BENVOLIO**

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

**MONTAGUE**

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

**BENVOLIO**

Have you importuned him by any means?

**MONTAGUE**

Both by myself and many other friends:  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself--I will not say how true--  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious [worm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORM),  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.  
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

**BENVOLIO**

See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

**MONTAGUE**

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true [shrift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHRIFT). Come, madam, let's away.

Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

**BENVOLIO**

Good-morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO**

Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE).

**ROMEO**

Ay me! [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) so [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST)?

**BENVOLIO**

It was. What [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS) lengthens Romeo's hours?

**ROMEO**

Not [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) that, which, having, makes them short.

**BENVOLIO**

In love?

**ROMEO**

Out--

**BENVOLIO**

Of love?

**ROMEO**

Out of her [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR), where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO**

Alas, that love, so [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF)!

**ROMEO**

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) eyes, see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first [create](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CREATE)!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,  
sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

**BENVOLIO**

No, coz, I rather weep.

**ROMEO**

Good heart, at what?

**BENVOLIO**

At thy good heart's oppression.

**ROMEO**

Why, such is love's transgression.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST),  
Which thou wilt [propagate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROPAGATE), to have it [prest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PREST)  
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd a sea [nourish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NOURISH)'d with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO**

Soft! I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

**ROMEO**

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS), who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

**BENVOLIO**

Groan! why, no.  
But [sadly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADLY) tell me who.

**ROMEO**

Bid a sick man in [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS) make his will:  
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!  
In [sadness](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SADNESS), cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

I [aim](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "AIM)'d so near, when I [supposed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUPPOSED) you loved.

**ROMEO**

A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

**BENVOLIO**

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT).

**ROMEO**

Well, in that [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) you miss: she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT);  
And, in strong [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF) of chastity well arm'd,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.  
She will not stay the [siege](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIEGE) of loving terms,  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor [ope](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPE) her lap to saint-seducing gold:  
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,  
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

**BENVOLIO**

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

**ROMEO**

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,  
For beauty starved with her severity  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair:  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

**BENVOLIO**

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

**ROMEO**

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

**BENVOLIO**

By giving [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY) unto thine eyes;  
[Examine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXAMINE) other beauties.

**ROMEO**

'Tis the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more:  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows  
Being black [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) us in mind they hide the fair;  
He that is strucken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) that is [passing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSING) fair,  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
Where I may read who [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS)'d that [passing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSING) fair?  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

I'll [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 2

A street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

**CAPULET**

But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) the peace.

**PARIS**

Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

**CAPULET**

But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a [stranger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGER) in the world;  
She hath not [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) the change of fourteen years,  
Let two more summers wither in their [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE),  
Ere we may think her [ripe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RIPE) to be a bride.

**PARIS**

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

**CAPULET**

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
But woo her, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT):  
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among [fresh](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRESH) female buds shall you this night  
[Inherit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INHERIT) at my house; hear all, all see,  
And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
Which on more view, of many mine being one  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none,  
Come, go with me.

To Servant, giving a paper

Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS

**Servant**

Find them out whose names are written here! It is  
written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his  
yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with  
his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am  
sent to find those persons whose names are here  
[writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT), and can never find what names the writing  
person hath here [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT). I must to the learned.--In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

**BENVOLIO**

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
[Turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) giddy, and be [holp](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOLP) by [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD) turning;  
One [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

**ROMEO**

Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

**BENVOLIO**

For what, I pray thee?

**ROMEO**

For your [broken](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKEN) shin.

**BENVOLIO**

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

**ROMEO**

Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;  
Shut up in prison, kept [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented and--God-den, good fellow.

**Servant**

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

**ROMEO**

Ay, mine own fortune in my [misery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISERY).

**Servant**

Perhaps you have learned it [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK): but, I  
pray, can you read any thing you see?

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

**Servant**

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO**

Stay, fellow; I can read.

Reads

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
[County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady  
[widow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIDOW) of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely  
nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine  
uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece  
Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin  
Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair  
assembly: whither should they come?

**Servant**

Up.

**ROMEO**

Whither?

**Servant**

To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**Servant**

My master's.

**ROMEO**

Indeed, I should have [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK)'d you that before.

**Servant**

Now I'll tell you [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) asking: my master is the  
great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house  
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.  
Rest you merry!

Exit

**BENVOLIO**

At this same [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) feast of Capulet's  
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:  
Go thither; and, with unattainted [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
[Compare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPARE) her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

**ROMEO**

When the devout religion of mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
Maintains such falsehood, then [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) tears to fires;  
And these, who often drown'd could never die,  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) her [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH) since first the world begun.

**BENVOLIO**

Tut, you [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) her fair, none else being by,  
Herself poised with herself in either [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE):  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall [scant](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCANT) show well that now shows best.

**ROMEO**

I'll go along, no such [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT) to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 3

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

**LADY CAPULET**

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

**Nurse**

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,  
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!  
God [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID)! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

**JULIET**

How now! who calls?

**Nurse**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here.  
What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**

This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile,  
We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again;  
I have [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER)'d me, thou's hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

**Nurse**

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

**LADY CAPULET**

She's not fourteen.

**Nurse**

I'll [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) fourteen of my teeth,--  
And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four--  
She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight and odd days.

**Nurse**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she--God rest all Christian souls!--  
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: but, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
That shall she, marry; I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,--  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
My lord and you were then at Mantua:--  
Nay, I do bear a brain:--but, as I said,  
When it did [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE) the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!  
Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I [trow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TROW),  
To bid me trudge:  
And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the [rood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROOD),  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE) her brow:  
And then my husband--God be with his soul!  
A' was a merry man--took up the child:  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD) when thou hast more [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT);  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,  
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'  
To see, now, how a [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;  
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

**LADY CAPULET**

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

**Nurse**

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
A [parlous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PARLOUS) knock; and it cried bitterly:  
'Yea,' quoth my husband,'fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall [backward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BACKWARD) when thou comest to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

**JULIET**

And [stint](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STINT) thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

**Nurse**

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
An I might live to see thee married [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE),  
I have my [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH).

**LADY CAPULET**

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme  
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your [disposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSITION) to be married?

**JULIET**

It is an honour that I dream not of.

**Nurse**

An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

**Nurse**

A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world--why, he's a man of [wax](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAX).

**LADY CAPULET**

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

**Nurse**

Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

**LADY CAPULET**

What say you? can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) there with beauty's pen;  
[Examine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXAMINE) every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the [margent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MARGENT) of his eyes.  
This precious [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER):  
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much [pride](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRIDE)  
For fair [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) the fair within to hide:  
That [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
So shall you share all that he doth [possess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POSSESS),  
By [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) him, making yourself no less.

**Nurse**

No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

I'll look to like, if looking [liking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIKING) move:  
But no more deep will I endart mine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant

**Servant**

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you  
called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in  
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must  
[hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to wait; I beseech you, follow [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT).

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

Exit Servant

Juliet, the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) stays.

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 4

A street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others

**ROMEO**

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a apology?

**BENVOLIO**

The date is out of such prolixity:  
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a [Tartar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TARTAR)'s painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a [crow-keeper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROW-KEEPER);  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance:  
But let them [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) us by what they will;  
We'll [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) them a measure, and be gone.

**ROMEO**

Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;  
Being but heavy, I will bear the [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Romeo, we must have you dance.

**ROMEO**

Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

**MERCUTIO**

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

**ROMEO**

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
To soar with his [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) feathers, and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL) woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO**

And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) thing.

**ROMEO**

Is love a [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

**MERCUTIO**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
[Prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) love for pricking, and you [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) love down.  
Give me a case to [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) my visage in:  
A visor for a visor! what care I  
What curious [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) doth [quote](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUOTE) deformities?  
Here are the [beetle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEETLE) brows shall blush for me.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

**ROMEO**

A torch for me: let wantons [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) of heart  
[Tickle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TICKLE) the senseless rushes with their heels,  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

**MERCUTIO**

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:  
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**

Nay, that's not so.

