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DRAMATIC VERSE
FROM SHAKESPEARE AND
HIS CONTEMPORARIES

ALSO BY R. L. MEGROZ

A GUIDE TO POETRY

FOR RECITERS AND TEACHERS

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DRAMATIC VERSE

FROM SHAKESPEARE AND
HIS CONTEMPORARIES

AN ANTHOLOGY FOR VERSE-SPEAKERS
AND SCHOOLS

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

R. L. MÉGROZ

AUTHOR OF "A GUIDE TO POETRY FOR RECITERS AND
TEACHERS," "MODERN ENGLISH POETRY, 1882-1932,"
"ENGLISH POETRY FOR CHILDREN," ETC.



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To
W. P. BARRETT

INTRODUCTION

"BREVITY is the soul of wit," wrote the chief of our dramatic poets. The treasures of English dramatic poetry that belong to the age of Shakespeare are too much and too varied to be fully represented here. The attempt to fill a conveniently sized volume for verse speakers with useful, and often little-known, material, has made brevity, if not wit, a necessity in the additions of notes to the text. For the same reason this preface must be confined to the chief questions concerning this book.

The basis and main part is intended to consist of the passages from Shakespeare, with doubtful meanings wherever possible made clear, since it goes without saying that a verse speaker ought to understand the words to be spoken. Such notes as I have allowed myself to include will soon prove to any reader that even in famous, not to say hackneyed, passages, Shakespeare is by no means always clear, and frequently is misunderstood.

SHAKESPEARE'S MEANING

It is true enough that the music and imagery come first in importance, but Shakespeare's sheer verbal brilliance is no excuse for always letting the sense take care of itself. The sense, when it is realized, is in Shakespeare so often highly dramatic and strengthening to the poetry that a speaker who does not try first of all to master the sense of every line will constantly miss opportunities which it is especially the verse speaker's duty to seize, of bringing out vocally the inherent force of the verse. As an illustration of this point, I recall how a line that had not even any verbal obscurity to puzzle the modern reader was always spoken with immense effect, as of making a new discovery, by Ellen Terry. She would say, in Portia's part, "The quality of mercy is not *strained*" with a surprised and surprising intonation of the unexpectedly emphasized "strained" that lit up the text.

His CONTEMPORARIES

Shakespeare is richer in such opportunities for the speaker than any other poet, and, to make a personal confession, the more I read the other "Elizabethans," the more I admire Shakespeare, for he seems to contain in his work all their varied and excellent qualities, while also reaching peaks that most of them never approach. Thus Marlowe may rival Shakespeare in splendour of swinging diction, Beaumont and Fletcher approach him at moments in lyrical sweetness, Jonson equal him in pithy statement and satirical description, but none reaches such heights and depths as Shakespeare or touches life with a superb lightness at so many points.

The speech of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" just referred to is one of the very well known passages not included in the following pages. Another, still more hackneyed, and also much over-rated, is Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" soliloquy. Its very second-rateness of thought and clumsy mixed metaphors probably have helped to make it popular.

It was also impracticable to include representative passages from all the other dramatic poets of Shakespeare's age. The most important unrepresented ones are George Peele (1558?-1597?), Thomas Dekker (1570?-1640?), John Webster (1580?-1625?) and Thomas Middleton (1570?-1627).

FOR FURTHER READING

The selection of passages herein has been made first with a view to getting the best material for solo verse speakers, and also to cover the range of the whole period. Those who are encouraged by these selections to read more of the Elizabethans will find fairly good texts in small volumes of the chief dramatists in series like "Everyman" and "World's Classics"; but for a start, I would recommend a good miscellaneous modern collection of some of their best plays. There is, for instance, *The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists, excluding Shakespeare*, by William Allan Neilson, of Harvard (Harrap, 1911); *Elizabethan Tragedy, Six Representative Plays*, by George Rylands, of Cambridge,

(Bell, 1933); and *Typical Elizabethan Plays . . . edited from the Early Editions*, by Felix E. Schelling (of Pennsylvania), (Harper, 1926). What I would recommend only with serious reservations, except as a delightful book to browse in, is Charles Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare, with Notes*. I have seen several modern editions of this work, and not one editor had rectified Lamb's loose texts or added the wanted references for the quoted passages, which are often patched together without any indication of omitted lines.

TEXTUAL QUESTIONS

The best cheap Shakespeare, by the way, is the one-volume *Works* (Blackwell, 1934). The text of this was prepared by the late Henry Arthur Bullen. I have by no means always followed it, but the text of the passages quoted here come nearer to this than to any other modern text, except where certain plays have been elaborately edited by some other scholar. There are many instances in the following pages where I have preferred to use my own judgment in selecting from alternative readings of the text by different scholars, and that has often been my principle in supplying explanatory notes.

Both in conception and material, therefore, I hope this little book will be found more useful than a purely scissors-and-paste affair could be.

ARRANGEMENT

The contents have been arranged so that all pieces by one author are kept together, and the authors are in a roughly chronological order. Kyd and Marlowe are the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare; Jonson is strictly a contemporary; Beaumont and Fletcher half a generation later; and John Ford and Philip Massinger belong to the final, sometimes called the decadent phase of this period. The chronological reality of it has been neatly summed up in this way by the Hon. Secretary of the Shakespeare Association, Dr. G. B. Harrison—

"It is customary to regard all plays written between 1570 and 1640 as 'Elizabethan.' The label is not very

happy; the best plays were written after the death of Queen Elizabeth; and King James the First and his family were more enlightened and generous patrons of the players. But classification has its conveniences, and it is possible to trace, very generally, three stages or generations in this drama."

These three stages correspond to the arrangement of the material in this book, as pre-Shakespeare, Shakespeare, post-Shakespeare. The phases can also be regarded as youth, maturity, and age, but it is undoubtedly Shakespeare's genius which stamps the period with whatever unity it seems to have in retrospect.

Throughout the text of all the dramatists quoted, I have favoured the most modern spelling, and the avoidance of elisions that do not affect the rhythm. I have preferred the past tense ending of "ed" to "t," and left "t" in for the past participles; thus "he is banisht," but "he hath banished you."

R. L. M.

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DRAMATIC VERSE FROM SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Christopher Marlowe

No. i. TO PLEASE THE KING

*(Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the new Kings favourite,
plans how he shall best keep the king in good humour.)*

GAVESTON :

I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Music and poetry is his delight,
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies and pleasing shows;
And in the day when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance an antic hay.¹
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful arms an olive-tree,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,
One like Actaeon, peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pulled down, shall seem to die:
Such things as these best please his majesty.

(Edward II, I, i.)

¹ A country dance.

No. 2. THE CONQUEROR IN LOVE

(Zenocrate is daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, which Tamburlaine has conquered. Only Marlowe, besides Shakespeare, is capable of such resplendent flights of eloquence as are given here to the conquering chieftain.)

