

Macready, and put on at Covent Garden Theater, but without pronounced success. He wrote many fine dramatic poems, like *Pippa Passes*, *Colombé's Birthday*, and *In a Balcony*; and at least two good acting plays, *Luria* and *A Blot in the Scutcheon*. The last named has recently been given to the American public, with Lawrence Barrett's careful and intelligent presentation of the leading role. The motive of the tragedy is somewhat strained and fantastic, but it is, notwithstanding, very effective on the stage. It gives one an unwonted thrill to listen to a play, by a contemporary English writer, which is really literature. One gets a faint idea of what it must have been to assist at the first night of *Hamlet*.

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1. English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. Henry Morley. (Tauchnitz Series.)
  2. Victorian Poets. E. C. Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1886.
  3. Dickens. Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield, Bleak House, Tale of Two Cities.
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  6. Macaulay. Essays, Lays of Ancient Rome.
  7. Carlyle. Sartor Resartus, French Revolution, Essays on History, Signs of the Times, Characteristics, Burns, Scott, Voltaire, and Goethe.
  8. The Works of Alfred Tennyson. London: Stranham & Co., 1872. 6 vols.
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## APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

### THE PRIORESS.

[From the general prologue to the Canterbury Tales.]

There was also a nonne, a prioresse,  
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;  
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;  
And she was clepéd<sup>1</sup> madame Eglentine.  
Ful wel she sange the servicé devine,  
Entunéd in hire nose ful swetély;  
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly<sup>2</sup>  
After the scole of Stratford-attē-Bowe,<sup>3</sup>  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.  
At meté was she wel ytaught withalle;  
She lette no morsel from hire lippés falle,  
Ne wette hire fingres in hire saucé depe.  
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,  
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.  
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.<sup>4</sup>  
Hire over lippé wipéd she so clene  
That in hire cuppé was no ferthing<sup>5</sup> sene  
Of gresé, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.  
Ful semély after hire mete she raught.<sup>6</sup>  
And sikerly<sup>7</sup> she was of grete disport  
And ful plesánt and amiable of port,  
And peinéd hire to contrefeten chere  
Of court,<sup>8</sup> and ben estatelich of manére  
And to ben holden digné<sup>9</sup> of reverence.  
But for to speken of hire conscience,

<sup>1</sup> Called. <sup>2</sup> Neatly. <sup>3</sup> Stratford on the Bow (river): a small village where such French as was spoken would be provincial. <sup>4</sup> Delight. <sup>5</sup> Farthing, bit. <sup>6</sup> Reached. Surely. <sup>7</sup> Took pains to imitate court manners. <sup>8</sup> Worthy.



She was so charitable and so pitous,  
 She woldē wepe if that she saw a mous  
 Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.  
 Of smalē houndēs hadde she, that she fedde  
 With rosted flesh and milk and wastel brede.<sup>1</sup>  
 But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,  
 Or if men smote it with a yerdē<sup>2</sup> smert:<sup>3</sup>  
 And all was conscience and tendre herte.

## PALAMON'S FAREWELL TO EMELIE.

[From the Knightes Tale.]

Naught may the woful spirit in myn herte  
 Declare o<sup>4</sup> point of all my sorwes smerte  
 To you, my lady, that I lovē most.  
 But I bequethe the service of my gost  
 To you aboven every crēatūre,  
 Sin<sup>5</sup> that my lif ne may no lenger dure.  
 Alas the wo! alas the peinēs stronge  
 That I for you have suffered, and so longe!  
 Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!  
 Alas departing of our compaignie!  
 Alas min hertēs quene! alas my wif!  
 Min hertēs ladie, ender of my lif!  
 What is this world? what axen<sup>6</sup> men to have?  
 Now with his love, now in his coldē grave  
 Alone withouten any compaignie.  
 Farewel my swete, farewel min Emelie,  
 And softē take me in your armēs twey,<sup>7</sup>  
 For love of God, and herkeneth<sup>8</sup> what I sey.

## EMELIE IN THE GARDEN.

[From the Knightes Tale.]

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,  
 Till it felle onēs in a morwe<sup>9</sup> of May  
 That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene<sup>10</sup>  
 Than is the lillie upon his stalkē grene,  
 And fresher than the May with flourēs newe,  
 (For with the rosē colour strof hire hewe;

<sup>1</sup> Fine bread. <sup>2</sup> Stick. <sup>3</sup> Smartly. <sup>4</sup> One. <sup>5</sup> Since. <sup>6</sup> Ask. <sup>7</sup> Two.  
<sup>8</sup> Harken. <sup>9</sup> Morning. <sup>10</sup> See.

In'ot<sup>1</sup> which was the finer of hem two)  
 Er it was day, as she was wont to do,  
 She was arisen and all redy dight,<sup>2</sup>  
 For May wol have no slogardie a-night.  
 The seson priketh every gentil herte,  
 And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,  
 And sayth, "Arise, and do thin observance."  
 This maketh Emelie han remembrance  
 To dou honour to May, and for to rise.  
 Yclothēd was she fresh for to devise.<sup>3</sup>  
 Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse  
 Behind hire back, a yerdē long I gesse.  
 And in the gardin at the sonne uprist<sup>4</sup>  
 She walketh up and down wher as hire list.<sup>5</sup>  
 She gathereth floures, partie white and red,  
 To make a sotel<sup>6</sup> gerlond for hire hed,  
 And as an angel hevenlich she song.

## ALISON.

[From the Millere's Tale.]

Fayre was this yongē wif, and therewithal  
 As any wesel hire body gent and smal<sup>7</sup>  
 A seint<sup>8</sup> she werēd, barrēd al of silk,  
 A barm-cloth<sup>9</sup> eke as white as morne milk<sup>10</sup>  
 Upon hire lendēs<sup>11</sup> ful of many a gore,  
 White was hire smok, and brouded<sup>12</sup> al before  
 And eke behind on hire colére<sup>13</sup> aboute  
 Of cole-black silk within and eke withoute.  
 The tapēs of hire whitē volupere<sup>14</sup>  
 Were of the samē suit of hire colére;  
 Hire fillet brode of silk and set ful hye;  
 And sikerly<sup>15</sup> she had a likerous<sup>16</sup> eye,  
 Ful smal y pulled<sup>17</sup> were hire browēs two,  
 And they were bent and black as any slo,  
 She was wel morē blisful on to see  
 Than is the newē perjenetē<sup>18</sup> tree,

<sup>1</sup> Know not. <sup>2</sup> Dressed. <sup>3</sup> Describe. <sup>4</sup> Sunrise. <sup>5</sup> Wherever it pleases her.  
<sup>6</sup> Subtle, cunningly enwoven. <sup>7</sup> Trim and slim. <sup>8</sup> Girdle. <sup>9</sup> Apron. <sup>10</sup> Morn-  
 ing's milk. <sup>11</sup> Loins. <sup>12</sup> Embroidered. <sup>13</sup> Collar. <sup>14</sup> Cap. <sup>15</sup> Surely. <sup>16</sup> Wanton.  
<sup>17</sup> Trimmed fine. <sup>18</sup> Young pear.



And softer than the wolle is of a wether.  
 And by hire girdle heng a purse of lether,  
 Tasseled with silk and perléd with latoun,<sup>1</sup>  
 In all this world to seken up and doun  
 Ther n'is no man so wise that coude thenche<sup>2</sup>  
 So gay a popelot<sup>3</sup> or swiche<sup>4</sup> a wenche.  
 Ful brighter was the shining of hire hewe  
 Than in the tour, the noble yforged newe.  
 But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne<sup>5</sup>  
 As any swallow sitting on a berne.  
 Thereto she coudé skip and make a game  
 As any kid or calf folowing his dame.  
 Hire mouth was swete as braket<sup>6</sup> or the meth,<sup>7</sup>  
 Or horde of apples laid in hay or heth.  
 Winsing<sup>8</sup> she was, as is a jolly colt,  
 Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.  
 A broche she bare upon hire low colére,  
 As brode as is the bosse of a bokelére.<sup>9</sup>  
 Hire shoon were lacéd on hire legges hie;  
 She was a primerole,<sup>10</sup> a piggesnie,<sup>11</sup>  
 For any lord, to liggen<sup>12</sup> in his bedde,  
 Or yet for any good yemán<sup>13</sup> to wedde.

ANONYMOUS BALLADS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

WALY, WALY BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

O waly,<sup>14</sup> waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,<sup>15</sup>  
 And waly, waly yon burn<sup>16</sup> side,  
 Where I and my love went to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,<sup>17</sup>  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd and syne<sup>18</sup> it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

<sup>1</sup> Ornamented with pearl-shaped beads of a metal resembling brass. <sup>2</sup> Think.  
<sup>3</sup> Puppet. <sup>4</sup> Such. <sup>5</sup> Brisk. <sup>6</sup> A sweet drink of ale, honey, and spice. <sup>7</sup> Mead.  
<sup>8</sup> Skittish. <sup>9</sup> Buckler. <sup>10</sup> Primrose. <sup>11</sup> Pansy. <sup>12</sup> Lie. <sup>13</sup> Yeoman. <sup>14</sup> An  
 exclamation of sorrow, woe! alas! <sup>15</sup> Hillside. <sup>16</sup> Brook. <sup>17</sup> Oak. <sup>18</sup> Then.

O waly, waly but love be bonny,  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk<sup>1</sup> my head?  
 Or wherefore should I kame<sup>2</sup> my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;  
 Saint Anton's well<sup>3</sup> shall be my drink,  
 Sinn my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas' wind, when wilt thou blaw  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I'm aweary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snow's inclemency;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I myself in cramasie.<sup>4</sup>

But had I wist, before I kissed,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I myself were dead and gane,  
 And the green grass growing over me!