**MERCUTIO**

I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN), sir, in [delay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DELAY)  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that ere [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) in our five [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS).

**ROMEO**

And we [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) well in going to this mask;  
But 'tis no [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) to go.

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK)?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
[Drawn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRAWN) with a team of [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,  
The [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER) of the wings of grasshoppers,  
The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not so big as a [round](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUND) [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) [worm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORM)  
[Prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK)'d from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
And in this [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT),  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) dream on fees,  
O'er ladies ' lips, who [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:  
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail  
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,  
Then dreams, he of another benefice:  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting [foreign](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOREIGN) throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR), at which he starts and wakes,  
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) untangled, much misfortune bodes:  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she--

**ROMEO**

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

**MERCUTIO**

True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,  
Which is as thin of substance as the air  
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes  
Even now the frozen [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

**BENVOLIO**

This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**ROMEO**

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
Shall bitterly begin his [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) date  
With this night's revels and expire the term  
Of a despised life closed in my [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST)  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

**BENVOLIO**

Strike, drum.

Exeunt

Act 1, Scene 5

A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen with napkins

**First Servant**

Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He  
shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!

**Second Servant**

When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's  
hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

**First Servant**

Away with the joint-stools, remove the  
court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save  
me a piece of [marchpane](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MARCHPANE); and, as thou lovest me, let  
the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.  
Antony, and Potpan!

**Second Servant**

Ay, boy, ready.

**First Servant**

You are looked for and called for, asked for and  
sought for, in the great [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER).

**Second Servant**

We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be  
brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers

**CAPULET**

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.  
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) to dance? she that makes dainty,  
She, I'll [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR), hath corns; am I come near ye now?  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) the day  
That I have worn a visor and could tell  
A whispering [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) in a fair lady's [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR),  
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:  
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.  
A [hall](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HALL), a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

Music plays, and they dance

More [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), you knaves; and [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) the [tables](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLES) up,  
And [quench](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUENCH) the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;  
For you and I are past our dancing days:  
How long is't now since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

**Second Capulet**

By'r lady, thirty years.

**CAPULET**

What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:  
'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,  
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

**Second Capulet**

'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder, sir;  
His son is thirty.

**CAPULET**

Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a [ward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WARD) two years ago.

**ROMEO**

[To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth  
enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

**Servant**

I know not, sir.

**ROMEO**

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR);  
Beauty too rich for [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE), for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) done, I'll [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)!  
For I ne'er [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) true beauty till this night.

**TYBALT**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE)  
Come hither, [cover](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COVER)'d with an antic face,  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the [stock](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOCK) and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

**CAPULET**

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

**TYBALT**

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  
A [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

**CAPULET**

Young Romeo is it?

**TYBALT**

'Tis he, that [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) Romeo.

**CAPULET**

Content thee, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) coz, let him alone;  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS) and well-govern'd youth:  
I would not for the [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH) of all the town  
Here in my house do him disparagement:  
Therefore be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT), take no note of him:  
It is my will, the which if thou [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT),  
Show a fair [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) and [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) off these frowns,  
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

**TYBALT**

It fits, when such a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) is a guest:  
I'll not endure him.

**CAPULET**

He shall be endured:  
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

**TYBALT**

Why, uncle, 'tis a [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME).

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to;  
You are a [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY) boy: is't so, indeed?  
This [trick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TRICK) may chance to [scathe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCATHE) you, I know what:  
You must [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY) me! marry, 'tis time.  
Well said, my hearts! You are a [princox](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRINCOX); go:  
Be quiet, or--More [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT), more light! For [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)!  
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

**TYBALT**

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall  
Now [seeming](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEMING) sweet [convert](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVERT) to bitter gall.

Exit

**ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I [profane](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROFANE) with my unworthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To [smooth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SMOOTH) that rough [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) with a [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) kiss.

**JULIET**

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH),  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

**ROMEO**

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET**

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) in prayer.

**ROMEO**

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) to despair.

**JULIET**

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

**ROMEO**

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again.

**JULIET**

You kiss by the [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK).

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**

What is her mother?

**Nurse**

Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS)  
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you, he that can [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

**ROMEO**

Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

**CAPULET**

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS).  
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all  
I thank you, [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) gentlemen; good night.  
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.  
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:  
I'll to my rest.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse

**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is [yond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YOND) gentleman?

**Nurse**

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

**JULIET**

What's he that now is going out of door?

**Nurse**

Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

**JULIET**

What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

Go [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) his name: if he be married.  
My [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) is like to be my wedding bed.

**Nurse**

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

**JULIET**

My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

**Nurse**

What's this? what's this?

**JULIET**

A rhyme I learn'd even now  
Of one I danced withal.

One calls within 'Juliet.'

**Nurse**

Anon, anon!  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt

Prologue

Enter Chorus

**Chorus**

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,  
With [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER) Juliet [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH)'d, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,  
Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe [supposed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUPPOSED) he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) hooks:  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To [breathe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREATHE) such vows as lovers [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) to [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR);  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved any where:  
But [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION) lends them [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER), time means, to meet  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

Exit

Act 2, Scene 1

A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

**ROMEO**

Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
[Turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) back, [dull](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DULL) earth, and find thy centre out.

He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

**MERCUTIO**

He is wise;  
And, on my lie, hath stol'n him [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) to bed.

**BENVOLIO**

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION)! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
[Cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove;'  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam Cupid, he that [shot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOT) so trim,  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) foot, [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) leg and quivering thigh  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

**BENVOLIO**

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

**MERCUTIO**

This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)' circle  
Of some [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST), and in his [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)' name  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the [humorous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HUMOROUS) night:  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

**MERCUTIO**

If love be blind, love cannot [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) his [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) were that [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of fruit  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.  
Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
An [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN) et caetera, thou a poperin pear!  
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
Come, shall we go?

**BENVOLIO**

Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 2

Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND).

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! what [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) with grief,  
That thou her maid art [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) more fair than she:  
Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal [livery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVERY) is but sick and [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN)  
And none but fools do [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) it; cast it off.  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?  
Her [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) discourses; I will [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) it.  
I am too [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD), 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
[Having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might [touch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOUCH) that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:  
O, speak again, bright [angel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANGEL)! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to [gaze](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAZE) on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) of the air.

**JULIET**

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
[Deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

**ROMEO**

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) that title. Romeo, [doff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DOFF) thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

**ROMEO**

I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET**

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumblest on my counsel?

**ROMEO**

By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

**JULIET**

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's [utterance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTERANCE), yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

**ROMEO**

With love's [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) wings did I o'er-perch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

**JULIET**

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

Alack, there lies more peril in thine [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,  
And I am [proof](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROOF) against their enmity.

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) thee here.

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT);  
And but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

**JULIET**

By whose [direction](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIRECTION) found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO**

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;  
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR)  
As that [vast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VAST) shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

**JULIET**

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night  
[Fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN) would I dwell on form, [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN), fain [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY)  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'  
And I will take thy word: yet if thou [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)'st,  
Thou mayst prove [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE); at lovers' perjuries  
Then say, Jove laughs. O [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse an say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too [fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND),  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT):  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING) to be [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE).  
I should have been more [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE), I must confess,  
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's [passion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASSION): therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR)  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--

**JULIET**

O, [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

**ROMEO**

What shall I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) by?

**JULIET**

Do not [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR) by thy [gracious](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRACIOUS) self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well, do not [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR): although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too [rash](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RASH), too unadvised, too [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN);  
Too like the lightning, which doth [cease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEASE) to be  
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) we meet.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST)!

