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## SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.

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ELEMENTE DER PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 5<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XIII, 386 pp. Paper covers, 7 m. 20; cloth, 8m.

KLEINE PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XVI, 132 pp. Paper covers, 2 m. 40; cloth, 2 m. 80.

(English edition: ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS, ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Prof. Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik." London: *Dent & Co.* 1899. 4<sup>th</sup> thousand. X, 137 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.)

DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; boards, 1 m. 80.

GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; cloth, 2 m.

DE UITSpraak VAN HET HOOGDUITSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2<sup>nd</sup> revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50cts.

DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Taubner*. Part I. 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.

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# SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION

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# A SHAKESPEARE READER

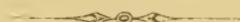
*IN THE OLD SPELLING  
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION*

BY

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OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, &c.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I  
pronounced it to you . . ."



M A R B U R G I. H.  
N. G. ELWERT.

L O N D O N  
DAVID NUTT.

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9  
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## PREFACE.

IN order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *viva voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

MARBURG, July 1906.

W. V.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio.

Q = (first) Quarto.

om. = omitted.

Q<sub>2</sub> = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

## KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.

(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

\*\* The phonetic notation is that of the Association Phonétique Internationale.

## VOWELS.

<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Mixed.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>High.</i> i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
<i>Mid.</i> e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
<i>Low.</i> æ:, æ, æi		a:

*Shakespearian Sounds.*      *Modern Sounds.*

[i:]	in <i>be</i> = Northern E. <i>e</i> in <i>be</i> ; no after-glide.
[i]	» <i>lip</i> = <i>i</i> in <i>lip</i> .
[ij]	» <i>by</i> = exaggerated London E. (and usual Cockney) <i>e</i> in <i>be</i> .
[iu]	» <i>due</i> = <i>u</i> in <i>due</i> ; the first element stressed.
[e:]	» <i>sea</i> = Northern E. <i>ea</i> in <i>bearing</i> .
[e]	» <i>let</i> = <i>e</i> in <i>let</i> .
[eu]	» <i>few</i> = <i>e</i> in <i>let</i> followed by <i>oo</i> in <i>too</i> ; the first element stressed.
[æ:]	» <i>name</i> = <i>a</i> in <i>can</i> , long.
[æ]	» <i>can</i> = <i>a</i> in <i>can</i> ; the less palatal Northern E. variety.

- [æi] » *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be*; opener than *ay* in *day*.  
 [a:] » *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father*.  
 [o:] » *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw*; like the first element of *ow* in *own*.  
 [o] » *on* = less open than *o* in *on*.  
 [oi] » *joy* = *oy* in *joy*; the first element, however, less open.  
 [ou] » *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).  
 [u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too*; no after-glide.  
 [u] » *up* = *u* in *put*.  
 [uw] » *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too*.

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about*, *o* in *bishop*, &c.).

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## CONSONANTS.

	<i>Labial.</i>	<i>Dental.</i>	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>Stops.</i>	b-p	d-t		g-k
<i>Nasals.</i>	m	n		ŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>		l, r		
<i>Continuants.</i>	w, v-f	ð-θ, z-s, ʒ-ʃ	j-ç	x

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# A SHAKESPEARE READER.

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## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, A Shakespeare Phonology, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ɛ̄] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [ɛ̄'go:], and almost [ə'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

---

## FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

LOUE comforteth like sun-shine after raine,  
800 But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,  
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,  
Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:  
    Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:  
    Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

\*                  \*

LO here the gentle larke wearie of rest,  
From his moyst cabinet mounts vp on hie,  
855 And wakes the morning, from whose siluer brest,  
The sunne ariseth in his maiestie,  
    Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
    That Ceder tops and hils, seeme burnisht gold.  
Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,  
860 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,  
From whom ech lamp, and shining star doth borrow,  
The beautious influence that makes him bright,  
    There liues a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,  
    May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

865 This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,  
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,  
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;  
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,  
    Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,  
870 And all in haft she coasteth to the cry.

## FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

luv kumforteθ lijk sunſijn æfter ræin,  
but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun; 800  
luvz džent,l spriŋ duθ a:lwæiz freſ remæin,  
lusts winter kumz e:r sumer ha:f bi dun;  
luv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijz;  
luv iz a:l triuθ, lust ful ov fordȝed lijz.

\*                  \*

10:, he:r de džent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,  
from his moist kæbinet muwnts up on hij,  
ænd wæ:ks de mornij, from hwu:z silver brest 855  
de sun ærijzeθ in hiz mædȝestij;  
hwu: duθ de world so glo;r̄usli bihould,  
ðæt se:der-tops ænd hilz si:m burniſt gould.  
ve:nus sæliuts him wið dis fæir qud-moro::  
“o: duw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt, 860  
from hwu:m e:tʃ læmp ænd sijnij stær duθ boro:  
de beutius influens ðæt mæ:ks him brijt,  
ðer livz æ sun ðæt sukt æn e(:)rθli muðer,  
mæi lend di: lijt, æz duw dust lend tu uðer.”

dis sæid, si hæ(:)steθ tu æ mirt,l gro:v,  
miuzij de mornij iz so mutʃ o:rworn,  
ænd jit si he:rz no tijdinjz ov her lu(:)v:  
si hæk,nz for hiz huwndz ænd for hiz horn:  
ænon si he:rz dem tʃænt it lustilij,  
ænd a:l in hæ(:)st si ko:steθ tu ðe krij. 870

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,  
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,  
 Some twine<sup>1</sup> about her thigh to make her stay,  
 She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,  
 875      Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
           Hasting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake.

\*                  \*

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,  
 1125 She whispers in his eares a heauie tale,  
       As if they heard the wofull words she told:  
       She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
       Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld  
 1130 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,  
       Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,  
       And euerie beautie robd of his effect;  
       Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,  
       That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

1185 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,  
       Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:  
       It shall be wayted on with iealousie,  
       Find sweet beginning, but vnsauorie end,  
       Nere settled equally, but high or lo,  
 1140      That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.  
       It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
       Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,  
       The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd  
       With sweets, that shall the truest fight beguile,  
 1145      The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,  
       Strike the wise dumbe, and teach the foole to speake.

<sup>1</sup> twin'd.

ænd æz si runz, ðe buſez in ðe wæi  
 sum kætſ her bij ðe nek, sum kis her fæ:s,  
 sum twijn æbuwt her θij tu mæ:k her stæi:  
 si wijldli bre:keθ from ðær strikt imbræ:s,  
 lijk æ milts do:, hwu:z sweliŋ dugz du æ:k,      875  
 hæ(:)stij tu fi:d her fa:n hid in sum bræ:k.

\*                \*

si lu:ks upon hiz lips, ænd dæi ær pæ:l;  
 si tæ:ks him bij de hænd, ænd dæt iz kould;  
 si hwisperz in hiz e:rz æ he(:)vi tæ:l,      1125  
 æz if dæi hærd de wo:ful wordz si tould;  
 si lifts de kofer-lidz dæt klo:z hiz iż,  
 hwe:r, lo:, tu: læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes iż;  
 tu: glæsez, hwe:r herself herself biheld  
 æ θuwzænd tijmz, ænd nuw no mo:r reflekt;      1130  
 ðær vertiu lost, hwe:rin dæi læ:t ekseld,  
 ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:  
 “wunder ov tijm,” kwoθ si:, “dis iz mij Spijt,  
 dæt, duw bi:ř ded, ðe dæi su:ld jit bi lijt.  
 “sins duw ært ded, lo:, he:r ij profesij:      1135  
 soro: on luv he:ræfter sæl ætend:  
 it sæl bi wæited on wið dzelusij,  
 fijnd swi:t biginiň, but unsæ:v(o)ri end,  
 ne:r setled e;kwæli, but hij or lo:,  
 dæt a:l luvz ple(:)ziur sæl not mætſ hiz wo:.      1140  
 “it sæl bi fik,l, fa:ls, ænd ful ov fra:d,  
 bud ænd bi blæsted in æ bre:điň-hwijl;  
 de botom poiz,n, ænd ðe top o:rstra:d  
 wið swi:ts dæt sæl ðe triuest sijt bigiň:  
 de stro:gest bodi sæl it mæ:k mo:st we:k,      1145  
 strijk ðe wijz dum ænd te:tſ ðe fu:l tu spe:k.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,  
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,  
 The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,  
 1150 Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,  
     It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,  
     Make the yoong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,  
 It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,  
 1155 It shall be mercifull, and too feueare,  
     And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,  
     Peruerse it shall be, where it shewes most toward,  
     Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,  
 1160 And set dissention twixt the sonne, and fire,  
     Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:  
     As drie combustious matter is to fire,  
     Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,  
     They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

1165 By this the boy that by her side laie kild,  
     Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
     And in his blood that on the ground laie spiled,  
     A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,  
     Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,  
 1170     Which in round drops, vpon their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel,  
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,  
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,  
 Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;  
 1175     She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,  
     Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

"it sæl bi spæ:rij ænd tu: ful ov rijot,  
te:tſij̄ dekrepit æ:dz tu tre(:)d de me(:)ziurz;  
de stæ:rij̄ rufiæn sæl it ki:p in kwijet,  
pluk down de rits, inrits de pu:r wið tre(:)ziurz; 1150  
it sæl bi ræ:dz̄-rij̄-mæd ænd sili-mijld,  
mæ:k de juŋ ould, de ould bikum æ tſijld.

"it sæl suspekt hwe:r iz no ka:z ov fer:r;  
it sæl not fer:r hwe:r it fu:ld mo:st mistrust;  
it sæl bi mersiful ænd tu: sever:r, 1155  
ænd mo:st dese:viŋ hwen it si:mz mo:st džust;  
pervers it sæl bi hwe:r it souz mo:st towærd,  
put fer:r tu væler, kurædz tu de kuwærd.

"it sæl bi ka:z ov vær ænd dijr events,  
ænd set disension twikst de sun ænd sijr; 1160  
subdžekt ænd servil tu a:l diskontents,  
æz drij kombustſus mæter iz tu fijr:  
siθ in hiz prijm de(:)θ duθ mij luv destroi,  
ðæi ðæt luv best ðær luvz sæl not indzoi."

bij ðis, de boi ðæt bij her sijd læi kild 1165  
wæz melted lijk æ væ:por from her sijt,  
ænd in hiz blud ðæt on de gruwnd læi spild,  
æ purpl fluwr spruj up, tſekred wið hwijt,  
rezemblij wel hiz pæ:l tſi:ks ænd de blud  
hwits in ruwnd drops upon ðær hwijtnes stud. 1170

ſi buwz her hed, de niu-spruj fluwr tu smel,  
kompæ:rij̄ it tu her ædo:nis bre(:)θ,  
ænd sæiz, wiðin her bu:zom it sæl dwel,  
sins hi: himself iz reft from her bij de(:)θ:

ſi krops de sta:k, ænd in de bre:tſ æpe:rz 1175  
gri:n dropij̄ sæp, hwits ſi kompæ:rz tu te:rz.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,  
 Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire,  
 For euerie little grieve to wet his eies,  
 1180 To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;  
 And so tis thine, but know it is as good,  
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,  
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.  
 1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
 My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;  
 There shall not be one minute in an houre,  
 Wherein I wil not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
 1190 And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,  
 Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,  
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,  
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,  
 Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

## FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine so fond,  
 1205 That what they haue not, that which they possesse  
 They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,  
 And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,  
 Or gaining more, the profite of excelle  
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,  
 140 That they proue banckrout in this poore rich gain.

"pu:r fluwr," kwoθ ſi:, "diſ wæz dij fæderz gijz—  
 ſwi:t iſiu ov æ mo:r ſwi:t-smeliŋ ſijr—  
 for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz iſz:  
 tu gro: unto himſelf wæz hiz dezijr, 1180  
 ænd ſo: tiz dijn; but kno:, it iz æs gud  
 tu wiðer in mij brest æz in hiz blud.

"he:r wæz dij fæderz bed, he:r in mij brest;  
 duw ært ðe nekſt ov blud, ænd tiz dij rijt:  
 lo:, in diſ holo: kræ:d,l tæ:k dij rest, 1185  
 mij Өrobiŋ hært ſæl rok di dæi ænd niſt:  
 der ſæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr  
 hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij ſwi:t luvz fluwr."

dus we:ri ov ðe world, æwæi ſi hijz,  
 ænd jo:ks her silver duvz; bij hwu:z swift æid 1190  
 dæir mifres muwnted Өru: ðe empti ſkijz  
 in her lijt tſær̄ot kwikli iz konvæid;  
 houldiŋ dæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r dæir kwi:n  
 me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi ſi:n.

## FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

do:z dæt mutſ kuvet ær wið gæin ſo fond,  
 dæt hwæt dæi hæ:v not, dæt hwitſ dæi pozes 125  
 dæi ſkæter ænd unlu:s it from dæir bond,  
 ænd ſo:, bij ho:piŋ mo:r, dæi hæ:v but les;  
 or, gæiniŋ mo:r, ðe profit ov ekses  
 iz but tu ſurfet, ænd ſutſ gri:fs ſustæin,  
 dæt dæi pru:v bæjkruwt in diſ pu:r-ritſ gæin. 140

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,  
 With honor, wealth, and eafe in wainyng age:  
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,  
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:

145 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,  
     Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
     The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
 The things we are, for that which we expect:

150 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,  
     In hauing much torment vs with defect  
     Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect  
     The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
     Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

\*                  \*

HER lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,  
 Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kiffe:  
 Who therefore angrie seemes to part in funder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.

180 Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;  
     Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,  
     To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,  
 On the greene courerlet whose perfect white  
 185 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the gralle,  
 With pearlie swet resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,  
     And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,  
     Till they might open to adorne the day.

de æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs de lijf  
wid onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:nij æ:dʒ;  
ænd in dis æim ðer iz sutʃ θwærtij strijf,  
ðæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:dʒ;  
æz lijf for onor in fel bætlz rædʒ; 145  
onor for welθ; ænd oft ðæt welθ duθ kost  
de de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:ltugeder lost.

so ðæt in ventrij il wi le:v tu bi:  
de θijz wi æ:r for ðæt hwitʃ wi ekspekt;  
ænd dis æmbisjus fuwl infirmiti:, 150  
in hæ:viŋ mutʃ, torments us wid defekt  
ov ðæt wi hæ:v: so ðen wi du neglekt  
de θij wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,  
mæ:k sumθij noθij bij a:gmentij it.

\* \* \*

her lili hænd her ro:zi tʃi:k lijz under,  
kuzniŋ de pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;  
hwu:, ðe:rfo:r æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,  
sweliŋ on e:der sijd tu wænt hisz blis;  
bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:<sup>1</sup> 390  
hwe:r, lijk æ vertiūus monument si lijz,  
tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

widuwte de bed her uðer fæir hænd wæz,<sup>2</sup>  
on de gri:n kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt  
soud lijk æn æ:pril dæizi on de græs, 395  
wid perli swe(:)t, rezemblij deu ov nijt.  
her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæd se:dd dæir lijt,  
ænd kænopid in dærknes swi:tli læi,  
til dæi mijt o:p,n tu ædorn de dæi.

<sup>1</sup> *Or* is. <sup>2</sup> wæs.

## 12 FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. SONNET XVIII.

400 Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,  
 O modest wantons, wanton modestie!  
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,  
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.  
 Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,  
 405 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,  
 But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.  
 Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,  
 A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,  
 Sauē of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
 410 And him by oath they truely honored.  
 These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,  
 Who like a fowle vfurper went about,  
 From this faire throne to heauē the owner out.

---

## SONNET XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?  
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,  
 And Sommers leafe hath all too short a date:  
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:  
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,  
 10 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,  
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,  
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,  
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,  
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

---

her hæir, lijk gould,n Өre(:)dz,<sup>1</sup> plæid wið her bre(:)θ; 400  
 o: modest wæntonz! wænton modestij!  
 so:ijŋ lijfs trijumf in de mæp ov de(:)θ,  
 ænd de(:)θs dim lu:k in lijfs mortælitij:  
 e:ts in her sli:p ðemselvz so beatifij,  
 æz if bitwi:n ðem twæin der wer no strijf, 405  
 but dæt lijf livd in de(:)θ, ænd de(:)θ in lijf.

her brests, lijk ijv(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wið bliu,  
 æ pær ov mæid,n worldz unkonjkered,  
 sæ:v ov dæir lord no be:rij jo:k dæi kniu,  
 ænd him bij o:θ dæi triuli onored. 410  
 de:z worldz in tærkwin niu æmbisjōn bred;  
 hwu:, lijk æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt  
 from dis fæir Өro:n tu he:v de ouner uwt.

## SONNET XVIII.

ſæl ij kompær di tu æ sumerz dæi?  
 duw ært mo:r luqli ænd mo:r temperæt:  
 ruf wijndz du ſæk de dærlij budz ov mæi,  
 ænd sumerz le:s hæθ a:l tu: fort æ dæt:  
 sumtijm tu: hot de ij ov he(:)v,n ſijnz, 5  
 ænd oft,n iz hiz gould kompleksjōn dimd;  
 ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir sumtijm deklijnz,  
 bij tſæns or næ:tiurz tſændzijŋ ku:rs untrimd;  
 but dij eternæl sumer ſæl not fæ:d  
 nor lu:z pozesjōn ov dæt fæir duw oust; 10  
 nor ſæl de(:)θ bræg duw wændrest in hiz ſæ:d,  
 hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm duw groust:  
 so loŋ æz men kæn bre:d or ijjz kæn si:;  
 so loŋ livz dis ænd dis qivz lijf tu di:.

<sup>1</sup> Or Өri:dz.

## SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,  
 I sommon vp remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:  
 5 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vf'd to flow)  
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
 And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,  
 And mone th'expence of many a vannisht fight.  
 Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,  
 10 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore  
 The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,  
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.  
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

---

## SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I seene,  
 Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine eie,  
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;  
 Guilding pale stremes with heauenly alcumy:  
 5 Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,  
 With ougly rack on his celestiall face,  
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide  
 Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace:  
 Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,  
 10 With all triumphant splendor on my brow,  
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,  
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,  
 Suns of the world may staine, when heauens  
 fun staineth.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Stainteh.

## SONNET XXX.

hwen tu de sesionz ov swi:t sijlent θout  
 ij sumon up remembræns ov θiŋz pæst,  
 ij sij de læk ov mænī æ θiŋ ij sout,  
 ænd wið ould wo:z niu wæil mij de:r tijmz wæst :  
 den kæn ij druwn æn ij, uniuzd tu flo:, 5  
 for presiūs frendz hid in de(:)θs dæ:ties nijt,  
 ænd wi:p æfref luvz loŋ sins kæns,ld wo:,  
 ænd mo:n ðekspens ov mænī æ væniſt sijt:  
 den kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænsez forgo:n,  
 ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r 10  
 de sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,  
 hwitſ ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.  
 but if de hwijl ij θiŋk on di:, de:r frend,  
 a:l losez ær resto:rd ænd sorouz end.

## SONNET XXXIII.

ful mænī æ glo:rīus morniŋ hæv ij si:n  
 flæter de muwntæin-tops wið sov(e)ræin ij,  
 kisiŋ wið gould,n fæ:s de medouz gri:n,  
 gi(:)ldiŋ pæ:l stre:mz wið he(:)vnli ælkimij; 5  
 ænon permit de bæ:sest kluwdz tu rijd  
 wið ugli ræk on hiz selestæl fæ:s,  
 ænd from de forlorn world hiz vizædʒ hijd,  
 ste:liŋ unsi:n tu west wið dis disgræ:s:  
 i:vn so: mij sun o:n e(:)rli morn did sijn  
 wið a:l-trijumfænt splendor on mij bruw; 10  
 but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr mijn;  
 de re:džion kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.  
 jit him for dis mij luv no hwit disdæineθ;  
 suns ov de world mæi stæin, hwen he(:)vnz sun  
 stæineθ.

## SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Then vnswept stome, besmeer'd with fluttish time.  
 5 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,  
 And broiles roote out the worke of malony,  
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne<sup>2</sup>  
 The liuing record of your memory.  
 Gaints death, and all obliuious enmity<sup>3</sup>  
 10 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
     Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
     That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
     So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
     You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

---

## SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeaire<sup>4</sup> thou maist in me behold,  
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange  
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,  
 Bare ruin'd<sup>5</sup> quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 5 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
     As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
     Which by and by blacke night doth take away,  
     Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.  
     In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,

<sup>1</sup> monument., <sup>2</sup> burne:. <sup>3</sup> emnity. <sup>4</sup> yeeare. <sup>5</sup> rn'wd.

## SONNET LV.

not mærb,l, nor de gi(:)lded moniuments  
 ov prinsez, sæl uwltiv dis puwrful rijm;  
 but iu sæl sijn mo:r brijt in ðe:z kontents  
 ðen unswept sto:n bismes:rd wið slutif tijm.  
 hwen wæ(:)stful vær sæl stætiuz overturn,       5  
 ænd broilz ru:t uwt de wurk ov mæ:sonrij,  
 nor mærz hiz sword nor wærz kwik fijr sæl burn  
 ðe livij rekord ov iur memorij.  
 gæinst de(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivius enmitij  
 sæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz sæl stil fijnd ru:m     10  
 i:vn in ðe ijz ov a:l posteritij  
 dæt we:r dis world uwt tu ðe endij du:m.  
 so:, til ðe dʒudʒment dæt iurself ærijs,  
 iu liv in dis, ænd dwel in luverz ijj.

---

## SONNET LXXIII.

dæt tijm ov je:r duw mæist in mi: bihould  
 hwen jelo: le:vz, or no:n, or feu, du hæj  
 upon ðo:z buwz hwitsj sæk ægæinst ðe kould,  
 bæ:r riuind kwijrz, hwe:r læ:t ðe swi:t birdz sæj.     5  
 in mi: duw si:st ðe twijlijt ov sutj dæi  
 æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in de west,  
 hwitsj bij ænd bij blæk nijt duθ tæ:k æwæi,  
 de(:)θs sekond self, dæt se:lz up a:l in rest.  
 in mi: duw si:st ðe glo:iŋ ov sutj fijr  
 dæt on ðe æſez ov hiz jiuθ duθ lij,                   10

As the death bed, whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.  
 This thou perceiu'st,<sup>1</sup> which makes thy loue  
   more strong,  
 To loue that well, which thou must leauue ere long.

---

## SONNET CIV.

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,  
 Such feemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,  
 Haue from the forrefts shooke three summers pride,  
 5 Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,  
 In processe of the seasons haue I seene,  
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.  
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,  
 10 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,  
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.  
 For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,  
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

---

## SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes  
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue  
 Which alters when it alteration findes,  
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

<sup>1</sup> perceiu'st.      <sup>2</sup> stand (d *imperfect*).

æz de de(:)θ-bed hwe:ron it must ekspijr  
 konsiumd wið dæt hwits it wæz nurist bij.  
 dis ḫuw perse:vst, hwits mæ:ks dij luv mo:r  
     stroŋ,  
 tu luv dæt wel hwits ḫuw must le:v e:r loŋ.

---

## SONNET CIV.

tu mi:, fæir frend, iu never kæn bi ould,  
 for æz iu we:r hwen first iur ij ij ijd,  
 sutʃ si:mz iur beuti stil. Əri: winterz kould  
 hæv from de forests fu:k Əri: sumerz prijd,  
 Əri: beutius sprijz tu jelo: a:tum turnd          5  
 in pro:ses ov de se:z,nz hæv ij si:n,  
 Əri: æ:pril perfiumz in Əri: hot dʒiunz burnd,  
 sins first ij sa: iu fres, hwits jit ær gri:n.  
 æh! jit duθ beuti, lijk æ dijæl-hænd,  
 ste:l from hiz figiur, ænd no pæ:s perse:vd ;          10  
 so: iur swi:t hiu, hwits miθiŋks stil duθ stænd,  
 hæθ mo:sion, ænd mijnen ij mæi bi dese:vd :  
   for fe:r ov hwits, he:r dis, ḫuw æ:dʒ unbred;  
 e:r iu wer born wæz beutiz sumer ded.

---

## SONNET CXVI.

let mi not tu de mærædʒ ov triu mijndz  
 ædmit impediments. luv iz not lu(:)v  
 hwits a:lderz hwen it a:lderæ:sion fijndz,  
 or bendz wið de remu:ver tu remu:v

5 O no, it is an euer fixed marke  
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;  
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,  
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his hight<sup>1</sup> be  
 taken.

Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks  
 10 Within his bending sickles compasse come,  
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,  
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:  
 If this be error and vpon me proued,  
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

---

## FROM THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

*Ariel. Song.*

COME vnto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands:  
 Curtfied when you haue, and kist  
 380 The wilde waues whist:  
 Foote it featly heere, and there,  
 And sweete Sprights the burthen beare.<sup>2</sup>

*Burthen dispersedly.*

Harke, harke, bowgh-wowgh:<sup>3</sup>  
 The watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wowgh.<sup>4</sup>

*Ar.*

385 Hark, hark, I heare,  
 The straine of strutting Chanticlere  
 Cry cockadidle-dowe.

<sup>1</sup> higth.      <sup>2</sup> beare the burthen.      <sup>3</sup> bowgh wawgh.  
<sup>4</sup> -wawgh.

o:, no:! it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk  
 ðæt lu:ks on tempests ænd iz never sæ:k,n;  
 it iz de stær tu ev(e)ri wændrij bærk  
 hwu:z wurθs unknoun a:lðou hist hijt bi tæ:k,n.

luvz not tijmz fu:l, ðou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks  
 wiðin his bendij sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m;  
 luv a:lderz not wið his bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,  
 but be:rз it uwt i:vn tu de edz ov du:m.

if ðis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,  
 ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

## FROM THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:riel. soj.]

kum untu ðe:z jelo: sændz,  
 ænd ðen tæ:k hændz:  
 kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist  
 ðe wijld wæ:vz hwist,  
 furt it fe:cli he:r ænd ðe:r;  
 ænd, swi:t sprijts, ðe burð,n be:r.

burð,n (dispersedli).]

hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.  
 ðe wætʃ-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:riel.]

hærk, hærk! ij he:r  
 ðe stræin ov strutij tʃæntikle:r  
 krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

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385

*Ariell. Song.*

Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,  
 Of his bones are Corall made:  
 Those are pearles that were his eies,  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a Sea-change  
 Into something rich, and strange:  
 Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen.*Ding-dong.<sup>1</sup>*Ar.*<sup>2</sup>

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: These our actors,  
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and  
 150 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,  
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision  
 The Crowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,  
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolute,  
 155 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded  
 Leauue not a rackinge behinde: we are such stiffe  
 As dreames are made on; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleepe.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> ding dong.      <sup>2</sup> Not in F.

æ:ri:el. soŋ.]

ful fædom fi:jv dij fæ:ðer li:jz;  
ov hiz bo:nz ær koræl mæ:d;  
do:z ær pe(:)rlz dæt wer hiz i:jz:  
noθij ov him dæt duθ fæ:d  
but duθ sufer æ se:-tʃændz  
intu sumθij ritʃ ænd strændz.  
se:-nimfs uwrli ri:j hiz knel:

395

400

burð,n.]

dijj-doj.

æ:ri:el.]

hæk! nuw ij he:r dem, —dijj-doj, bel.

\* \* \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

uwṛ rev,lz nuw ær ended. de:z uwṛ æktorz,  
æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd  
ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir:  
ænd, lijk de bæ:sles fæbrik ov ðis vizion,  
ðe kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, ðe gordžius pælæsez,  
ðe solem temp,lz, ðe gret glo:b itself,  
je:, a:l hwitʃ it inherit, sæl dizolv  
ænd, lijk ðis insubstænsiæl pædʒent fæ:ded,  
lev not æ ræk bihijd. wi æ:r sutʃ stuf  
æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwṛ lit,l lijf  
iz ruwnded wið æ sli:p.

150

155

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Ariell sings.*

WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
 In a Cowslips bell, I lie,  
 90 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,  
 On the Batts backe I doe flie  
 After Sommer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

---

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

WHO is Siluia? what is she?  
 40 That all our Swaines commend her?  
 Holy, faire, and wise is she,  
 The heauen such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be.  
 Is she kinde as she is faire?  
 45 For beauty liues with kindnesse:  
 Loue doth to her eyes repaire,  
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:  
 And being help'd, inhabits there.  
 Then to Siluia, let vs sing,  
 50 That Siluia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortall thing  
 Vpon the dull earth dwelling.  
 To her let vs Garlands bring.

---

## ACT V. SCENE I.

æ:r̄el siŋz.]

hwe:r de bi: suks, ðe:r suk ij:  
 in æ kuwslips bel ij lij;  
 ðe:r ij kuwtʃ hwen uwlz du krijs. 90  
 on ðe bæts bæk ij du flij  
 æfter sumer merili.  
 merili, merili ðæl ij liv nuw  
 under ðe blosom ðæt hæŋz on ðe buw.

---

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

hwu: iz silviæ? hwæt iz ſi:;  
 ðæt a:l uwr swæinz komend her? 40  
 ho:li, feir, ænd wijz iz ſi:;  
 ðe he(:)vn sutʃ græ:s did lend her,  
 ðæt ſi mijt ædmijred bi:.

iz ſi kijnd æz ſi iz feir?  
 for beuti livz wið kijndnes. 45

luv duθ tu her iž repær,  
 tu help him ov hiz blijdnes,  
 ænd, bi:ij helpt, inhæbits ðe:r.

ðen tu silviæ let us siŋ,  
 ðæt silviæ iz ekseliŋ; 50  
 ſi: ekselz e:tʃ mortæl θiŋ:  
 upon ðe dul e(:)rθ dweliŋ:  
 tu her let us gærlændz briŋ.

---

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Shallow.* Sir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir John Falstaffs,<sup>1</sup> he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire.

*Slen.* In the County of Gloucester, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

*Shal.* I (Cosen Slender) and *Cust-alorum*.

*Slen.* I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

*Shal.* I that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres.

*Slen.* All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

*Shal.* It is an olde Coate.

*Euans.* The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

*Shal.* The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

• •

*Fal.* Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kill'd your Keepers daughter?

<sup>1</sup> *Falstoffss.*

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

ſælo:] sir hiu, perswæ:d mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ  
ſtær-tſæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir  
džon fa:lſtaefs, hi ſæl not æbiuz robert ſælo:,  
eskwirj.

ſlender.] in ðe kuwnti ov gloſter, džustis ov 5  
pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

ſælo:] ij, kuz,n ſlender, ænd kustælo:rum.

ſlender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ džent,l-  
mæn born, mæster pærſon; hwu: wrijts himſelf  
ærmidžero:, in æni bil, wærænt, kwitæns, or obli- 10  
gæ:ſion, ærmidžero:.

ſælo:] ij, dæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm  
ðe:z Өri: hundred je:rz.

ſlender.] a:l hiz ſuksesorſ go:n bifo:r him hæθ  
dunt, ænd a:l hiz ænſeſorſ dæt kum æfter him 15  
mæi: dæi mæi giv ðe duz,n hwijt liuez in dæir  
ko:t.

ſælo:] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] ðe duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn  
ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæſænt; it iz æ 20  
fæmilīær be:ſt tu mæn, ænd ſignifijz luv.

ſælo:] ðe lius iz ðe freſ fiſ; ðe ſa:lt fiſ iz æn  
ould ko:t.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

fa:lſtaef.] nuw, mæſter ſælo:, iul komplæin ov  
mi tu ðe kij?

ſælo:] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij  
de:r, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodz. 115

fa:lſtaef.] but not kift iur ki:perz da:ter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answere it strait, I haue done all this:  
That is now answer'd.

*120 Shal.* The Councell shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known  
in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eu.* *Pauca verba*; (Sir *John*) good worts.

*125 Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*,  
I broke your head: what matter haue you againt me?

*Slen.* Marry fir, I haue matter in my head  
against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls,  
*Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

*130 Bar.* You Banbery Cheese.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's  
135 my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you  
tell, Cosen?

*Eua.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnder-  
140 stand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I  
vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master  
*Page*) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)  
and the three party is (laftly, and finally) mine Holt  
of the Garter.<sup>1</sup>

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, and end it be-  
145 tween them.

*Euan.* Ferry goot,<sup>2</sup> I will make a priefe of it  
in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon  
the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Gater.      <sup>2</sup> goo't.

ſælo:.] tut, æ pin! dis ſæl bi ænſwerd.

fa:lstæf.] ij wil ænſwer it stræit; ij hæv dun  
a:l dis. ðæt iz nuw ænſwerd.

ſælo:.] de kuwnſel ſæl kno: dis. 120

fa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun  
in kuwnſel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir džon; gud worts.<sup>1</sup>

fa:lstæf.] gud worts!<sup>1</sup> gud kæbidz. slender, ij  
bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi? 125

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed  
ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætsij ræskælz,  
bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tſi:z! 130

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, meſtoſilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. ſlijs, ij ſæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: ſlijs! ðæts  
mij hiumor. 135

slender.] hwe:rz simp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu  
tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us under-  
ſtænd. der iz Өri: umpijrz in dis mæter, æz ij 140  
underſtænd; ðæt iz, mæster pæ:dz, fideliset mæster  
pæ:dz; ænd der iz mijſelf, fideliset mijſelf; ænd  
de Өri: pærti iz, læſtli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:ſt ov  
de gærter.

mæster pæ:dz.] wi: Өri:, tu he:r it ænd end it  
bitwi:n dem. 145

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæ:k æ pri:f ov it in  
mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon  
de ka:z wið æz gre:t diskri:tli æz wi kæn.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or wurts.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

10      *Mist. Pag.* How now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole  
to day?

*Eua.* No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes  
leauue to play.

*Qui.* 'Blessing of his heart.

15      *Mist. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband faies my  
fonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke:  
I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

*Eu.* Come hither *William*; hold vp your  
head; come.

20      *Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your  
head; answere your Master, be not afraid.

*Eua.* *William*, how many Numbers is in  
Nownes?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.* Truely, I thought there had bin one  
25 Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

*Eua.* Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*)  
*William*?

*Will.* *Pulcher*.

*Qu.* Powlcats? there are fairer things then  
30 Powlcats, sure.

*Eua.* You are a very simplicity 'oman:<sup>1</sup> I pray  
you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eua.* And what is a Stone (*William*?)

35      *Will.* A Peeble.

*Eua.* No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember  
in your praine.

*Will.* *Lapis*.

<sup>1</sup> o'man.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: sku:l<sup>10</sup>  
tu-dæi?

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let de boiz le:v  
tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesij ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij  
sun profits noθij in de world æt his bu:k. ij præi<sup>15</sup>  
iu, æsk him sum kwestionz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hiðer, wil læm; hould up iur  
hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur<sup>20</sup>  
hed; ænswer iur mæster, bi: not æfræid.

evænz.] wil læm, huw mæni numberz iz in  
nuwnz?

wil læm.] tu:.

kwikli. triuli, ij θout ðer hæd bin o:n number<sup>25</sup>  
mo:r, bika:z dæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætlinjz! hwæt iz "fæir,"  
wil læm?

wil læm.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! ðer ær færer θijz dæn  
poulkæts, siur.<sup>30</sup>

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi  
iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wil læm?

wil læm.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wil læm?

wil læm.] æ pi:b,l.<sup>85</sup>

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember  
in iur præin.

wil læm.] læpis.

40      *Eua.* That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic, hæc, hoc.*

45      *Eua.* *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusative-case*?

*Will.* *Accusatiuo hinc.*

*Eua.* I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

50      *Qu.* Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

*Eu.* Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

*Will.* Forsooth, I haue forgot.

80      *Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

*M. Pag.* He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

85      *Eu.* He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

*Mis. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

---

evænz.] dæt iz æ gud wilīæm. hwæt iz hi;  
wilīæm, dæt duz lend ærtik,lz? 40

wilīæm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov de pro:nuwn,  
ænd bi dus dekljnd, sijjgiulæ:riter, nominætijvo:,  
hik, hæk,<sup>1</sup> hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo:, hig, hæg, hog: præi iu,  
mærk: dʒenitijvo:, hiudʒus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzzæ-  
tiv kæ:s? 45

wilīæm.] ækiuzzætijvo:, hijk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tʃijld;  
ækiuzzætijvo:, huŋg, hæŋg, hog.

kwikli.] “hæŋ-hog” iz læt,n for bæ:k,n, ij  
wærænt iu. 50

• •

evænz.] fo: mi nuw, wilīæm, sum deklens̄ionz  
ov iur pro:nuwnz.

wilīæm.] forsu:θ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget  
iur “kwijz,” iur “kwe:z,” ænd iur “kwodz,” iu  
must bi pri:tʃez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:. 80

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler ðen ij  
θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. fæ:rwel, 85  
mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu  
ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: loŋ.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or he(:)k; but cf. l. 44.

## FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Isab.* YET shew some pittie.

100 *Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew Iustice; For then I pittie those I doe not know, Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong Liues not to act another. Be satisfied; 105 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that givies this sentence,

And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous To vse it like a Giant.

*Luc.* That's well laid.

110 *Isab.* Could great men thunder As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet, For euery pelting petty Officer Would vse his heauen for thunder; Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen, 115 Thou rather with thy sharpe and fulpherous bolt Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke, Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man, Drest in a little briefe authoritie, Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd, 120 (His glafsie Essence) like an angry Ape Plaies such phantaistique tricks before high heauen, As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes, Would all themselues laugh mortall.

\* \* \*

## FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

izæbelæ.] jit fo: sum piti.

ændzelo:] ij fo: it mo:st ov a:l hwen ij fo: dʒustis; 100  
 for den ij piti do:z ij du not kno:,  
 hwits æ dismist ofens wu:ld æfter ga:l;  
 ænd du: him rijt dæt, ænswerij o:n fuwl wroŋ,  
 livz not tu ækt ænuðer. bi: sætisfijd;  
 iur bruðer dijz tu-moro:; bi: kontent. 105

izæbelæ.] so iu must bi de first dæt givz dis  
 sentens,

ænd hi:, dæt suferz. o:, it iz ekselent  
 tu hæ:v æ dzijænts streŋθ; but it iz tirænus  
 tu iuz it lijk æ dzijænt.

lius̄o:] dæts wel sæid.

izæbelæ.] ku:ld gret men θunder 110  
 æz dzo:v himself duz, dzo:v wu:ld ne:r bi kwijet,  
 for ev(e)ri peltij, peti ofiser  
 wu:ld iuz hiz he(:)vn for θunder;  
 noθij but θunder! mersiful he(:)vn,  
 duw ræder wi:d dij særp ænd sulf(e)rus boult 115  
 splits de unwedzæb,l ænd gnærled o:k  
 ðen ðe soft mirt,l: but mæn, pruwd mæn,  
 drest in æ lit,l bri:f a:θoriti,  
 mo:st ignorænt of hwæt hi:z mo:st æsiurd,  
 hiz glæsi esens, lijk æn ængri æ:p, 120  
 plæiz sutʃ fæntæstik triks bifo:r hij he(:)vn  
 æz mæ:ks ðe ændz,lz wi:p; hwu:, wi:d uw̄r spli:nz,  
 wu:ld a:l demselvz læf mortæl.

\*                   \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Isa.* WHAT saies my brother?

*Cla.* Death is a fearefull thing.

*Isa.* And shamed life, a hatefull.

*Cla.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,  
120 This sensible warme motion, to become  
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit  
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide  
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,  
To be imprison'd in the viewleffe windes  
125 And blowne with restleffe violence round about  
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst  
Of those, that lawleffe and incertaine thought,  
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.  
The wearieſt, and most loathed worldly life  
130 That Age, Ache, peniury,<sup>1</sup> and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise  
To what we feare of death.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Song.*

TAKE, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworne,  
And those eyes: the breake of day,  
Lights that do mislead the Morne,  
5 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,  
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in  
vaine.

---

<sup>1</sup> periury.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

izæbelæ.] hwaet sæiz nij brudter?  
 kla;dño:.] de(:)θ iz æ fe:rful θij.  
 izæbelæ.] ænd sæ:med lijf æ hæ:tful.  
 kla;dño:.] ij, but tu dij, ænd go: wi kno: not hwe:r;  
 tu lijf in kould obstruksion ænd tu rot;  
 dis sensib,l wærm mo:sion tu bikum      120  
 æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd ðe delijted spirit  
 tu bæ:d in fijri fludz, or tu rezijd  
 in θrilij re:džion ov θik-ribed ijs;  
 tu bi impriz,nd in ðe viules wijndz,  
 ænd bloun wið restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt      125  
 ðe pendænt world; or tu bi wurs ðen wurst  
 ov ðo:z dæt la:les ænd insertæin θout  
 imædžin huwlij : tiz tu: horib,l!  
 ðe we:r̄est ænd mo:st lo:ded worldli lijf  
 dæt æ:dz, æ:tʃ, peniuri ænd impriz,nment      130  
 kæn læi on næ:tiur iz æ pærædijs  
 tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

\*                  \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

[sonj.]

tæ:k, o:, tæ:k ðo:z lips æwæi,  
     dæt so swi:tli wer forsworn;  
 ænd ðo:z iż, de bre:k ov dæi,  
     lijts dæt du misle:d de morn:  
 but mij kisez brij ægæin, brij ægæin;      5  
 se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in  
     væin.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

SIGH no more Ladies, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceiuers euer,  
 One foote in Sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing conftant neuer,  
 Then sigh not fo, but let them goe,  
 And be you blithe and bonnie,  
 Conuerting all your founds of woe,  
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
 Of dumps fo dull and heauy,  
 The fraud of men was<sup>1</sup> ever fo,  
 Since summer first was leauy,  
 Then sigh not fo, &c.

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Hero.* O GOD of loue! I know he doth deferue,  
 As much as may be yeelded to a man.  
 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,  
 50 Of powder stiffe then that of *Beatrice*:  
 Dildaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 Mil-prizing what they looke on, and her wit  
 Values it selfe fo highly, that to her  
 All matter else feemes weake: she cannot loue,  
 55 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
 Shee is fo selfe indeared.

<sup>1</sup> were *F*, was *Q*.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[soj.]

sij no mo:r, læ:diz, sj̄ no mo:r,  
 men wer dese:verz ever,  
 o:n fu:t in se: ænd o:n on fo:r,  
 tu o:n 6ij konstaent never:  
 den sj̄ not so:, but let dem go:,  
 ænd bi: iu blijd ænd boni,  
 konværtij a:l iur suwndz ov wo:  
 intu hæi noni, noni.

65

70

sj̄ no mo:r ditiz, sj̄ no mo:;  
 ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;  
 ðe fra:d ov men wæz ever so:;  
 sins sumer first wæz le:vi:  
 den sj̄ not so:, &c.

75

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

he:ro:.] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv  
 æz mutʃ æz mæi bi ji:lded tu æ mæn:  
 but næ:tiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært  
 ov pruwder stuf den ðæt ov be:aetris;  
 disdæin ænd skorn rijd spærklij in her iż,  
 misprijzing hwæt ðæi lu:k on, ænd her wit  
 væliuz itself so hijli ðæt tu her  
 a:l mæter els si:mz we:k: si kænot luv,  
 nor tæ:k no fæ:p nor prodȝekt ov æfeksion,  
 si iz so self-inde;rd.

50

55

*Vrsula.*                          Sure I thinke so,  
 And therefore certainly it were not good  
 She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw  
 man,

- 60 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,  
 But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,  
 She would sweare the gentleman shoulde be her sister:  
 If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,  
 Made a foul blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:  
 65 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:  
 If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:  
 If silent, why a blocke moued with none.  
 So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,  
 And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that  
 70 Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

\*                          \*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Bene.* LADY Beatrice, haue you wept all this  
 while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.  
*Bene.* I will not desire that.

260        *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

*Bene.* Surelie I do beleue your fair cosin is  
 wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserue  
 of mee that would right her!

265        *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

*Beat.* A verie euen way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man doe it?

*Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.

ursiulæ.] siur, ij θijk so:;  
 ænd de:rfor sertæinli it wer not gud  
 si kniu hiz luv, lest si mæ:k sport æt it.

he:ro:] hwij, iu spe:k triuθ. ij never jit sa:  
 mæn,

huw wijz, huw no:b,l, juŋ, huw ræ:rlí fætiurd,      60  
 but si wu:ld spel him bækwärd: if fæir-fæ:st,  
 si:ld swe:r de dʒent,lmæn su:ld bi her sister;  
 if blæk, hwij, næ:tiur, dra:iŋ ov æn æntik,  
 mæ:d æ fuwl blot; if ta:l, æ læns il-heded;  
 if lo:, æn ægæt<sup>1</sup> veri vijldli kut;      65  
 if spe:kinj, hwij, æ væ:n bloun wid a:l wijndz;  
 if sijlent, hwij æ blok mu:ved wid no:n.  
 so turnz si ev(e)ri mæn ðe wroj sijd uwt,  
 ænd never qivz tu triuθ ænd vertiu dæt  
 hwits simp,lnes ænd merit purtſæseθ.      70

\*                  \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

benedik.] læ:di be:aetris, hæv iu wept a:l dis  
 hwijl?

be:aetris.] je:, ænd ij wil wi:p æ hwijl longer.

benedik.] ij wil not dezir dæt.

be:aetris.] iu hæv no re:z,n; ij du: it fri:li.      260

benedik.] siurli ij du bili:v iur fæir kuz,n iz  
 wrojnd.

be:aetris.] æh, huw mutʃ mijt ðe mæn dezerv  
 ov mi dæt wu:ld rijt her!

benedik.] iz ðer æni wæi tu fo: sutʃ frendſip?      265

be:aetris.] æ veri i:v,n wæi, but no: sutʃ frend.

benedik.] mæi æ mæn du: it?

be:aetris.] it iz æ mænz ofis, but not iurz.

<sup>1</sup> Hardly ægot.

*Bene.* I doe loue nothing in the world so well  
270 as you, is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not,  
it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing  
so well as you, but beleue me not, and yet I lie  
275 not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am  
sorri for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sworde *Beatrice* thou lou'st me.

*Beat.* Doe not swear by it and eat it.

*Bene.* I will sweare by it that you loue mee,  
and I will make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

280      *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no swace that can be deuised to  
it, I protest I loue thee.

*Beat.* Why then God forgiue me.

*Bene.* What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

285      *Beat.* You haue stayed me in a happy howre,  
I was about to protest I loued you.

*Bene.* And doe it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I loue you with so much of my heart,  
that none is left to protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

ANOTHER of these Students at that time,  
65 Was there with him, if<sup>1</sup> I haue heard a truth.  
*Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becomming mirth,  
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

<sup>1</sup> as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθij in de world so wel  
æz iu: iz not dæt strændʒ?

270

be:ætris.] æz [strændʒ æz de θij ij kno: not,  
it wer æz posib,l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθij so  
wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jit ij lij not;  
ij konfes noθij, nor ij denij noθij. ij æm sori<sub>275</sub>  
for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, duw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd e:t it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it dæt iu luv mi:;  
ænd ij wil mæk him e:t it dæt sæiz ij luv, not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not e:t iur word?

280

benedik.] wið no: sa:s dæt kæn bi devijzd tu  
it. ij protest ij luv di:.

be:ætris.] hwij ðen, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swi:t be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv staeid mi in æ hæpi uwr:<sub>285</sub>  
ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wið a:l dij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wið so mutʃ ov mij hært  
dæt no:n iz left tu protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

ænunder ov de:z stuidents æt dæt tijm  
wæz de:r wið him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ.  
beruwn dæi ka:l him; but æ merier mæn,  
wiðin de limit ov bikumiŋ mirθ,  
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wida:l:

65

His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
 70 For euery obiect that the one doth catch,  
 The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,  
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)  
 Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,  
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,  
 75 And yonger hearings are quite rauished.  
 So sweet and vobule is his discourse.

\* \* \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,  
 And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:  
 820 For when would you (my Leuge) or you, or you?  
 In leaden contemplation haue found out  
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:  
 Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:  
 825 And therefore finding barraine practizers,  
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.  
 But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,  
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 830 Courses as swift as thought in euery power,  
 And giues to euery power a double power,  
 Aboue their functions and their offices.  
 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:  
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,  
 835 A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound  
 When the suspiciois head of theft is stopt.  
 Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,  
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zïon for hiz wit;  
 for ev(e)ri obdžekt dæt de o:n duθ kæts  
 de uðer turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viy džest,  
 hwitſ hiz fær tuy, konsæits ekspozitor,  
 deliverz in sutſ æpt ænd græ:sius wordz  
 dæt æ:džed e:rz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz  
 ænd junger he:rijz ær kwijt rævised;  
 so swi:t ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

70

75

\*                   \*

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,  
 ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr bu:ks.  
 for hwen wu:ld iu, mij li:dz, or iu, or iu,  
 in le(:)d,n kontemplæ:zion hæv fuwnd uwt  
 sutſ fijri numberz æz de promptij ijz  
 ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritſt iu wiθ?  
 uðer slo: ærts intijrli ki:p de bræin;  
 ænd ðe:rfo:r, fijndij bæræin præktsizerz,  
 skærs fo: æ hærest ov ðæir he(:)vi toil:  
 but luv, first lerned in æ læ:dz ijz,  
 livz not ælo:n imiured in de bræin;  
 but, wið de mo:zion ov a:l elements,  
 ku:rsez æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr,  
 ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,  
 æbuv ðæir funksionz ænd ðæir ofisez.  
 it ædz æ presiūs si:ij tu de ij;  
 æ luverz ijz wil gæ:z æn e:q,l blijnd;  
 æ luverz e:r wil hei:r de lo:est suwnd,  
 hwen de suspisius hed ov θeft iz stopt:  
 luvz fi:lij iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l  
 ðen ær de tender hornz ov kokled snæilz;

320

325

330

335

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,  
 340 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?  
 Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*.  
 Subtil as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,  
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.  
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,  
 345 Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.  
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,  
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues fighes :  
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,  
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
 350 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriuie.  
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,  
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,  
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.  
 Else none at all in aught proues excellent.