<sup>1</sup> Adorn. <sup>2</sup> Comb. <sup>3</sup> At the foot of Arthur's-Seat, a cliff near Edinburgh.  
<sup>4</sup> Crimson.



THE TWO CORBIES.<sup>1</sup>

As I was walking all alane  
I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the t'other say,  
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail<sup>2</sup> dyke,  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there  
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en another mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,<sup>3</sup>  
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een;  
Wi' ae<sup>4</sup> lock o' his gowden hair,  
We'll theck<sup>5</sup> our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,  
But nane sall ken where he is gane;  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blow for evermair."

## BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Hie upon Highlands and low upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day.  
Saddled and bridled and gallant rade he;  
Hame cam' his horse, but never cam' he.

Out came his auld mother, greeting<sup>6</sup> fu' sair;  
And out cam' his bonnie bride, riving her hair.  
Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;  
Toom<sup>7</sup> hame cam' the saddle, but never cam' he.

"My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn;  
My barn is to bigg<sup>8</sup> and my babie's unborn."  
Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;  
Toom cam' the saddle, but never cam' he.

<sup>1</sup> The two ravens.    <sup>2</sup> Turf.    <sup>3</sup> Neck-bone.    <sup>4</sup> One.    <sup>5</sup> Thach.    <sup>6</sup> Weeping.  
<sup>7</sup> Empty.    <sup>8</sup> Build.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

## THE SUITOR'S LIFE.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,  
What hell it is in suing long to bide;  
To lose good days that might be better spent;  
To wast long nights in pensive discontent:  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;  
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peere's<sup>1</sup>:  
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeers,  
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;  
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire:  
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone!

## THE MUSIC OF THE BOWER OF BLISS.

[From the *Faerie Queene*. Book II. Canto XII.]

Eftssoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote<sup>2</sup> delight a daintie eare,  
Such as attonce<sup>3</sup> might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:  
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner of music that mote<sup>2</sup> bee;  
For all that pleasing is to living eare  
Was there consorted in one harmonie;  
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
Their notes unto the voyce attempred sweet;  
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
To th' instruments divine response meet;  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base<sup>4</sup> murmure of the waters fall;  
The waters fall with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
The gentle warbling wind low answerd to all. . . .

<sup>1</sup> A reference to Lord Burleigh's hostility to the poet.    <sup>2</sup> Might.    <sup>3</sup> At once.    <sup>4</sup> Bass.



The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;  
 Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine<sup>1</sup> to see,  
 In springing flowre the image of thy day!  
 Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee  
 Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,  
 That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may!  
 Lo! see, soone after how more bold and free  
 Her barèd bosome she doth broad display;  
 Lo! see, soone after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;  
 Ne more doth florish after first decay,  
 That earst<sup>2</sup> was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
 Of many a lady, and many a paramowre!  
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,<sup>3</sup>  
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:  
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,  
 Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with equall crime.

#### THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

[From the *Faerie Queene*. Book I. Canto I.

He, making speedy way through spersèd ayre,  
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
 To Morpheus' house doth hastily repara:  
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe  
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
 His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed  
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,  
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred. . . .

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
 And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,  
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne  
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.  
 No other noyse, nor people's troublous cryes,  
 As still are wont t'annoy the wallèd towne,  
 Might there be heard; but careless quiet lyes  
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimes.

<sup>1</sup> Rejoice.

<sup>2</sup> First, formerly.

<sup>3</sup> Spring.

#### WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

##### SONNET XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt: if ever, now:  
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 And do not drop in for an after loss.  
 Ah! do not when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite;  
 But in the onset come: So shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

#### SONG.

[From *As You Like It*.]

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
 Then heigh ho! the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot;  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remembered not.  
 Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! etc.



## THE SLEEP OF KINGS.

[From *Henry IV.*—Part II.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopy of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

## FALSTAFF AND BARDOLPH.

[From *Henry IV.*—Part I.]

*Falstaff.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?

Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John.

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be

out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me:

*Bardolph.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there it is. Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert anyway given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be: By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light of thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou runn'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

## THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

[From *As You Like It*.]

*Jacques.* All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;



Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard,  
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose, well-saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans<sup>1</sup> teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—  
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished: to die, to sleep;  
 To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause: there's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life:  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

<sup>1</sup> Without.

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus take  
 With a bare bodkin?<sup>1</sup> Who would fardels<sup>2</sup> bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn away  
 And lose the name of action.

#### DETACHED PASSAGES FROM THE PLAYS.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air:  
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself—  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack<sup>3</sup> behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded<sup>4</sup> with a sleep.

<sup>1</sup> Small sword.

<sup>2</sup> Burdens.

<sup>3</sup> Cloud.

<sup>4</sup> Encompassed.