**ROMEO**

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET**

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO**

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

**JULIET**

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.

**ROMEO**

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

**JULIET**

But to be [frank](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRANK), and give it thee again.  
And yet I [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) but for the thing I have:  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are [infinite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INFINITE).

Nurse calls within

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE), I will come again.

Exit, above

**ROMEO**

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll [procure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROCURE) to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY)  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

**Nurse**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

I come, anon.--But if thou [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)'st not well,  
I do beseech thee--

**Nurse**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

By and by, I come:--  
To [cease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEASE) thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul--

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!

Exit, above

**ROMEO**

A thousand times the worse, to want thy [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).  
Love goes [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) love, as schoolboys from  
their books,  
But love from love, [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) school with heavy looks.

Retiring

Re-enter JULIET, above

**JULIET**

Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,  
To [lure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LURE) this tassel-gentle back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

**ROMEO**

It is my soul that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

**JULIET**

Romeo!

**ROMEO**

My dear?

**JULIET**

At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

**ROMEO**

At the hour of [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE).

**JULIET**

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

**ROMEO**

Let me stand here till thou [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) it.

**JULIET**

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

**ROMEO**

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) but this.

**JULIET**

'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY).

**ROMEO**

I would I were thy bird.

**JULIET**

Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night! parting is such  
sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit above

**ROMEO**

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST)!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
[Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear [hap](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAP) to tell.

Exit

Act 2, Scene 3

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT),  
And [flecked](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FLECKED) darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's [path](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATH) and Titan's fiery wheels:  
Now, ere the sun [advance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVANCE) his burning [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
The day to [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER) and night's dank dew to [dry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRY),  
I must up-fill this osier [cage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAGE) of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;  
What is her burying [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) that is her womb,  
And from her womb children of divers [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND)  
We sucking on her [natural](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NATURAL) [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) find,  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.  
O, [mickle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MICKLE) is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but [strain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIN)'d from that fair [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE)  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on [abuse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABUSE):  
[Virtue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUE) itself turns [vice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VICE), being misapplied;  
And [vice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VICE) [sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES) by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and [medicine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEDICINE) [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER):  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the [worser](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSER) is predominant,  
[Full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) soon the [canker](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CANKER) death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite!  
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) in every old man's [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;  
Or if not so, then here I [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

**ROMEO**

I'll tell thee, ere thou [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies:  
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling [shrift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHRIFT).

**ROMEO**

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must [combine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMBINE)  
By holy marriage: when and where and how  
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS); but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much [salt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SALT) water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE)!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN) doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And bad'st me bury love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Not in a [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE),  
To [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) one in, another out to have.

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love [allow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ALLOW);  
The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one [respect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECT) I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) your households' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

O, let us [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE); I stand on [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST).

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 4

A street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

**MERCUTIO**

Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME) to-night?

**BENVOLIO**

Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

**MERCUTIO**

Ah, that same [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline.  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) it.

**MERCUTIO**

Any man that can write may [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) a letter.

**BENVOLIO**

Nay, he will [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) the letter's master, how he  
dares, being dared.

**MERCUTIO**

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a  
[white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) wench's black [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE); [shot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOT) through the [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) with a  
love-song; the very [pin](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PIN) of his heart cleft with the  
blind bow-boy's [butt-shaft](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BUTT-SHAFT): and is he a man to  
encounter Tybalt?

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is  
the courageous captain of compliments. He [fights](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIGHTS) as  
you sing [prick-song](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK-SONG), keeps time, distance, and  
proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and  
the third in your [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM): the very butcher of a silk  
button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the  
very first house, of the first and second cause:  
ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the  
hai!

**BENVOLIO**

The what?

**MERCUTIO**

The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting  
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu,  
a very good blade! a very [tall](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALL) man! a very good  
whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing,  
grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with  
these [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) flies, these fashion-mongers, these  
perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form,  
that they cannot at ease on the old bench? O, their  
bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh,  
how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers  
that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a  
kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to  
be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy;  
Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey  
[eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) or so, but not to the purpose. Signior  
Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation  
to your French slop. You gave us the [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT)  
fairly last night.

**ROMEO**

Good morrow to you both. What [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT) did I give you?

**MERCUTIO**

The ship, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

**ROMEO**

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in  
such a case as mine a man may [strain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIN) courtesy.

**MERCUTIO**

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours  
constrains a man to bow in the hams.

**ROMEO**

Meaning, to court'sy.

**MERCUTIO**

Thou hast most [kindly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KINDLY) [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) it.

**ROMEO**

A most courteous exposition.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

**ROMEO**

Pink for flower.

**MERCUTIO**

Right.

**ROMEO**

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

**MERCUTIO**

Well said: follow me this [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) now till thou hast  
worn out thy pump, that when the [single](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SINGLE) sole of it  
is worn, the [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST) may remain after the wearing sole singular.

**ROMEO**

O single-soled [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST), solely singular for the  
singleness.

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us, good Benvolio; my [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) faint.

**ROMEO**

Switch and [spurs](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPURS), switch and spurs; or I'll [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) a [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH).

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, if thy [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) run the wild-goose chase, I have  
done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of  
thy [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS) than, I am sure, I have in my whole five:  
was I with you there for the goose?

**ROMEO**

Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast  
not there for the goose.

**MERCUTIO**

I will bite thee by the [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) for that [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST).

**ROMEO**

Nay, good goose, bite not.

**MERCUTIO**

Thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most  
sharp sauce.

**ROMEO**

And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

**MERCUTIO**

O here's a [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT) of [cheveril](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEVERIL), that stretches from an  
inch narrow to an ell broad!

**ROMEO**

I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added  
to the goose, proves thee [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR) and wide a broad goose.

**MERCUTIO**

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?  
now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art  
thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature:  
for this drivelling love is like a great [natural](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NATURAL),  
that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

**BENVOLIO**

Stop there, stop there.

**MERCUTIO**

Thou desirest me to stop in my [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) against the [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR).

**BENVOLIO**

Thou wouldst else have made thy [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) [large](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LARGE).

**MERCUTIO**

O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short:  
for I was come to the whole depth of my [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE); and  
meant, indeed, to occupy the [argument](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ARGUMENT) no longer.

**ROMEO**

Here's goodly [gear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GEAR)!

Enter Nurse and PETER

**MERCUTIO**

A sail, a sail!

**BENVOLIO**

Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

**Nurse**

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

My fan, Peter.

**MERCUTIO**

Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the  
fairer face.

**Nurse**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**Nurse**

Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO**

'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the  
dial is now upon the [prick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRICK) of noon.

**Nurse**

Out upon you! what a man are you!

**ROMEO**

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to  
mar.

**Nurse**

By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,'  
quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I  
may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**

I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when  
you have found him than he was when you sought him:  
I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

**Nurse**

You say well.

**MERCUTIO**

Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith;  
wisely, wisely.

**Nurse**

if you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with  
you.

**BENVOLIO**

She will [indite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INDITE) him to some supper.

**MERCUTIO**

A [bawd](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BAWD), a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

**ROMEO**

What hast thou found?

**MERCUTIO**

No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a [lenten](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LENTEN) pie,  
that is something [stale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STALE) and hoar ere it be spent.

Sings

An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in lent  
But a hare that is hoar  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.  
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll  
to dinner, thither.

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) lady; farewell,

Singing

'lady, lady, lady.'

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

**Nurse**

Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what [saucy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAUCY)  
merchant was this, that was so [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of his [ropery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROPERY)?

**ROMEO**

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,  
and will speak more in a minute than he will stand  
to in a month.

**Nurse**

An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him  
down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such  
Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.  
[Scurvy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCURVY) [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE)! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am  
none of his [skains-mates](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKAINS-MATES). And thou must stand by  
too, and suffer every [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) to [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) me at his pleasure?