\*                   \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

*Spring.*<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Dafies pied, and Violets blew,  
 905 And Ladie-smockes all siluer white :  
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,  
 Do paint the Medowes with delight:<sup>2</sup>  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,  
 Mockes married men, for thus sings he,  
 910 Cuckow.  
 Cuckow, Cuckow : O word of feare,  
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

<sup>1</sup> Not in F.  
906, 905, 907.

<sup>2</sup> Ll. 904 to 907 arranged 904,

luvz tuŋ̩ pru:vz dæinti bækus gro:s in tæ:st:  
 for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z,  
 stil klijmiŋ̩ tri:z in ðe hesperide:z?  
 subtil æz sfiŋks; æz swi:t ænd miuzikæl  
 æz brijt æpolo:z liut, struj̩ wið hiz hæir:  
 ænd hwen luv spe:ks, de vois ov a:l de godz  
 mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wið de hærmoni.  
 never durst po:et tutſ æ pen tu wrijt  
 until hiz iŋ̩ wer tempred wið luvz sijz;  
 o:, ðen hiz lijnz wu:ld rævis sævædʒ e:rz  
 ænd plænt in tijrænts mijld hiumiliti.  
 from wimenz ijz dis doktrin ij derijv:  
 ðæi spærkl stil ðe rijt prome:θiæn fijr;  
 ðæi ær de bu:ks, de ærts, de ækæde:mz,  
 ðæt fo:, kontæin ænd nuris a:l de world:  
 els no:n æt a:l in a:t pru:vz ekselent.

340

345

350

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

[sprinj.]

hwen dæiziz pijd ænd vij(o)lets bliu  
 ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt  
 ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu  
 du pæint de medouz wið delijt,  
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,  
 moks mærid men; for ðus sijz hi:;  
 kukuw;  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,  
 unple:ziŋ̩ tu æ mærid e:r!

905

910

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,  
 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:  
 915 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,  
 And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree  
 Mockes married men; for thus sings he,  
 Cuckow.  
 920 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 Vnpleasing to a married eare.

*Winter.*

When Iicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dicke the Shepheard<sup>1</sup> blowes his naile;  
 And Tom beares Logges into the hall,  
 925 And Milke comes frozen home in paile:  
 When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>  
 Tu-whit to-who: A merrie note,  
 930 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,  
 And coffing drownes the Parsons law:  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:  
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>

Tu whit to-who: A merrie note,  
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

<sup>1</sup> Sphepherd.

<sup>2</sup> Not in *QF*.

hwen sepherdz pijp on o:t,n stra:z  
 ænd meri lærks ær pluwmenz kloks,  
 hwen turt,lz tre(:)d, ænd ru:ks, ænd da:z,  
 ænd mæid,nz ble:tʃ dæir sumer smoks,  
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,  
 moks mærid men; for ðus siŋz hi:,  
 kukuw;  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,  
 unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

915

920

## [winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hæŋ bij ðe wa:l  
 ænd dik ðe sepherd blouz hiz næil  
 ænd tom be:rз logz intu ðe ha:l  
 ænd milk kumz fro:z,n ho:m in pæil,  
 hwen blud iz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,  
 ðen nijtli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwL  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,  
 hwijl gre:si džo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

925

930

hwen a:l æluwd ðe wijnd duθ blo:  
 ænd kofij druwnz ðe pærsonz sa:  
 ænd birdz sit bru:diŋ in ðe sno:  
 ænd mærænz no:z lu:ks red ænd ra:,  
 hwen ro:sted kræbz his in ðe boul,  
 ðen nijtli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwL  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,  
 hwijl gre:si džo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

935

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

*Ob.* . . . . .

MY gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest  
 Since once I sat vpon a promontory,  
 150 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,  
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,  
 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,  
 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

*Puc.* I remember.

155      *Ob.* That very time I saw <sup>1</sup> (but thou couldst not)  
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,  
 Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke  
 At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,  
 And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 160 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,  
 But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft  
 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;  
 And the imperiall Votresse passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 165 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;  
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,  
 And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.  
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee  
 once,  
 170 The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote

<sup>1</sup> say *F*, saw *Q.*

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

oberon.] . . . . . mij dzent,l puk, kum heder. duw remembrest  
 sins o;ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,  
 ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæk      150  
 ut(e)rij sutʃ dulset ænd hærmo:njus bre(:)θ  
 ðæt ðe riud se: griu sivil æt her soŋ  
 ænd sertæin stærz fót mædli from ðærir sfe:rz,  
 tu he:r de se:-mæidz miuzik.]

puk.] ij remember.

oberon.] ðæt veri tijm ij sa:, but duw ku:ldst not, 155  
 flijing bitwi:n ðe kould mu:n ænd ðe e(:)rθ,  
 kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi tu:k  
 æt æ fæir vestæl θro:ned bij ðe west,  
 ænd lu:st hiz luv-fæft smærtli from hiz bo:,  
 æz it su:ld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts;      160  
 but ij mijt si: ju:j kiupidz fijri fæft  
 kwentʃt in de tʃæ(:)st be:mz ov ðe wæt(e)ri mu:n,  
 ænd ðe impe:rjæl vo:t(æ)res pæsed on,  
 in mæid,n meditæ:sion, faensi-fri:.  
 jit mærkt ij hwe:r ðe boult ov kiupid fel:      165  
 it fel upon æ lit,l western fluwr,  
 bifor milk-hwijt, nuw purpl wið luvz wuwnd,  
 ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijd,lnes.  
 fetʃ mi ðæt fluwr; ðe herb ij soud di o;ns:

ðe dʒius ov it on sli:piŋ ij-lidz læid      170  
 wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,  
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

<sup>175</sup> *Pucke.* Ile put a girdle round<sup>1</sup> about the earth,  
In forty minutes.<sup>2</sup> . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

\*                          \*

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

*Fairies Sing.*

YOU Spotted Snakes with double tongue,  
<sup>10</sup> Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,  
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,  
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.  
Philomele with melodie,  
Sing in our<sup>3</sup> sweet Lullaby,  
<sup>15</sup> Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Neuer harme,  
Nor spell, nor charme,  
Come our louely Lady nyne,  
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

<sup>20</sup> Weauing Spiders come not heere,  
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:  
Beetles blacke approach not neere;  
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.  
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

<sup>25</sup> Hence away, now all is well;  
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

\*                          \*

<sup>1</sup> round om. *F*, round *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> *Ll.* 175, 176 printed as  
prose.      <sup>3</sup> your *F*, our *Q*.

upon de nekst lijv kre:tiur dæt it si:z.  
 fetʃ mi dis herb; ænd bi: duw her ægæin  
 e:r ðe levijæθæn kæn swim æ le:g.

puk.] ijil put æ gird,l ruwnd æbuwt ðe e(:)rθ 175  
 in fo:rti miniuts. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

[fæiriz siŋ.]

iu spoted snæ:ks wið dub,l tuŋ,  
 ðorni hedʒhogz, bi: not si:n; 10  
 niuts ænd blijnd-wurmz, du: no wroŋ,  
 kum not ne:r uwr fæiri kwí:n.  
 filomel, wið melodij  
 siŋ in uwr swi:t lulæbij;  
 lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæbij: 15  
 ne(:)ver hærm,  
 nor spel nor tʃerm,  
 kum uwr luvlij læ:di nij;  
 so:, gud nijt, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]

we:viŋ spijderz, kum not he:r; 20  
 hens, iu loŋ-legd spinnerz, hens!  
 bi:t,lz blæk, æpro:tʃ not ne:r;  
 worm nor snæil, du: no: ofens.  
 filomel, wið melodij, &c.

first fæiri.]

hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel: 25  
 o:n ælu:f stænd sentinel.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

*Bot.* WHY do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard.

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Asse-  
120 head of your owne, do you?

*Pet.* Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art translated.

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an  
125 asſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.

The Woofell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,  
With Orenge-tawny bill.

130 The Throftle, with his note ſo true,  
The Wren with<sup>1</sup> little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my  
flowry bed?

*Bot.*

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,  
The plainsong Cuckow gray;  
135 Whose note full many a man doth marke,  
And dares not anſweref, nay.

For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo foolish  
a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though  
he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

<sup>1</sup> and *F*, with *Q*.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

botom.] hwij du ðæi run æwæi? ðis iz æ 115  
knæ:veri ov ðem tu mæ:k mi æfe:rd.

snuwt.] o: botom, ðuw ært tʃændʒd! hwæt  
du ij si: on ði:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si:? iu si: æn æs-hed ov 120  
iur oun, du: iu?

pe:ter.] bles ði:, botom! bles ði!: ðuw ært  
trænslæ:ted.

botom.] ij si: ðær knæ:veri: ðis iz tu mæ:k  
æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if ðæi ku:ld. but ij wil 125  
not stor from ðis plæ:s, du: hwæt ðæi kæn: ij wil  
wa:k up ænd duwn he:r, ænd ij wil si:, dæt ðæi  
ſæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

ðe wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,  
wid orændʒ-ta:ni bil,

ðe θrost,l wid hiz no:t so triu, 130  
ðe wren wid lit,l kwil,—

titæ:njæ.] hwæt ændʒ,l wæ:ks mi from mi  
fluwri bed?

botom.]

ðe fintʃ, ðe spæro: ænd ðe lærk,

ðe plæin-soj kukuw græi,

hwu:z no:t ful mæn̄i æ mæn duθ mærk, 135  
ænd dæ:rz not ænswer næi;—

for, indi:d, hwu: wu:ld set hiz wit tu so fu:lif æ  
bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird ðe lij, ðou hi krij  
“kukuw” never so:?

140      *Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,  
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;  
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,  
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me<sup>1</sup>  
 On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

145      *Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue  
 little reason for that: and yet to say the truth,  
 reason and loue keepe little company together,  
 now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest  
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I  
 150 can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enoug h  
 to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue  
 mine owne turne.

155      *Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,  
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.  
 I am a spirit of no common rate:  
 The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,  
 And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,  
 160 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;  
 And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,  
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:  
 And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,  
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.  
 165 Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 142, 143, 144 arranged as 144, 142, 143.

<sup>2</sup> *The following stage direction takes the place of l. 165:* Enter Pease blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.

titæ:nīæ.] ij præi di:, dgent,l mortæl, siŋ ægæin: 140  
 mijn e:r iz mutſ enæmord ov dij no:t;  
 so: iz mijn ij enθra:led tu dij fæ:p;  
 ænd dij fæir vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:  
 on de first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv di:.

botom.] miθijks, mistres, iu su:ld hæv lit,l re:z,n 145  
 for ðæt: ænd jit, tu sæi de triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv  
 ki:p lit,l kumpæni tujeder nuw-æ-dæiz; de mo:r  
 de piti ðæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mæ:k ðem  
 frendz. næi, ij kæn gli:k upon okæ:zion. 150

titæ:nīæ.] duw ært æz wijz æz duw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:ðer: but if ij hæd wit  
 inuf tu get uwt ov dis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv  
 mijnoun turn.

titæ:nīæ.] uwt ov dis wud du: not dezijr tu go: 155  
 duw fælt remæin he:r, hweder<sup>1</sup> duw wilt or no:.  
 ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræ:t:  
 de sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæ:t;  
 ænd ij du luv di: de:rfo:r, go: wið mi:;  
 ijl giv di færiz tu ætend on di:, 160  
 ænd dæi fælt di dʒiuelz from de di:p,  
 ænd siŋ hwijl duw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:  
 ænd ij wil purdʒ dij mortæl gro:snes so:  
 ðæt duw fælt lijk æn æiri spirit go:.  
 pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustærdsi:d! 165

<sup>1</sup> Or hwe:r.

*Peaf.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Mus.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go?<sup>1</sup>

*Tita.* Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
170 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,  
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,  
And light them at the fierie<sup>2</sup> Glow-wormes eyes,  
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:  
175 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.  
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

180 2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

\* \* \*

#### FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Hip.* 'TIS strange my *Theseus*, that these louers  
speake of.

*The.* More strange then true. I neuer may  
beleeue

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,  
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,  
5 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 166 to 170 printed as one line, as follows:  
*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?

<sup>2</sup> fierie-.

pe:zblosom.] redi.

kobweb.] ænd ij.

moθ.] ænd ij.

mustærdsi:d.] ænd ij.

a:l.] hwe:r fæl wi go:?

titæ:nīæ.] bi kijnd ænd kurtēus tu ðis dʒent, lmæn;

hop in hiz wa:ks ænd gæmbol in hiz ijj;

fi:d him wið æ:prikoks ænd deuberiz,

wið purpl græ:ps, gri:n figz, ænd mulberiz; 170

ðe huni-bægz ste:l from ðe humbl-bi:z,

ænd for nijt-tæ:perz krop ðæir wæks,n θijz

ænd lijt dem æt ðe fijri glo:-wurmz ijj,

tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed ænd tu ærijz;

ænd pluk ðe wiŋz from pæinted buterflijz 175

tu fæn ðe mu:nbe:mz from hiz slipiŋ ijj:

nod tu him, elvz, ænd du: him kurtesijz.

first fæiri.] hæil, mortæl, hæil !

sekond fæiri.] hæil ! 180

θird fæiri.] hæil !

\* \* \*

#### FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

hipolitæ.] tiz strændz, mij θe:zēus, ðæt ðe:z luverz spe:k ov.

θe:zēus.] mo:r strændz ðen triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi bili:v

ðe:z æntik fæ:b,lz, nor ðe:z fæiri toiz.

luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutʃ si:diŋ bræinz,

sutʃ fæ:piŋ fæntæsiz, ðæt æprehend 5

More then coole reason euer comprehends.<sup>1</sup>

The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,  
Are of imagination all compact.

One sees more diuels then waste hell can hold;

<sup>10</sup> That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick,  
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.

The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to  
heauen.<sup>2</sup>

And as imagination bodies forth

<sup>15</sup> The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen  
Turnes them to shapes, and giues to airy<sup>3</sup> nothing,  
A locall habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,<sup>4</sup>

That if it would but apprehend some ioy,

<sup>20</sup> It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.

Or in the night, imagining some feare,

How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

*Hip.* But all the storie of the night told ouer,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

<sup>25</sup> More witnesseth than fancies images,

And growes to something of great constancie;

But howsoeuer, strange, and admirable.

<sup>1</sup> L. 5 ends with more.   <sup>2</sup> L. 12 ends with glance.

<sup>3</sup> aire.   <sup>4</sup> Ll. 14 to 18 printed as four, ending with  
things . . . shapes . . . habitation . . . imagination.

mo:r ðen ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.  
 ðe liunætik, ðe luver ænd ðe po:et  
 ær ov imædžinæ:sion a;l kompækt.  
 o:n si:z mo:r di:vilz<sup>1</sup> ðen væst hel kæn hould,  
 ðæt iz, ðe mædmæn: de luver, a:l æz fræntik,      10  
 si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:džipt:  
 ðe po:ets ij, in æ fijn frenzi roulij,  
 duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu  
     he(:)vn;  
 ænd æz imædžinæ:sion bodiz furθ  
 ðe fo(:)rms ov θijz unknoun, ðe po:ets pen      15  
 turnz ðem tu sæ:ps ænd givz tu æiri noθij  
 æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sion ænd æ næ:m.  
 sutʃ triks hæθ stroj imædžinæ:sion,  
 ðæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dʒoi,  
 it komprehendz sum bri:ger ov ðæt dʒoi;      20  
 or in ðe nijt, imædžini:ij sum fe:r,  
 huw e:zi iz æ buʃ supo:zd æ be:r!

hipolitæ.] but a:l ðe sto:ri ov ðe nijt tould o(:)ver,  
 ænd a:l ðær mijndz trænsfigiurd so: tuqeder,  
 mo:r witneseθ ðæn fænsiz imædʒez      25  
 ænd grouz tu sumθij ov gre:t konstænsi;  
 but, huwsoever, strændz ænd ædmiræb,l.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or di:v, lz.

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

*A Song.*

65

TELL me where is fancie bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head:  
How begot, how nourished.

70

Replie, replie.  
It is engendred in the eyes,  
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.  
Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.  
*All.* Ding, dong, bell.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
185 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen  
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,  
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.  
190 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,  
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,  
Wherein doth sit this dread and feare of Kings:  
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
195 It is an attribute to God himselfe;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

[æ soŋ.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,  
or in de hært or in de hed?  
huw bigot, huw nurised?

65

replij, replij.

it iz endȝendred in de ijz,  
wið gæ:zin fed; ænd fænsi dijz  
in de kræ:d,l hwe:r it lijz.

let us a:l rij fænsiz knel:  
ijl bigin it,—dij, doŋ, bel.  
a:l.] dij, doŋ, bel.

70

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

de kwæliti ov mersi iz not stræind,  
it dropeθ æz de dȝent,l' ræin from he(:)vn  
upon de plæ:s bine:th: it iz twijs blest;  
it bleseθ him dæt qivz ænd him dæt tæ:ks:  
tiz mijt̄iest in de mijt̄iest: it bikumz  
de θro:ned monærk beter ðen his kruwn;  
his septer souz de fors ov temporæl puwr,  
de ætribiut tu a: ænd mædȝesti,  
hwe:rin duθ sit de dre(:)d ænd fe:r ov kijz;  
but mersi iz æbuv dis septred swæi;  
it iz enθro:ned in de hærts ov kijz,  
it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself;  
ænd e(:)rθli puwr duθ ðen fo: lijkest godz

185

190

195

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,  
 Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,  
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs  
 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,  
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render  
 The deeds of mercie. . . . . . . . . . . . .

\* \* \*

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Lor.* THE moone shines bright. In such a night  
 as this,

When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,  
 And they did make no noyle,<sup>1</sup> in such a night  
*Troylus* me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,  
 And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents  
 Where *Cressed*<sup>2</sup> lay that night.

*Ief.* In such a night  
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,  
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,  
 And ranne dismayed away.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand  
 Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue  
 To come againe to Carthage.

*Ief.* In such a night  
*Medea* gathered the incharted hearbs  
 That did renew old *Eson*.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,  
 And with an Vnthrifte Loue did runne from Venice,  
 As farre as Belmont.

<sup>1</sup> nnyse (*misprint*).

<sup>2</sup> Sic.

hwæn mersi se:z, nz dʒustis. ðe:rfo:r, dʒiu,  
 ðou dʒustis bi: ðij ple:, konsider ðis,  
 ðæt, in ðe ku:rs ov dʒustis, no:n ov us  
 fu:ld si: sælvæ:sion: wi du præi for mersi;       200  
 ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render  
 de di:dz ov mersi. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

\*                                  \*

## FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

lorenzo:] ðe mu:n fijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ nijt  
   æz ðis,  
 hwæn ðe swi:t wijnd did dʒentli kis ðe tri:z  
 ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ nijt  
 troilus miθiŋks muwnted ðe tro:ðæn wa;lz  
 ænd sijd hiz soul towærd de gresiæn tents,       5  
 hwe:r kresid læi ðæt nijt.

dʒesikæ.]    in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did θizbe fe:rfuli o:rtrip ðe deu  
 ænd sa: ðe lijonz fædo: e:r himself  
 ænd ræn dismæid æwæi.

lorenzo:]    in sutʃ æ nijt  
 stu(:)d dijdo: wið æ wilo: in her hænd       10  
 upon ðe wijld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv  
 tu kum ægæin tu kærθædz.

dʒesikæ.]    in sutʃ æ nijt  
 mede:æ gædred ðe intfænted herbz  
 ðæt did reniu ould e:zon.

lorenzo:]    in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did dʒesikæ ste:l from ðe weløi dʒiu       15  
 ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis  
 æz fær æz belmont.

*Ief.* In such a night  
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,  
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,  
20 And nere a true one.

*Loren.* In such a night  
Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little shrow)  
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

*Ieffi.* I would out-night you did no body come:  
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

. . . . .

*Loren.* How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,  
55 Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke  
Creepe in our eares, soft stilnes and<sup>1</sup> the night  
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:  
Sit *Ieffica*, looke how the floore of heauen  
Is thicke inlaid with pattens of bright gold,  
60 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst  
But in his motion like an Angell sings,  
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;  
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
65 Doth grofily close it in,<sup>2</sup> we cannot heare it:  
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,  
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,  
And draw her home with musicke.

*Ieffi.* I am neuer merry when I heare sweet  
musique.

70      *Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard  
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

<sup>1</sup> e. f. stilnes, and *F*, as above *Q.*

<sup>2</sup> in it.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did juŋ lorenzo: swe:r hi luvd her wel,  
 ste:liŋ her soul wið mæni vuwz ov fæiθ  
 ænd ne:r æ triu o:n.

20

lorenzo:] in sutʃ æ nijt  
 did priti<sup>1</sup> dʒesikæ, lijk æ lit,l ſro:,  
 slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæv it her.

dʒesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-nijt iu, did no bodi kum;  
 but, hæk, ij he:r de fu:tiŋ ov æ mæn.

lorenzo:] .  
 huw swi:t de mu:nlijt sli:ps upon ðis bæjk!  
 he:r wil wi sit ænd let ðe suwndz ov miuzik      55  
 kri:p in uwr e:rz: soft stilnes ænd ðe nijt  
 bikum ðe tutſez ov swi:t hærmoni.  
 sit, dʒesikæ. lu:k huw ðe flu:r ov he(:)vn  
 iz θik inlæid wið pætenz ov brijt gould:  
 ðerz not ðe sma:lest orb hwitʃ duw bihouldst      60  
 but in hiz mo:sion lijk æn ændz, siŋz,  
 stil kwijriŋ tu ðe juŋ-ijd tſerubinz;  
 sutʃ hærmoni iz in imortæl soulz;  
 but hwijlst ðis mudi vestiur ov dekæi  
 duθ gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænot he:r it.      65  
 kum, ho:! ænd wæ:k diænæ wið æ him:  
 wið swi:test tutſez pe:rs iur mistres e:r  
 ænd dra: her ho:m wið miuzik.

dʒesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij he:r swi:t  
 miuzik.

lorenzo:] ðe re:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv:      70  
 for du: but no:t æ wijld ænd waenton herd,  
 or ræ:s ov jiuθful ænd unhændled koultz,  
 fetſiŋ mæd buwndz, beloiŋ ænd ne:iŋ luwd,

<sup>1</sup> *Or preti.*

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,  
 75 If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,  
 You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,  
 Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
 By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet  
 80 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods:  
 Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But musicke for the<sup>1</sup> time doth change his nature,  
 The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,  
 Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,  
 85 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections darke as *Erobus*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Let no such man be trusted. . . . . . . . . . .

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## FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

*Duk. Sen.* NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers  
 in exile:

Hath not old custome made this life more sweete  
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods  
 More free from perill then the eniuious Court?  
 5 Heere feele we but<sup>3</sup> the penaltie of *Adam*,  
 The seafons difference, as the Icie phange  
 And churlish chiding of the winters winde,  
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body  
 Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say  
 10 This is no flattery: these are counsellors

<sup>1</sup> the *om.* *F*, the *Q*.<sup>2</sup> Sic *F*, *Terebus Q*.<sup>3</sup> not.

hwitſ iz de hot kondis̄on ov dæir blud;  
 if dæi but hei:r pertſæns æ trumpet suwnd,  
 or æni æir ov miuzik tutſ dæir e:rz,  
 iu ſæl perse:v ðem mæk æ miutſūel stænd,  
 dæir sævædž ijz turnd tu æ modest gæ:z  
 bij ðe swi:t puwr ov miuzik: ðe:rfo:r de po:et  
 did fæin dæt orfēus driu tri:z, sto:nz ænd fludz; 80  
 sins na:t so stokif, hærd, ænd ful ov ræ:dz,  
 but miuzik for ðe tijm duθ tſændž hiz næ:tiur.  
 ðe mæn dæt hæθ no miuzik in himself,  
 nor iz not mu:vd wið konkord ov swi:t suwndz,  
 iz fit for tre:z,nz, strætaedžemz, ænd spoilz; 85  
 ðe mo:sionz ov hiz spir(i)t ær dul æz nijt,  
 ænd hiz æfeksionz dærk æz erebus:  
 let no: sutſ mæn bi trusted. . . . . . . . . . .