TAMBURLAINE :

Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!—
 Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
 That in thy passion¹ for thy country's love,
 And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
 With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks ;
 And, like to Flora in her morning pride,
 Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
 Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
 And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
 Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
 And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
 Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
 Eyes that, when Ebena steps to Heaven,
 In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
 Make, in the mantle of the richest night,
 The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
 There angels, in their crystal armours fight
 A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
 For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life;
 His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
 Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
 Than all my army to Damascus' walls:
 And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk
 Troubled my senses with conceit of foil²
 So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
 What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then ?
 If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
 Their minds, and muses on admired themes,
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,

¹ Sorrow.

² Notion of failure, defeat.

Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit;
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.
 But how unseemly is it for my sex,
 My discipline of arms and chivalry,
 My nature, and the terror of my name,
 To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!
 Save only that in beauty's just applause,
 With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;
 And every warrior that is wrapped with love
 Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
 Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
 I thus conceiving and subduing both
 That which hath stooped the chiefest of the gods,
 Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,
 To feel the lowly warmth of shepherds' flames,
 And mask in cottages of strowed reeds,
 Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
 That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
 And fashions men with true nobility.

(*Tamburlaine the Great*, Part I, v, i.)

No. 3. THE DYING CONQUEROR

(*Tamburlaine is dying, and after reviewing in magnificent ranting verse his conquests, exhorts his sons to complete his campaigns of terror.*)

TAMBURLAINE :

Thus are the villain cowards fled for fear,
 Like summer's vapours vanished by the sun;
 And could I but awhile pursue the field,
 That Callapine should be my slave again:
 But I perceive my martial strength is spent.
 In vain I strive and rail against those powers
 That mean to invest me in a higher throne,
 As much too high for this disdainful earth.

Give me a map; then let me see how much
 Is left for me to conquer all the world,
 That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.

(One brings a map.)

Here I began to march towards Persia,
 Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
 And thence unto Bithynia, where I took
 The Turk and his great Empress prisoners.
 Thence marched I into Egypt and Arabia,
 And here, not far from Alexandria,
 Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
 Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
 I meant to cut a channel to them both,
 That men might quickly sail to India.
 From thence to Nubia near Borno lake,
 And so along the Æthiopian sea,
 Cutting the Tropic line of Capricorn,
 I conquered all as far as Zanzibar.
 Then, by the northern part of Africa,
 I came at last to Graecia, and from thence
 To Asia, where I stay against my will;
 Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
 Backwards and forwards near five thousand leagues.
 Look here, my boys; see what a world of ground
 Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line,
 Unto the rising of this earthly globe;
 Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
 Begins the day with our Antipodes!
 And shall I die, and this unconquered?
 Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
 Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
 More worth than Asia and the world beside;
 And from the Antarctic pole eastward behold
 As much more land, which never was descried,
 Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
 As all the lamps that beautify the sky!
 And shall I die, and this unconquered?
 Here, lovely boys, what death forbids my life,
 That let your lives command in spite of death.

(Tamburlaine the Great, Pt. II, v, 3.)

No. 4. FAUST BEGINS TO FEAR

FAUSTUS :

My heart's so hardened I cannot repent;
 Scarce can I name salvation, faith or heaven,
 But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears
 "Faustus, thou art damned!" Then swords and knives,
 Poison, guns, halters, and envenomed steel
 Are laid before me to dispatch myself,
 And long ere this I should have slain myself,
 Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
 Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
 Of Alexander's love, and (Enon's death?—
 And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes,
 With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
 Made music with my Mephistophilis?
 Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
 I am resolved: Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
 Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
 And argue of divine astrology.
 Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
 Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
 As is the substance of this centric earth?

*(Dr. Faustus, Sc. 6.)***No. 5. FAUST ENAMOURED***(Faustus is taken to Helen of Troy.)*

FAUSTUS:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
(Kisses her)
 Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies!—
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked;
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 O, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

(*Dr. Faustus*, Sc. 14.)

No. 6. FAUST GOES TO HELL

FAUSTUS :

Ah, Faustus,
 Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
 And then thou must be damned perpetually!
 Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come;
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi.*¹
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
 O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
 See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
 One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah my Christ!—
 Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!—
 Yet will I call on him: O spare me Lucifer!—
 Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
 Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
 No! no!
 Then will I headlong run into the earth;
 Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!

¹ O softly, softly run, horses of the night.

You stars that reigned at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon labouring clouds,
 That, when they vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from their smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven !

(The clock strikes the half hour.)

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
 O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain:
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
 A hundred thousand—and, at last, be saved!
 O, no end is limited to damned souls!
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?
 Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
 Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
 For, when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
 But mine must live, still to be plagued in hell.
 Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
 No, Faustus: curse thyself, curse Lucifer
 That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

(The clock strikes twelve.)

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

(Thunder and lightning.)

O soul! be changed to little water drops,
 And fall into the ocean—ne'er be found!

(Enter Devils.)

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
 Ugly hell! gape not! come not, Lucifer!
 I'll burn my books! Ah, Mephistophilis.

(Exeunt Devils with Faustus.)

(Dr. Faustus, Sc. 16.)

Thomas Kyd

No. 7. HIERONIMO'S LAMENTATION

HIERONIMO :

What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before ?

Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am.

I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.

No, no, it was some woman cried for help,

And here within this garden did she cry;

And in this garden must I rescue her.—

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this ?

A man hanged up and all the murderers gone!

And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!

This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

(He cuts him down.)

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen—

Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!

O no, but he that whilom was my son!

O, was it thou that call'st me from my bed?

O speak, if any spark of life remain:

I am thy father; who hath slain my son ?

What savage monster, not of human kind,

Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,

And left thy bloody corpse dishonoured here,

For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,

To drown thee with an ocean of my tears ?

O heavens, why made you night to cover sin ?

By day this deed of darkness had not been.

O earth, why didst thou not in time devour

The vild * profan[^]r of this sacred bower ?

O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdome,

To leese² thy life, ere life was new begun ?

O wicked butcher, whatso^e'er thou wert,

Vile.

lose•

How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
 Ay me, most wretched that have lost my joy,
 In leeing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

(*The Spanish Tragedy*, n, 4.)

No. 8. REPORT ON A BATTLE

(*A General reports to the Spanish King the victory of his troops over the Portuguese.*)

Where Spain and Portingal do jointly knit
 Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
 There met our armies in their proud array:
 Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear,
 Both menacing alike with daring shows,
 Both vaunting sundry colours of device,
 Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums and fifes,
 Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky,
 That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound,
 And heaven itself was frighted with the sound.
 Our battles both were pitched in squadron form,
 Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shot;
 But ere we joined and came to push of pike,
 I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
 From out our rearward, to begin the fight:
 They brought another wing t' encounter us.
 Meanwhile, our ordnance played on either side,
 And captains strove to have their valour tried.
 Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
 Did with his cornet¹ bravely make attempt
 To break the order of our battle ranks;
 But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
 Marched forth against him with our musketeers,
 And stopped the malice of his fell approach.
 While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
 Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows,
 Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
 When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
 It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,

¹ Troop of cavalry.