**PETER**

I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) no man [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) you a pleasure; if I had, my weapon  
should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE)  
draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a  
good [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL), and the law on my side.

**Nurse**

Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about  
me quivers. [Scurvy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCURVY) [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE)! Pray you, sir, a word:  
and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you  
out; what she bade me say, I will [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) to myself:  
but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into  
a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross  
[kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman  
is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double  
with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered  
to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

**ROMEO**

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS). I  
protest unto thee--

**Nurse**

Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much:  
Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

**ROMEO**

What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

**Nurse**

I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as  
I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

**ROMEO**

Bid her devise  
Some means to come to [shrift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHRIFT) this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

**Nurse**

No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO**

Go to; I say you shall.

**Nurse**

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

**ROMEO**

And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee  
And [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) thee cords made like a tackled stair;  
Which to the [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my [convoy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVOY) in the secret night.  
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll [quit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUIT) thy pains:  
Farewell; commend me to thy [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS).

**Nurse**

Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

**ROMEO**

What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

**Nurse**

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) counsel, putting one away?

**ROMEO**

I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

**NURSE**

Well, sir; my [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) is the sweetest lady--Lord,  
Lord! when 'twas a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) prating thing:--O, there  
is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN)  
[lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as [lief](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIEF)  
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her  
[sometimes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SOMETIMES) and tell her that Paris is the properer  
man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks  
as [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) as any [clout](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CLOUT) in the versal world. Doth not  
rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

**ROMEO**

Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

**Nurse**

Ah. mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for  
the--No; I know it begins with some other  
letter:--and she hath the prettiest sententious of  
it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good  
to hear it.

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady.

**Nurse**

Ay, a thousand times.

Exit Romeo

Peter!

**PETER**

Anon!

**Nurse**

Peter, take my fan, and go before and apace.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 5

Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

**JULIET**

The clock struck [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.  
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over louring hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey, and from [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE) till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She would be as [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT) in [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) as lead.  
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and PETER

O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

**Nurse**

Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit PETER

**JULIET**

Now, good sweet nurse,--O Lord, why look'st thou [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD)?  
Though news be [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD), yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

**Nurse**

I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

**JULIET**

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

**Nurse**

Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

**JULIET**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this [delay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DELAY)  
Is longer than the [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE) thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the [circumstance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CIRCUMSTANCE):  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

**Nurse**

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not  
how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his  
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels  
all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,  
though they be not to be talked on, yet they are  
past [compare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPARE): he is not the flower of courtesy,  
but, I'll warrant him, as [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) as a lamb. Go thy  
ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME)?

**JULIET**

No, no: but all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

**Nurse**

Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,--O, my back, my back!  
[Beshrew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BESHREW) your heart for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

**JULIET**

I' faith, I am [sorry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORRY) that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

**Nurse**

Your love says, like an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) gentleman, and a  
courteous, and a [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND), and a handsome, and, I  
warrant, a [virtuous](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VIRTUOUS),--Where is your mother?

**JULIET**

Where is my mother! why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!  
'Your love says, like an [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) gentleman,  
Where is your mother?'

**Nurse**

O God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I [trow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TROW);  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

**JULIET**

Here's such a [coil](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COIL)! come, what says Romeo?

**Nurse**

Have you got leave to go to [shrift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHRIFT) to-day?

**JULIET**

I have.

**Nurse**

Then hie you [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to Friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT) at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:  
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

**JULIET**

Hie to [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) fortune! [Honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) nurse, farewell.

Exeunt

Act 2, Scene 6

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

**ROMEO**

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot [countervail](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERVAIL) the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT):  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE);  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness  
And in the [taste](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TASTE) confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT) arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady: O, so [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) a foot  
Will ne'er [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) is vanity.

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

**JULIET**

As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

**ROMEO**

Ah, Juliet, if the [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine and that thy [skill](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SKILL) be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagined happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

**JULIET**

[Conceit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONCEIT), more rich in matter than in words,  
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their [worth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORTH);  
But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up sum of half my [wealth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEALTH).

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 1

A public place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

**BENVOLIO**

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's [retire](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RETIRE):  
The day is hot, the Capulets [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD),  
And, if we meet, we shall not [scape](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCAPE) a [brawl](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAWL);  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

**MERCUTIO**

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he  
enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword  
upon the [table](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TABLE) and says 'God send me no need of  
thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws  
it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

**BENVOLIO**

Am I like such a fellow?

**MERCUTIO**

Come, come, thou art as hot a [Jack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JACK) in thy [mood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOOD) as  
any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as  
soon moody to be moved.

**BENVOLIO**

And what to?

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none  
shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why,  
thou wilt [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) with a man that hath a [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) more,  
or a [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR) less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou  
wilt [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) with a man for cracking nuts, [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) no  
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what  
[eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) but such an eye would spy out such a [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL)?  
Thy head is as fun of quarrels as an egg is [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of  
meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as  
an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a  
man for coughing in the street, because he hath  
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun:  
didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing  
his new doublet before Easter? with another, for  
tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou  
wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

**BENVOLIO**

An I were so apt to [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) as thou art, any man  
should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a [quarter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARTER).

**MERCUTIO**

The fee-simple! O simple!

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others

**TYBALT**

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

**MERCUTIO**

And but one word with one of us? couple it with  
something; make it a word and a [blow](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BLOW).

**TYBALT**

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you  
will give me occasion.

**MERCUTIO**

Could you not take some occasion [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) giving?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou [consort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSORT)'st with Romeo,--

**MERCUTIO**

[Consort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSORT)! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an  
thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but  
discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall  
make you dance. 'Zounds, [consort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSORT)!

**BENVOLIO**

We talk here in the public [haunt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAUNT) of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else [depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART); here all eyes [gaze](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAZE) on us.

**MERCUTIO**

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them [gaze](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GAZE);  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO

**TYBALT**

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

**MERCUTIO**

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) your [livery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVERY):  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) in that sense may call him 'man.'

**TYBALT**

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,--thou art a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN).

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) am I none;  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

**TYBALT**

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) and draw.

**ROMEO**

I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,--which name I [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER)  
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

O [calm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CALM), dishonourable, vile submission!  
Alla stoccata carries it away.

Draws

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your [nine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NINE)  
lives; that I [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) to make [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) withal, and as you  
shall [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the  
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher  
by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your  
ears ere it be out.

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

Drawing

**ROMEO**

[Gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) Mercutio, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, sir, your passado.

They fight

**ROMEO**

Draw, Benvolio; [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT) down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME), forbear this outrage!  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:  
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt.  
A plague o' both your houses! I am [sped](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPED).  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.  
Where is my page? Go, [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), fetch a surgeon.

Exit Page

**ROMEO**

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a  
church-door; but 'tis enough,'twill serve: [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) for  
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) man. I  
am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'  
both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a  
cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a  
rogue, a [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), that [fights](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIGHTS) by the [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) of  
arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I  
was hurt under your arm.

**ROMEO**

I [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too: your houses!

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

**ROMEO**

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), hath got his [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN)'d  
With Tybalt's slander,--Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER) soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

**BENVOLIO**

O Romeo, Romeo, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) Mercutio's dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

**ROMEO**

This day's black fate on more days doth [depend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPEND);  
This but begins the woe, others must end.

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO**

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, [respective](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESPECTIVE) lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my [conduct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDUCT) now!

Re-enter TYBALT

Now, Tybalt, take the [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) back again,  
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

**TYBALT**

Thou, wretched boy, that didst [consort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONSORT) him here,  
Shalt with him [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE).

**ROMEO**

This shall [determine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DETERMINE) that.

