

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound; 152
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth 157
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. [ROSALIND swoons.] Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood. 160

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin! Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 164
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest. 173

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man. 176

Ros. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us. 180

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back. How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying. 4

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean. 10

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.
Aud. God ye good even, William. 16

Will. And good even to you, sir.
Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy

head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend? 20

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here? 25

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.
Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich? 28

Will. Faith, sir, so so.
Touch. 'So so,' is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise? 32

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? 41

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned? 44

Will. No, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he. 50

Will. Which he, sir?
Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 64

Aud. Do, good William.
Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away! 68

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her? 5

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance,

my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 14

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother. 20
Oli. And you, fair sister. [Exit.]

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf. 24

Orl. It is my arm.
Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady. 28

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that. 32
Ros. O! I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them. 46

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for. 53

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. 56
Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her.

I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger. 76

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?
Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, 84
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study to seem despitelful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd: Look upon him, love him; he worships you. 89

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe. 92

Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman. 100

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance; All humbleness, all patience, and impatience; All purity, all trial, all obedience; 105
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind. 108
Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. [To ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. [To PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 113

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Why do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?' 117

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To SILVIUS.] I will help you, if I can: [To PHEBE.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To PHEBE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [To ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [To SILVIUS.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [To SILVIUS.] As you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll

meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands. 134

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages. 6

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse. 17

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

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

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time. 40

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAKES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear. 4

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.

[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will have her when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To PHEBE.*] You say, that you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, 13 You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To SILVIUS.*] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter; 20

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me: and from hence I go, 24 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, 28

Methought he was a brother to your daughter; But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle, 32 Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears. 43

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one. 49

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?
Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster. 64

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. 68

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called 'the retort courteous.' If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the 'reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant.' If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome': and so to the 'lie circumstantial,' and the 'lie direct.'

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct,' and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous'; the second, the 'quip modest'; the third, the 'reply churlish'; the fourth, the 'reproof valiant'; the fifth, the 'countercheck quarrelsome'; the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance'; the seventh, the 'lie direct.' All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'if,' as 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.' 109

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even 116

Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter;

Hymen from heaven brought her;

Yea, brought her hither, 120

That thou mightst join her hand with his,

Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To DUKE S.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours. 124

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, 128 Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. [*To DUKE S.*] I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[*To ORLANDO.*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

[*To PHEBE.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion: 132 'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands, 136

If truth holds true contents.

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*] You and you no cross shall part:

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*] You and you are heart in heart:

[*To PHEBE.*] You to his love must accord, Or have a woman to your lord: 141

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*] You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather. 144

Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's crown: 148

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured.

Honour, high honour, and renown, 152

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine; 156

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAKES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 161
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take 164
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted 168
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true, 172
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. 176
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with
us, 180
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry. 184
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms
all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life, 188
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[To DUKE S.] You to your former honour I be-
queath; 193
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
[To ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true
faith doth merit:
[To OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and
great allies: 196

[To SILVUS.] You to a long and well-deserved
bed:
[To TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for
thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your
pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures. 200
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would
have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin
these rites, 204
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[A dance. Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than
to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that
good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good
play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they
do use good bushes, and good plays prove the
better by the help of good epilogues. What a
case am I in then, that am neither a good epi-
logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the be-
half of a good play! I am not furnished like a
beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my
way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the
women. I charge you, O women! for the love
you bear to men, to like as much of this play as
please you: and I charge you, O men! for the
love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your
simpering none of you hate them,—that between
you and the women, the play may please. If I
were a woman I would kiss as many of you as
had beards that pleased me, complexions that
liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and,
I am sure, as many as have good beards, or
good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind
offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.
[Exeunt.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and } Persons in the
Servants. } Induction.
BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona; Suitor to Katharina.
GREMIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO,
BIONDELLO, } Servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO, } Servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }
Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio.
KATHARINA, the Shrew, } Daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, }
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in PETRUCHIO's House in the Country.

INDUCTION

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y^e are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues;
look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard
Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let
the world slide. Sessa!Host. You will not pay for the glasses you
have burst? 8Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy, go
to thy cold bed, and warm thee.Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch
the third-borough. [Exit.Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll
answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy:
let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with
Huntsmen and Servants.Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well
my hounds: 16Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd
brach.Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hunt. Why, Bellman is as good as he,
my lord;He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog. 25

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.But sup them well, and look unto them all: 28
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hunt. I will, my lord.

Lord. [Sees SLY.] What's here? one dead, or
drunk? See, doth he breathe? 32Sec. Hunt. He breathes, my lord. Were he
not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine
he lies!Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. 36
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,Would not the beggar then forget himself? 41
First Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he can-
not choose.Sec. Hunt. It would seem strange unto him
when he wak'd.Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worth-
less fancy. 44Then take him up and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, 48And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet.Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, 52
And with a low submissive reverenceSay, 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basinFull of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, 57And say, 'Will't please your lordship cool your
hands?'Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—say that he
dreams, 64For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:It will be pastime passing excellent;
If it be husbanded with modesty. 68