And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.
Now while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets run like winter's hail,
And shivered lances dark the troubled air . . .

On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright:
Here falls a body sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and unbowelled steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lanciers
In their main battle made so brave a breach,
That, half dismayed, the multitude retired;
But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince,
Brought rescue, and encouraged them to stay.
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renewed,
And in that conflict was Andrea slain—
Brave man-at-arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet, while the prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valour, joined in one,
Pricked forth Horatio, our Knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the prince was beaten from his horse
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe.
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursued them to the death,
Till, Phoebus waving^j to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.

(The Spanish Tragedy, 1, 2.)

¹ Moving.

William Shakespeare

No. 9. TO SLEEP

(*Westminster: A room in the palace. "King Henry in his nightgown," says the stage direction. It meant a sort of dressing-gown, suitable even to go out of doors with.*)

KING HENRY:

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets¹ stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case² or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—

¹ Straw mattress. French, *paillet*.

² Many editors say this means sentry-box, as "case" is often used for house or box, but R. P. Cowl (the best editor of this play) concludes that "the words watch-case and 'larum-bell are used in their ordinary and obvious significations." An instance of the possible complications in interpreting innumerable phrases in Shakespeare. Commonsense is as necessary as knowledge of Shakespearean age literature.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

(*King Henry IV*, Pt. II, III, I.)

No. 10.

PUCK

PUCK:

Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night,
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;^x
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze,² and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.

(*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, I.)

No. II. OBERON INSTRUCTS PUCK

OBERON:

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music. . . .

¹ I.e. crab-apple.

² Sneeze.

That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal throned by the west,
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred-thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quencht in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free,
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shewed thee once:
 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

(*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, IT, I.)

No. 12. DISORDERED SEASONS

(*The Queen of the Fairies blames her spouse Oberons jealous quarrelling for mishaps to the climate of the countryside.*)

TITANIA:

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Hath every pelting river made so proud,
¹ Petty.

That they have overborne their continents.¹
 The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
 The nine-men's-morris² is filled up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
 The human mortals want their winter cheer;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:
 And thorough this distemperature we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hiems' chin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
 The childing³ autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

(*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, n, i.)

No. 13. COUNTRY LIFE

(*Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords are met in the Forest of Arden, dressed as foresters. The passage can be limited to two parts, by omitting Amiens.*)

DUKE SENIOR:

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

¹ Banks that contain them.

² A boy's game.

³ Bearing buds or new life, meaning unseasonably; for even Shakespeare is weak on natural history.

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am/
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;¹
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
 I would not change it.

AMIENS :

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

DUKE SENIOR:

Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
 And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their own confines with forked heads²
 Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD:

Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

¹ A superstition then current.

² Barbed arrow-heads.

To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR:

But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

FIRST LORD:

O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream;¹
 'Poor deer/ quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much:' then, being there alone
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
 "'Tis right/ quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
 The flux of company:' anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him; 'Ay/ quoth Jaques,
 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?'
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
 In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

(As You Like It, II, I.)

¹ The stream that did not need such moisture.

No. 14. FAREWELL TO GREATNESS

(*Wolsey has just fallen from the favour of the King—Henry VIII.*)

CARDINAL WOLSEY:

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,¹
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

(*To his servant Cromwell, still loyal after the Cardinal's fall from power*)

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,

¹ The ruin that comes with their displeasure.

But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven. . . .

I forgive all;

There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
 Shall mark my grave.¹—Commend me to his Grace;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument! . . .

When I came hither, I was lord high constable
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

¹ I.e. no malicious act shall conclude his life.

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:—
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! *I* must now forsake ye: the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

(*King Henry VIII*, n, I.)

No. 16. THIS ENGLAND

(*John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, is uncle to Richard II, who has usurped the throne. He laments the betrayal of England.*)

JOHN OF GAUNT:

Methinks I am a prophet new-inspired,
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise;
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—
 As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;—
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
 Like to a tenement or pelting¹ farm:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots,² and rotten parchment bonds:³
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

(*King Richard II*, II, I.)

¹ Paltry.

² Written restrictions.

³ Richard had farmed out his realm. It appeared afterwards that the person who farmed the realm was one of his own favourites, the Earl of Wiltshire.

No. 17. DEATH OF KINGS

(After landing on the coast of Wales, the King receives messages of disaster to his cause in England, where Henry Bolingbroke, son to John of Gaunt, and afterwards Henry IV, has headed the revolt.)

KING RICHARD:

Of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
 How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
 Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping killed;
 All murdered:—for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court; and there the antick¹ sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want,

¹ The "Fool" in old plays, who derides the graver personages.

Taste grief, need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king ?

(*King Richard II*, in, 2.)

No. 18. HAMLET SEES THE GHOST

HAMLET :

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

[GHOST beckons HAMLET.

(*Hamlet*, I, 4.)

No. 19. HAMLET AND THE GHOST

(*Hamlet's part can be easily omitted. An interesting suggestion was made first in the eighteenth century by one of David Garrick's correspondents, that the line "O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible" really belongs to Hamlet, and not to the ghost.*)

GHOST :

I am thy father's spirit ;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

HAMLET :
 O God!

GHOST :
 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET :
 Murder!

GHOST :
 Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET :
 Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST :
 I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
 Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.

Unhouselt^d,¹ disappointed, unaneled;²
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. *[Exit.*

HAMLET:

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, hold my
 heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe.³ Remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixt with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me!'

I have sworn't.

(Hamlet, i, 5.)

¹ Without receiving the Sacrament.

• Without extreme unction.

^a Head.

No. 20. LOVERS' FIRST MEETING

(Romeo is keeping vigil in Capulet's orchard when he sees Juliet come to her window.)

ROMEO:

But, soft! what 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 with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do 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 discourses; I will answer it.—
 I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 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 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 that cheek!

JULIET :

Ay me!

ROMEO :

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright 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 on him
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

(Romeo and Juliet, II, 2.)

No. 21. JULIET IMPATIENT

(*Juliet is in the orchard, waiting for news of Romeo.*)

JULIET:

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
 As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms untalked-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,
 Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,¹
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown 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 night,—come, loving, black-browed night,
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possessed it; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoyed: so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,
 And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

(*Romeo and Juliet*, in, 2.)

¹ In falconry the hawk was hooded. An *unmanned* hawk was not used to company. *Bating* meant fluttering its wings as if to escape.