They fight; TYBALT falls

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken: [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), be gone, away!

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay?

Exit ROMEO

Enter Citizens, &c

**First Citizen**

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

**BENVOLIO**

There lies that Tybalt.

**First Citizen**

Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the princes name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO**

O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky [manage](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MANAGE) of this fatal [brawl](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAWL):  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, [brave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRAVE) Mercutio.

**LADY CAPULET**

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt  
O my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE) the [quarrel](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUARREL) was, and urged withal  
Your [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) displeasure: all this uttered  
With [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) breath, [calm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CALM) look, knees humbly bow'd,  
Could not take truce with the unruly [spleen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPLEEN)  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD) Mercutio's [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST),  
Who all as hot, turns deadly [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than  
his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt [hit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIT) the life  
Of [stout](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOUT) Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly [entertain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "ENTERTAIN)'d revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was [stout](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STOUT) Tybalt slain.  
And, as he [fell](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FELL), did Romeo [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

**LADY CAPULET**

He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes him [false](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FALSE); he speaks not true:  
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

**PRINCE**

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth [owe](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OWE)?

**MONTAGUE**

Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND);  
His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

**PRINCE**

And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE):  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE)  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall [purchase](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PURCHASE) out abuses:  
Therefore [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) none: let Romeo [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) this body and [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 2

Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

**JULIET**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
[Towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH),  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle; till [strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) love, grown [bold](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOLD),  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) him out in [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE)  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) no [worship](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSHIP) to the [garish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GARISH) sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not [possess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POSSESS)'d it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not [wear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WEAR) them. O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

**Nurse**

Ay, ay, the cords.

Throws them down

**JULIET**

Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

**Nurse**

Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

**JULIET**

Can heaven be so envious?

**Nurse**

Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!  
Who ever would have [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) it? Romeo!

**JULIET**

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'  
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more  
Than the death-darting [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) of cockatrice:  
I am not I, if there be such an I;  
Or those eyes shut, that make thee [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) 'I.'  
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds [determine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DETERMINE) of my weal or woe.

**Nurse**

I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) the [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND), I saw it with mine eyes,--  
God save the mark!--here on his manly [breast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BREAST):  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
[Pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE), [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT).

**JULIET**

O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE)!  
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on [liberty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIBERTY)!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end [motion](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOTION) here;  
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

**Nurse**

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! [honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

**JULIET**

What storm is this that blows so [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY)?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) doom!  
For who is [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING), if those two are gone?

**Nurse**

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

**JULIET**

O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

**Nurse**

It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

**JULIET**

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just [opposite](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPPOSITE) to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honourable [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN)!  
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK) containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

**Nurse**

There's no trust,  
No faith, no [honesty](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONESTY) in men; all perjured,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae:  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
[Shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) come to Romeo!

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH)! he was not born to [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME):  
Upon his brow [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME) is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

**Nurse**

Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall [smooth](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SMOOTH) thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
But, wherefore, [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), didst thou kill my cousin?  
That [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native [spring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING);  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, [worser](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WORSER) than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me: I would forget it [fain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAIN);  
But, O, it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which [modern](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MODERN) lamentations might have moved?  
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'  
There is no end, no limit, [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE), bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

**Nurse**

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
Will you go to them? I will [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) you thither.

**JULIET**

Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,  
When theirs are [dry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRY), for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:  
He made you for a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

**Nurse**

Hie to your [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER): I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you: I [wot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOT) well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

**JULIET**

O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 3

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) man:  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO

**ROMEO**

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Too [familiar](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAMILIAR)  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) thee tidings of the prince's doom.

**ROMEO**

What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

**ROMEO**

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

[Hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) from Verona art thou banished:  
Be [patient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PATIENT), for the world is broad and wide.

**ROMEO**

There is no world [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death: then banished,  
Is death mis-term'd: [calling](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CALLING) death banishment,  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) prince,  
[Taking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TAKING) thy part, hath [rush](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RUSH)'d aside the law,  
And [turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN)'d that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not: more [validity](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VALIDITY),  
More honourable [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE), more courtship lives  
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize  
On the [white](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WHITE) wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished:  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banished.  
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?  
O friar, the damned [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) that word in hell;  
Howlings [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Thou [fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND) mad man, hear me but speak a word.

**ROMEO**

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I'll give thee armour to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) off that word:  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

**ROMEO**

Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

**ROMEO**

How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Let me [dispute](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPUTE) with thee of thy estate.

**ROMEO**

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy [hair](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAIR),  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
[Taking](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TAKING) the [measure](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEASURE) of an unmade [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE).

Knocking within

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

**ROMEO**

Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the [search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH) of eyes.

Knocking

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

Knocking

Run to my study. By and by! God's will,  
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

Knocking

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

**Nurse**

[Within] Let me come in, and you shall know  
my errand;  
I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse

**Nurse**

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

**Nurse**

O, he is even in my [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)' case,  
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

**ROMEO**

Nurse!

**Nurse**

Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

**ROMEO**

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have [stain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STAIN)'d the childhood of our joy  
With blood [removed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMOVED) but [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

**Nurse**

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

**ROMEO**

As if that name,  
[Shot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHOT) from the deadly [level](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LEVEL) of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.

Drawing his sword

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold thy [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy [wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD) acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a [seeming](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEMING) man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast in [seeming](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEMING) both!  
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER),  
I [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) thy [disposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSITION) better [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER)'d.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE); which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT);  
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT):  
Thy noble shape is but a form of [wax](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WAX),  
[Digressing](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIGRESSING) from the valour of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;  
Thy [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the [conduct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDUCT) of them both,  
Like powder in a skitless soldier's flask,  
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own [defence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFENCE).  
What, [rouse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUSE) thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A [pack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PACK) of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and [sullen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SULLEN) wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER), [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) and comfort her:  
But look thou stay not till the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) be set,  
For then thou canst not [pass](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASS) to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.

**Nurse**

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night  
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

**ROMEO**

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

**Nurse**

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit

**ROMEO**

How well my comfort is revived by this!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE); good night; and here stands all your [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE):  
Either be gone before the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) be set,  
Or by the break of day disguised from [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE):  
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good [hap](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAP) to you that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

**ROMEO**

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 4

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

**CAPULET**

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

**PARIS**

These times of woe afford no time to woo.  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

**LADY CAPULET**

I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

**CAPULET**

Sir Paris, I will make a [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER)  
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--  
But, soft! what day is this?

**PARIS**

Monday, my lord,

**CAPULET**

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) no great ado,--a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

**PARIS**

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

**CAPULET**

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord. [Light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) to my [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER), ho!  
Afore me! it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night.

Exeunt

Act 3, Scene 5

Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window

**JULIET**

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) hollow of thine [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR);  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

**ROMEO**

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

Yon [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) is not day-light, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

**ROMEO**

Let me be ta'en, let me be [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE),  
'Tis but the [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do [beat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BEAT)  
The vaulty heaven so [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

**JULIET**

It is, it is: hie [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet [division](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DIVISION);  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,  
O, now I would they had changed voices too!  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) with hunt's-up to the day,  
O, now be gone; more [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) and light it grows.

**ROMEO**

More [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber

**Nurse**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**Nurse**

Your lady mother is coming to your [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER):  
The day is [broke](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROKE); be wary, look about.

Exit

**JULIET**

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

**ROMEO**

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

He goeth down

**JULIET**

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)!  
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:  
O, by this count I shall be much in years  
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

**ROMEO**

Farewell!  
I will omit no opportunity  
That may [convey](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONVEY) my greetings, love, to thee.

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

**JULIET**

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE).

**ROMEO**

And trust me, love, in my [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE) so do you:  
[Dry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRY) sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

Exit

**JULIET**

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) him long,  
But send him back.

