

Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S House.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls, 4
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself, 8
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night 12
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night 17
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man. 24

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word 28

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her? 32

Steph. None, but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica, 36
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls? 40

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?

Master Lorenzo! sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where? 44

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [Exit.]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming. 49

And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand; 52
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit STEPHANO.]
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night 56
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou be- hold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings, 61
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay 64
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [Music.]

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music. 69

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, 72
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears, 76
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, 80
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle. 92

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook 96
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day, 104
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection! 108
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [Music ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows
the cuckoo, 112
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet; 116
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; 120
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[A tucket sounds.]
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick; 124

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun. 128

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:

But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord. 132

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him, 136

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To NERISSA.] By yonder moon I swear
you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part, 144
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. Aquarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, whose poesy was 148
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you, 152
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it. 156

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk.

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee: 164
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame,—I must be plain
with you,—

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh. 169

I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,

I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth 173
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it. 176

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed 180
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd

mine;

And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord? 184

Not that, I hope, that you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone. 188

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia, 192

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring, 196

When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your dis-
pleasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200
Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring. 208
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away; 213
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him; 216
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd, 224
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed. 228
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, which is yet mine own, 232
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well ad-
vis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him,
then; 236

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these
quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome
notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends, 241
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself; 244
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee. 248

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's
ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord 252
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him
this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep
this ring. 256

Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the
doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me. 259

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-
ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough. 264
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all
amaz'd:

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario: 268

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa, there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you

And even but now return'd; I have not yet 272
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies 276

Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you
not? 280

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to
do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow: 284

When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo! 288
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a
fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift. 292

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied 296

Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,

Who'r till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing 306
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.
AMIEUS, Lords attending upon the banished Duke.
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
JAQUES, }
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } Servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, } Shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.
Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—First, OLIVER'S Orchard near his House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court,
and in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I

SCENE I.—An Orchard near OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this
fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thou-
sand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my
brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and
there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques
he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly
of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically
at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me
here at home unkept; for call you that keeping
for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from
the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better;
for, besides that they are fair with their feeding,
they are taught their manage, and to that end
riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain
nothing under him but growth, for the which
his animals on his dunghills are as much bound
to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so
plentifully gives me, the something that nature
gave me, his countenance seems to take from
me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the
place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies,
mines my gentility with my education. This is
it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my
father, which I think is within me, begins to
mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer
endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy
how to avoid it. 27

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.
Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear
how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here? 31
Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any-
thing.

Orl. What mar you then, sir?
Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that
which God made, a poor unworthy brother of
yours, with idleness. 37

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be
naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks
with them? What prodigal portion have I
spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?
Orl. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir? 45
Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows
me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in
the gentle condition of blood, you should so
know me. The courtesy of nations allows you
my better, in that you are the first-born; but
the same tradition takes not away my blood,
were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have
as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I
confess, your coming before me is nearer to his
reverence.

Oli. What, boy! 56
Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too
young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain? 59
Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son
of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and
he is thrice a villain that says such a father
begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I
would not take this hand from thy throat till
this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying
so: thou hast rail'd on thyself. 66

Adam. [Coming forward.] Sweet masters, be
patient: for your father's remembrance, be at
accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say. 70
Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear
me. My father charged you in his will to give
me good education: you have trained me like
a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all
gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father
grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure
it; therefore allow me such exercises as may be-
come a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery
my father left me by testament; with that I will
go buy my fortunes. 80

H