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## FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

diuk se:njor.] nuw, mij ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruðerz  
 in eksijl,

hæθ not ould kustom mæ:d ðis lijf mo:r swi:t  
 ðen dæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not de:z wudz  
 mo:r fri: from peril ðen de env̄us ku:rt?  
 hei:r fi:l wi but ðe penælti ov ædæm,  
 de se:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz de ijsi fæj 5  
 ænd tſurlis tſijdiy ov ðe winterz wijnd,  
 hwitſ, hwen it bijts ænd blouz upon mij bodi,  
 i:vn til ij ſrijk wið kould, ij smijl ænd sæi  
 "ðis iz no flæt(e)ri: ðe:z ær kuwnselorz 10

That feelingly perswade me what I am:  
 Sweet are the vses of aduersitie  
 Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,  
 Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:  
 15 And this our life exempt from publike haunt,  
     Findes tongues in trees, booke in the running  
   brookes,  
     Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.  
     I would not change it.<sup>1</sup>

*Amien.*                                   Happy is your Grace  
 20 That can tranlate the stubbornnesse of fortune  
     Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

\*                                  \*

## ACT II. SCENE V.

*Song.*

VNDER the greene wood tree,  
 Who loues to lye with mee,  
 And turne his merrie Note,  
 Vnto the sweet Birds throte:  
 5      Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
     Heere shall he see  
     No enemie,  
     But Winter and rough Weather.  
 40     Who doth ambition shunne,  
     And loues to liue i'th Sunne:  
     Seeking the food he eates,  
     And pleas'd with what he gets:  
     Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
 45     Heere shall he see, &c.

\*                                  \*

<sup>1</sup> I would not change it, . . . given to Amiens.

ðæt fi:liyli perswæ:d mi hwæt ij æm.”  
 swi:t ær ðe iusez ov ædversiti,  
 hwitʃ, lijk ðe to:d, ugli ænd venemus,  
 we:rz jit æ presiūs dʒiuel in hiz hed;  
 ænd ðis uwr lijf ekseempt from publik ha:nt  
 fijndz tu:z in tri:z, bu:ks in ðe runiŋ bru:ks,

15

sermonz in sto:nz ænd gud in ev(e)ri θiŋ.  
 ij wu:ld not tʃændz it.

æmienz.] hæpi iz iur græ:s,  
 ðæt kæn trænslæ:t ðe stubornes ov fortiun  
 intu so kwijet ænd so swi:t æ stijl.

20

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE V.

[soŋ.]

under ðe gri:nwud tri:  
 hwu: luvz tu lij wi:d mi:,  
 ænd turn hiz meri noit  
 untu ðe swi:t birdz θro:t,  
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder:  
 hei:r fæl hi si:  
 no enemi:  
 but winter ænd ruf weðer.

5

hwu: duθ æmbis̄on sun  
 ænd luvz tu liv id sun,  
 si:kiŋ ðe fu:d hi e:ts  
 ænd ple:zd wi:d hwæt hi gets,  
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder,  
 hei:r fæl hi si:, &c.

40

45

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

ALL the world's a stage,

- 140 And all the men and women, merely Players;  
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,  
 And one man in his time playes many parts,  
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,  
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:  
 145 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snaile  
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,  
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad,  
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
 150 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,  
 Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,  
 Seeking the bubble Reputation  
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,  
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,  
 155 With eyes seuere, and beard of formall cut,  
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,  
 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts  
 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloone,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
 160 His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,  
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,  
 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,  
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,  
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,  
 165 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

a:l de worldz æ stæ:dʒ,  
ænd a:l de men ænd wimen me:rli plæierz:      140  
dæi hæ:v dæir eksits ænd dæir entrænsez;  
ænd o:n mæn in his tijm plæiz mæni pærts,  
his ækts bi:(i)l sev,n æ:dʒez. æt first de' infænt,  
meulij ænd piukij in de nursez ærmz.  
den—de hwijnij sku:l-boi, wið his sætʃ,l      145  
ænd sijnij mornij fæ:s, kri:pij lijk snæil  
unwiliŋli tu sku:l. ænd den de luver,  
sijij lijk furnæs, wið æ wo:ful bælæd  
mæ:d tu his mistres ijbruw. den æ souldier,  
ful ov strændʒ o:θs ænd berded lijk de pærd,      150  
dʒelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwik in kwærel,  
si:kij de bub,l repiutæ:son  
i:vn in de kænonz muwθ. ænd den de dʒustis,  
in fæir ruwnd beli wið gud kæ:p,n lijnd,  
wið iż seve:r ænd berd ov formæl kut,      155  
ful ov wijz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;  
ænd so: hi: plæiz his pært. de sikst æ:dʒ sifts  
intu de le:n ænd sliperd pæntælu:n,  
wið spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwtʃ on sijd,  
his jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wijd      160  
for his frunk fænk; ænd his big mænli vois,  
turnij ægæin towærd<sup>1</sup> tʃijldif treb,l, piips  
ænd hwist,lz in his suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,  
dæt ends dis strændʒ eventful histori,  
iz sekond tʃijldisnes ænd me:r oblivion,      165  
sænz ti:θ, sænz iż, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θij.

\*                    \*

<sup>1</sup> Or to:rd.

*Song.*

BLOW, blow, thou winter winde,  
 175 Thou art not so vnkinde,  
     As mans ingratitude:  
 Thy tooth is not so keene,  
 Because thou art not seene,  
     Although thy breath be rude.  
 180 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,  
     Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:  
     Then<sup>1</sup> heigh ho, the holly,  
     This life is most iolly.  
  
 Freize, freize, thou bitter skie  
 185 That doft not bight so nigh  
     As benefitts forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warpe,  
 Thy sting is not so sharpe,  
     As freind remembred not.  
 190 Heigh ho, sing, &c.

\*                  \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

*Song.*

IT was a Louer, and his lasse,  
     With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
     That o're the greene corne feild did passe,  
 20     In<sup>2</sup> spring time, the onely pretty ring<sup>3</sup> time,  
     When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
     Sweet Louers loue the spring.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The.      <sup>2</sup> In the.      <sup>3</sup> rang.      <sup>4</sup> *The last stanza is printed as the second.*

[sonj.]

blo:, blo:, duw winter wijnđ,  
duw ært not so unkijnd  
æz mænz ingrætitiud;  
dij tu:θ iz not so kijn,  
bika:z duw ært not si:n,  
a:lđu dij bre(:)θ bi riud.

175

hæi-ho:! siŋ, hæi-ho:! untu ðe grī:n holi :  
mo:st frendſip iz fæiniŋ, mo:st luvijŋ me:r foli :  
ðen, hæi-ho:, ðe holi !  
ðis lijf iz mo:st dʒoli.

fri:z, fri:z, duw biter skij,  
dæt dust not bijt so niŋ  
æz benefits forgot:  
dou duw ðe wæterz wærp,  
dij stiŋ iz not so ſærp  
æz frend remembred not.

185

hæi-ho!: siŋ, &c. 190

\* \* \*

### ACT V. SCENE III.

[sonj.]

it wæz æ luver ænd hiz læs,  
wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
dæt o:r ðe grī:n kornfi:ld did pæs  
in sprij tijm, ðe o:nli preti rij tijm,  
hwen birdz du siŋ, hæi diŋ æ diŋ, diŋ :  
swi:t luverz luv ðe sprij. 20

Betweene the acres of the Rie,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:  
 25 These prettie Country folks would lie,  
 In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:  
 How that a life was but a Flower,  
 30 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 For loue is crowned with the prime,  
 In spring time, &c.

---

## FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

160 *Pet.* . . . . . Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,  
 Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?  
 What's this, Mutton?

*1. Ser.* I.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:  
 165 What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?  
 How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser  
 And serue it thus to me that loue it not?  
 There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:  
 You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmannerd flaues.  
 170 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

bitwi:n ðe æ:kerz ov ðe rij,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 ðe:z preti kuntri fo:ks wu:ld lij,  
 in sprij tijm, &c.  
25

dis kærol ðæi bigæn ðæt uwr,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 huw ðæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr  
 in sprij tijm, &c.  
30

ænd de:rfo:r tæ:k ðe prezent tijm,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 for luv iz kruwned wið ðe prijm  
 in sprij tijm, &c.

## FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

petru:kio:.] .  
 kum, kæ:t, sit down; ij kno: iu hæv æ stumæk.  
 wil iu giv ðænjks, swi:t kæ:t; or els sæl ij?  
 hwæts dis? mut,n?  
 first servænt.] ij.  
 petru:kio:.] hwu: brout it?  
 pe:ter.] ij.  
 petru:kio:.] tiz burnt; ænd so: iz a:l ðe me:t.  
 hwæt dogz ær ðe:z! hwe:r iz ðe ræskæl ku:k?  
 huw durst iu, vilæinz, briy it from ðe dreser,  
 ænd serv it dus tu mi: ðæt luv it not?  
 ðe:r, tæ:k it tu iu, trentserz, kups, ænd a:l:  
 iu hi:dles dȝoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæ:vz!  
 hwæt, du iu grumb,l? ijl bi wið iu stræit.  
160  
165  
170

*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,  
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried  
away,

And I expressely am forbid to touch it:

175 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,  
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,  
Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh:

Be patient, to morrow't shal be mended,

180 And for this night we'l fast for companie.

Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

\* \* \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatening<sup>1</sup> vnkinde brow,  
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,  
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.  
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,  
140 Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds shake faire budds,  
And in no fence is meete or amiable.  
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,  
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie  
145 Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits<sup>2</sup> his body  
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:  
150 To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

<sup>1</sup> threatening.

<sup>2</sup> maintenance. Commits.

kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:  
de me:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontended.

petru:kio:] ij tel di:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd  
æwæi;

ænd ij ekspresli æm forbid tu tutſ it,  
for it indȝenderz koler, plænteθ æyger; 175  
ænd beter twe:r dæt bo:θ ov us did fæst,  
sins, ov uwrselvz, uwrselvz ær kolerik,  
den fi:d it wið sutſ over-ro:sted fleſ.  
bi pæ:sient; tu-morout sæl bi mended,  
ænd, for dis nijt, wi:l fæst for kumpæni: 180  
kum, ij wil briy di tu dij brijdæl tʃæmber.

\* \* \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

fij, fij! unknit dæt ȝore(:)tnij unkijnd bruw,  
ænd dært not skornful glænsez from do:z ijj,  
tu wuwnd dij lord, dij kinj, dij guvernor:  
it blots dij beut̄i æz frosts du bijt de me:dz,  
konfuwndz dij fæ:m æz hwirlwijndz fæ:k fær budz, 140  
ænd in no: sens iz mi:t or æ:miæbl.<sup>1</sup>  
æ wumæn mu:vd iz lijk æ fuwntæin trubled,  
mudi, il-si:miij, ȝik, bireft ov beuti;  
ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so drij or ȝirsti  
wil dæin tu sip or tutſ o:n drop ov it. 145  
dij huzbænd iz dij lord, dij lijf, dij ki:per,  
dij hed, dij suv(e)ræin; o:n dæt kæ:rz for di:,  
ænd for dij mæintenæns komits hiz bodi  
tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ bij se: ænd lænd,  
tu wæts de nijt in stormz, de dæi in kould, 150

<sup>1</sup> Or æ:miæbl.

Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,  
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,  
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

- 155 Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,  
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when she is foward, peeuiish, sullen, sowre,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,  
160 And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?  
I am ashamed that women are so simple,  
To offer warre, where they shoulde kneele for peace:  
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,  
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.  
165 Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,  
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,  
Should well agree with our externall parts?  
Come, come, you foward and vnable wormes,  
170 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,  
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;  
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:  
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,  
175 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.  
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,  
And place your hands below your husbands foote:  
In token of which dutie, if he please,  
My hand is readie, may it do him eafe.
-

hwijlst duw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd sæ:f;  
ænd kræ:vz no uðer tribiut æt ðij hændz  
but luv, fær lu:ks ænd triu obe:diens;  
tu: lit,l pæiment for so gre:t æ det.  
sutsj diuti æz de subdžekt ouz de prins      155  
i:vn sutsj æ wumæn o:eθ tu her huzbænd;  
ænd hwen si ſiz<sup>1</sup> frowærd, pi:viſ, sulen, suwr,  
ænd not obe:dient tu hiz onest wil,  
hwæt iz si but æ fuwl kontendij rebel  
ænd græ:sles træitor tu her luvij lord?      160  
ij æm æfæ:md dæt wimen ær so simp,l  
tu ofer wær hwe:r dæi fu:ld kni:l for pe:s,  
or si:k for riul, siupremæsi ænd swæi,  
hwen dæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.  
hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ,      165  
unæpt tu toil ænd trub,l in ðe world,  
but dæt uwr soft kondisjonz ænd uwr hærts  
fu:ld wel ægri: wið uwr eksternæl pærts?  
kum, kum, iu frowærd ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!  
mij mijnd hæθ bi:n<sup>2</sup> æz big æz on ov iurz,      170  
mij hært æz gre:t, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,  
tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;  
but nuw ij si: uwr lænsæz ær but stra:z,  
uwr streŋθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompær,  
dæt si:miŋ tu bi mo:st hwitſ wi indi:d le:st æ:r.      175  
ðen væil iur stumæks, for it iz no bu:t,  
ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz fu:t:  
in to:k,n ov hwitſ diuti, if hi ple:z,  
mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

<sup>1</sup> Or ſi:z.<sup>2</sup> bin.

## FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,  
 Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so dye.  
 That straine agen, it had a dying fall:  
 5 O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound  
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;  
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,  
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
 O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,  
 10 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,  
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,  
 Of what validity, and pitch so ere,  
 But falles into abatement, and low price  
 Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,  
 15 That it alone, is high fantasticall.

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Clowne sings.*

40 O Mistris mine where are you roming?  
 O stay and heare, your true loues coming,  
 That can sing both high and low.  
 Trip no further prettie sweeting:  
 Journeys end in louers meeting,  
 45 Euery wife mans sonne doth know.

## FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

if miuzik bi ðe fud ov luv, plæi on;  
giv mi ekses ov it, dæt, surfetiŋ,  
ðe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: dij.  
dæt stræin ægæin!<sup>1</sup> it hæd æ dijiŋ fa:l:  
o:, it kæ:m o:r mij e:r lik de swi:t suwnd,  
dæt bre:ðz upon æ bæjk ov vijolets,  
ste:liŋ ænd giviŋ o:dor! inuf; no mo:r:  
tiz not so swi:t nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.  
o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd fres ært ðuw,  
dæt, notwiøstændij dij kæpæsiti  
rese:veθ æz de se:, nout enterz de:r,  
ov hwæt væliditi ænd pits soe:r,  
but fa:lz intu æbæ:tment ænd lo: prijs,  
i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov sæ:ps iz fænsi  
dæt it ælo:n iz hij fæntæstikæl.

5

10

15

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[kluwn siŋz.]

o: mistres mijن, hwe:r ær iu ro:minj?  
o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)minj,  
dæt kæn siŋ bo:θ hij ænd lo:;  
trip no furðer, priti swi:tiŋ;  
dʒurnæiz end in luverz mi:tiŋ  
ev(e)ri wijz mænz sun duθ kno:.

40

45

<sup>1</sup> Or ægen.

What is loue, tis not heereafter,  
 Present mirth, hath present laughter:  
 50 What's to come, is still vnseure.  
 In delay there lies no plentie,  
 Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:  
 Youths a stiffe will not endure.

\*       \*       \*

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Song.*

COME away, come away death,  
 And in sad cypresse let me be laide.  
 Flye<sup>1</sup> away, flie<sup>2</sup> away breath,  
 55 I am flaine by a faire cruell maide:  
 My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew,  
 O prepare it.  
 My part of death no one so true  
 Did share it.

60 Not a flower, not a flower sweete  
 On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne:<sup>3</sup>  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poore corps, where my bones shall be throwne:  
 A thousand thousand sighes to saue,  
 65 Lay me ô where  
 Sad true louer neuer find my graue,  
 To weepe there.

\*       \*       \*

<sup>1</sup> Fye.

<sup>2</sup> fie.

<sup>3</sup> strewne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not hei:ræfter;  
 prezent mirθ hæθ prezent læfter;  
 hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur:  
 in delæi ðer lijz no plenti;  
 ðen kum kis mi, swi:t ænd twenti,  
 jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.<sup>1</sup>

50

\*       \*

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

[soŋ.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, de(:)θ,  
 ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;  
 flij æwæi, flij æwæi, bre(:)θ;  
 ij æm slæin bij æ fær kriuel mæid.  
 mij ſruwd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wið iu,  
 o:, prepær it!  
 mij pært ov de(:)θ, no on so triu  
 did fær it.

55

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swi:t,  
 on mij blæk kofin let ðer bi stroun;  
 not æ frend, not æ frend gri:t  
 mij pu:r korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz sæl bi θroun:  
 æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu sæ:v,  
 læi mi, o:, hwe:r  
 sæd triu luver never<sup>2</sup> fijnd mij græ:v,  
 tu wi:p ðe:r!

60

65

\*       \*

<sup>1</sup> Or indiur.<sup>2</sup> ne:r.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

*Ol.* .

How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

*Ol.* Smil'st thou?

<sup>20</sup> I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.<sup>1</sup>

*Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood: This crosse-gartering, but what of that?<sup>2</sup> If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is:  
<sup>25</sup> Please one, and please all.

*Ol.*<sup>3</sup> Why how doest thou man?<sup>4</sup> What is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and <sup>20</sup> maunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

*Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

<sup>25</sup> *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you *Maluolio*?

*Maluo.* At your request:<sup>4</sup> Yes, Nightingales answere Dawes.

<sup>40</sup> *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnessse: 'twas well writ.

<sup>1</sup> Ll. 19, 20 printed as one line.   <sup>2</sup> Ll. 21 to 24 (. . . that?) printed as three lines ending sad: — blood: —that?   <sup>3</sup> *Mal.*   <sup>4</sup> Line ends here.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

olivīæ.] . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  
huw nuw, mælvo:lō:!

mælvo:lō:.] swi:t læ:di, ho:, ho:.

olivīæ.] smijlst ðuw?  
ij sent for di: upon æ säd okæ:zion. 20

mælvo:lō:.] säd, læ:di! ij ku:ld bi säd: ðis duz  
mæ:k 'sum obstruksion in ðe blud, ðis kros-gærterij;  
but hwæt ov dæt? if it ple:z ðe ij ov o:n, it iz  
wid mi: æz ðe veri triu sonet iz, "ple:z o:n, ænd  
ple:z a:l." 25

olivīæ.] hwij, huw dust ðuw, mæn? hwæt  
iz ðe mæter wid di:?

mælvo:lō:.] not blæk in mij mijnd, ðou jelo:  
in mij legz. it did kum to hiz hændz, ænd komændz  
sæl bi eksekiuted: ij ðiŋk wi du kno: ðe swi:t ro:mæn so  
hænd.

olivīæ.] wilt ðuw go: tu bed, mælvo:lō:?

mælvo:lō:.] tu bed? ij, swi:t-hært, ænd ijł  
kum tu di:.

olivīæ.] god kumfort di:! hwij dust ðuw 35  
smijl so: ænd kis dij hænd so oft?

mærijæ.] huw du: iu, mælvo:lō:?

mælvo:lō:.] æt iur rekwest! jes; nijtinggæ:lz  
ænswer da:z.

mærijæ.] hwij æpe:r iu wið ðis ridikiulus bould- 40  
nes bifor mij læ:di?

mælvo:lō:.] "bi: not æfræid ov gre:tnes:"  
twæz wel writ.

*Ol.* What meant thou by that *Maluolio*?

45. *Mal.* Some are borne great.

*Ol.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atcheeue greatnessse.

*Ol.* What sayst thou?

50 *Mal.* And some haue greatnessse thrust vpon them.

*Ol.* Heauen restore thee.

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.

*Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?

55 *Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

*Ol.* Crosse garter'd?

*Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'ft to be so.

*Ol.* Am I made?

60 *Mal.* If not, let<sup>1</sup> me see thee a feruant still.

*Ol.* Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

*Her.* TAKE the Boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, Ile none of you.

*Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord?)

5 *Mam.* You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if  
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

<sup>1</sup> ler.

oliviæ.] hwæt me:nst ðuw bij dæt, mælvo:lío: ?  
 mælvo:lío:.] “sum ær born gre:t,”— 45  
 oliviæ.] hæ ?  
 mælvo:lío:.] “sum ætſi(:)v gre:tnes,”—  
 oliviæ.] hwæt sæist duw ?  
 mælvo:lío:.] “ænd sum hæv gre:tnes Өrust  
 upon ðem.” 50  
 oliviæ.] he(:)vn resto:r di: !  
 mælvo:lío:.] “remember hwu: komended dij  
 jelo: stokinjz,—  
 oliviæ.] dij jelo: stokinjz !  
 mælvo:lío:.] “ænd wiſt tu si: di kros-gærterd.” 55  
 oliviæ.] kros-gærterd !  
 mælvo:lío:.] “go: tu:, ðuw ært mæ:d, if ðuw  
 dezirſt tu bi: so:;”—  
 oliviæ.] æm ij mæ:d ?  
 mælvo:lío:.] “if not, let mi si: di æ servænt stil.” 60  
 oliviæ.] hwij, dis iz veri midsumer mædnes.

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## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

hermijone:] tæk de boi tu: iu : hi: so trub,lz mi:,  
 tiz pæſt indiuriŋ.  
 læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sius lord,  
 fæl ij bi iur plæi-felo: ?  
 mæmilius.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.  
 læ:di.] hwij, mij swi:t lord ?  
 mæmilius.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if 5  
 ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

*Mam.* Not for because

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say  
Become some Women best, so that there be not  
10 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,  
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray  
now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a  
Ladies Nose  
15 That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

. .

*Her.* . . . . . Come Sir, now  
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,  
And tell's a Tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

25 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter: I haue one  
Of Sprights, and Goblins.<sup>1</sup>

*Her.* Let's haue that (good Sir.)  
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,  
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man.

*Her.* Nay, come sit downe: then on.

<sup>1</sup> L. 25 ends with Winter, l. 26 with Goblins.

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?

mæmilius.] not for bika:z

iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, ðæi sæi,  
bikum sum wimen best, so ðæt ðer bi: not  
tu: mutʃ hæir ðe:r, but in æ semisirk,l,      10  
or æ ha:f-mu:n mæ:d wið æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t dis?

mæmilius.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.  
præi nuw

hwæt kulor ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.

mæmilius.] næi, ðæts æ mok: ijv si:n æ læ:dis  
no:z

ðæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz.      15

hermijone:] . . . . . kum, sir, nuw  
ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,  
ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmilius.] meri or sæd fælt bi:?

hermijone:] æz meri æz iu wil.

mæmilius.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter : ij hæ:v o:n 25  
ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:] lets hæ:v ðæt, gud sir.  
kum on, sit down: kum on, ænd du: iur best  
tu frijt mi wið iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmilius.] ðer wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:] næi, kum, sit down; ðen on.

80      *Man.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it  
                softly,

Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

*Her.*

Come on then,

And giu't me in mine eare.<sup>1</sup>

\*                \*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

*Song.*

LOG-ON, Log-on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the Stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your fad tyres in a Mile-a.

185

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FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,  
But many a many foot of Land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,  
185 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,  
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;  
For new made honor doth forget mens names:  
'Tis too respectiue, and too sociable  
For your conuerfion, now your traueller,  
190 Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,  
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,  
Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize  
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,

<sup>1</sup> Come . . . eare *printed as one line.*

mæmiljus.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃærd: ij wil tel it<sup>so</sup>  
softli;  
jond krikets sæl not he:r it.  
hermijone:] kum on, ðen,  
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

dʒog on, dʒog on, ðe fu:t-pæθ wæi,  
ænd merili hent ðe stijl-æ:  
æ meri hært go:z a:l ðe dæi,  
iur sæd tijrz in æ mijl-æ.