**LADY CAPULET**

[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?

**JULIET**

Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

**LADY CAPULET**

Why, how now, Juliet!

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) with tears?  
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;  
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).

**JULIET**

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

**LADY CAPULET**

So shall you feel the loss, but not the [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND)  
Which you weep for.

**JULIET**

Feeling so the loss,  
Cannot choose but ever weep the [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND).

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,  
As that the [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) lives which slaughter'd him.

**JULIET**

What [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That same [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), Romeo.

**JULIET**

[Aside] [Villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN) and he be many miles asunder.--  
God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

**LADY CAPULET**

That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

**JULIET**

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:  
Would none but I might [venge](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VENGE) my cousin's death!

**LADY CAPULET**

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,  
That he shall soon [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) Tybalt company:  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

**JULIET**

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--  
Is my poor heart for a kinsman vex'd.  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would [temper](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TEMPER) it;  
That Romeo should, upon [receipt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RECEIPT) thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him named, and cannot come to him.  
To [wreak](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WREAK) the love I [bore](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BORE) my cousin  
Upon his body that slaughter'd him!

**LADY CAPULET**

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

**JULIET**

And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
One who, to [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) day of joy,  
That thou [expect](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXPECT)'st not nor I look'd not for.

**JULIET**

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

**LADY CAPULET**

Marry, my child, early [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) Thursday morn,  
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
The [County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
Shall [happily](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAPPILY) make thee there a joyful bride.

**JULIET**

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I [swear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWEAR),  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

**LADY CAPULET**

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

**CAPULET**

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) body  
Thou [counterfeit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTERFEIT)'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this [salt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SALT) flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
[Without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) a [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) [calm](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CALM), will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**LADY CAPULET**

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.  
I would the fool were married to her [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE)!

**CAPULET**

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

**JULIET**

Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

**CAPULET**

How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'  
And yet 'not proud,' [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS) minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your [fine](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FINE) joints 'gainst Thursday [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT),  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

**JULIET**

Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

**CAPULET**

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not, reply not, do not [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) me;  
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) us blest  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) her:  
Out on her, [hilding](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HILDING)!

**Nurse**

God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to [rate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RATE) her so.

**CAPULET**

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

**Nurse**

I speak no treason.

**CAPULET**

O, God ye god-den.

**Nurse**

May not one speak?

**CAPULET**

Peace, you mumbling fool!  
[Utter](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UTTER) your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

God's bread! it makes me mad:  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH)'d: and [having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
[Stuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFF)'d, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) would [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) a man;  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's [tender](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TENDER),  
To [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,  
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'  
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will you shall not house with me:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) to [jest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JEST).  
Thursday is near; [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) hand on heart, [advise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ADVISE):  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND);  
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in  
the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

Exit

**JULIET**

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
[Delay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DELAY) this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

**LADY CAPULET**

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit

**JULIET**

O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.  
Alack, alack, that heaven should [practise](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRACTISE) stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

**Nurse**

Faith, here it is.  
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY).  
O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN), so [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK), so fair an [eye](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EYE)  
As Paris hath. [Beshrew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BESHREW) my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second [match](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MATCH),  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) here and you no [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) of him.

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart?

**Nurse**

And from my soul too;  
Or else [beshrew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BESHREW) them both.

**JULIET**

Amen!

**Nurse**

What?

**JULIET**

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,  
[Having](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAVING) displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession and to be absolved.

**Nurse**

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

Exit

**JULIET**

[Ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) damnation! O most [wicked](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WICKED) fiend!  
Is it more sin to [wish](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WISH) me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with above [compare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COMPARE)  
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) henceforth shall be twain.  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
If all else fail, myself have [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) to die.

Exit

Act 4, Scene 1

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS**

My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to [slack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLACK) his haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

You say you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

**PARIS**

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE) talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
That she doth give her sorrow so much [sway](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWAY),  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) from her by society:  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

[Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.  
Look, sir, here comes the lady [towards](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARDS) my cell.

Enter JULIET

**PARIS**

[Happily](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HAPPILY) met, my lady and my wife!

**JULIET**

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

**PARIS**

That may be must be, love, on Thursday [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT).

**JULIET**

What must be shall be.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's a certain text.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this father?

**JULIET**

To [answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER) that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS**

Do not [deny](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DENY) to him that you love me.

**JULIET**

I will confess to you that I love him.

**PARIS**

So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

**JULIET**

If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

**PARIS**

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

**JULIET**

The tears have got small victory by that;  
For it was bad enough before their spite.

**PARIS**

Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

**JULIET**

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

**PARIS**

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

**JULIET**

It may be so, for it is not mine own.  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

**PARIS**

God shield I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I [rouse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUSE) ye:  
Till then, adieu; and [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) this holy kiss.

Exit

**JULIET**

O shut the door! and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my [wits](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITS):  
I hear thou must, and nothing may [prorogue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROROGUE) it,  
On Thursday [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) be married to this [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY).

**JULIET**

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may [prevent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PREVENT) it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL)'d,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous [revolt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REVOLT)  
[Turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,  
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
'Twixt my [extremes](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EXTREMES) and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING).  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, daughter: I do spy a [kind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KIND) of hope,  
Which craves as [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) an execution.  
As that is [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) which we would [prevent](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PREVENT).  
If, rather than to marry [County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME),  
That copest with death himself to [scape](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SCAPE) from it:  
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

**JULIET**

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE)  
And hide me with a dead man in his [shroud](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHROUD);  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
And I will do it [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, then; go [home](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HOME), be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy [chamber](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHAMBER):  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) his native [progress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROGRESS), but [surcease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SURCEASE):  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, deprived of supple [government](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GOVERNMENT),  
Shall, stiff and [stark](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STARK) and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To [rouse](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "ROUSE) thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our [country](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTRY) is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME);  
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
[Abate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABATE) thy valour in the acting it.

**JULIET**

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this [resolve](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RESOLVE): I'll send a friar with [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED)  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

**JULIET**

Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 2

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two Servingmen

**CAPULET**

So many guests invite as here are [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT).

Exit First Servant

Sirrah, go hire me twenty [cunning](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUNNING) cooks.

**Second Servant**

You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they  
can lick their fingers.

**CAPULET**

How canst thou try them so?

**Second Servant**

Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his  
own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his  
fingers goes not with me.

**CAPULET**

Go, be gone.

Exit Second Servant

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.  
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

**Nurse**

Ay, forsooth.

**CAPULET**

Well, he may chance to do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

**Nurse**

See where she comes from [shrift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHRIFT) with merry look.

Enter JULIET

**CAPULET**

How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

**JULIET**

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient [opposition](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPPOSITION)  
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

**CAPULET**

Send for the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY); go tell him of this:  
I'll have this [knot](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNOT) knit up to-morrow morning.

**JULIET**

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not step o'er the bounds of modesty.

**CAPULET**

Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:  
This is as't should be. Let me see the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY);  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.  
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,  
Our whole city is much bound to him.

**JULIET**

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me [sort](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SORT) such needful ornaments  
As you think [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) to furnish me to-morrow?

**LADY CAPULET**

No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

**CAPULET**

Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.

Exeunt JULIET and Nurse

**LADY CAPULET**

We shall be short in our [provision](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PROVISION):  
'Tis now near night.

**CAPULET**

Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to [deck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DECK) up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE). What, ho!  
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself  
To [County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT),  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 3

Juliet's chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best: but, [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE),  
Which, well thou know'st, is [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS), and [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET

**LADY CAPULET**

What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

**JULIET**

No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries  
As are behoveful for our [state](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATE) to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) all,  
In this so [sudden](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUDDEN) business.

**LADY CAPULET**

Good night:  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse

**JULIET**

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the [heat](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HEAT) of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me:  
Nurse! What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?  
No, no: this shall [forbid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORBID) it: lie thou there.