No. 22. THE SCHEMING LOVER

(Proteus' friend Valentine is loved by Silvia, his own true lady being Julia, although he has fallen in love with Silvia.)

PROTEUS :

To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun:
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,—
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel his competitor:

Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

(*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, n, 6.)

No. 23. CLEOPATRA'S WITCHERY

(*Domitius Enobarbus, a friend of Antony, arrived with Antony in Rome, tells Agrippa, friend of Octavius Ccesar, about Cleopatra.*)

ENOBARBUS :

I will tell you.
 The barge she sat in, like a burnisht throne,
 Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
 silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The, water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did. . . .

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,¹
 And made their bends adornings:² at the helm

¹ Kept gazing into her eyes for her wishes.

³ Their bendings to serve became part of the setting to the Queen's beauty. This has often been wrongly interpreted.

A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
 That yarely¹ frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned i'the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature. . . .

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest;
 Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
 Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only. . . .

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth. . . .

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
 Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.²

(*Antony and Cleopatra*, n, 2.)

No. 24. CLEOPATRA'S DEATH

(*The speaker could end at "O Antony / " in the last line but one, as what follows is meaningless without acting.*)

CLEOPATRA:

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me: now no more
¹ Briskly. ² Wanton.

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
 Yare, yare,¹ good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
 Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath:—husband, I come:
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking. . . .

This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal
 wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
 Unpoliced! . . .

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep? . . .

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
 O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[Applying another asp to her arm.]
 What should I stay— *[Dies.]*

(Antony and Cleopatra, v, 2.)

¹ Hasten.

No. 25. A SATIRICAL BELLE

(Hero, who speaks to Ursula, her gentlewoman, has just been affianced to Claudio. She is describing Beatrice, her cousin.)

HERO:

But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd. . . .

I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely-featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

(Much Ado About Nothing, in, i.)

No. 26. NATURAL AND WORLDLY HONOUR

(The King speaking to Bertram, Count of Rousillon.)

KING:

Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous,—save what thou dislikest,
 A poor physician's daughter,—thou dislikest
 Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by th'doer's deed:
 Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honour: good alone
 Is good without a name; vileness is so:
 The 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,
 Debosht^x on every tomb, on every grave
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
 Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
 Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest: virtue and she
 Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

(*All's Well That Ends Well*, 11, 3.)

No. 27.

SPRING FLOWERS AND SPRING LOVE

(*Florizel is Prince of Bohemia, and Perdita, brought up by a shepherd, is the lost daughter of the King of Sicily. She is at first addressing Florizel's father and a friend, who have appeared near the shepherd's cottage.*)

PERDITA :

I would I had some flowers o'the spring that might
 Become your time of day;—and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall

¹ Debauched.

From Dis's ¹ wagon! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength,—a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLORIZEL :

What, like a corse?

PERDITA :

No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
 Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take your
 flowers:
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL :

What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
 Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function: each your doing,²
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

(*The Winter's Tale*, iv, 3.)

¹ Pluto's. ² The manner of each act crowns the act itself.
 4—(C.99)

No. 28. MEN NEED WOMEN

*(The Lord speaking here is spelt Berowne in some editions.
In Shakespeare's verse the stress falls on the second
syllable of the name.)*

BIRON :

Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vowed to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his 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 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,¹
As 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 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?
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

¹ In the old physiology the function of nerves was attributed to the arteries.

Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with?
Other slow arts entirely 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 of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt:¹
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in 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:
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were 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 all the world:
Else none at all in aught 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,

¹ Probably means, when the alert thief's hearing is stopped, i.e. insensible.

Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law,
 And who can sever love from charity ?

(Love's Labour's Lost, Iv, 3.)

No. 29. DIPLOMATIC MARRIAGE

(The scene is the siege of Angiers, a fief of the English crown, to which King John's right is disputed. The town has to choose between King John and King Philip of France, who champions Prince Arthur's right to the English throne. The citizens suggest a peaceful solution.)

CITIZEN :

That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
 Is niece to England:—look upon the years
 Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
 If zealous¹ love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete,—
 If not complete, O, say he is not she;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he:
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

¹ Pious.

To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance: but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion; no, not Death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

(*King John*, n, i.)

No. 30. THE NEGLECTED WIFE

(*The wife of Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, is worried by his abstraction in preparations with other Lords for a rising against the King. Compare with Portias speeches to her husband, Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar," n, i.*)

LADY PERCY:

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banished woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee
 To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, 'Courage! to the field!'—and thou hast talked
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents^x of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
 And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden best. O, what portents are
 these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

(*King Henry IV, Ft. I, IT, 3.*)

No. 31. CYNIC'S WISDOM

(*Jagues' name has two syllables when it occurs in the verse.*)

JAQUES:

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. As, first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;

¹ Occurrences.

His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

(*As You Like It*, n, 7.)

No. 32, SPORT OF KINGS

(A)

(*Henry V reaches Harfleur.*)

CHORUS:

Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton¹ pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confused; behold the threaten sails,
 Borne with th'invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th'inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,

¹ I.e. Southampton.

With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose th'ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 And down goes all before them.

(Prologue to Act III, King Henry V.)

(B)

*(Before Harfleur. Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter,
 Bedford, Gloster, and soldiers, with scaling-ladders.)*

KING HENRY:

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage:
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,
 Whose blood is fet¹ from fathers of war-proof!—
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:—
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you called fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,

¹ Fashioned, from feat, to fashion.

And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt
not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

(*King Henry V, ill, I.*)

No. 33. IAGO'S PURPOSE

(*Iago is Shakespeare's complete villain.*)

IAGO:

Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capt to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes/ says he,
'I have already chose my officer/
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th'election:
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calmed
 By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster,
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.¹

O, sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For naught but provender; and, when he's old,
 cashiered:
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
 Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined
 their coats,
 Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
 soul;
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
 In following him, I follow but myself;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

(*Othello*, I, i.)

¹ Standard-bearer.

No. 34. OTHELLO'S JEALOUSY

(To Desdemona.)

OTHELLO:

Had it pleased heaven
 To try me with affliction; had they rained
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
 Steept me in poverty to the very lips;
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at!—
 Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,—
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipt cherubin.—
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
 Committed!—O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is husht within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it.—What committed!—
 Impudent strumpet!

(Othello, iv, 2.)

No. 35. OTHELLO'S MADNESS

([^]4 *bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning. Her husband, deceived by Iago, enters, resolved to kill her.*)

OTHELLO:

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
 It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the
 rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[Kissing her.]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:—
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after:—one more, and this the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

DESDEMONA:

Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO :

Ay, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA :

Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO :

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA :

Ay, my lord.

OTHELLO:

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

DESDEMONA:

Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

OTHELLO:

Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—heaven fend!—I would not kill thy soul.

DESDEMONA :

Talk you of killing ?

OTHELLO:

Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA :

Then heaven have mercy on me!

OTHELLO:

Amen, with all my heart!

DESDEMONA :

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTHELLO:

Hum!

DESDEMONA:

And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know
not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTHELLO:

Think on thy sins.

DESDEMONA :

They are loves I bear to you.

OTHELLO:

Ay, and for that thou diest.

DESDEMONA:

That death's unnatural that kills for loving.—
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
 These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.

OTHELLO:

Peace, and be still^f

DESDEMONA:

I will so. What's the matter?

OTHELLO:

That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
 Thou gavest to Cassio.

DESDEMONA:

No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man, and ask him.

OTHELLO:

Sweet soul, take heed,
 Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

DESDEMONA :

Ay, but not yet to die.

OTHELLO:

Yes, presently:*
 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
 For to deny each article with oath
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DESDEMONA :

Then Lord have mercy on me!

OTHELLO:

I say, amen.

DESDEMONA :

And have you mercy too!—I never did
 Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
 But with such general warranty of heaven
 As I might love; I never gave him token.

¹ At this time.

OTHELLO:

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
 O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
 And mak'st me call what I intend to do
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
 I saw the handkerchief.

DESDEMONA :

He found it, then;
 I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
 Let him confess a truth.

OTHELLO:

He hath confessed.

DESDEMONA :

What, my lord?

OTHELLO:

That he hath used thee.

DESDEMONA :

How? unlawfully?

OTHELLO:

Ay.

DESDEMONA:

He will not say so.

OTHELLO:

No, his mouth is stopped;
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

DESDEMONA :

O, my fear interprets:—what, is he dead?

OTHELLO :

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all.

DESDEMONA :

Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone!

OTHELLO:

Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

DESDEMONA :

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTHELLO :

Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA :

Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

OTHELLO :

Nay, if you strive,—

DESDEMONA :

But half an hour!

OTHELLO:

Being done, there is no pause.

DESDEMONA :

But while I say one prayer!

OTHELLO :

It is too late. [*Smothers her.*

(*Othello*, v, 2.)

No. 36. OTHELLO LEARNS THE TRUTH

OTHELLO :

Behold, I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day

That," with this little arm and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismayed? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires:—where should Othello go?—

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!—
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
 O! O! O!

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
 I have done the state some service, and they know't;—
 No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
 Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
 I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus. *[He stabs himself.]*

I kissed thee ere I killed thee: no way but this,
[Falling upon DESDEMONA.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. *[Dies.]*
(Othello, v, 2.)

No. 37. UNFAITHFULNESS IN WIVES

(The innocent Desdemona has just been execrated as a strumpet by the crazed Othello. Emilia, wife of Iago, does not know yet that her husband is the cause of Othello's mad jealousy.)

DESDEMONA:

•I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
 Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMILIA :

There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA:

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

EMILIA

Why, would not you ?

DESDEMONA:

No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA :

Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do't as
well i'th'dark.

DESDEMONA:

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

EMILIA :

The world is a huge thing: it is a great price for a
small vice.

DESDEMONA:

In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA :

In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done.
Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor
for measures of lawn, not for gowns, petticoats, nor
caps, nor any petty exhibition ; but, for the whole world,
—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to
make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DESDEMONA :

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

EMILIA :

Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and having
the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own
world, and you might quickly make it right.

DESDEMONA:

I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA :

Yes, a dozen; and as many to th'vantage as would
 store the world they played for.
 But I do think it is their husbands' faults
 If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
 Or scant our former having in despite;
 Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
 Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?
 I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
 I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
 It is so too:—and have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
 Then let them use us well: else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DESDEMONA:

Good night, good night: heaven me such usage send,
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

(*Othello*, iv, 3.)

No. 38. THE FUTURE QUEEN

(*The Christening of Princess Elizabeth: Archbishop Cranmer's prophecy.*)

CRANMER :

Let me speak, sir,
 For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
 This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
 But few now living can behold that goodness—

A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be loved and feared: her own shall bless
 her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows
 with her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fixed: peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven. . . .

She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more! but she must die,—
 She must, the saints must have her,—yet a virgin;
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

(*King Henry VIII*, v, 4.)

No. 39. A QUEEN'S DEFENCE (*a*)

(*Queen Katharine rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*)

QUEEN:

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
 And to bestow your pity on me: for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions; having here
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you? what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven
 witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable;
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry,
 As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you: if, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
 The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
 A year before: it is not to be questioned
 That they had gathered a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
 humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
 I will implore: if not i'the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfilled!

(To Wolsey, who presides over the Court summoned to try her.)

 My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 T'oppose your cunning. Y'are meek and humble-
 mouthed ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility: but your heart
 Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your wards
 (Domestics to you); serve your will as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office, I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual: that again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

(*King Henry VIII*, n, 4.)

No. 40. A QUEEN'S DEFENCE (*b*)

(*Queen Katharine, after refusing to be tried in the Court presided over by Cardinal Wolsey, is visited in her apartments by Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius, who want her to submit to the Kings justice instead of appealing to the Pope.*)

QUEEN:

Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banished me his bed already.—
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this. . . .

Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obeyed
him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

(*To Wolsey*)—

My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

(*To both*)—

Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels* faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched lady!
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—

(*To her Women*)—

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
 Shipwrackt upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
 Almost no grave allowed me:—like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

(*King Henry VIII, m, i.*)

No. 41. THE WORLD'S ENEMY

(*Richard, Duke of Gloster's solitary ambition and scorn of the world is much like the musings of the Bastard, Faulconbridge, in "King John."*)

DUKE:

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
 And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity:
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:—here Clarence
 comes.

(*King Richard III*, i, i.)

No. 42. FASHIONABLE MANNERS

(*Philip Faulconbridge, bastard son to Richard the First, has just been given the status of legitimacy by King John.*)

THE BASTARD:

'Good den, Sir Richard:'—'God-a-mercy, fellow;'
 And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names,—
 'Tis too respectful and too sociable

For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
 He and his toothpick at my worship's mess ;
 And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
 When then I suck my teeth, and catechize
 My picked man of countries:—'My dear sir/
 Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
 'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
 And then comes answer like an Absey-book:—
 'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
 At your employment; at your service, sir:'
 'No, sir/ says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours/
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,—
 Saving in dialogue of compliment,
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,—
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 And so am I, whether I smack or no;
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

(*King John*, /, I.)

No. 43. OPPORTUNISM

(*Same speaker as in the preceding passage.*)

THE BASTARD:

Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part;
 And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
 As God's own soldier,—rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
 That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word 'maid/ cheats the poor maid of that;
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
 Commodity, the bias of the world;
 The world who of itself is peised¹ well,
 Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
 From a resolved and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels² would salute my palm;
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say, There is no sin but to be rich:
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say, There is no vice but beggary:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee!

(*King John*, n, I.)

¹ Poised, balanced.

² Gold coin.

No. 44. DARK CONSPIRACY (*a*)

(This passage should be followed by the next one. Hubert de Burgh's part can be omitted by leaving out all that follows "I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.")

KING JOHN:

Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
 But I will fit it with some better time.
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

I am much bounden to your majesty.

KING JOHN:

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
 Yet if shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
 To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood, and make it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
 A passion hateful to my purposes;
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

KING JOHN:

Do not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me:—dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

KING JOHN:

Death.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

My lord?

KING JOHN:

A grave.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

He shall not live.

KING JOHN:

Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember.—

(*King John*, III, 3.)

No. 45. DARK CONSPIRACY (*b*)

(The cowardly King John, who ordered his servant De Burgh to murder Prince Arthur, is prepared to blame the servant when he is scared by the threatened consequences of the rumoured crime.)

HUBERT DE BURGH:

My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

KING JOHN:

Five moons!

HUBERT DE BURGH:

Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and ranked in Kent:
Another lean unwasht artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

KING JOHN:

Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty
cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

None had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

KING JOHN :

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

KING JOHN :

O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

My lord,—

KING JOHN:

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUBERT DE BURGH:

Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never entered yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
 And you have slandered nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

KING JOHN:

Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste!
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

(*King John*, iv, 2.)

No. 46. CASSIUS DENOUNCES CESAR

CASSIUS:

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward 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 self,
I had as 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, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Barest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; 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 proposed,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as [^]Eneas, 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 was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same 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 should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. . . .

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,
 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 talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed 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 that would have brookt
 Th'eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king.

(Julius Casar, i, 2.)

No. 47. MARK ANTONY'S ORATION

MARCUS ANTONIUS:

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 answered 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, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the 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:
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,—not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgement, 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.

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 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 to read,—
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins^x in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing 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!

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?

Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Caesar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his 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 stabbed;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
 Handkerchiefs.

This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,¹
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable;—
 What private griefs² they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it;—they are wise and honour-
 able,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons 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; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the 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 a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

(*Julius Cæsar*, in, 2.)

¹ Statue.

² Grievances.

No. 48. LEAR IN THE TEMPEST

KING LEAR:

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drencht our steeples, drowned the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing¹ fires,
 Vaunt-couriers² to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thun-
 der,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
 That make ingrateful man!

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
 You owe me no subscription;³ why then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters joined
 Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this! O! O! 'tis foul!

(King Lear, in, 2.)

No. 49. GRIEF REJECTS COUNSEL

LEONATO:

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless
 As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
 Bring me a father that so loved his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience;

¹ Swift as thought. ² Avant couriers (French).
³ Obedience.

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
 And let it answer every strain for strain,
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
 Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem' when he should groan,
 Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
 With candle-wasters,—bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: for, brother, men
 Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual 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 to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
 But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement. . . .

I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the toothache patiently,
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a push at chance and sufferance.

(*Much Ado About Nothing*, v, i.)

No. 50. REPORT ON MURDER

(*Sir James Tyrrel describes the murder of the young princes
 in the Tower by order of the King.*)

TYRREL:

The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn

To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
 Albeit they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
 'Lo, thus/ quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'—
 'Thus, thus/ quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
 Within their innocent alabaster arms:
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
 Which once/ quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my
 mind;
 But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopped;
 When Dighton thus told on,—'We smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That from the prime creation e'er she framed/
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

(*King Richard III*, iv, 3.)

No. 51. GUILTY REMORSE

(*King Richard starts out of a dream as the ghosts belonging to his past fade away.*)

KING:

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds.—
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
 The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
 Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself!
 I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well :--fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
 Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself?

(*King Richard III*, v, 3.)

No. 52.

FORESHADOWINGS OF MURDER (*a*)

LADY MACBETH:

The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal enterance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up th'access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 Th'effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry 'Hold, hold!'

(*Macbeth*, 1, 5.)

No. 53.

FORESHADOWINGS OF MURDER (b)

MACBETH:

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle 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? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a 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.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'th'other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon¹ 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 half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,

Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his 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 whereabouts,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the 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.

(Macbeth, II, I.)

¹ Haft.

No. 54. VERDICT ON TRAITORS

(Scene at Southampton, on the eve of the English King's invasion of France. Lord Scroop, Sir Thomas Grey, and the Earl of Cambridge have been discovered in a French plot to kill the King. They have just been advising the King against being too merciful to a prisoner?)

KING HENRY:

The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppressed and killed:
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge
 here,—

You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But, O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,—
 May it be possible, that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to cither's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,

That admiration did not whoop at them:
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetched
 From glistening semblances of piety;
 But he that tempered thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
 Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions, 'I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's/
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiancè! Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
 Garnished and decked in modest complement;
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
 And God acquit them of their practices! . . .

God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
 You have conspired against our royal person,

Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his
coffers

Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

*[Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY,
guarded.]*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings; we doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

[Exeunt.]

(King Henry V, n, 2.)

No. 55.

A TERMAGANT AND A BEREAVED FATHER

(Scene is a battlefield, where Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, is murdered by Margaret, Queen of Henry VI, and Lord Clifford, who has already murdered the Duke's son, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, a boy. The Duke's son Edward became Edward IV. The parts of Clifford and Northumberland can be left out.)

QUEEN MARGARET:

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
 Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
 That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
 What! was it you that would be England's king?
 Was't you that revelled in our parliament,
 And made a preachment of your high descent?
 Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
 And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
 Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
 Look, York: I stained this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 What! hath thy fiery heart so parched thine
 entrails
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him:—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

LORD CLIFFORD:

That is my office, for my father's sake.

QUEEN MARGARET:

Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

DUKE OF YORK:

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou earnest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.

Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
 Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
 The contrary doth make thee wondered at:
 Tis government that makes them seem divine;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:
 Thou art as opposite to every good
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.
 O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;
 Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy
 will:
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
 woman.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND:

Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

DUKE OF YORK:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touched, would not have stained
 with blood:
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say, 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'—
 There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
 curse;

[Giving back the paper crown.

And in thy need such comfort come to thee
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND:

Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
 I should not for my life but weep with him,
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

QUEEN MARGARET:

What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

LORD CLIFFORD:

Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[Stabbing him.

QUEEN MARGARET:

And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[Stabbing him.

(King Henry VI, Pt. III, I, 4.)

No. 56. FATHER AND SON

(The King, threatened by enemies, reveals his need to lean on his eldest son. The Prince's life and roystering companions, chief of whom is Foistaff, have aroused scandal and filled the King with anxiety. It is the expression of the King's fatherliness rather than his royalty, which makes these passages so fine.)

KING HENRY:

I know not whether God will have it so,
 For some displeasing service I have done,
 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
 Hell breed revengement and a scourge for me;
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,

Make me believe that thou art only markt
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art matcht withal and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

PRINCE HENRY:

So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge
 Myself of many I am charged withal:
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devised,—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

KING HENRY:

God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood:
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruined; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But, like a comet, I was wondered at;
 That men would tell their children, 'This is he;'
 Others would say, 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dressed myself in such humility
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wondered at: and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
 And won by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin¹ wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded² his state;
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the³ push
 Of every beardless vain comparative;³
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoft⁴ himself to popularity;
 That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
 But rather drowzed, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face and rendered such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full;

¹ Brushwood. ² Mixed. ³ Rival. ⁴ Gave, made over.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation: not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,—
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE HENRY:

I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

KING HENRY:

For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state
 Than thou, the shadow of succession;
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority
 And military title capital
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling-clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate' against us, and are up.

¹ Agree.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

PRINCE HENRY:

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have swayed
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, washt away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;¹

¹ Bonds.

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

KING HENRY:

A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

No. 57. KING AND PRINCE

*(The parts of Warwick, Clarence and Gloster can be omitted,
leaving only the dialogue of the dying King and the Prince.)*

PRINCE HENRY:

No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen¹ bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thQU dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol² hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his head.]

¹ Nightcap.

² Circle (i.e. the crown).

Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole
strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *[Exit.*

KING HENRY:

Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!
(Enter WARWICK and the rest)

CLARENCE:

Doth the king call?

WARWICK:

What would your majesty? how fares your Grace?

KING HENRY:

Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLARENCE:

We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING HENRY:

The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

WARWICK:

This door is open; he is gone this way.

GLOSTER:

He came not through the chamber where we stayed.

KING HENRY:

Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK:

When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

KING HENRY:

The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[Exit WARWICK.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you
are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry,
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The cankered heaps of strange achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

(Enter WARWICK)

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me ?

WARWICK :

My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaffed but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

KING HENRY :

But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

(Enter PRINCE HENRY)

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

*[Exeunt all except KING HENRY and PRINCE
HENRY.]*

PRINCE HENRY :

I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING HENRY:

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'est the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stoln that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast sealed up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my degrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:—
Harry the Fifth is crowned:—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double-gild his treble guilt,—
England shall give him office, honour, might;

For the Fifth Harry from curbed licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

PRINCE HENRY

O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[Kneeling.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
 Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
 Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending!
 God witness with me, when I here came in,

[Rising.]

And found no course of breath within your
 majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show th'incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
 I spake unto this crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable;
 But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.¹ Thus, my most royal liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,—
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

KING HENRY:

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breath. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crookt ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanced,
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displaced: which to avoid,
 I cut some off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE HENRY:

My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be:
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

(*King Henry IV*, Pt. II, iv, 4.)

No. 58. THE VANITY OF LIFE

(*The Duke, disguised as a Friar, speaks to Claudio, who is under sentence of death. Dr. Johnson was indignant with Shakespeare for saying that death is no more than sleep, and for "lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the Friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar."*¹ *The retort of Malone, another Editor, was that "Shakespeare means to say no more than that the passage from this life to another is as easy as sleep."*)

FRIAR:

Reason thus with life:—
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyey influences

That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not
 noble;

For all the'accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means
 valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
 And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not
 certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,¹
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusions of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo² and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor
 age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

(*Measure for Measure*, in, i.)

¹ Affections.

² Leprosy.

No. 59. THE SULKING ACHILLES

(Scene is the Grecian camp before Troy, a council of war presided over by Agamemnon. Ulysses describes the source of want of discipline and unity among them, by which "Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.")

ULYSSES:

The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action—
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—
 He pageants^x us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless² deputation he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,³
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested⁴ seeming
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,⁶
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries, 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
 Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
 As he being 'drest to some oration/
 That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet god Achilles still cries, 'Excellent!
 Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,

¹ Takes us off.

² Supreme. Agamemnon is the chief of the Greeks.

³ Theatre galleries. ⁴ Burlesqued appearance

⁶ Misapplied.

Arming to answer in a night-alarm/
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
 And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
 Sir Valour dies; cries, 'O, enough, Patroclus;
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen/ And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

(*Troilm and Cressida*, I, 3.)

No. 60.

RUMOUR

Open your ears; for which of you will stop
 The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
 I, from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
 Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

(*Induction to King Henry IV*, Pt. II.)

Cyril Tourneur

No. 61. THE VENGEFUL LOVER

(Vendice holds the skull of his dead fiancée. With him enter the Duke, the Duchess, Lussurioso and Spurio. Vendice's ruminations remind us of the profounder Hamlet's.)

VENDICE :

Duke! royal lecher! go, grey-haired adultery!
And thou his son, as impious steeped as he:
And thou his bastard, true begot in evil:
And thou his duchess, that will do with devil:
Four excellent characters! O, that marrowless age
Should stuff the hollow bones with damned desires!
And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry duke,
A parched and juiceless luxor. O God! one
That has scarce blood enough to live upon;
And he to riot it, like a son and heir!
O, the thought of that
Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.

(Views the skull in his hand.)

Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally filled out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
O, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father fifty years told,

To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold.
But, O accursed palace!
Thee, when thou wert apparelled in thy flesh,
The old duke poisoned,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsied lust; for old men lustful
Do show like young men angry, eager, violent,
Outbidden like their limited performances.
O, 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
'Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous/
Vengeance, thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
Thou show'st thyself tenant to tragedy;
O keep thy day, hour, minute, I beeseech,
For those thou hast determined. Hum! whoe'er
knew
Murder unpaid? Faith, give revenge her due,
She has kept touch hitherto: be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks,
To have their costly three-piled flesh worn off
As bare as this; for banquets, ease, and laughter
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay;
But wise men little are more great than they.

(The Revenger's Tragedy, I, I.)

John Fletcher

No. 62. THE VIRGIN WIDOW

CLORIN :

Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-loved ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and ires
Of love; all sports, delights, and jolly games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crowned with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.¹
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give

¹ Leather, from Cordova.

All my endeavours, as I gained them, free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thickened with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plaintains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pulled from the fair head of the straight-grown
 pine;
On these I'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

(The Faithful Shepherdess, I, i.)

Beaumont and Fletcher

No. 63. THE MALE DENOUNCED

(Aspatia, forsaken by Amintor at the Kings command that he should wed another, is by turns sad and bitter. She is here addressing her "waiting-gentlewomen"—both maids.)

ASPATIA :

Alas, poor wenches!

Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flattered, and believe and bless
The double tongue that did it; make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias,
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

OLYMPIAS :

Never.

ASPATIA :

Nor you, Antiphila?

ANTIPHILA :

Nor I.

ASPATIA :

Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives life to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forced by ill fate), take to your maiden-bosoms
Two dead-cold aspics, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss

Makes a long peace for all. But man—
 O that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls:
 That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
 Shows a fine sorrow.—Mark, Antiphila;
 Just such another was the nymph QEnone's,
 When Paris brought home Helen.—Now a tear;
 And then thou art a piece expressing fully
 The Carthage-queen,¹ when from a cold sea-rock,
 Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
 To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
 Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear—Antiphila,
 What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
 Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
 Turned her to marble.

(*The Maid's Tragedy*, n, 2.)

No. 64. WOMAN DENOUNCED

(*The speaker, Philaster, is in love with Arethusa, the King's daughter. Euphrasia is disguised as a youth, and serves as his page, Bellario. He speaks to her as Bellario. He is jealous of Bellario's favour with Arethusa.*)

PHILASTER :

Now you may take that little right I have
 To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy;
 For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
 Where never womankind durst set her foot
 For² bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
 And live to curse you:
 There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
 What woman is, and help to save them from you;
 How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
 More hell than hell has; how your tongues like
 scorpions,
 Both heal and poison ;³ how your thoughts are woven

¹ Dido.

² For fear of.

³ It was thought that the scorpion, applied to a scorpion's wound would heal it.

With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
F the morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dread a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my woe, all my delight.

(Philaster, in, 2.)

Ben Jonson

No. 65. THE QUACK'S LECTURE

(*He is, appropriately, addressing himself to Mammon.*)

SUBTLE:

It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On th' other part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals and all stones;
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone:
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engendered;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,

Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed?
And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals.

(*The Alchemist*, n, 3, but in most modern editions
this is in Sc. i or 2, instead of 3, as in the quartos)

John Ford

No. 66. MUSICIAN VERSUS BIRD

(Menaphon speaks to Amethus this beautiful version of a famous legend.)

MENAPHON:

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in . . .

A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too . . .

A Nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge; and, for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her
own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,

The Nightingale, did with her various notes
 Reply to. For a voice, and for a sound,
 Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
 That such they were, than hope to hear again . . .

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
 Into a pretty anger, that a bird
 Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
 To end the controversy,¹ in a rapture,
 Upon his instrument he plays so swift,
 So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning,
 Concord in discord, lines of differing method
 Meeting in one full centre of delight . . .

The bird (ordained to be
 Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
 These several sounds: which, when her warbling
 throat
 Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
 And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see -the conqueror upon her hearse,
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears,
 That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
 Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
 A fellow-mourner with him . . .

He looked upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed, and
 cried,
 'Alas, poor creature, I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it.
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace
 To an untimely end': and in that sorrow,
 As he was pashing it against a tree,
 I suddenly stepped in.

(The Lover's Melancholy, I, I.)

¹ Pronounced: c6ntrov6rsy.

No, 67. WARNING AGAINST PASSION

(The friar, Bonaventura, is asked for advice by Giovanni, a brilliant young man who confesses himself deeply in love with his own sister.)

FRIAR :

Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
 Who once, within these three months, wert esteemed
 A wonder of thine age throughout Bohemia?
 How did the university applaud
 Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
 Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!
 I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
 Rather to leave my books than part with thee.
 I did so; but the fruits of all my hopes
 Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
 O Giovanni, hast thou left the schools
 Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?
 For death waits on thy lust.—Look through the
 world,
 And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
 More glorious than this idol thou adorest.
 Leave her, and take thy choice; 'tis much less sin:
 Though in such games as those they lose that win . . .

Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
 Alone within thy chamber: then fall down
 On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
 Cry to thy heart; wash every word thou utter'st
 In tears, and (if't be possible) of blood:
 Beg heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
 That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,
 A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
 Three times a day, and three times every night;
 For seven days' space do this; then, if thou find'st!
 No change in thy desires, return to me;
 I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
 At home, whilst I pray for thee here; away!—
 My blessing with thee—we have need to pray.

(Tis Pity She's a Whore, I, I.)

Philip Massinger

No. 68. SUDDEN WEALTH

(Luke Frugal has just been handed over the wealth of his brother, Sir John.)

LUKE :

'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream; I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon 't! it did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld,
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment passed o'er),
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician—*(Taking out a key)*—that
without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir
Imagined only by the alchemist,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the
substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugged ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heaped up
Like billets sawed and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flowed about the room, concealed itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banished!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they opened,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth

A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
 Fixed it a glorious star, and made the place
 Heaven's abstract or epitome! rubies, sapphires,
 And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
 But look on with contempt. And yet I found,
 What weak credulity could have no faith in,
 A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
 A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
 The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
 Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
 If not redeemed this day, which is not in
 The unthrift's power: there being scarce one shire
 In Wales or England where my monies are not
 Lent out at usury, the certain hook
 To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
 Supports me not! I walk on air!

(*The City Madam*, in, 3.)

No. 69.

WHEN THE CITY WIFE APES THE COURT

(*Luke Frugal has just come into the wealth of his brother. He is addressing the wife and two daughters of his brother, now impoverished and in homely attire, reproving their former extravagance and so satirising the aping of Court fashions by bourgeois wives.*)

LUKE:

... Do not frown;
 If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
 The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
 And raise up a new satirist: hear gently,
 And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
 Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
 This decency and neatness, with the advantage
 You shall receive by't . . .

. . . Your father was
 An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,
 By his neighbours ne'er called Master. Did your pride
 Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,

Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
 To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
 And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
 Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
 A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
 A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin,
 Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
 You were privileged, and no man envied it;
 It being for the city's honour that
 There should be a distinction between
 The wife of a patrician and a plebian . . .

. . . But when the height
 And dignity of London's blessings grew
 Contemptible, and the name lady-mayoress
 Became a by-word, and you scorned the means
 By which you were raised, my brother's fond indul-
 gence
 Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you
 But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;
 What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis
 followed!
 No English workman then could please your fancy,
 The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
 This bawd to prodigality, entertained
 To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
 Appeared in the last masque, and how it drew
 The young lord's eyes upon her; and this usher
 Succeeded in the eldest 'prentice' place,
 To walk before you . . .

. . . Then, as I said,
 The reverend hood cast off, your borrowed hair,
 Powdered and curled, was by your dresser's art
 Formed like a coronet, hanged with diamonds,
 And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets^x
 That did adorn your neck, of equal value:
 Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio² ruffs;
 Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
 Embroidered petticoats; and sickness feigned,

¹ Necklaces.

² Neck.

That your night-rails¹ of forty pounds apiece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shewn,
And roses worth a family: you were served in plate,
Stirred not a foot without your coach, and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp; you were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room. . . .

. . . And when you lay
In childbed at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.

(*The City Madam*, iv, 4.)

¹ Night-dresses.

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