185

## FROM KING JOHN.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

æ fu:t ov onor beter ðen ij wæz;  
but mæni æ mæni fu:t ov lænd ðe wurs.  
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dʒo:n æ læ:di.  
“gud den, sir ritʃærd:”—“god-æ-mersi, felo:!”— 185  
ænd if his næ:m bi dʒordz, ijl ka:l him pe:ter;  
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forgot menz næ:mz;  
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:sia:b,l<sup>1</sup>  
for iur konversion. nuw iur træveler,  
hi: ænd his tu:θpik æt mij wurʃips mes, 190  
ænd hwen mij knijtli stumæk iz sufijzd,  
hwij ðen ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætekijz  
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: “mij de:r sir,”

<sup>1</sup> Or so:sia:b'l.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,  
 195 I shall beseech you; that is question now,  
 And then comes answer like an Absey booke:  
 O sir, fayes answer, at your best command,  
 At your employment, at your seruice sir:  
 No sir, faies question, I sweet sir at yours,  
 200 And so ere answer knowes what queftion would,  
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,  
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,  
 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,  
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion fo.

\*                  \*

#### ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer shall  
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,  
 But when it first did helpe to wound it felfe.  
 115 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,  
 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,  
 And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,  
 If England to it felfe, do rest but true.

#### FROM KING RICHARD II.

##### ACT II. SCENE I.

40 THIS royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,  
 This earth of Maiesty, this feate of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demy paradise,  
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her felfe,  
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:nij on mijn elbo:, ij bigin,  
 “ij sæl bisi:tſ iu”—dæt iz kwestion nuw;  
 ænd den kumz ænswer lijk æn æbsi bu:k:  
 “o: sir,” sæiz ænswer, “æt iur best komænd;  
 æt iur emploiment; æt iur servis, sir:”  
 “no:, sir,” sæiz kwestion, “ij, swi:t sir, æt iurz:”  
 ænd so:, e:r ænswer knouz hwæt kwestion wu:ld, 200  
 sæ:viŋ in dijælog ov kompliment,  
 ænd ta:kiŋ ov de ælps ænd æpenijnz,  
 de pirene:æn ænd de river po:,  
 it dra:z to:rd super in konkliuzion so:.

\*            \*

## ACT V. SCENE VII.

dis ijnlænd never did, nor never sæl,  
 lij æt de pruwd fuit ov æ kojkeror,  
 but hwen it first did help tu wuwnd itself.  
 nuw ðe:z her prinsez ær kum ho:m ægæin, 115  
 kum de ðri: kornerz ov de world in ærmz,  
 ænd wi: sæl sok dem. na:t sæl mæ:k us riu,  
 if ijnlænd tu itself du rest but triu.

## FROM KING RICHARD II.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

dis roiæl ðro:n ov kijz, dis septred ijl, 40  
 dis e(:)rθ ov mædʒesti, dis se:t ov mærz,  
 dis uðer e:d,n, demi-pærædijs,  
 dis fortres bilt bij næ:tiur for herself  
 ægæinst<sup>1</sup> infeksjon ænd de hænd ov wær,

<sup>1</sup> *Or ægenst.*

45 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stome, set in the siluer sea,  
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a Moate defensiuē to a house,  
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,  
 50 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,  
 . . . . .  
 This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,  
 Deere for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)  
 60 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.  
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the eniuous fiedge  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
 65 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.  
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death?

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## FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Prince.* WHAT'S the matter?

175      *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of  
 vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

180      *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a  
 hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

dis hæpi bri:d ov men, dis lit,l world,  
 dis presiūs sto:n set in ðe silver se:;  
 hwitſ servz it in de ofis ov æ wa:l  
 or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws,  
 ægæinst de envi ov les hæpier lændz,  
 dis blesed plot, dis e(:)rθ, dis ri:lm, dis inlænd,  
 .  
 dis lænd ov sutſ de:r soulz, dis de:r de:r lænd,  
 de:r for her repiutæ:sion θru: de world,  
 iz nuw le:st uwt, ij dij pronuwnsiŋ it,  
 lik tu æ tenement or peltiŋ färm:  
 inlænd, buwnd in wið de trijumfænt se:;  
 hwu:z roki fo:r be:ts bæk de envius si:dž  
 ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wið fæ:m,  
 wið iŋki blots ænd rot,n pærtſment bondz:  
 dæt inlænd, dæt wæz wunt tu koŋker uðerz,  
 hæθ mæ:d æ fæ:mful konkwest ov itself.  
 æh, wu:ld ðe skændael væniſ wið mij lijf,  
 huw hæpi ðen wer mij insiuiŋ de(:)θ !

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## FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

prins.] hwæts de mæter?

fa:lstæf.] hwæts de mæter! he:r bi four ov 175  
us hæv tæ:n æ θuwzænd puwnd dis morniŋ.

prins.] hwe:r iz it, dʒæk? hwe:r iz it?

fa:lstæf.] hwe:r iz it! tæ:k,n from us it iz: æ 180  
hundred upon pu:r four ov us.

prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

*Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword  
 with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue  
 185 scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through  
 the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler  
 cut through and through, my Sword hackett like a  
 Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since  
 I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all  
 190 Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or  
 lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes  
 of darknesse.

*Prince.* Speake sirs, how was it?

*Gad.* We foure set upon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

195 *Gad.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Falst.* You Rogue, they were bound, euery  
 man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.  
 200 *Gad.* As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen  
 fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come  
 in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought yee with them all?

205 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all:  
 but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a  
 bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three  
 and fiftie vpon poore olde *Jack*, then am I no two-  
 legg'd Creature.

*Prin.*<sup>1</sup> Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered  
 210 some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue  
 pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed,

<sup>1</sup> *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt ha:f-sword<sup>1</sup> wið æ duz,n ov ðem tu: uwrz tuggeder. ij hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm ætit tijmz ərust əru: de 185 dublet, four əru: de ho:z; mij bukler kut əru: ænd əru:; mij swo(:)rd<sup>1</sup> hækt lijk æhænd-sa:—ekse signum! ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld not du:. æ plæ:g ov a:l kuwærdez! let ðem spe:k: 190 if dæi spe:k mo:r or les den triuθ, dæi ær vilæinz ænd ðe sunz ov dærknæs.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; huw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] siksti:n æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd dem. 195

pe:to:] no:, no:, dæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, dæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn ov ðem; or ij æm æ džiu els, æn e:briu džiu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer fæ:rij, sum siks or seven 200 fres men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd ðe rest, ænd ðen kum in ðe uðer.

prins.] hwæt, fout ji wið ðem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l; 205 but if ij fout not wið fifti ov ðem, ij æm æ buntʃ ov rædis: if ðer wer not tu: or əri: ænd fifti upon pu:r ould džæk, ðen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murder(e)d 210 sum ov ðem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, ðæts pæst præiŋ for: ij hæv peperd tu: ov ðem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

<sup>1</sup> Or swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what,  
 215 *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me  
 Horse: thou knowest my olde ward:<sup>1</sup> here I lay,  
 and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buck-  
 rom let drieue at me.

*Prince.* What, foure? thou sayd'st but two,  
 euen now.

220 *Falst.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he said foure.

*Falst.* These foure came all a-front, and mainely  
 thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all  
 their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

225 *Prince.* Seuen? why there were but foure,  
 euen now.

*Falst.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

230 *Falst.* Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine  
 else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, whe shall haue  
 more anon.

*Falst.* Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, *Jack*.

235 *Falst.* Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning  
 too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more alreadie.

*Falst.* Their Points being broken.

*Poin.* Downe fell his Hoſe.

240 *Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed  
 me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought,  
 ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

*Prin.* O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men  
 245 growne out of two?

<sup>1</sup> word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel di hwæt, hæl, if ij tel di æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, kæl mi hors. duw<sup>215</sup> knouest mij ould wærd: he:r ij læi, ænd dus ij bo:r mij point. four ro:gz in bukrom let drijv æt mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? duw sæidst but tu: i:v,n nuw.

fa:lstæf.] four, hæl; ij tould di four. <sup>220</sup>

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstæf.] de:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd mæinli Өrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but tu:k a:l dæir sev,n points in mij tærget, dus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, der wer but four i:v,n<sup>225</sup> nuw.

fa:lstæf.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstæf.] sev,n, bij de:z hilts, or ij æm æ<sup>230</sup> vilæin els.

prins.] pridi:, let him ælo:n; wi sæl hæ:v mo:r ænon.

fa:lstæf.] dust duw he:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk di tu:, dzæk.

fa:lstæf.] du: so, for it iz wurθ de listni:j tu:.<sup>235</sup> de:z nijn in bukrom dæt ij tould di ov—

prins.] so:, tu: mo:r a:lre(:)di.

fa:lstæf.] dæir points bi:i:j bro:k,n—

poinz.] duwn fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstæf.] bigæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij<sup>240</sup> foloud mi klo:s, kæ:m in fu:t ænd hænd; ænd wið æ Өout sev,n ov de elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstrus! elev,n bukrom men groun uwt ov tu!: <sup>245</sup>

*Falst.* But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drieue at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

. . . . .  
*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

260      *Poin.* Come, your reason *Jack*, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie 265 as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

\*       \*       \*

#### ACT V. SCENE IV.

FARE thee well<sup>1</sup> great heart:  
 Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
 When that this bodie did containe a spirit,  
 90 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:  
 But now two paces of the vilest Earth  
 Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,  
 Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.  
 If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,  
 95 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.  
 But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
 And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
 For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.

<sup>1</sup> Farewell *F*, Fare thee well *Q*.

fa:lstæf.] but, æz de di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, əri:  
misbigot,n knæ:vz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij  
bæk ænd let drijv æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl,  
dæt duw ku:ldst not si: dij hænd.

prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst duw kno: ðe:z men  
in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk duw ku:ldst  
not si: dij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist  
duw tu dis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dʒæk, iur re:z,n. 260

fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompulsion? no:: we:r  
ij æt de stræpæ:do, or a:l de ræks in de world,  
ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompulsion. qiv iu æ re:z,n  
on kompulsion! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blæk-  
beriz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kom- 265  
pulsion, ij.

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE IV.

fæ:r di wel, gre:t hært!  
il-we:vd æmbisjon, huw mutʃ ært duw frujk!  
hwen dæt dis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,  
æ kijdum for it wæz tu: sma:l æ buwnd; 90  
but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov de vijlest e(:)rθ  
iz ru:m inuf: dis e(:)rθ dæt be:rz de ded  
be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dʒent,lmæn.  
if duw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi  
ij fu:ld not mæ:k so gre:t æ fo: ov ze:l: 95  
but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd dij mængled fæ:s;  
ænd, i:vn in dij biha:f, ijl θæŋk mijself  
for du:ij ðe:z fæir rijts ov tendernes.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
 100 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

---

## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

HOW many thousand of my poorest Subiects  
 5 Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,  
 Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,  
 And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?  
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs,  
 10 Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,  
 And huisht with bussing Night-flyes<sup>1</sup> to thy slumber,  
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?  
 Vnder the Canopies of costly State,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?  
 15 O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde,  
 In loathsome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,  
 A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?  
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,  
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,  
 20 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,  
 And in the visitation of the Windes,  
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds,  
 25 That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?

<sup>1</sup> Night, flyes.

ædiu, ænd tæ:k dij præiz wið di tu he(:)v,n!  
 dij ignomi sli:p wið di in de græ:v,  
 but not remembred in dij epitæf!

100

## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

huw mæni θuwzænd ov mij pu:rest subdžekts  
 ær æt dis uw̄r æsli:p! o: sli:p, o: džent,l sli:p,  
 næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted di:,  
 dæt duw no mo:r wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn  
 ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?

5

hwij ræder, sli:p, lijst duw in smo:ki kribz,  
 upon une:zi pælædz stretſij di:

ænd hwist<sup>1</sup> wið buzi:j nijt-flijz tu dij slumber,  
 ðen in de perfiumd tʃæmberz ov de gre:t,  
 under de kænopiz ov kostli stæ:t,

10

ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:test melodi?

o: duw dul god, hwij lijst duw wið ðe vijld  
 in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vst de kijli kuwtʃ  
 æ wætʃ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?

15

wilt duw upon ðe hij ænd qidi mæst  
 se:l up ðe ſip-boiz ijz, ænd rok hiz bræinz

in kræ:d,l ov de riud impe:rīus surdʒ

20

ænd in de vizitæ:sion ov de wijndz,

hwu: tæ:k ðe rufiæn bilouz bij ðe top,

kurlij dæir monstrus hedz ænd hængij ðem

wið defni:j klæmorz in de ſlipri kluwdz,

dæt, wið ðe hurli, de(:)θ itſelf æwæ:ks?

25

<sup>1</sup> Or huſt.

Canſt thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repole  
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre ſo rude:  
 And in the calmest, and moft ſtilleſt Night,  
 With all appliances, and meaneſ to boote,  
 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,  
 Vneafie lyes the Head, that weareſ a Crowne.

\*                  \*

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,  
 But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?  
 Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,  
 (Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,  
 And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich,  
 That haue abundance, and enioy it not.)

---

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* Alice, tu as eſté<sup>2</sup> en Angleterre, et  
 tu bien parlaſ le Language.

*Alice.* Un<sup>3</sup> peu Madame.

*Kath.* Ie te prie, m'enſigniez, il faut que  
 ie apprenne<sup>4</sup> a parler:<sup>5</sup> Coment<sup>6</sup> appellez<sup>7</sup> vous  
 la<sup>8</sup> main en Anglois?

*Alice.* La<sup>9</sup> main, elle<sup>10</sup> eſt<sup>11</sup> appellee<sup>7</sup> de Hand.

<sup>1</sup> In order to ſerve as a basis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered also in places where the F readings may be original (cf. le for la and les, apprend for apprenne, &c.). The Q texts differ ſo much that they have been disregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or ſupplied.      <sup>2</sup> eſte.      <sup>3</sup> En.

<sup>4</sup> apprend.      <sup>5</sup> parlen.      <sup>6</sup> Comient.      <sup>7</sup> appelle.      <sup>8</sup> le.  
<sup>9</sup> Le.      <sup>10</sup> il.      <sup>11</sup> &.

kænst duw, o: pærsjæl sli:p, giv dij repo:z  
 tu de wet se:boi in æn uwr so riud,  
 ænd in ðe ka:mest ænd mo:st stilest nijt,  
 wid a:l æplijænsez ænd me:nz tu bu:t,  
 denij it tu æ kin? ðen hæpi lo:, lij duwn!      30  
 une:zi lijz ðe hed ðæt we:rz æ kruwn.

\*                    \*

## ACT IV. SCENE IV.

wil fortiun never kum wid bo:θ hændz ful,  
 but wrijt her fæir wordz stil in fuwlest leterz?  
 si e:ðer givz æ stumæk ænd no fu:d;      105  
 sutʃ ær de pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:st  
 ænd tæ:ks æwæi de stumæk; sutʃ ær de ritʃ,  
 ðæt hæv æbundæns ænd indʒoi it not.

## FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] alisə, ty a(z) ete ã:n ã:glæter:ə, e ty  
 bjɪ: parla lə läga:zə.  
 ælis.] ŷ: pə, madamə.  
 kæθerin.] ʒə tə pri:ə mā:seje:; il fo: kə zaprən  
 a parle:. kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: la měi: ã:n ã:glöe: ?      5

ælis.] la měi:? el ə:t apəle: "de hænd." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In our F. transcription, which can be only tentative, e, o, and ε, œ, stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a" (a) and "eu" (ø) sounds has been attempted. i and y (= "u") are always close. ə is the indistinct "e féminin;" ყ, non-syllabic y. Nasal vowels are denoted by ɪ, &c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is ɲ, i.e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn." <sup>2</sup> Or, after the F. manner, də hᾶ:(n)d.

*Kath.* De Hand. E les<sup>1</sup> doyts? <sup>2</sup>

*Alice.*<sup>3</sup> Les<sup>4</sup> doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, les  
10 doyts,<sup>5</sup> mays ie me souien(d)ray,<sup>6</sup> les<sup>1</sup> doyts, ie  
pense qu'ils sont<sup>7</sup> appellés<sup>8</sup> de fingres, oui,<sup>9</sup> de  
fingres.

*Kath.*<sup>10</sup> La<sup>4</sup> main de Hand, les<sup>1</sup> doyts de<sup>1</sup>  
Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.  
15 I'ay gaynié<sup>11</sup> deux<sup>12</sup> mots d'Anglois vistement,  
coment appellez<sup>8</sup> vous les<sup>1</sup> ongles?

*Alice.* Les<sup>4</sup> ongles, nous<sup>13</sup> les appellons deNayles.

*Kath.* De Nayles, escoute: dites moy, si ie  
parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

*Alice.* C'est bien dict Madame, il est<sup>14</sup> fort  
bon Anglois.

*Kath.* Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

*Alice.* De Arme, Madame.

*Kath.* E le<sup>15</sup> coude? <sup>16</sup>

*Alice.* D'Elbow.

*Kath.* D'Elbow: Ie m'en<sup>17</sup> fay la<sup>1</sup> repetition<sup>18</sup>  
de touts les mots que vous m'avés<sup>19</sup> apprins des a  
prefent.

*Alice.* Il est<sup>14</sup> trop difficile Madame, comme  
30 Ie pense.

*Kath.* Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de  
Fingres,<sup>20</sup> de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

*Alice.* D'Elbow, Madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, iem'en<sup>17</sup> oublie, d'Elbow,  
coment appellez<sup>8</sup> vous le col?

<sup>1</sup> le.      <sup>2</sup> E le doyts given to Alice.      <sup>3</sup> Kat.      <sup>4</sup> Le.  
<sup>5</sup> e doyt.      <sup>6</sup> souemeray.      <sup>7</sup> ont.      <sup>8</sup> appelle.      <sup>9</sup> on.  
<sup>10</sup> Alice.      <sup>11</sup> Only the second sentence given to Kath.  
<sup>12</sup> diux.      <sup>13</sup> nous om.      <sup>14</sup> &.      <sup>15</sup> de.  
<sup>16</sup> coudee.      <sup>17</sup> men.      <sup>18</sup> repiticio.      <sup>19</sup> maves.      <sup>20</sup> Fingre.

kæθerin.] "de hænd." e lə: dōe:?

ælis.] lə: dōe:? ma fōe, ȝubli:ə lə: dōe:; mə: ȝə 10  
mə suvji:(d)re. lə: dōe:? ȝə pā:sə kil sū:t apəle: "de  
fiñgerz;" wi, "de fiñgerz."<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] la mē:, "de hænd;" lə: dōe:, "de  
fiñgerz;" ȝə pā:sə kə ȝə s̄qi lə bū:n ekəlje:; ȝe  
gajne də: mo: dā:glōe: vitəmā:. kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: 15  
ləz ū:glə?

ælis.] ləz ū:glə? nu: ləz apəlū: "de næilz."<sup>2</sup>

kæθerin.] "de næilz." eku:tə; ditə-mōe si ȝe  
parlə bjī:: "de hænd," "de fiñgerz," e "de næilz."

ælis.] sə: bjī: di, madamə; il ε: fɔ:r bū:n 20  
ā:glōe:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mōe lā:glōe: pu:r lə bra:.

ælis.] "de ærm,"<sup>3</sup> madamə.

kæθerin.] e lə ku:də?

ælis.] "delbo:."<sup>4</sup>

kæθerin.] "delbo:." ȝə mā: fe: la repetisjū:  
də tu: lə: mo: kə vu: mave:(z) aprī:<sup>5</sup> də:z a  
prezā:.

ælis.] il ε: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kū:mə ȝə  
pā:sə.

kæθerin.] eksky:zə-mōe, alisə; eku:tə: "dænd,"  
"de fiñgerz," "de næilz," "dærmæ,"<sup>6</sup> "de bilbo:."

ælis.] "delbo:," madamə.

kæθerin.] o: sejnə:r djə, ȝə mā:n ubli:ə! "delbo:."  
kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: lə kəl?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Or fi:(n)grəz (cf. p. 107, note 2). <sup>2</sup> næilz (cf. ib.).  
<sup>3</sup> arm. <sup>4</sup> delbo. <sup>5</sup> aprī: (*if we read "appris"*).  
<sup>6</sup> darmə. <sup>7</sup> ku:.

- 35      *Alice.* De Neck,<sup>1</sup> Madame.  
*Kath.* De Nick, e le menton?  
*Alice.* De Chin.  
*Kath.* De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton  
40 de Sin.  
*Alice.* Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité<sup>2</sup>  
vous pronounciés<sup>3</sup> les mots ausi droict, que les<sup>4</sup>  
Natifs d'Angleterre.
- 

## FROM KING RICHARD III.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

- NOW is the Winter of our Discontent,  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:  
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house  
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.  
5 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,  
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;  
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;  
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.  
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
Front:  
10 And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,  
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,  
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,  
15 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:  
I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty,

<sup>1</sup> Nick.<sup>2</sup> verite.<sup>3</sup> pronounces.<sup>4</sup> le.

ælis.] "de nek," madamə.

35

kæθerin.] "de nik." e lə mā:tū:?

ælis.] "de tʃin."

kæθerin.] "de sin." lə kəl, "de nik;" lə mā:tū:,  
"de sin."

40

ælis.] wi. so:f vōtr ū:nə:r, ā: verite, vu:  
prōnū:sje: lə: mo:(z) o:si drō:z kə lə: natif dā:głətə:r:ə.

## FROM KING RICHARD III.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

nuw iz de winter ov uwr diskontent  
mæ:d glo:rius sumer bij dis sun ov jork;  
ænd a:l de kluwdz dæt luwrd upon uwr huws  
in de di:p bu:zom ov de o:sæn berid.

nuw ær uwr bruwz buwnd wið vikto:rius wre:dz; 5  
uwr briuzed ærmz hu:j up for moniuments;  
uwr stern ælærumz tʃændʒd tu meri mi:tiŋz  
uwr dredful mærtſez tu delijtful me(:)ziurz.  
grim-vizædʒd wær hæθ smu:dd his wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntiŋ bærbed sti:dz 10  
tu frijt de soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,  
hi kæ:perz nimbl in æ læ:didz tʃæmber  
tu de læsivius ple:ziŋ ov æ liut.  
but ij, dæt æm not sæ:pt for sportiv triks,  
nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lu:kiŋ-glæs; 15  
ij, dæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædʒ(e)sti

To strut before a wanton<sup>1</sup> ambling Nymph:  
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,  
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,  
20 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,  
And that so lamely and vnfashionable;  
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:  
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
25 Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,  
And descant on mine owne Deformity.  
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,  
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
30 I am determined to proue a Villaine,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.

\*                   \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,  
The most arch deed of pittious massacre  
That euer yet this Land was guilty of:  
*Dighton* and *Forrest*, who I did suborne  
5 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,  
Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,  
Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,  
Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.  
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:  
10 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another  
Within their Alabaster innocent Armes:  
Their lips were foure red Roles on a stalke,  
And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

<sup>1</sup> wonton.

tu strut befo:r æ wænton æmblij nimf;  
 ij, ðæt æm kurtæild ov ðis fær proporsio:n,  
 tse:ted ov fe:tiur bij disemblij næ:tiur,  
 deformd, unfinist, sent befo:r mij tijm      20  
 intu ðis bre:diij world, skærs ha:f mæ:d up,  
 ænd ðæt so: læ:mli ænd unfæsionæb,l  
 ðæt dogz bærk æt mi: æz ij ha:lt bij ðem;  
 hwij, ij, in ðis we:k pijpij tijm ov pe:s,  
 hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi ðe tijm,      25  
 unles tu si: mij sædo: in ðe sun  
 ænd deskaent on mijn oun deformiti:  
 ænd ðe:rfor, sins ij kænot pru:v æ luver,  
 tu entertæin ðe:z fær wel-spo:k,n dæiz,  
 ij æm determined tu pru:v æ vilæin      30  
 ænd hæ:t ðe ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov ðe:z dæiz.

\*                    \*

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

ðe tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,  
 ðe mo:st ærtʃ di:d ov pitius mæsæker  
 ðæt ever jit ðis lænd wæz gilty ov.  
 dijton ænd forest, hwu: ij did suborn  
 tu du: ðis pi:s ov riuθful butseri,      5  
 a:lb:i:(i)t ðæi wer fleſt vilæinz, bludi dogz,  
 melted wid tendernes ænd kijnd kompæsion  
 wept lijk tu: tfildren in ðæir de(:)θs sæd sto:ri.  
 “o: dus,” kwoθ dijton, “læi de dʒent,l bæ:bz:”  
 “dus, dus,” kwoθ forest, “girdlij o:n ænuðer      10  
 widin ðæir ælæblæster inosent ærmz:  
 ðæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ sta:k,  
 ænd in ðæir sumer beuti kist e:tʃ uðer.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,  
 15 Which once<sup>1</sup>(quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:  
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:  
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered  
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,  
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.  
 20 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,  
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,  
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

\*                  \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

*Cat.* RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Rescuse,  
 Rescuse:<sup>2</sup>

The King enacts more wonders then a man,  
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:  
 His horfe is slaine, and all on foot he fights,  
 5 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:  
 Rescuse faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

*Rich.* A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for  
 a Horfe.

*Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to  
 a Horfe.

*Rich.* Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,  
 10 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:  
 I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,  
 Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.  
 A Horfe, a Horfe, my Kingdome for a Horfe.

<sup>1</sup> one *F*, once *Q*.

<sup>2</sup> Rescuse, Rescuse: *a separate line*.

æ bu:k ov præi,rz on ðæir pilo: læi;  
 hwitſ o:ns," kwoθ forest, "a:lmo;st tʃændʒd mij mijnd ;<sup>15</sup>  
 but o:! de di:vil"—de:r de vilæin stopt;  
 hwen dijton ðus tould on: "wi smuderd  
 de mo:st replenised swi:t wurk ov næ:tiur,  
 ðæt from de prijm kreæ:sion e:r ji fræ:md."  
 hens bo:θ ær go:n wið konsiens ænd remors;<sup>20</sup>  
 ðæi ku:ld not spe:k; ænd so: ij left ðem bo:θ,  
 tu be:r ðis tijdijz tu ðe bludi ki:j.

\*                   \*

## ACT V. SCENE IV.

kæ:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu,  
 reskiu !

ðe ki:j enækts mo:r wunderz den æ mæn,  
 dæ:ri:j æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændzer:  
 hiz hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on fu:t hi fijts,  
 si:ki:j for ritſmond in ðe θro:t ov de(:)θ.<sup>5</sup>  
 reskiu, fæir lord, or els de dæi iz lost!

ritſærd.] æ hors! æ hors! mij ki:jdum for æ  
 hors!

kæ:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ijl help iu tu æ  
 hors.

ritſærd.] slæ:v, ij hæv set mij lijf upon æ kæst,  
 ænd ij wil stænd ðe hæzærd ov ðe dij:<sup>10</sup>  
 ij θiŋk ðer bi siks ritſmondz in ðe fi:ld;  
 fijv hæv ij slæin tu-dæi insted ov him.  
 æ hors! æ hors! mij ki:jdum for æ hors!

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

FAREWELL!<sup>1</sup> A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.  
 This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth  
 The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,  
 And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:  
 355 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,  
 And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely  
 His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,  
 And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd  
 Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
 360 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
 But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride  
 At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me  
 Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy  
 Of a rude streeame, that must for euer hide me.  
 365 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
 I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
 Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?  
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,  
 That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
 370 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;  
 And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,  
 Neuer to hope againe.

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<sup>1</sup> Farewell?.

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

fæ:rwel! æ loj fæ:rwel, tu a:l mij gre:tnes!  
 ðis iz ðe stæ:t ov mæn : tu-dæi hi puts furθ  
 ðe tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,  
 ænd be:rz hiz blusij onorz θik upon him;  
 ðe θird dæi kumz æ frost, æ kilij frost, 855  
 ænd hwen hi θiŋks, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli  
 hiz gre:tnes iz æ-rijpnij, nips hiz ru:t,  
 ænd ðen hi fa:lz, æz ij du:. ij hæv ventiurd,<sup>1</sup>  
 lijk lit,l wænton boiz dæt swim on blæderz,  
 ðis mæni sumerz in æ se: ov glori, 860  
 but fær bi-jond mij depθ: mij hij-bloun prijd  
 æt leŋθ bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left mi:,  
 we:ri ænd ould wid servis, tu ðe mersi  
 ov æ riud stre:m, dæt must for ever hijd mi:.  
 væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov ðis world, ij hæ:t ji:: 865  
 ij fi:l mij hært niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretſed  
 iz dæt pu:r mæn dæt hæŋz on prinsez fæ:vorز!  
 ðer iz, bitwikst dæt smijl wi wu:ld æspijs tu:,  
 dæt swi:t æspekt ov prinsez, ænd ðær riuin,  
 mo:r pæŋz ænd fer:rz ðen wærz or wimen hæ:v: 870  
 ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lijk liusifer,  
 never tu ho:p ægæin.

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<sup>1</sup> Or venterd.

## FROM CORIOLANUS.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

NAY, go not from vs thus:  
 If it were so, that our request did tend  
 To sauue the Romanes, thereby to destroy  
 The Volces whom you ferue, you might condemne vs  
 185 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite  
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces  
 May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,  
 This we receiu'd, and each in either side  
 Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest  
 140 For making vp this peace. Thou know'ſt (great  
 Sonne)

The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,  
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
 Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name  
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:  
 145 Whole Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,  
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:  
 Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines  
 To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:  
 Thou haſt affected the fine<sup>1</sup> straines of Honor,  
 150 To imitate the graces of the Gods.  
 To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,  
 And yet to charge<sup>2</sup> thy Sulphure with a Boult  
 That ſhould but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not speake?  
 Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman  
 155 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:  
 He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,

<sup>1</sup> fiue.<sup>2</sup> change.

## FROM CORIOLANUS.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

næi, go: not from us ðus.

if it we:r so: ðæt uwr rekwest did tend  
 tu sæ:v de ro:mænz, ðe:rbij tu destroi  
 ðe volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu mijt kondem us,  
 æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut      185  
 iz, ðæt iu rekonsijl ðem: hwijl ðe volse:z  
 mæi sæi “ðis mersi wi hæv soud;” ðe ro:mænz,  
 “ðis wi rese:vd;” ænd e:tſ in e:der sijd  
 giv ðe a:l-hæil tu ði:, ænd krij “bi: blest  
 for mæ:kiŋ up ðis pe:s!” duw knoust, gre:t sun,      140

ðe end ov wærz unsertæin, but ðis sertæin,  
 ðæt, if duw koŋker ru:m, ðe benefit  
 hwitſ duw fælt ðe:rbij re:p iz sutſ æ næ:m,  
 hwu:z repetis̄ion wil bi dogd wið kursez;  
 hwu:z kronik,l ðus writ: “ðe mæn wæz no:b,l,      145  
 but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;  
 destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz  
 tu ðinsiuŋ æ:dž æbhord.” spe:k tu mi:, sun:  
 duw hæst æfekted ðe fijn stræinz ov onor,  
 tu imitæ:t ðe græ:sez ov ðe godz:      150  
 tu te:r wið θunder ðe wijd tſi:ks o ðæir  
 ænd jit tu tſærdž dij sulfur wið æ boult  
 ðæt su:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?  
 θiŋkst duw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn  
 stil tu remember wroŋz? da:ter, spe:k iu:      155  
 hi kæ:rz not for iur wi:piŋ. spe:k duw, boi:

Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more  
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world  
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate  
160 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou haft neuer in thy life,  
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtefie,  
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,  
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home  
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniuft,  
165 And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so  
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee  
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which  
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:  
Down Ladies: let vs shame him with our knees  
170 To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride  
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,  
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,  
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,  
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,  
175 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,  
Doe's reason our Petition<sup>1</sup> with more strength  
Then thou haft to deny't. Come, let vs go:  
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:  
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe  
180 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:  
I am husht vntill our City be afire,  
And then Ile speak a litle.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> & then ile speak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*

perhæps dij tſijldiſnes wil mu:v him mo:r  
 ðen kæn uwr re:z,nz. ðerz no: mæn in ðe world  
 mo:r buwnd tuz muder; jit he:r hi lets mi præ:t  
 lijk o:n id stoks. duw (hæ)st never in dij lijf      160  
 soud dij de:r muder æni kurtesi,  
 hwen ſi:, pu:r hen, fond ov no: sekond bru:d,  
 hæz klokt di tu ðe wærz ænd sæ:fli ho:m,  
 lo:d,n wið onor. sæi mij rekwests undȝust,  
 ænd spurn mi bæk: but if it bi: not so:,      165  
 duw ært not onest; ænd ðe godz wil plæ:g di:;  
 ðæt duw restræinst from mi: de diuti hwitſ  
 tū æ muderz pært biloŋz. hi turnz æwæi:  
 down, læ:didz; let us ſæ:m him wið uwr kni:z.  
 tū (h)iz surnæ:m koriolæ;nus loŋz mo:r prijd      170  
 ðen piti tu uwr præi,rz. down: æn end;  
 dis iz ðe læst: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,  
 ænd dij æmoŋ uwr ne:borz:<sup>2</sup> næi, bihoulds:  
 ðis boi, ðæt kænot tel hwæt hi wu:ld hæ:v,  
 but kni:lz ænd houldz up hændz for felo:sip,      175  
 duz re:z,n uwr petis̄on wið mo:r streŋθ  
 ðen duw haest tu denijt. kum, let us go:  
 dis felo: hæd æ volsæen tu his muder;  
 his wijf iz in korij(o)le:z, ænd his tſijld  
 lijk him bij tſæns. jit giv us uwr dispætſ:      180  
 ij (æ)m huſt until uwr siti bi: æfijr,  
 ænd ðen ijl spe:k æ lit,l.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or næiborz.

## FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Rom.* She speakes.

25 Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art  
As glorious to this night being ore my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heauen  
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes  
30 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,  
And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

*Iul.* O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherfore art thou  
*Romeo?*

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:  
35 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,  
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake  
at this?

*Iu.* 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:  
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,  
40 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,  
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part<sup>1</sup>  
Belonging to a man.<sup>2</sup> O be some other name!  
What's in a name? that<sup>3</sup> which we call a Rose,  
By any other word would smell as sweete,  
45 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,  
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,  
Without that title. *Romeo*,<sup>4</sup> doffe thy name,  
And for thy name which is no part of thee,  
Take all my selfe.

<sup>1</sup> N. a., n. f., O be some other name *Q.F.*      <sup>2</sup> Line  
ending here *Q.F.*    <sup>3</sup> What? in a names that.    <sup>5</sup> title *Romeo*,

## FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

ro:měo:]                                 ſi ſpe:ks:                     25

o:, ſpe:k ægæin, brijt ændz,l! for þuw ært  
 æz glo:r̄us tu ðis nijt, bi:(i)l or mij hed,  
 æz iz æ wiŋged mesendzer ov he(;)vn  
 untu ðe hwijt-upturned wundriŋ ijjz  
 ov mortælz ðæt fa:l bæk tu gæ:z on him                     30  
 hwen hi bistrijdz ðe læ:zi pufiŋ kluwdz  
 ænd sæilz upon ðe bu:zom ov de æir.

džiuliet.] o: ro:měo:, ro:měo: ! hwe:rfo:r ært þuw  
 ro:měo: ?

denij ðij fæder ænd refiuz ðij næ:m;  
 or, if þuw wilt not, bi: but sworn mij luv,                     35  
 ænd ijl no longer bi: æ kæpiulet.

ro:měo:] ſæl ij he:r mo:r, or ſæl ij ſpe:k æt  
 ðis?

džiuliet.] tiz but ðij næ:m ðæt iz mij enemi;  
 þuw ært ðijsself, þou not æ muwntægiu.  
 hwæts muwntægiu? it iz nor hænd, nor fu:t,  
 nor ærm, nor fæ:s, nor æni uder pært  
 bilonjgiŋ tu æ mæn. o:, bi: sum uder næ:m!  
 hwæts in æ næ:m? ðæt hwitſ wi ka:l æ ro:z  
 bij æni uder word wu:ld ſmel æz ſwi:t;  
 so: ro:měo: wu:ld, we(:)r hi not ro:měo: ka:ld,             45  
 retæin ðæt de:r perfeks̄ion hwitſ hi ouz  
 wiðuwt ðæt tijt,l. ro:měo:, dof ðij næ:m,  
 ænd for ðij næ:m hwitſ iz no pært ov ði:  
 tæ:k a:l mijſelf.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:  
 50 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,  
 Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

*Iul.* Thou knowest the maske of night is on  
 my face,  
 Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,  
 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,  
 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie  
 What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,  
 90 Doeſt thou Loue me?<sup>1</sup> I know thou wilt say I,  
 And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwear'ſt,  
 Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries  
 They ſay *Loue* laughs,<sup>2</sup> oh gentle *Romeo*,  
 If thou doſt Loue, pronounce it faithfully:  
 95 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
 Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woee: But else not for the world.  
 In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:  
 And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauour<sup>3</sup> light,  
 100 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,  
 Then thole that haue more cunning<sup>4</sup> to be ſtrange,  
 I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeffe,  
 But that thou ouer heard'ſt ere I was ware  
 My true Loues paſſion, therefore pardon me,  
 105 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,  
 Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder bleſſed<sup>5</sup> Moone I vow,  
 That tips with ſiluer all theſe Fruite tree tops.

*Iul.* O ſweare not by the Moone, th'inconſtant  
 Moone,

<sup>1</sup> me *om.* *F.*, me *Q.*    <sup>2</sup> laught.    <sup>3</sup> behauour *F.*, h. *Q.*  
<sup>4</sup> coying *F.*, more cunning *Q.*    <sup>5</sup> bleſſed *om.* *F.*, bl. *Q.*

ro:méo:] læ:di, bij jonder blesed mu:n ij vuw  
dæt tips wið silver a:l de:z friut-tri: tops—

džiuljet.] o:, swe:r not bij ðe mu:n, ðinkonsta t  
mu:n,

110 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,  
Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I sweare by?

*Iul.* Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratiouse selfe,  
Which is the God of my Idolatry,

115 And Ile beleue thee.

*Rom.* If my hearts deare loue.

*Iul.* Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,

It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,

Too like the lightning which doth ceale to be

120 Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:

This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,

May proue a beautious Flower when next we meeete:

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

125 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfied?

*Iul.* What satisfaction can'st thou haue to  
night?

*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow  
for mine.

*Iul.* I gaue thee mine before thou did'st  
request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

130 *Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it? For what  
purpose Loue?<sup>1</sup>

*Iul.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,  
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,  
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,  
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee  
135 The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

\*                     \*

<sup>1</sup> For . . . Loue? *a separate line.*

ðæt munθli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb, 110  
 lest ðæt dij luv pru:v lijkwijs væ;rīæb,l.<sup>1</sup>

ro:méo:.] hwæt sæl ij swe:r bij?

dʒiuliët.] du not swe:r æt a:l;

or, if duw wilt, swe:r bij dij græ:sius self,  
 hwitſ iz ðe god ov mij ijdalætri,  
 ænd ijl bili:v di:.

115

ro:méo:.] if mij hærts de:r luv—

dʒiuliët.] wel, du not swe:r a;lðou ij dʒoi in di:;  
 ij hæ:v no dʒoi ov dis kontrækta tu-nijt:

it iz tu: ræf, tu: unædvijzd, tu: sudæin;<sup>2</sup>

tu: lijk ðe lijtnij, hwitſ duθ se:s tu bi:

e:r o:n kæn sæi “it lijt,nz.” swi:t, gud nijt!

dis bud ov luv, bij sumerz rijpnij bre(:)θ,

mæi pru:v æ beutius fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.

gud nijt, gud nijt! æz swi:t repo:z ænd rest

kum tu dij hært æz ðæt wiðin mij brest!

ro:méo:.] o:, wilt duw le:v mi so: unsætisfijd? 125

dʒiuliët.] hwæt sætisfæksion kænst duw hæ:v  
 tu-nijt?

ro:méo:.] ðekstfændʒ ov dij luvz fæiðful vuw  
 for mijnen.

dʒiuliët.] ij gæ:v di mijn bifor duw didst  
 rekwest it:

ænd jit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.

ro:méo:.] wu:ldst duw wiðdra: it? for hwæt 130  
 purpos, luv?

dʒiuliët.] but tu bi fræjk, ænd giv it di ægæin.

ænd jit ij wiʃ but for ðe θij ij hæ:v:

mij buwnti iz æz buwndles æz de se:,

mij luv æz di:p; ðe mo:r ij giv tu di:,

ðe mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit.

135

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or væriæb(,).  
<sup>2</sup> sud,n.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
 My dreames presage some ioyfull news at hand:  
 My boomes Lord<sup>1</sup> sits lightly in his throne:  
 And all this day an vnaccustom'd<sup>2</sup> spirit,  
<sup>5</sup> Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.  
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leauet to thinke,)  
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.  
<sup>10</sup> Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,  
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

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## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

*Bru.* ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare  
 mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare.  
<sup>15</sup> Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to  
 mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me  
 in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you  
 may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this  
 Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I  
<sup>20</sup> say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then  
 his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus*  
 rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I  
 lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had  
 you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaves;

<sup>1</sup> L.<sup>2</sup> thisan day an vccustom'd.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

if ij mæi trust ðe flæt(e)riŋ triuθ ov sli:p,  
 mij dre:mz presæ:dʒ sum dȝoiful niuz æt hænd:  
 mij bu:zomz lord sits lijtli in hiz ȝro:n;  
 ænd a:l dis dæi æn unækustomd spirit  
 lifts mi æbuv ðe gruwnd wið tse:rful ȝouts.      5  
 ij dremt mij læ:di kæ:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—  
 strændʒ dre:m, ðæt givz æ ded maen le:v tu ȝiŋk!—  
 ænd bre:dd sutʃ lijf wið kisez in mij lips,  
 ðæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.  
 æh mi:! huw swi:t iz luv itself pozest,      10  
 hwen but luvz fædouz ær so ritʃ in dȝoi!

---

## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luverz! hei:r  
 mi for mij ka:z, ænd bi: sjilent, ðæt iu mæi hei:r:  
 bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu 15  
 mijn onor, ðæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur  
 wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, ðæt iu mæi  
 ðe beter dȝudȝ. if ðer bi: æni in dis æsembli,  
 æni de:r frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, ðæt  
 briutus luv tu se:zær wæz no les ðen hiz.<sup>1</sup> if 20  
 den ðæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst  
 se:zær, dis iz mij ænswær:—not ðæt ij luvd se:-  
 zær les, but ðæt ij luvd ru:m mo:r. hæd iu  
 ræder se:zær we(:)r liviŋ ænd dij a:l slæ:vz,

<sup>1</sup> *Or* his.

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?  
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he  
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,  
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew  
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for  
 30 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,  
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would  
 be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended.  
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?  
 35 If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere  
 so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,  
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

. . . . .  
*An.* Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me  
 your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:  
 40 The euill that men do, liues after them,  
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,  
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,  
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,  
 45 And greeuously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.  
 Heere, vnder leauue of *Brutus*, and the rest  
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,  
 So are they all; all Honourable men)  
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.  
 50 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;  
 But *Brutus* layes, he was Ambitious,  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.  
 He hath brought many Captiuies home to Rome,  
 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:  
 55 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?  
 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den dæt se;zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men ? æz se:-  
 zær luvd mi:, ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæ:t, ij  
 redžois æt it; æz hi wæz vælſænt, ij onor him;  
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisius, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz  
 for hiz luv; džoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz  
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbision. hwu: iz he:r so  
 so bæ:s dæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;  
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud dæt  
 wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him  
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl dæt wil not  
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-  
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

. . . . .  
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi  
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se;zær, not tu præiz him.

de i:vil dæt men du: livz æfter ðem; so

de gud iz oft intered wið dæir bo:nz;

so let it bi: wi se;zær. de no:b,l briutus

hæθ tould iu se;zær wæz æmbisi-us:

if it we:r so:, it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,

ænd gri:vusli hæθ se;zær ænswerd it. 85

he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd de rest—

for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;

so ær dæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—

kum ij tu spe:k in se;zærz fiuneræl.

hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd džust tu mi:: 90

but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;

ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.

hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,

hwu:z rænsomz did de dgen(e)ræl koferz fil:

did dis in se;zær si:m æmbisi-us? 95

hwen dæt de pu:r hæv krijd, se;zær hæθ wept:

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?  
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he  
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,  
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew  
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for  
 30 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,  
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would  
 be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended.  
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?  
 35 If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere  
 so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,  
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

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 The good is oft enterred with their bones,  
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,  
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,  
 45 And greeuously hath *Cæsar* answere'd it.  
 Heere, vnder leauue of *Brutus*, and the rest  
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,  
 So are they all; all Honourable men)  
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.  
 50 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;  
 But *Brutus* layes, he was Ambitious,  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.  
 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,  
 Whose Ranfomes, did the generall Coffers fill:  
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 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den dæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men? æz se:-  
 zær luvd mi:, ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæ:t, ij  
 redžois æt it; æz hi wæz væl̄ænt, ij onor him;  
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisjus, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz  
 for hiz luv; džoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz  
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisjón. hwu: iz he:r so  
 so bæ:s dæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;  
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud dæt  
 wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him  
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl dæt wil not  
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-  
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

·  
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi  
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.  
 de i:vil dæt men du: livz æfter ðem; so  
 de gud iz oft intered wið dæir bo:nz;  
 so let it bi: wi se:zær. de no:b,l briutus  
 hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:  
 if it we:r so:, it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,  
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. 85  
 he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd ðe rest—  
 for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;  
 so ær dæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—  
 kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.  
 hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dğust tu mi:: 90  
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,  
 hwu:z rænsomz did ðe dgen(e)ræl koferz fil:  
 did dis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us? 95  
 hwen dæt ðe pu:r hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stiffe,  
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

100 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,  
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?  
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And sure he is an Honourable man.

105 I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,  
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;  
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,  
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?  
 O Judgement! thou art<sup>1</sup> fled to brutish Beasts,  
 110 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,  
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,  
 And I must pawfe, till it come backe to me.

But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might  
 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,  
 125 And none so poore to do him reuerence.  
 O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre  
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,  
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:  
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.  
 130 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,  
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.  
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,  
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:  
 135 Let but the Commons heare this Testament:  
 Which (pardon me)<sup>2</sup> I do not meane to reade,

<sup>1</sup> are.

<sup>2</sup> (Which pardon me).

æmbis̄on ſu:ld bi mæ:d ov sterneſtūf:  
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 iu a:l did ſi: dæt on de liuperkæl  
 ij Өrijs prezented him æ kiŋli kruwn,  
 hwitſ hi did Өrijs refiuz: wæz diſ æmbis̄on?  
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd, ſiur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 ij ſpe:k not tu dispru:v hwæt briutus ſpo:k, 100  
 but he:r ij æm tu ſpe:k hwæt ij du kno:.  
 iu a:l did luv him o:ns, not wiðuwt ka:z:  
 hwæt ka:z wiðhouldz iu ðen, tu murn for him?  
 o: džudžment! duw ært fled tu briutis̄ be:sts,  
 ænd men hæv lost dæir re:z,n. be:r wið mi:; 110  
 mij hært iz in de kofin de:r wið ſe:zær,  
 ænd ij muſt pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:..  
 .  
 but jesterdæi de word ov ſe:zær mijt  
 hæv stu(:)d ægæinst de world: nuw lijz hi de:r,  
 ænd no:n ſo pu:r tu du: him reverens. 125  
 o: mæſterz, if ij we(:)r diſpo:zd tu ſtūr  
 iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:dž,  
 ij ſu:ld du: briutus wro:, ænd kæſius wro:,  
 hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l men.  
 ij wil not du: ðem wro:; ij ræder tſu:z 130  
 tu wro: de ded, tu wro: mijself ænd iu,  
 ðen ij wil wro: ſutſ onoræb,l men.  
 but he:rz æ pærtſment wið de ſe:l ov ſe:zær;  
 ij fuwnd it in hiſ klozet, tiz hiſ wil:  
 let but ðe komonz he:r diſ teſtæment— 135  
 hwitſ, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,  
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;  
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,  
 140 And dying, mention it within their Willes,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie  
 Vnto their issue.

. . . . .

145 Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.  
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:  
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:  
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;  
 150 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,  
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

. . . . .

Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?  
 155 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,  
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,  
 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

. . . . .

You will compell me then to read the Will:  
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,  
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:  
 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leauue?

. . . . .

If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember  
 175 The firſt time euer *Cæsar* put it on,  
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,  
 That day he ouercame the *Nervij*.  
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:  
 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:  
 180 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd.

ænd dæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz  
 ænd dip dæir næpkinz in hiz sæ:kred blud,  
 je:, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,  
 ænd, dijinj, mensjōn it wiðin dæir wilz,      140  
 bikwe:ðij it æz æ rits legæsi  
 untu dæir isiu.

ha: v pæ:sjens, džent,l frendz, ij must not re:d it;      145  
 it iz not mi:t iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.  
 iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;  
 ænd bi:ij men, he:rij de wil ov se:zær,  
 it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:  
 tiz gud iu kno: not dæt iu ær hiz hæirz;      150  
 for if iu fu:ld, o:, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

wil iu bi pæ:sjent? wil iu stæi æhwijl?  
 ij hæv or:ſot mijself tu tel iu ov it:      155  
 ij fe:r ij wro:j de onoræb,l men  
 hwu:z dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du fe:r it.

iu wil kompel mi, den, tu re:d de wil?  
 den mæ:k æ ri:j æbuwt de korps ov se:zær,  
 ænd let mi fo: iu him dæt mæ:d de wil.  
 fæl ij desend? ænd wil iu giv mi le:v?

if iu hæv te:rz, prepæ:r tu sed dem nuw.  
 iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember  
 de first tijm ever se:zær put it on      175  
 twæz on æ sumerz i:vnij, in hiz tent,  
 dæt dæi hi overkæ:m de nervi-ij:  
 lu:k, in dis plæ:s ræn kæsijus dæger Өru:::  
 si: hwæt æ rent de envijs kæskæ mæ:d:  
 Өru: dis de wel-biluved briutus stæbd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:  
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,  
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd  
 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:

- 185 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.  
 Judge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:  
 This was the most vnkindeſt cut of all.  
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,  
 190 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,  
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,  
 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue  
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.  
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?  
 195 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,  
 Whil'ſt bloody Treafon flourish'd ouer vs.  
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele  
 The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.  
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold  
 200 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,  
 Heere is Himselue, marr'd as you see with Traitors.  
 . . . . .  
 Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp  
 215 To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:  
 They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.  
 What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,  
 That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,  
 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.  
 220 I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,  
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

ænd æz hi plukt hiz kur sed sti:l æwæi,  
 mærk huw de blud ov se:zær foloud it,  
 æz rusij uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd  
 if briutus so unkijndli knokt, or no:;  
 for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændz,l:      185  
 džudz, o: iu godz, huw de:rli se:zær luvd him!  
 dis wæz de mo:st unkijndest kut ov a:l;  
 for hwen de no:b,l sé:zær sa: him stæb,  
 ingrætiud, mo:r stroj ðen træitorz ærmz,  
 kwijt vænjkwijt him: ðen burst hiz mijti hært;      190  
 ænd, in hiz mænt,l muflij up hiz fæ:s,  
 i:vn æt de bæ:s ov pompæiz stætiue,<sup>1</sup>  
 hwitſ a:l de hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.  
 o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz de:r, mij kuntrimen!  
 den ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel down,      195  
 hwijlst bludi tre:z,n flurijt over us.  
 o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l  
 de dint ov piti: ðe:z ær græ:sjus drops.  
 kijnd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould  
 uw̄ se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? lu:k iu he:r,      200  
 he:r iz himself, mærd, æz iu si:, wið træitorz.  
 .  
 gud frendz, swi:t frendz, let mi not stor iu up  
 tu sutſ æ sudæin flud ov miutini.      215  
 ðæi ðæt hæv dun ðis di:d ær onoræb,l:  
 hwæt prijvæ:t gri:fs ðæi hæ:v, ælæs, ij kno: not,  
 ðæt mæ:d ðem du:(i)t: ðæi (æ)r wijz ænd onoræb,l,  
 ænd wil, no duwt, wið re:z,nz ænswær iu.  
 ij kum not, frendz, tu ste:l æwæi iur hærts:      220  
 ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz;

<sup>1</sup> Or staty:ə; “statue” being treated as a F. word.  
Or else stætiuæ, i. e. “statua,” the L. form.

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man  
 That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,  
 That gaue me publike leauue to speake of him:  
 225 For I haue neyther wit, nor<sup>1</sup> words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,  
 To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:  
 I tell you that, which you your selues do know,  
 Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum  
 mouths,  
 230 And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,  
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*  
 Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue  
 In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue  
 The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

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## FROM MACBETH.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

- 1. WHERE hast thou beene, Sister?
- 2. Killing Swine.
- 3. Sister, where thou?
- 1. A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
- 5 And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht: Giue  
 me, quoth I.<sup>2</sup>  
 Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.  
 Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:  
 But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,

<sup>1</sup> writ nor.

<sup>2</sup> Giue me, quoth I *a separate line.*

but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,  
 ðæt luv mij frend; ænd ðæt ðæi kno: ful wel  
 ðæt gæ:v mi publik le:v tu spe:k ov him:  
 for ij hæv ne:der wit, nor wordz, nor wurθ,  
 æksion, nor ut(e)ræns, nor ðe puwr ov spe:tʃ, 225  
 tu stor menz blud: ij o:nli spe:k rijt on;  
 ij tel iu ðæt hwitʃ iu iurselvz du kno:;  
 jo: iu swi:t se:zærz wuwndz, pu:r pu:r dum  
 muwdz,  
 ænd bid dem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus, 230  
 ænd briutus æntoni, ðer we(:)r æn æntoni  
 wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tuŋ  
 in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se:zær ðæt su:ld mu:v  
 ðe sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

---

## FROM MACBETH.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

[θunder. enter ðe θri: witʃez.]

first witʃ.] hwe:r hæst duw bi:n, sister?

sekond witʃ.] kiliŋ swijn.

θird witʃ.] sister, hwe:r duw?

first witʃ.] æ sæilorz wijf hæd tʃes(t)nuts in her læp  
 ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt:—"giv  
 mi;" kwoθ ij. 5

"æroint di:, witʃ!" ðe rump-fed runion krijz.  
 her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster oð tijger:  
 but in æ siv ijl ðeðer sæil,

And like a Rat without a tayle,  
 10 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.  
 2. Ile giue thee a Winde.  
 1. Th'art kinde.  
 3. And I another.  
 1. I my selfe haue all the other,  
 15 And the very Ports they blow,  
     All the Quarters that they know,  
     I'th' Ship-mans Card.  
     I will<sup>1</sup> dreyne him drie as Hay:  
     Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day  
 20 Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:  
     He shall liue a man forbid:  
     Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,  
     Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:  
     Though his Barke cannot be lost,  
 25 Yet it shall be Tempeft-toft.  
     Looke what I haue.  
 2. Shew me, shew me.  
 1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,  
     Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*  
 30 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:  
*Macbeth* doth come.  
 All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,  
     Posters of the Sea and Land,  
     Thus doe goe, about, about,  
 35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
     And thrice againe, to make vp nine.  
     Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

\*                  \*

<sup>1</sup> Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt wiðuwt æ tæil,  
ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du:.

10

sekond witſ.] ijl qiv di æ wijnd.

first witſ.] ðært kijnd.

θird witſ.] ænd ij ænuðer.

first witſ.] ij mijself hæ:v a:l ðe uðer,  
ænd ðe veri ports ðæi blo:;  
a:l ðe kwærterz ðæt ðæi kno:  
id s̄ipmænz kærd.

15

ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:  
sli:p sæl ne:der nijt nor ðæi  
hæg upon his pent-huws lid ;  
hi sæl liv æ mæn forbid :  
we:ri sevnjits nijn tijmz nijn  
sæl hi dwind,l, pe:k ænd pijn:  
ðou his bærk kænot bi lost,  
jit it sæl bi tempest-tost.

20

lu:k hwæt ij hæ:v.

25

sekond witſ.] so: mi:, so: mi:.

first witſ.] he:r ij hæ:v æ pijlots θum,  
wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum wiðin.

θird witſ.] æ drum, æ drum !  
mækbeθ duθ kum.

30

a:l.] de wæiwærd sisterz, hænd in hænd,  
po:sterz ov ðe se; ænd lænd,  
ðus du go: æbuwt, æbuwt:  
θrijs tu dijn ænd θrijs tu mijn  
ænd θrijs aegæin, tu mæ:k up nijn.  
pe:s! ðe tjærmz wuwnd up.

35

\*                   \*

## ACT I. SCENE VII.

*Macb.* IF it were done, when 'tis done, then  
    'twer well,

It were done quickly: If th'Assassination  
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch  
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow  
5 Might be the be all, and the end all: Heere,<sup>1</sup>  
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,  
Wee'l d iumpe the life to come. But in these Cales,  
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach  
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne  
10 To plague th'Inuenter. This euен-handed Iustice  
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice  
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truft;  
First, as I am his Kinfman, and his Subiect,  
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,  
15 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,  
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*  
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin  
So cleere in his great Office, that his Virtues  
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against  
20 The deepe damnation of his taking off:  
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,  
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd  
Upon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,  
25 That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre  
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely  
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,  
And falles on th'other. How now? What Newes?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> end all. Heere,.      <sup>2</sup> How now? What Newes? a separate line.

## ACT I. SCENE VII.

mækbeθ.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, ðen  
twe(:)r wel

it we(:)r dun kwikli: if ðæsæsinæ:sion  
ku:ld træml up ðe konsekvens, ænd kæts  
wið hiz surse:s sukses; ðæt but ðis blo:  
mijt bi de bi:-a:l ænd ðe end-a:l: he:r,      5  
but he:r, upon ðis bæjk ænd sku:l ov tijm,  
wi:ld džump ðe lijf tu kum. but in ðe:z kæ:sez  
wi stil hæv džudžment he:r; ðæt wi but te:tʃ  
bludi instruksjonz, hwitʃ, bi:iŋ ta:t, return  
tu plæ:g ðinventor: ðis i:v,n-hænded džustis      10  
komendz ðingre:d̄ens ov uwr poiz,nd tʃælis  
tu uwr oun lips. hi:z he:r in dub,l trust;  
first, æz ij æm hiz kinzmæn ænd hiz subdʒekt,  
stroj bo:θ ægæinst ðe di:d; ðen, æz hiz ho:st,  
hwu: ſu:ld ægæinst hiz murðerer ſut ðe do:r,      15  
not be:r de knijf mijself. bisijdz, ðis duŋkæn  
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n  
so kle:r in hiz gret ofis, ðæt hiz vertiuz  
wil ple:d lijk ændželz, trumpet-tujd, ægæinst  
ðe di:p dæmnæ:sion ov hiz tæ:kinj-of;      20  
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,  
strijdijŋ ðe blæſt, or he(:)v,nz tʃeriubin, horſt  
upon ðe sijtles kurjorz<sup>1</sup> ov ðe æir,  
ſæl blo: ðe horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,  
ðæt te:rz ſæl druwn ðe wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur      25  
tu prik ðe sijdz ov mij intent, but o:nli  
va:ltiŋ æmbisj昂, hwitʃ o:rle:ps itself  
ænd fa:lz on ðuðer.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

<sup>1</sup> kurjorz.

*La.* He has almost slept: why haue you left  
the chamber?

30     *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*La.*                              Know you not, he ha's?

*Mac.* We will proceed no further in this  
Businesse:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,  
35 Not cast aside so soone.

*La.*                              Was the hope drunke,  
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?  
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,  
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd  
40 To be the fame in thine owne Act, and Valour,  
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that  
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,  
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?  
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,  
45 Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

*Macb.*                         Prythee peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do<sup>1</sup> more, is none.

\*                              \*

#### ACT II. SCENE I.

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee:  
35 I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

<sup>1</sup> no.

læ:di.] hi hæz<sup>1</sup> a;lmo;st supt: hwij hæv iu left  
de tʃember?  
mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi:?  
læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?  
mækbeθ.] wi wil prosi:d no furðer in dis biznes:

hi hæθ<sup>2</sup> onord mi: ov læ:t, ænd ij hæv bout  
gould,n opinioNZ from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,  
hwitʃ wu:ld bi worn nuw in ðær niuest glos,  
not kæst æsijd so su:n.

læ:di.] wæz de ho:p drujk  
hwe:rin iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?  
ænd wæ:ks it nuw, tu lu:k so gri:n ænd pæ:l  
æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from dis tigm  
sutʃ ij ækuwnt dij luv. ært duw æfe:rd  
tu bi de sæ:m in dijn oun ækt ænd vælor  
æz duw ært in dezijr? wu:ldst duw hæ:v ðæt  
hwitʃ duw esti:mst de ornæment ov lijf,  
ænd liv æ kuwærd in dijn oun esti:m,  
letij “ij ðær not” wæit upon “ij wu:ld,”  
lijk de pur kæt id ædæ(:)dʒ?

mækbeθ.] pridi:, pe:s:  
ij ðær du: a:l ðæt mæi bikum æ mæn:  
hhu: ðæ:rz du: mo:r iz no:n.

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

iz dis æ dæger hwitʃ ij si: bifor mi:;  
de hændl to:rd mij hænd? kum, let mi klutʃ di:.  
ij hæ:v di: not, ænd jit ij si: di: stil.

<sup>1</sup> hi;z.      <sup>2</sup> hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible  
 To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but  
 A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?  
 40 I see thee yet, in forme 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 vfe.  
 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences'  
 45 Or else worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;  
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,  
 Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:  
 It is the bloody Busineſſe, which informes  
 Thus to mine Eyes . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

\*                  \*

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Macb.* . . . . .  
 How do's your Patient, Doctor?  
*Doct.* Not ſo ſicke my Lord,  
 As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies  
 That keepe her from her reſt.  
*Macb.* Cure her of<sup>1</sup> that:  
 40 Can'ſt thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,  
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,  
 And with ſome sweet Obluiouſis Antidote  
 Cleanſe the ſtufft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe  
 45 Which weighes vpon the heart?

---

<sup>1</sup> Cure of.

ært ðuw not, fæ:tæl vizion, sensib,l  
 tu fi:lij æz tu sijt? or ært ðuw but  
 æ dæger ov ðe mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sion,  
 prosi:dij from ðe he:t-opresed bræin?  
 ij si: di: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l      40  
 æz ðis hwitſ nuw ij dra:.  
 ðuw mærſælst mi ðe wæi ðæt ij wæz go:ij;  
 ænd sutſ æn instrument ij wæz tu iuz.  
 mijñ ijz ær mæ:d ðe fu:lz o ðuðer sensez,  
 or els wurθ a:l ðe rest; ij si: di: stil,      45  
 ænd on dij blæ:d ænd dudȝon guwts ov blud,  
 hwitſ wæz not so: bifo:r. ðerz no: sutſ θij:;  
 it iz ðe bludi biznes hwitſ informz  
 ðus tu mijñ ijz . . . . . . . . . . . .

\*                    \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

mækbeθ.] . . . . . . . . . . . . .  
 huw duz iur pæ:sient, doktor?

doktor.] not so sik, mij lord,  
 æz si iz trub,lid wið θik-kumiŋ fænsiz,  
 ðæt ki:p her from her rest.

mækbeθ.] kiur her ov ðæt.  
 kænst ðuw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd,      40  
 pluk from ðe memori æ ru:ted soro:,  
 ræ:z uwt ðe writ,n trub,lz ov ðe bræin  
 ænd wið sum swit oblivius æntido:t  
 klens de stuft bu(:)zom ov ðæt per(i)lus stuf  
 hwitſ wæiz upon ðe hært?      45

---

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,  
 180 Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew:  
 Or that the Euerlastring had not fixt  
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable  
 Seemes to me all the vies of this world?  
 185 Fie on't! Oh fie,<sup>1</sup> 'tis an vnweeded Garden  
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in  
 Nature  
 Possesse it merely. That it should come to this:  
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,  
 So excellent a King, that was to this  
 140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,  
 That he might not beteeme<sup>2</sup> the windes of heauen  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth!<sup>3</sup>  
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,  
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne  
 145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?  
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.  
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,  
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body  
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,  
 150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason  
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine  
 Vnkle,  
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,  
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

<sup>1</sup> Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F*, Fie on't, ah fie, *Q<sub>2</sub>*.   <sup>2</sup> beteeme *F*, beteeme *Q<sub>2</sub>*.   <sup>3</sup> No stop *Q<sub>2</sub>F*.

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

o:, dæt dis tu: tu: solid fleſ wuld melt,  
 ða: ænd rezolv itself intu æ deu! 130  
 or dæt de everlæstiŋ hæd not fikst  
 hiz kænon gæinst self-sla:ter! o god! o god!  
 huw we:ri, stæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l  
 si:mz tu mi a:l ðe iusez ov dis world!  
 fij ont! o: fij! tiz æn unwi:ded gærd,n 135  
 dæt grouz tu si:d; ðiŋk rænk ænd gro:s in  
                                     næ:tiur  
 pozes it mi:rli. dæt it su:ld kum tu dis!  
 but tu: munθ ded: næi, not so mutʃ, not tu::  
 so eksealent æ kij: dæt wæz, tu dis,  
 hijpe:rion tu æ sæ:tir; so luvij tu mij muðer 140  
 dæt hi mijt not biti:m ðe wijndz ov he(:)vn  
 vizit her fæ:s tu rufli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)rθ!  
 must ij remember? hwij, si wu:ld hæj on him,  
 æz if inkre:s ov æpetijt hæd groun  
 bij hwæt it fed on: ænd jit, wiðin æ munθ— 145  
 let mi not ðiŋk ont—fræilti, dij næ:m iz wumæn!—  
 æ lit,l munθ, or e:r ðo:z su:z wer ould  
 wið hwitʃ si foloud mij pu:r fæðerz bodi,  
 lijk nijobe;, a:l te:rz:—hwij si:, i:vn si:—  
 o: he(:)vn! æ be:st, dæt wænts disku:rs ov re:z,n, 150  
 wu:ld hæv murnd loŋger—mærid wið mijn uŋk,l,  
                                     mij fæðerz bruder, but no mo:r lijk mij fæðer  
 den ij tu herkiule:z: wiðin æ munθ:

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares  
 155 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,  
 She married. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,

60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:  
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
 The friends thou haft, and their adoption tride,  
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:  
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment  
 65 Of each new hatch't,<sup>1</sup> vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in  
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.  
 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:  
 Take each mans censure; but referue thy iudgement:  
 70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;  
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:  
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
 And they in France of the best ranck and station,  
 Are most<sup>2</sup> select and generous chief<sup>3</sup> in that.  
 75 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:  
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.  
 This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:  
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,  
 80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> vnhatch't *F*, new hatcht *Q<sub>2</sub>*. <sup>2</sup> Are of a most. <sup>3</sup> cheff.

e:r jit de sa:lt ov mo:st unrijtius te:rz  
 hæd left de flusij ov her ga:led ijj,  
 ji mærid. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

155

\* \* \*

## ACT I. SCENE III.

giv dij ȝouts no: tu:ŋ,  
 nor æni unproporsjond ߠout hiz ækt. 60  
 bi: duw fæmilíær, but bij no: me:nz vulgær.  
 de frendz duw hæst, ænd dæir ædopsjón trijd,  
 græpl dem tu dij soul wið hu:ps ov sti:l;  
 but du: not dul dij pa:m wið entertæinment  
 ov e:tsf niu-hætſt, unfledȝd komræ:d. biwæ:r  
 ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,  
 be:rt dæt dopo:zed mæi biwæ:r ov di:.  
 giv ev(e)ri mæn dijn e:r, but feu dij vois;  
 tæ:k e:tsf mænz sensiur, but rezerv dij džudȝment. 65  
 kostli dij hæbit æz dij purs kæn bij,  
 but not eksprest in fænsi; ritʃ, not ga:di;  
 for de æpærel oft proklæimz de mæn,  
 ænd dæi in fræns ov de best ræjk ænd stæ:sion  
 ær mo:st selekt ænd dȝen(e)rus, tʃi:f in dæt.  
 ne:ðer æ borðer, nor æ lender bi:; 70  
 for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itself ænd frend,  
 ænd borðij dulz de edȝ ov huzbændri.  
 dis æbuv a:l: tu dijn oun self bi: triu,  
 ænd it must folo:, æz de nijt de dæi,  
 duw kænst not den bi fa:ls tu æni mæn. 75  
 80

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

TO be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,  
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
 60 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe,  
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end  
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shuckles  
 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation  
 Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye, to sleepe,  
 65 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,  
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
 When we haue shuffel'd<sup>1</sup> off this mortall coile,  
 Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect  
 That makes Calamity of so long life:  
 70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,  
 The Oppressors wrong, the proude<sup>2</sup> mans Contumely,  
 The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
 75 When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make  
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles  
 bear  
 To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne  
 80 No Traueller returns, Puzels the will,  
 And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,  
 Then flye to others that we know not of.  
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,  
 And thus the Natiue hew of Resoluton

<sup>1</sup> Shuffel'd.<sup>2</sup> poore *F*, proude *Q<sub>2</sub>*.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

tu bi:, or not tu bi:: dæt iz ðe kwestiōn:  
 hweder tiz no:bler in ðe mijnd tu sufer  
 ðe slij̄z ænd ærouz ov uwtræ:dz̄ius fortiun,  
 or tu tæk ærmz ægæinst æ se: ov trub,lz,  
 ænd bij opo:zij end ðem. tu dij: tu sli:p; 60  
 no mo:r; ænd bij æ sli:p tu sæ wi end  
 ðe hært-æ:k ænd ðe θuwzænd nætiuræl joks  
 dæt fleſ iz hæir tu:, tiz æ konsumæ:s̄ion  
 devuwltli tu bi wiſt. tu dij, tu sli:p;  
 tu sli:p: pertſæns tu dre:m: ij, ðe:rz ðe rub; 65  
 for in dæt sli:p ov de(:)θ hwæt dre:mz mæi kum  
 hwen wi hæv ſuf,ld of dis mortæl koil,  
 must giv us pa:z: ðe(:)rz ðe respekt  
 dæt mæ:ks kælæmiti ov so loŋ lijf;  
 for hwu: wu:ld be:r ðe hwips ænd skornz ov tijm, 70  
 ðopresorز wroŋ, ðe pruw̄d mænz kontium(e)li,  
 ðe pæn̄z ov disprijzd luv, ðe la:z delæi,  
 ðe insolens ov ofis ænd ðe spurnz  
 dæt pæ:s̄ient merit ov ð(e) unwurði tæ:ks,  
 hwen hi himself mijt hiz kwije:tus mæ:k 75  
 wid æ bæ:r bodkin? hwu: wu:ld ðe:z færd,lz be:r,  
  
 tu grunt ænd swe(:)t under æ we:ri lijf,  
 but dæt de dre(:)d ov sumθij̄ æfter de(:)θ,  
 ðe undiskuverd kuntri from hwu:z born  
 no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wil 80  
 ænd mæ:ks us ræder be:r ðo:z ilz wi hæ:v  
 den flij tu uderz dæt wi kno: not ov?  
 ðus konsiēns duz mæ:k kuwærdz ov us a:l;  
 ænd ðus ðe næ:titiv hiu ov rezoliuſion

85 Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their Currants turne away,  
 And loose the name of Action. . . . .

\* \* \*

ACT III. SCENE II.

*Ham.* SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: 5 Nor do not saw the Ayre too much with<sup>1</sup> your hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie Torrent, Tempeft, and (as I may lay) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it 10 offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moft part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, and noise: I could haue 15 ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-Herod's *Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

*Player.* I warrant your Honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action 20 to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtep<sup>2</sup> not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at

<sup>1</sup> with *om. F*, with *Qq.*    <sup>2</sup> ore-ſtop *F*, ore-ſteppe *Q2.*

iz siklid o:r wið de pæ:l kæst ov θout,  
ænd enterprijzez ov gre:t piθ ænd mo:ment  
wið dis regærd dæir kurænts turn æwæi,  
ænd lu:z de næ:m ov æksjon. . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE II.

hæmlet.] spe:k de spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij pronuwnst it tu iu, tripiŋli on de tuŋ: but if iu muwd it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd æz liv de tuwn-krijer hæd spo:k mij lijnz. nor du: not sa: de æir tu: mutʃ wið iur hænd, ðus, 5 but iuz a:l dʒentli; for in de veri torrent, tempest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, de hwirl-wijnd ov pæsion, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns dæt mæi giv it smu:ðnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu de soul tu si: æ robustiūs periwig-pæ:ted felo: 10 ter æ pæsion tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split de e:rz ov de gruwndlījz, hwu: for de mo:st pærtær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθij but ineksplikæb,l dum-souz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutsæ felo: hwipt for o:rdū:ij termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wærænt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:ðer, but let iur oun diskresion bi: iur tiutor: siut de æksjon 20 tu de word, de word tu de æksjon; wið dis spesiæl observæns, dæt iu o:rstep not de modesti ov næ:tiur: for æni θij so: overdun iz from de purpo:s ov plæiij, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the  
 25 Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne  
 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age  
 and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now,  
 this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make  
 the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious  
 30 greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your  
 allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh,  
 there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard  
 others praise, and that highly (not to speake it  
 prophanelly) that neyther hauing the accent of  
 35 Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,<sup>1</sup>  
 haue so struttred and bellowed, that I haue thought  
 some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and  
 not made them well, they imitated Humanity so  
 abhominably.

40      *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indiffe-  
 rently with vs, Sir.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether. And let those  
 that play your Clownes, speake no more then is  
 set downe for them. For there be of them, that  
 45 will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of  
 barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane  
 time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to  
 be considered: that's Villanous, and shewes a most  
 pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vies it. Go  
 50 make you readie.

\*                     \*

<sup>1</sup> or Norman *F*, nor man *Q<sub>2</sub>*.

de first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu ho:ld, æz twe(:)r,  
 de miror up tu næ:tiur; tu fo: vertiu her oun<sup>25</sup>  
 fettiur, skorn her oun imædʒ, ænd de veri æ:dʒ  
 ænd bodi ov de tijm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw  
 dis overdun, or kum tærdi of, dou it mæ:k de  
 unskilful læf, kænot but mæ:k de dʒiudisius gri:v;  
 de sensiur ov de hwitʃ o:n must in iur æluwæns<sup>30</sup>  
 o:rwæi æ ho:l θe:æter ov uderz. o:, ðer bi  
 plæierz ðæt ij hæv si:n plæi, ænd hærd uderz  
 præiz, ænd ðæt hijli, not tu spe:k it profæ:nlí,  
 ðæt, ne:der hæ:viŋ de æksent ov kristiænz nor  
 de gæ:t ov kristiæn, pæ:gæn, nor mæn, hæv so:<sup>35</sup>  
 struted ænd beloud ðæt ij hæv θout sum ov  
 næ:tiurz dʒurnimen hæd mæ:d men ænd not  
 mæ:d dem wel, ðæi imitæ:ted humæniti so:  
 æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd ðæt indife-<sup>40</sup>  
 rentli wið us, sir.

hæmlet.] o:, reform it a:ltugeðer. ænd let  
 ðo:z ðæt plæi iur kluwnz spe:k no: mo:r ðen iz  
 set down for dem; for ðer bi: ov dem ðæt wil  
 demselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren<sup>45</sup>  
 spektæ:torz tu læf tu:; dou in de me:n tijm,  
 sum nesesæri kwestiōn ov de plæi bi: ðen tu bi  
 konsiderd: dæts vilænus, ænd souz æ mo:st  
 pitiful æmbisiōn in de fu:l ðæt iuzez it. go:,  
 mæ:k iu re(:)di.

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

How should I your true loue know  
 From another one?

25 By his Cockle hat and staffe,  
 And his Sandal shooone.<sup>1</sup>

He is dead and gone Lady,  
 30 He is dead and gone,  
 At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,  
 At his heele a stome.<sup>2</sup>

35 White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,  
 Larded with sweet flowers:  
 Which bewept to the graue did go,<sup>3</sup>  
 With true-loue showres.

## FROM KING LEAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
 You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,  
 Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd<sup>4</sup> the  
 Cockes.

You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,  
 5 Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,  
 Sindge my white head. And thou all shaking Thunder,  
 Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,  
 Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once  
 That makes ingratefull Man.

1 *Ll. 23 to 26 two lines.*    2 *Ll. 29 to 32 two lines.*

<sup>3</sup> did not go *QqF.*    <sup>4</sup> drown *F*, drown'd *Q.*

ACT IV. SCENE V.

huw su:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:  
from ænuðer o:n?  
bij hiz kok,l hæt ænd stæf,  
ænd hiz sændæl su:n.

25

hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,  
hi iz ded ænd go:n;  
æt hiz hed æ græs-grin turf,  
æt hiz hi:lz æ sto:n.

30

hwijt hiz fruwd æz de muwntæin sno;  
lærded wið swi:t fluwrz;  
hwits biwept tu d(e) græ:v did go:  
wið triu-luv suwrz.

35

## FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tʃi:ks! ræ:dʒ! blo:!  
iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z, spuwt  
til iu hæv drentſt uwr sti:p,lz, druwend ðe koks!

iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutiŋ fijrz,  
va:nt-kuriorz ov o:k-kle:viŋ θunder-boults,  
sindz mij hwijt hed! ænd duw, a:l-fæ:kiŋ θunder,  
strijk flæt de Өik rotunditi oð world!  
kræk næ:tiurz mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns  
ðæt mæ:ks inqræ:tful mæn.

Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:  
 15 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;  
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.  
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;  
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,  
 20 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:  
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,  
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne  
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gaints a head  
 So old, and white as this. . . . . .

\*                   \*

## ACT IV. SCENE VI.

## HOW fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,  
 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre  
 Shew scarfe so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe  
 15 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:  
 Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.  
 The Fishermen, that walke<sup>1</sup> vpon the beach  
 Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,  
 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy  
 20 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,  
 That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes  
 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,  
 Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight  
 Topple downe headlong.

\*                   \*

<sup>1</sup> walk'd F, walke Q.

rumb,l dij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!  
 nor ræin, wijnd, θunder, fij,r, ær mij da:terz:  
 ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wið unkijndnes;  
 ij never gæ:v iu kijdum, ka:ld iu tſildren,  
 iu o: mi no: subskripsion: ðen let fa:l  
 iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; he:r ij stænd, iur slæ:v,  
 æ pu:r, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn:  
 but jit ij ka:l iu servil ministerz,  
 dæt wil wið tu: pernisius da:terz džoin  
 iur hij indženderd b.e:t,lz gæinst æ hed  
 so ould ænd hwijt æz dis.

\*                   \*

## ACT IV. SCENE VI.

huw fe:rful

ænd dici tiz, tu kæst o:nz ijz so lo!:!  
 de krouz ænd tſufs dæt wi;j de midwæi æir  
 fo: skærso gro:s æz bi:t,lz: ha:f wæi duwn  
 hænjz o:n dæt gæderz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d!      15  
 mi θiŋks hi si:mz no biger ðen hiz hed:  
 de fiſermen, dæt wa:k upon de be:tſ,  
 æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)riŋ bærk,  
 diminist tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi  
 a:lmo:st tu: sma:l for sijt: de murm(u)riŋ surdʒ,      20  
 dæt on dunnumbred ijd,l peb,l tſæ:fs,  
 kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl lu:k no mo:r;  
 le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd ðe defisient sijt  
 top,l duwn hedloŋ.

\*                   \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

*Lear.* HOWLE, howle, howle, howle:<sup>1</sup> O you<sup>2</sup>  
 are men of stones,  
 Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vse them so,  
 That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.  
 260 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,  
 She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glass,  
 If that her breath will mist or staine the stome,  
 Why then she liues.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?<sup>3</sup>

*Alb.* Fall and cease.

265 *Lear.* This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,  
 It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes  
 That euer I haue felt.

*Kent.* O my good Master.

*Lear.* Prythee away.

*Edg.* 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

*Lear.* A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,  
 270 I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:

*Cordelia.* Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:

What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,  
 Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

805      *Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,  
 no, no life?

Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,  
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'l come no more,  
 Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

<sup>1</sup> The fourth howle in Q only.    <sup>2</sup> your.    <sup>3</sup> Full stop.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær  
men ov sto:nz:

hæd ij iur tu:z ænd iż, ijld iuz ðem so:  
ðæt he(:)v,nz va:lt su:ld kræk. si:z go:n for ever!  
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded, ænd hwen o:n livz; 260  
si:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kin-glæs;  
if ðæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin ðe sto:n,  
hwij, den si livz.

kent.] iz dis ðe promist end?

edgær.] or imædʒ ov ðæt horor?

æ:lbæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!

le:r.] ðis feder sturz; si livz! if it bi: so;, 265  
it iz æ tʃæns hwitʃ duz redi:m a:l sorouz  
ðæt ever ij hæv felt.

kent.] o: mij gud mæster!

le:r.] pridi:, æwæi.

edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.

le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murd(e)rерz, træitorz a:l!  
ij mijt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw si:z go:n for ever! 270  
korde:lɪæ, korde:lɪæ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!  
hwæt ist duw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,  
dʒent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θiŋ in wumæn.

le:r.] ænd mij pu:r fu:l iz hæjd! no:, no:, 285  
no: lijf!

hwij su:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,  
ænd duw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? duwlt kum no mo:r,  
never, never, never, never, never!  
præi iu, undu: ðis but,n: θæŋk iu, sir.

810 Do you see this? Looke on her!<sup>1</sup> Looke her lips,  
Looke there, looke there.

*Edg.* He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

*Kent.* Breake heart, I prythee breake.

*Edg.* Looke vp my Lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he  
hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world  
315 Stretch him out longer.

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### FROM OTHELLO.

#### ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:  
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,  
130 From yeare to yeare: the Battailes,<sup>2</sup> Sieges, Fortunes,<sup>3</sup>  
That I haue past.  
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,  
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:  
135 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,  
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,  
And sold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my Trauellours historie.  
140 Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,  
Rough Quarries, Rocks, and<sup>4</sup> Hills, whose heads<sup>5</sup>  
touch heauen,  
. It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,

<sup>1</sup> her?   <sup>2</sup> Battaile. (*This and most other corrections from Q.*)   <sup>3</sup> Fortune.   <sup>4</sup> and om.   <sup>5</sup> head.

du iu si: dis? lu:k on her, lu:k, her lips,                  810  
lu:k ðe:r, lu:k ðe:r!

edgær.] hi fæints! mij lord, mij lord!

kent.] bre:k, hært; ij pridi:, bre:k!

edgær.] lu:k up, mij lord.

kent.] veks not his go:st: o:, let him pæs!  
hi: hæ:ts him

dæt wu:ld upon de wræk ov dis tuf world  
stretʃ him uwt longer.                  815

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## FROM OTHELLO.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

her fæder luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;  
stil kwestiond mi: de sto:ri ov mij lijf,  
from je:r tu je:r, de bætlz, si:dʒez, fortiunz,                  130  
dæt ij hæv pæst.

ij ræn it θru:, i:vn from mij boijs dæiz,  
tuð veri mo:ment dæt hi bæd mi tel it;  
hwe:rin ij spo:k ov mo:st dizæstrus tʃænsez,  
ov mu:vij æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld,                  135  
ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)gent dedli bre:tʃ,  
ov bi:ij tæ:k,n bij de ins(o)lent fo:  
ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempšion ðens  
ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:  
hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijdl,                  140  
ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutʃ he(:)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutʃ wæz mij pro:ses;

And of the Canibals that each others eate,  
 The *Anthropophagi*,<sup>1</sup> and men whose heads  
 145 Do grow<sup>2</sup> beneath their shoulders. These things  
                           to heare,  
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:  
 But still the house Affaires would draw her thence:<sup>3</sup>  
 Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,  
 She'l<sup>4</sup> come againe, and with a greedie eare  
 150 Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,  
 Tooke once a pliant hour, and found good meanes  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 155 But not intentiuely:<sup>5</sup> I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her teares,  
 When I did speake of some distresfull stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,  
 She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes:<sup>6</sup>  
 160 She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,  
 'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.  
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
 That Heauen had made her such a man. She  
                           thank'd me,  
 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,  
 165 I should but teach him how to tell my Story,  
 And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,  
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,  
 And I lou'd her, that she did pitty them.  
 This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.

\*                   \*

<sup>1</sup> *Antropophague*.   <sup>2</sup> Grew.   <sup>3</sup> hence.   <sup>4</sup> She'l'd.  
<sup>5</sup> instinctiuely.   <sup>6</sup> kisses.

ænd ov de kænibælz dæt e:tʃ uderz e:t,  
de ænθropofædzijj, ænd men hwu:z hedz  
du gro: bine:d<sup>1</sup> dæir soulderz. de:z θiŋz tu he:r 145

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:r̄usli inklijn:  
but stil de huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her ðens:  
hwitʃ ever æz si ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætʃ,  
si:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di e:r  
devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitʃ ij obzerviŋ, 150  
tu:k o:ns æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz  
tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært  
dæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædʒ dilæ:t,  
hwe:rov bij pærslz si hæd sumθiŋ hærd,  
but not intentivli. ij did konsent, 155  
ænd oft,n did bigijl her ov her te:rz,  
hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distresful stro:k  
dæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij sto:ri bi:iŋ dun,  
si gæ:v mi for mij pæinz æ world ov sijz:  
si swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændz, twæz pæsiŋ strændz, 160  
twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:  
si wiſt si hæd not hærd it, jit si wiſt  
dæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutʃ æ mæn: si θæŋkt  
mi:,  
ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend dæt luvd her,  
ij ſu:ld but te:tʃ him huw tu tel mij sto:ri, 165  
ænd dæt wu:ld wu: her. upon dis hint ij spæk:  
si luvd mi: for de dændzerz ij hæd pæst,  
ænd ij luvd her dæt si did piti ðem.  
dis o:nlí iz de wits-kræft ij hæv iuzd.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or bine:θ.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

ALAS *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?  
 150 Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,  
 I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:  
 If ere my will did trespassse 'gainst his Loue,  
 Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,  
 Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence  
 155 Delighted them in any<sup>1</sup> other Forme,  
 Or that I do not yet, and euer did,  
 And euer will, (though he do shake me off  
 To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,  
 Comfort forsware me. Vnkindnesse may do much,  
 160 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,  
 But neuer taynt my Loue. . . . . . . . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

840 I PRAY you in your Letters,  
 When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,  
 Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set downe ought in malice. Then must you  
 speake,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:  
 845 Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,  
 Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand  
 (Like the base Indean threw a Pearle away  
 Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd  
 Eyes,  
 Albeit vn-vs'd to the melting moode,

<sup>1</sup> them: or any.      <sup>2</sup> Then . . . speake, *a new line*.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

ælæs, iæ:go:,

hwæt sæl ij du: tu win mij. lord ægæin?  
 gud frend, go: tu him; for, bij dis lijt ov he(:)vn, 150  
 ij kno: not huw ij lost him. her ij kni:l:  
 if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst his luv,  
 e:ð(e)r<sup>1</sup> in disku:rs ov θout or æktiūæl di:d,  
 or dæt mijn ijjz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,  
 delijted ðem in æni uder form; 155  
 or dæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,  
 ænd ever wil—dou hi du sæ:k mi of  
 tu begerli divorsment—luv him de:rli,  
 kumfort forswe:r mi:! unkijndnes mæi du: mutʃ;  
 ænd his unkijndnes mæi defe:t mij lijf, 160  
 but never tæint mij luv. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

\*                   \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz, 340

hwen iu sæl ðe:z unluki di:dz relæ:t,  
 spek ov mi: æz ij æm; noθij eksteniūæ:t,  
 nor set downt out in mælis: ðen must iu spe:k

ov o:n dæt luvd not wijzli but tu: wel;  
 ov o:n not e:z(i)li dʒeljus, but bi:ij wrou 345  
 perplekst in ðe ekstre:m; ov o:n hwu:z hænd,  
 lijk ðe bæ:s indæn, θriu æ perl æwæi  
 ritser ðen a:l his trijb; ov o:n hwu:z subdiud ijjz,

a:lb:i:(i)t uniuzed tu ðe meltiŋ mu:d,

<sup>1</sup> Hardly e:r.

850 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees  
 Their Medicinable gumme. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,  
 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

---

## FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne  
 Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,  
 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that  
 The Windes were Loue-ficke with them. The Owers  
 were Siluer,<sup>1</sup>  
 200 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person  
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye  
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,  
 205 O're-picturing that Venus,<sup>2</sup> where we see  
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,  
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like Smiling Cupids,  
 With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,  
 To glow<sup>3</sup> the delicate cheekes which they did coole,  
 210 And what they vndid did.

. . . . .  
 Her Gentlewomen,<sup>4</sup> like the Nereides,  
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

<sup>1</sup> Loue-ficke. With them the Owers were Siluer  
 (With beginning a new line).      <sup>2</sup> Venns.      <sup>3</sup> gloue.  
<sup>4</sup> Gentlewoman.

drops te:rz æz fæst æz de æræ:bjæn tri:z  
dær med(i)sinæb,l gum. 350

ij kist di: e:r ij kild di:: no: wæi but dis;  
kilij mijself, tu dij upon æ kis.

## FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

de bærdz si sæt in, lijk æ burniſt θro:n,  
burnt on de wæter: de pu:p wæz be:t,n gould;  
purp,l de sæilz, ænd so: perfumed dæt  
de wijndz wer luv-sik wið dem; d(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitſ tu de tiun ov fliuts kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d 200  
de wæter hwitſ dæi be:t tu folo: fæster,  
æz æm(o)rus ov dæir stro:ks. for her oun person,  
it begerd a:l deskrips̄on: si did lij  
in her pævilion—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—  
o:r-pikturiŋ dæt ve:nus hwe:r wi si: 205  
de fænsi uwtwurk næ:tiur: on e:tſ sijd her  
stu(:)d priti dimpld boiz, lijk smijlij kiupidz,  
wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wijnd did si:m  
tu glou de del(i)kæ(:)t tʃi:ks hwitſ dæi did ku:l,  
ænd hwæt dæi undid did. 210

her dʒent,lwi(:)men, lijk de nereidz,  
so mæni mermæidz, tended her id ijz,  
ænd mæ:d dæir bendz ædorniŋz: æt de helm

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,  
 215 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge  
 A strange inuisible perfume hits the sensse  
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast  
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*  
 220 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whisling to th'ayre:<sup>1</sup> which but for vacancie,  
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,  
 And made a gap in Nature.

\*       \*       \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue  
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more  
 285 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip.  
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare  
*Anthony* call: I see him rowſe himſelfe  
 To praife my Noble Act. I heare him mock  
 The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men  
 290 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.  
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements  
 I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?  
 Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.  
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

---

<sup>1</sup> to'th'ayre.

æ si:mij mermæid sti:rz: ðe silk,n tæk,l  
 swel wið de tutsez ov do:z fluwr-soft hændz,  
 ðæt jæ:rlí fræ:m ðe ofis. from ðe bærdz  
 æ strændz inviz(i)b,l perfium hits ðe sens  
 ov ðe ædžæ:sent hwærfs. ðe siti kæst  
 her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,  
 inθro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit ælo:n,  
 hwiſ(t)linj tu ðæir; hwitſ but for væ:kænsi,  
 hæd go:n tu gæ:z on kle:opæ:ter tu:  
 ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur.

215

220

\*                  \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

giv mi mij ro:b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v  
 imortæl longijz in mi:: nuw no mo:r  
 ðe džius ov e:dzipts græ:p sæl moist ðis lip:  
 jæ:r, jæ:r, gud ijræs; kwik. miθiŋks ij he:r  
 æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself  
 tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok  
 ðe luk ov se:zær, hwitſ ðe godz giv men  
 t(u) ekskiuz ðæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum: 285  
 nuw tu ðæt ne:m mij kurædz pru:v mij tijt,l!  
 ij (æ)m fijr ænd æir; mij uðer elements  
 ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?  
 kum ðen, ænd tæ:k ðe læst wærmθ ov mij lips.  
 fæ:rwel, kijnd tʃærmia:n; ijræs, loj fæ:rwel.

290

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,  
 And Phœbus gins arise,  
 His Steeds to water at those Springs  
 25 On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their Golden eyes  
 With euery thing that pretty is,  
 My Lady sweet arise:<sup>1</sup>  
 80 Arise, arise.

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honest,  
 Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,  
 A little witnesse my obedience. Looke  
 I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit  
 70 The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)  
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:  
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeede  
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,  
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
 75 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

. .

Why, I must dye:  
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,  
 There is a prohibition so Diuine,  
 80 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my  
 heart:

<sup>1</sup> *Ll. 26 to 29 printed as two lines.*

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

hærk, hærk! de lerk æt he(:)vnz gæ:t sinjz,  
 ænd fe:bus qinz ærijz,  
 hiz sti:dz tu wæter æt do:z sprinjz  
 on tʃælist fluwrz dæt lijz; 25  
 ænd wiŋkjig mæ:ri-budz bigin  
 tu o:p dæir gould,n ijjz:  
 wið ev(e)ri θiŋ dæt priti iz,  
 mij læ:di swi:t, ærijz:  
 ærijz, ærijz. 30

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

kum, felo:, bi: duw onest:  
 du: duw dij mæsterz bidij: hwen duw si:st him,  
 æ lit,l witnes mij obe:djens: lu:k!  
 ij dra: de sword mijself: tæ:k it, ænd hit  
 de in(o)sent mænsjōn ov mij luv, mij hært: 70  
 fe:r not; tiz empti ov a:l θiŋz but grif:  
 dij mæster iz not ðe:r, hwu: wæz indi:d  
 de ritsez ov it: du: hiz bidij; strijk  
 duw mæist bi væl̄ænt in æ beter ka:z;  
 but nuw duw si:mst æ kuwærd. 75

hwij, ij must dij;  
 ænd if ij du: not bij dij hænd, duw ært  
 no: servænt ov dij mæsterz. ægæinst self-sla:ter  
 ðer iz æ prohibisjōn so: divijn  
 dæt kræ:v,nz mij we:k hænd. kum, he:rz mij hært. 80

Something's a-for't:<sup>1</sup> Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,  
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,  
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,  
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,  
 85 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more  
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles  
 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraide  
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor  
 Stands in worfe case of woe. . . . . . . . . . .

\*                   \*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

- Guid.* Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,  
             Nor the furious Winters rages,  
 260        Thou thy worldly task haft don,  
             Home art gon, and tane thy wages.  
             Golden Lads, and Girles all must,  
             As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.
- Arui.* Feare no more the frownе o'th'Great,  
 265        Thou art past the Tirants stroake,  
             Care no more to cloath and eate,  
             To thee the Reede is as the Oake:  
             The Scepter, Learning, Phyficke must,  
             All follow this and come to dust.
- 270 *Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.  
*Arui.*      Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.  
*Gui.*      Feare not Slander, Censure rash.  
*Arui.*      Thou haft finish'd Ioy and mone.

<sup>1</sup> a-foot.

sumθinjz æ-fort. soft, soft! wi:l no: defens;  
 obe:dient æz ðe skæbærð. hwæt iz he:r?  
 ðe skriptiurz ov ðe loiæl le:onæ:tus,  
 a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,  
 korupterz ov mij fæiθ! iu ðæl no mo:r                    85  
 bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hært. ðus mæi pu:r fu:lz  
 bili:v fa:ls te:tferz: ðou ðo:z ðæt ær bitraeid  
 du fi:l ðe tre:z,n ðærpli, jit ðe træitor  
 stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo:. . . . . . . . . . .

\*                    \*

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

gijde:r̄ius.] fe:r no mo:r de he:t od sun,  
       nor ðe fiur̄us winterz ræ:džez;  
       duw dij worldli tæsk hæst dun,                    260  
       ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n dij wæ:džez:  
       gould,n lædz ænd girlz a:l must,  
       æz tʃimni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] fe:r no mo:r de fruwn od gre:t;  
       duw ært pæst de tijrænts stro:k,                    265  
       kæ:r no mo:r tu klo:d ænd e:t;  
       tu di: ðe ri:d iz æz ðe o:k:  
       ðe septer, lerniŋ, fizik, must  
       a:l folo: ðis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:r̄ius.] fe:r no mo:r ðe lijtniŋ-flæʃ,                    270  
 ærvirægus.]      nor ða:l-dre(:)ded θunder-sto:n;  
 gijde:r̄ius.] fe:r not slænder, sensiur ræʃ;  
 ærvirægus.] duw hæst finiʃt dʒoi ænd mo:n:

- 275     *Both.* All Louers young, all Louers must,  
            Consigne to thee and come to dust.
- Guid.* No Exorcisor harme thee,  
*Arui.* Nor no witch-craft charme thee.  
*Guid.* Ghost vnlaid forbeare thee.  
*Arui.* Nothing ill come neere thee.
- 280 *Both.* Quiet consumation haue,  
            And renowned be thy graue.
-

bo:θ.] a:l luverz juŋ, a:l luverz must  
konsijn tu ði:, ænd kum tu dust. 275

gijde:r̄ius.] no: eksorsijzer hærm ði:!

ærvirægus.] nor no witskræft tʃærm ði:!

gijde:r̄ius.] go:st unlæid forbe:r ði:!

ærvirægus.] noθiŋ il kum ne:r ði:!

bo:θ.] kwijet konsiumæ:s̄ion hæ:v ;  
ænd renuwned bi: ðij græ:v! 280

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