Laying down her dagger

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT)!  
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible [conceit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONCEIT) of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,--  
As in a vault, an [ancient](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANCIENT) receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but [green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) in earth,  
Lies festering in his [shroud](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHROUD); where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort;--  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) mortals, hearing them, run mad:--  
O, if I wake, shall I not be [distraught](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISTRAUGHT),  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefather's joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his [shroud](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHROUD)?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) brains?  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT): stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She falls upon her bed, within the curtains

Act 4, Scene 4

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

**LADY CAPULET**

Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

**Nurse**

They call for dates and quinces in the [pastry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PASTRY).

Enter CAPULET

**CAPULET**

Come, stir, stir, stir! the second [cock](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COCK) hath crow'd,  
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:  
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for the cost.

**Nurse**

Go, you [cot-quean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COT-QUEAN), go,  
Get you to bed; faith, You'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

**CAPULET**

No, not a whit: what! I have [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH)'d ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

**LADY CAPULET**

Ay, you have been a [mouse-hunt](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MOUSE-HUNT) in your time;  
But I will [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) you from such watching now.

Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse

**CAPULET**

A jealous hood, a jealous hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets

Now, fellow,  
What's there?

**First Servant**

Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

**CAPULET**

Make haste, make haste.

Exit First Servant

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:  
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

**Second Servant**

I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Exit

**CAPULET**

Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!  
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:  
The [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) will be here with music [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT),  
For so he said he would: I hear him near.

Music within

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;  
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,  
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:  
Make haste, I say.

Exeunt

Act 4, Scene 5

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse

**Nurse**

[Mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)! what, [mistress](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISTRESS)! Juliet! [fast](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAST), I warrant her, she:  
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!  
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!  
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;  
Sleep for a week; for the [next](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NEXT) night, I warrant,  
The [County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but [little](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LITTLE). God forgive me,  
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!  
Ay, let the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) take you in your bed;  
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

Undraws the curtains

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!  
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!  
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here?

**Nurse**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter?

**Nurse**

Look, look! O heavy day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O me, O me! My child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!  
Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET

**CAPULET**

For [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME), [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) Juliet forth; her lord is come.

**Nurse**

She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

**LADY CAPULET**

Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

**CAPULET**

Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold:  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

**Nurse**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O woful time!

**CAPULET**

Death, that hath ta'en her [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET**

Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,  
And leave him all; life, [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING), all is Death's.

**PARIS**

Have I [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT) as this?

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed, [unhappy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNHAPPY), wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour that e'er time [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW)  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)!

**Nurse**

O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN) so black a day as this:  
O woful day, O woful day!

**PARIS**

Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!  
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

**CAPULET**

Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!  
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?  
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;  
And with my child my joys are buried.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Peace, ho, for [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)! confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced  
Above the clouds, as [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
[Dry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DRY) up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church:  
For though [fond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FOND) nature bids us an lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

**CAPULET**

All things that we ordained festival,  
[Turn](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TURN) from their [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE) to black funeral;  
Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding [cheer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CHEER) to a [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) burial feast,  
Our solemn hymns to [sullen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SULLEN) dirges change,  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the [contrary](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONTRARY).

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE):  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their [high](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HIGH) will.

Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAURENCE

**First Musician**

Faith, we may [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up our pipes, and be gone.

**Nurse**

[Honest](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HONEST) goodfellows, ah, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up, put up;  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

Exit

**First Musician**

Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER

**PETER**

Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's  
ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

**First Musician**

Why 'Heart's ease?'

**PETER**

O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My  
heart is [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of woe:' O, play me some merry [dump](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DUMP),  
to comfort me.

**First Musician**

Not a [dump](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DUMP) we; 'tis no time to play now.

**PETER**

You will not, then?

**First Musician**

No.

**PETER**

I will then give it you soundly.

**First Musician**

What will you give us?

**PETER**

No money, on my faith, but the [gleek](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GLEEK);  
I will give you the minstrel.

**First Musician**

Then I will give you the serving-creature.

**PETER**

Then will I [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) the serving-creature's dagger on  
your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you,  
I'll fa you; do you note me?

**First Musician**

An you re us and fa us, you note us.

**Second Musician**

Pray you, [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up your dagger, and put out your [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT).

**PETER**

Then have at you with my [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT)! I will dry-beat you  
with an iron [wit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WIT), and [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) up my iron dagger. [Answer](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ANSWER)  
me like men:  
'When griping grief the heart doth [wound](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WOUND),  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music with her silver sound'--  
why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver  
sound'? What say you, Simon [Catling](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CATLING)?

**Musician**

Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

**PETER**

Pretty! What say you, Hugh [Rebeck](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REBECK)?

**Second Musician**

I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

**PETER**

Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

**Third Musician**

Faith, I know not what to say.

**PETER**

O, I [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) you mercy; you are the singer: I will say  
for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,'  
because musicians have no gold for sounding:  
'Then music with her silver sound  
With speedy help doth lend redress.'

Exit

**First Musician**

What a pestilent [knave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KNAVE) is this same!

**Second Musician**

Hang him, [Jack](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.J.html" \l "JACK)! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the  
mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 1

Mantua. A street.

Enter ROMEO

**ROMEO**

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM)'s lord sits [lightly](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHTLY) in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--  
[Strange](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRANGE) dream, that gives a dead man leave  
to think!--  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I revived, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself [possess](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POSSESS)'d,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, booted

News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar!  
Dost thou not [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet? that I [ask](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ASK) again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

**BALTHASAR**

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I [saw](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAW) her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you:  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my [office](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OFFICE), sir.

**ROMEO**

Is it even so? then I [defy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFY) you, stars!  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE) to-night.

**BALTHASAR**

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
Your looks are [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) and [wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD), and do import  
Some misadventure.

**ROMEO**

Tush, thou art deceived:  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

No matter: get thee gone,  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT).

Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art [swift](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SWIFT)  
To enter in the thoughts of [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) men!  
I do [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) an apothecary,--  
And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp [misery](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MISERY) had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator [stuff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STUFF)'d, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
[Green](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GREEN) earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said  
'An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a [caitiff](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CAITIFF) wretch would sell it him.'  
O, this same [thought](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "THOUGHT) did but forerun my need;  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER), this should be the house.  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.  
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO**

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding [gear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GEAR)  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead  
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
As violently as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

**Apothecary**

Such [mortal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MORTAL) drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

**ROMEO**

Art thou so bare and [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;  
The world is not thy [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND) nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

**Apothecary**

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

**ROMEO**

I [pay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PAY) thy poverty, and not thy will.

**Apothecary**

[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT).

**ROMEO**

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.  
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE); for there must I [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE) thee.

Exeunt

Act 5, Scene 2

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN

**FRIAR JOHN**

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

This same should be the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT), give me his letter.

**FRIAR JOHN**

Going to find a bare-foot brother out  
One of our [order](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ORDER), to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
[Seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL)'d up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED) to Mantua there was stay'd.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

**FRIAR JOHN**

I could not send it,--here it is again,--  
Nor get a messenger to [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) it thee,  
So [fearful](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FEARFUL) were they of infection.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

[Unhappy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNHAPPY) fortune! by my [brotherhood](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BROTHERHOOD),  
The letter was not [nice](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.N.html" \l "NICE) but [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of charge  
Of dear import, and the neglecting it  
May do much [danger](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DANGER). Friar John, go [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE);  
Get me an iron crow, and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) it [straight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STRAIGHT)  
Unto my cell.

**FRIAR JOHN**

Brother, I'll go and [bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) it thee.

Exit

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
She will [beshrew](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BESHREW) me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) her at my cell till Romeo come;  
Poor [living](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIVING) corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

Exit

Act 5, Scene 3

A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch

**PARIS**

Give me thy torch, boy: [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), and stand aloof:  
Yet [put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) it out, for I would not be [seen](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEEN).  
Under [yond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YOND) yew-trees [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) thee all along,  
Holding thine [ear](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.E.html" \l "EAR) close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

**PAGE**

[Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

Retires

**PARIS**

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,--  
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;--  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:  
The obsequies that I for thee will [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP)  
Nightly shall be to strew thy [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE) and weep.

The Page whistles

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To [cross](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CROSS) my obsequies and true love's rite?  
What with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

Retires

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c

**ROMEO**

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.  
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT): upon thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must [use](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "USE)  
In dear employment: therefore [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), be gone:  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall [intend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "INTEND) to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:  
The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable [far](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAR)  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

**BALTHASAR**

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

**ROMEO**

So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:  
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

**BALTHASAR**

[Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

Retires

**ROMEO**

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN),  
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Opens the tomb

**PARIS**

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,  
It is [supposed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SUPPOSED), the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villanous [shame](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SHAME)  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Comes forward

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
Condemned [villain](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.V.html" \l "VILLAIN), I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

**ROMEO**

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
Good [gentle](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENTLE) youth, tempt not a [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) man;  
Fly [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), and leave me: think upon these gone;  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
[Put](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PUT) not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

**PARIS**

I do [defy](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEFY) thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

**ROMEO**

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

They fight

**PAGE**

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH).

Exit

**PARIS**

O, I am slain!

Falls

If thou be merciful,  
[Open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN) the tomb, [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY) me with Juliet.

Dies

**ROMEO**

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble [County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Paris!  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not [attend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTEND) him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,  
One [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) with me in sour misfortune's [book](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOOK)!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE);  
A [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE)? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting [presence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PRESENCE) [full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) of [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT).  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

Laying PARIS in the tomb

How oft when men are at the [point](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POINT) of death  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE) flag is not advanced there.  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more [favour](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FAVOUR) can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that [cut](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CUT) thy youth in twain  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
[Depart](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DEPART) again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, [seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter [conduct](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CONDUCT), come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE) pilot, now at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love!

Drinks

O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are [quick](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Q.html" \l "QUICK). Thus with a kiss I die.

Dies

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Saint Francis be my [speed](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPEED)! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

**BALTHASAR**

Here's one, a [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND), and one that knows you well.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my [friend](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FRIEND),  
What torch is [yond](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.Y.html" \l "YOND), that vainly lends his [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT)  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

**BALTHASAR**

It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who is it?

**BALTHASAR**

Romeo.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

How long hath he been there?

**BALTHASAR**

[Full](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FULL) half an hour.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go with me to the vault.

**BALTHASAR**

I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) not, sir  
My master knows not but I am gone [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE);  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

**BALTHASAR**

As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo!

Advances

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this [sepulchre](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEPULCHRE)?  
What [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN) these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Enters the tomb

Romeo! O, [pale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "PALE)! Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an [unkind](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.U.html" \l "UNKIND) hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs.

JULIET wakes

**JULIET**

O comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do [remember](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "REMEMBER) well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

Noise within

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
A greater [power](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.P.html" \l "POWER) than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM) there lies dead;  
And Paris too. Come, I'll [dispose](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DISPOSE) of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH) is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,

Noise again

I [dare](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DARE) no longer stay.

**JULIET**

Go, get thee [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), for I will not away.

Exit FRIAR LAURENCE

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his [timeless](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TIMELESS) end:  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make die with a restorative.

Kisses him

Thy lips are warm.

**First Watchman**

[Within] Lead, boy: which way?

**JULIET**

Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

Snatching ROMEO's dagger

This is thy sheath;

Stabs herself

there rust, and let me die.

Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

**PAGE**

This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

**First Watchman**

The ground is bloody; [search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH) about the churchyard:  
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find [attach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ATTACH).  
Pitiful [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT)! here lies the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) slain,  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.  
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:  
Raise up the Montagues: some others [search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH):  
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot [without](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WITHOUT) [circumstance](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CIRCUMSTANCE) descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

**Second Watchman**

Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

**First Watchman**

Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR LAURENCE

**Third Watchman**

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:  
We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

**First Watchman**

A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants

**PRINCE**

What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others

**CAPULET**

What should it be, that they so shriek [abroad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABROAD)?

**LADY CAPULET**

The people in the street [cry](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CRY) Romeo,  
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,  
With [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN) outcry [toward](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TOWARD) our monument.

**PRINCE**

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

**First Watchman**

Sovereign, here lies the [County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

**PRINCE**

[Search](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEARCH), seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

**First Watchman**

Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;  
With instruments upon them, [fit](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FIT) to [open](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPEN)  
These dead men's tombs.

**CAPULET**

O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en--for, lo, his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,--  
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's [bosom](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BOSOM)!

**LADY CAPULET**

O me! this [sight](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIGHT) of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a [sepulchre](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEPULCHRE).

Enter MONTAGUE and others

**PRINCE**

Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

**MONTAGUE**

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

**PRINCE**

Look, and thou shalt see.

**MONTAGUE**

O thou untaught! what manners is in this?  
To press before thy father to a [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE)?

**PRINCE**

[Seal](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SEAL) up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their [spring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SPRING), their head, their  
true descent;  
And then will I be [general](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GENERAL) of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be [slave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SLAVE) to patience.  
[Bring](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRING) forth the parties of suspicion.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I am the greatest, [able](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.A.html" \l "ABLE) to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to [impeach](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.I.html" \l "IMPEACH) and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excused.

**PRINCE**

Then say at [once](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "ONCE) what thou dost know in this.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious [tale](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.T.html" \l "TALE).  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.  
You, to remove that [siege](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SIEGE) of grief from her,  
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce  
To [County](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY) Paris: then comes she to me,  
And, with [wild](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WILD) looks, bid me devise some [mean](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.M.html" \l "MEAN)  
To [rid](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RID) her from this second marriage,  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death: meantime I [writ](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WRIT) to Romeo,  
That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE),  
Being the time the potion's [force](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.F.html" \l "FORCE) should [cease](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "CEASE).  
But he which [bore](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BORE) my letter, Friar John,  
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone  
At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
Meaning to [keep](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.K.html" \l "KEEP) her closely at my cell,  
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awaking, here untimely [lay](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LAY)  
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
And bear this work of heaven with patience:  
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
And she, too [desperate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.D.html" \l "DESPERATE), would not go with me,  
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know; and to the marriage  
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

**PRINCE**

We still have known thee for a holy man.  
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

**BALTHASAR**

I brought my master news of Juliet's death;  
And then in post he came from Mantua  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father,  
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,  
I departed not and left him there.

**PRINCE**

Give me the letter; I will look on it.  
Where is the [county](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.C.html" \l "COUNTY)'s page, that raised the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH)?  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

**PAGE**

He came with flowers to strew his lady's [grave](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.G.html" \l "GRAVE);  
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:  
Anon comes one with [light](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.L.html" \l "LIGHT) to [ope](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.O.html" \l "OPE) the tomb;  
And by and by my master drew on him;  
And then I ran away to call the [watch](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.W.html" \l "WATCH).

**PRINCE**

This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:  
And here he writes that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.  
And I for winking at your discords too  
Have lost a [brace](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.B.html" \l "BRACE) of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

**CAPULET**

O brother Montague, give me thy hand:  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

**MONTAGUE**

But I can give thee more:  
For I will raise her [statue](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "STATUE) in pure gold;  
That while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such [rate](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.R.html" \l "RATE) be set  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

**CAPULET**

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

**PRINCE**

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:  
Go [hence](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.H.html" \l "HENCE), to have more talk of these [sad](/Shakespeare/Gloss/gloss.S.html" \l "SAD) things;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt