

DISGUISE IN SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDIES

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Here is the difficulty in bringing any overall criticism upon the art of the whole corpus of all the comedies Shakespeare wrote; it has been scarcely carried on but by a handful of contemporary critics, as we could realize advancing step by step along with this essay. To specify some of this company, H.B. Charlton, T.M. Parrott and John Russell Brown are the most outstanding from among them who are engaged in what we call the theme, generally or in concentration, dubbed "Shakespeare's comedies" as being their appoching or studying areas. That distinction is much more so on the ground of their scholarly achievements: the first, H.B. Charlton in his *Shakespearean Comedy*(1938) having outlined Shakespeare's comedy for a scheme of his great design to discuss it with the same particularity as the same superior presence of A.C. Bradley coming from *Shakespearean Tragedy* written in 1904; the second T.M. Parrott exerting himself to a full understanding of Shakespeare's comic art (*Shakespearean Comedy* in 1949); and, lastly John Russell Brown doing more than either of those predecessors to realize how much he inclusively understand this comic controversy in *Shakespeare and His Comedies*(1957). This is much more than enough to make it clear that Shakespeare's comedies have been accorded far less attention than his tragedies or history plays, even though it is much counted that the value of work which has been done on some of the individual comedies may equal or even surpass that on individual histories or tragedies.

For what does this come to thus? Of course, there are good reasons it has given rise to much controversy here and now, all of them thereby being neither more nor less than seems right or acceptable to deliberate how they might have done so. It particularly would not come to be much less so with the theory J.R. Brown has put forward as essential for his own purpose than with any other ones, nor is it, indeed at any critics' hands, nor can it ever be. Brown's holding forth opinion is such that what is lacking for according far less attention than Shakespeare's tragedies or history plays is "continuous and comprehensive critical argument, a community of critical and interpretative thought. This is probably due to a tendency to examine the detail before a sufficient understanding has been grasped of the ideas behind the comedies as a whole, and of the way in which every detail of them depends on this essential vision. It is possible

to discuss Shakespeare's treatment of his sources without discovering why those stories or plays originally appealed to him from among the infinitude of possibilities, to appreciate individual characters of lyrical passages, to analyse comic situations, to note the presence of 'tragic' elements within the comedies, or even to discuss Shakespeare's manipulation of multiple plots, without coming to an understanding of his aims and achievements in any single comedy. It is in this wider, interpretative work that the study of the comedies lags behind that of other plays."¹⁾

This retardation or decreased rate of studying the comedies will make us fluctuate in hopes or else in despairs the latter case being denoted as the surprise at how slowly the study of Shakespeare's comedies has proceeded down since his having a reputation of being the great genius, and the former resulting the courage with which one can engage into his lifelong business in letters, in spite of that shortage of material for comic traditions. Therefore, the scholarly achievements concerning them will not always be written out in full as broadly and eruditely as when a sufficient understanding has been grasped of the ideas behind the comedies as a whole, the so-called whole corpus of all the comedies Shakespeare wrote. That, by the way, does matter to whomever wants to consolidate the whole corpus into a single grasp bearing what we call the compact frame in which a various comic situations and elements are trimmed for consolidating's sake within the bounds of present discussion. It is harder to select the most distinctive critic who can be most suitable one to do so than the simple forthright ones whose literary swing goes along somehow with this discussion, the corpus of all the Shakespeare's comedies.

What else more can we do than that, ask we ourselves, when we have come so far to the point upon which our whole reasoning should turn in terms of what we are of the least satisfactory in bringing the overall criticism upon the art of the whole Shakespeare's comedies? The present question of which way to turn seems, under consideration, to be answered in forming the subject of discourse which is different from what has been discussed thus far. Then, is there any substitute or rather an alternative new or panacea? Who dare defy the panacea or the omnipotent to the overall criticism upon the art of his comic works, when we arrive at the momentum by means of which to go through across all these comedies, that is to say, to grasp the nettle of them, or rather as we call it, to acquire some of the driving force ubiquitous throughout every one of them from the earliest (*The Comedy of Errors*) down to the last (*The*

1) John Russell Brown, *Shakespeare and His Comedies*, (London: Methuen, 1957), pp. 203-4.

Tempest). This pronouncement is there too much to determine; the more clearly its engrossment closes up in front of our mind, the lure is stronger, our language thereby sets out toward this venture.

Before reasoning the venture, let us look back on how Shakespeare's comedies have initiated. Here are good reasons of his work born in convention and breaking the shackles of it; for that great critical work of *Shakespeare's Sources* (1956) by Kenneth Muir is the most suitable instance to illustrate this at full length.²⁾ We must say more than this. The mere mention of his great statement will remind us immediately what a great contribution he gave to the real shape of the sources of Shakespeare's plays, for which no parallel can be found in others' following him, step by step, to the conducted reason. With him over our language, even if the tragedies rouse little interest and are never in our lingering on this point, his erudite research and speculation of his principles and causes of tragic plays will excite eager attention and applause as much, and could not otherwise have succeeded in study of that kind as erudite and broad as in his study of comic plays. In fact, his tragic theory helps out his status quo of reasoning his own theoretical structures of what are the real sources of Shakespeare's plays both tragic and comic, just so far as the need is. When conclusion arrives, Kenneth Muir has done much to ascertain what sources Shakespeare used for the plots of his plays, twenty of which are upon his *Shakespeare's Sources* treated and concluded with his own point of view, as is shown in the bottom lines of the foot note No. 2. He is too discreet to beware of such harmony as to result from agreeable contrast, lest the amount of tragedies expounded upon his subject exceed that of the comedies treated there likewise ten tragedies and as many comedies mostly in the first half of the book.

Granting his own spectrum hovering in the midst of what Mr. Muir has done in his great merit of book, we may say that, when he looks upon Shakespeare's characters, his luminous spectrum lingers only in the atmosphere of what appears a procession of old persons, called to be traditional or conventional characters, who in their spirit and substance are a great deal the more familiar with us and have done so since their birth. In other words, Mr. Muir made his meticulous effort to tell beneath what aspect they have been set and character-

2) Kenneth Muir, *Shakespeare's Sources* (Suffolk: Richard Clay, 1957), p.1.

"The purpose of this book is, first, to ascertain what sources Shakespeare used for the plots of his plays; secondly, to analyse the use he made of them; and, thirdly, to give illustrations, necessarily selective, of the way of which his general reading is woven into the texture of his work. I have not attempted to provide an up-to-date version of Anders's *Shakespeare's Books*, though a reversion of that work would be extremely useful."

ized such and such as illustrated in Shakespeare; for this is clear enough to ascertain for what purpose he mused the plots of Shakespeare's plays to analyze the use of them as he made of them.

Herein what the essential form of his knowledge signifies recalls, alike both with its substance and with his purpose which is the most powerful reason pronounced by D.J. Palmer in his *Comedy: Development in Criticism*(1984). In this pronouncement occurs the real shape of what are the main lines of Comedy, represented by the twentieth-century contributors in its criticism; this reality is divided into two groups: the first, "headed 'Traditions of Comedy' includes those contributors who are chiefly interested in historical aspects of comedy, its prototypes and analogues; the other sub-division, 'Conceptions of Comic Form', is mainly concerned with theoretical positions and problems, some more systematically defined than others."³⁾ This is of such phenomena in its real sense, that no matter to the present time whether whatever golden heritage a blind tradition had hitherto placed or not, even though it might be an golden age, what has been pointed out by Mr. Palmer the scholarly substance of the twentieth-century comedy is worth his discourse come as a result, especially as of total outcome of traditions and conventions from different ages since Aristotle, whose first reference was made:

Epic composition, then; the writing of tragedy, and of comedy also; the composing of dithyrambs; and the greater part of the making of music with flute and lyre: there are all in point of fact, taken collectively, imitative processes. They differ from each other, however, in three ways, namely by virtue of having (1) different means, (2) different objects, and (3) different methods of imitation.⁴⁾

More than this language, though it is his first mention as to comedy, it used to be fashionable to assume that those who accept the argument of what is comedy in real sense will easily share his belief that "comedy is as we said it was, an imitation of persons who are inferior; not, however, going all the way to full villainy, but imitating the ugly, of which the ludicrous is one part", in spite of the fact that it is particularly difficult to argue this belief with any arguer or arguers whose reason now on hand has been concluded along down the ages since the erudite of the ancient time. Along all the ways in tradition, there has been no small process of consolidation, a centrifugal movement, if I may so

3) D.J. Palmer ed., *Comedy: Development in Criticism*, Casebook Series, Macmillan, 1984, p.16.

4) GERALD F. ELSE ed., *Aristotle: Poetics* (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press), p.15.

say fearing lest for the rename's sake I might care to take the risk of trap so undistinguishable in appearance as if to prevent what we call the effluvium from the drains and gullys. In fact, Mr. Palmer's statement is nothing other than the so-called outcome of tradition whose effect is of delivering a thing, or word to another; and so every doctrine of literary criticism is surrounded with the complete clouds of traditions. And with these clouds go other similarities, namely, the worlds of conjecture which let us help amuse ourselves with phantoms in them, where that cloud of tradition or anachronism sleeps for sake of being so or rather whatever else like ignorance in its christening that has long darkened many realms out of which these newly would-be crops might yield.

There is no mystery in the production of crops so fecund as to make what has never been; instead, the mystery lies in a further question, which seems never to have maintained so far, the question why such an opinion should be opened to dispute both initially and incipiently from this out-of-the way region half way round the earth, while comedy is so extrinsic and especially has been so in behalf of Confucian concept, where there goes this ethical doctrine, then one, as his disciple, devoid of emotional accord can assume such a power as to alter moralities of our mundane actions, and even transform vice into virtue. Our longing to satisfy the sense of discovering that new crop of comic theory is the strongest of the desires that drive us on within the sight of the mountain top in mind. Daringly to allude such an scholarly adventure is to call upon oneself the proper penalty for sheer arrogance whose recklessness might invite somehow that daredevil effect. Nevertheless, this driving is of that force, so mighty that it serves us to expect what we call a new approaching method to the substance of comedy, in spite of that tradition which is divided into the two categories as are shown in the foregoing.

Now what is the real aspect of this new approaching method? This question we are to consider now and here may urge me to accept this formula that I would like to beg the allowance, stated later afterwards, and instead, it would be appropriate for us to exemplify some of those prominent critics whose theories are so prevailing over comedy, precisely over its systematic statement of rules or principles. Among these some prominent one, it is no wonder that H.B. Charlton standing out with his *Shakespearean Comedy* (1938) stands ahead in line of their authority, so that he is well aware that there is a danger that the title suggests a comparison of his book with the vastly profound volume which Mr. Bradley devoted to *Shakespearean Tragedy*, and is afraid lest his book mean to do for comedy what Mr. Bradley did for tragedy. This relevance of his claim to that of "one of the greatest pieces of Shakespearean criticism

even written"(c.f. *The Reader's Encyclopaeda of Shakespeare*, ed., Campell and Quinn) is in fact a matter of some moment, his ambition being directed closely to such a sort of an inflammable desire as to profess.

But there is a hope that it may lead to wiser and more competent efforts for making up the enormous lee-way into which the considerations of comedy has fallen in comparison with the progress which has been made in exploring the grounds of criticism in tragedy. The philosophy of tragedy has drawn hots of thinkers; for tragedy deals with issues which seem greatly to transcend those of comedy.⁵⁾

As it is usual for us to fear that the tide would fail before we should fetch up our lee-way, so that there is a fear that tide of scholarly tradition might do the same as in the sea case. If so, our literary lee-way, to allow to say so, seems to be the adytum of intellectual life where one, as a learner, is willing to give his foot a place from which to pass to a new progress that has been made in exploring the new ground by means of which to rewrite in the new direction the structure of central idea established through the conservative steps in continuous arguments since Greek age down forwards.

Now, what is Mr. Charlton's direction of literary lee-way? Of course, when we look at his wider field of comic interpretation in *Shakespearean Comedy* we cannot suppose that he belongs within what should have been the border line of the newly dubbed central idea on the literary tradition nor that he would consciously entertain some of its more radical, if not so, innovative or eccentric procedure if he did. For so conscious is he of somewhere Mr. Bradley astrodde upon that we can not but give him an account of what a good postures he adopted to interpret that which is what helped most to interpret Shakespeare's comedy. In this respect, his measure is most out of the scaling dimension Mr. Bradly used for his proper critical philosophy.

Neither less influential nor fewer in distinction than him in expounding Shakespeare's comedies, it is on the ground of chronical order not otherwise else that John Russell Brown as another critic to them has been to see them as presenting some pattern and to concentrate on some particular aspect or on what could be christened the approach so different from his forerunner by the genuine love of that expounding in his *Shakespearean Comedy*. In regard to the point of this difference, there must be such a convenience or equity as to submit a sufficient testimony which is bound to give there, because its necessity is potent and forcible, for it is that which rules the whole frame of theory as

5) H.B. Charlton, *Shakespeare Comedy* (London: Methuen), 1938, p.10.

titled *Shakespeare and His Comedies*. So while shaping his main frame after the classical tradition teemed on Shakespeare, Mr. Brown has tried to show what would be called the new light of critical view point which is so different from such critical giants as Edward Dowden and D.J. Palmer: one's opinion on Shakespeare is concerned with "persons involved in action"; the other's, with the fact that he "identifies himself imaginatively" with his characters, as is adopted by Mr. Brown. ⁶⁾

Propounding the outlines of his predecessors' theories as noted above, Mr. Brown, aware of their own approaching methods to the characters of each play, set out on what he would like to call the life-enhancement which is borrowed from Bernard Berenson, the American critic, whose wish in *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance* (1890) to describe the select of some Florentine paintings, using the phrase "life-enhancement."

Like the Italian Renaissance pictures, the early comedies only seem to make no new claim on the viewer's moral response. They do not announce that they are going to persuade us into any new moral attitude, but nevertheless, in so far as we appreciate and respond to them, our attitudes must become those of their makers. To look at the richness and variety of the world as it is pictured in a work of art is to look with the artist's eyes, and this means that we must accept his selection of incident and share his perspective and emphasis of detail. To describe such selection and ordering will sound very much like "reading a philosophy into Shakespeare", but more truly it is inferring a philosophy from him. ⁷⁾

By applying such an excuse as quoted above, his philosophy is so great an adventure that it once seems enough for his whole judgement, to say precisely how it was possible to achieve such life-enhancement mentioned above.

There must be another regard to be taken into such argument so far mentioned; if not, there would be a discontinuance of the successive step of this debate which in turn seems to us to have entered that succession of inquiring how the traditions of comic theory in Shakespeare and, more particularly in the leverage of its view point, did illuminate as well the thematic substance as the structural developments throughout the lapse of all the designated years, about three scores from that of the publication of *Shakespearean Comedy* by H.B. Charlton to that of *Shakespeare and the Tradition of Comedy* by Leo Salinger in 1974. From these two, the latter is necessary enough to give the edge

6) John Brown, *Ibid.* p.18.

7) *Ibid.* p.21.

of criticism to its controversial arena where Shakespeare's comic traditions have been expressed and delivered since its first edition from age to age, so much so that for what we call a decade or the lapse of ten years has been, as one wishes to do, seen to cause some remark in criticizing as well as evaluating what are considered the so-called literary works, so that we could only make our remark at a certain distance, not closely nor deliberately because of that obstacle originated from this distance. Such is the case in evaluating the literary works that nothing is not more trustful than the criterion by which, in these works, degrees of good and evil admit of being measured up to the volume of time lapse spent for establishing the name of the quality of distinctive notes in the light of appreciation lines. This mode of thought is responsible, especially, for a very distinguishable publication of Leo Salinger noted above, since the edition of which it has been passed so far more than a decade, still as yet without no parallel in attempt to perform structural synthesis where, as the theories improve in their reasoning depth, the width of approaching means must likewise improve correspondingly. It is fully clarified in his preface that his intention of writing Shakespeare's comedy is concentrated on outlining the earlier dramatic forms and traditions that influenced him, gifted as he was ever so regardless of *recapitulation* by any other author.⁸⁾ Anticipating the probability that Mr. Salinger has consolidated what had already been gained upon hands of his forerunners, his *Shakespeare and the Traditions of Comedy* seems to share their achievements not only by his anxiety or scholarly ambition to commend his industrious deeds but also by what, in such sort of share as possible beyond time and space, has been resulted from throughout somewhat a score year lapse of time so fully enough that we can easily conceive it credible much the same with what achieved from that anxiety to be done much likewise by virtue of the aftermath of two decades' progress whose literary quest in comic field should have been as controversial a point as the authorship of Shakespearean tragedy.

Up to this point, it is easily said that the three theorists so far designated, no matter whether their opponents did open objection to them or not, are the right caretakers whose golden opinions are acceptable and affirmative and have appealed to successive generations of disciples. Aside from them, it is natural and essential for me to expound this 'comic element' in Shakespeare, for the sake of theorizing what is the difference from those three giants. The function of comic element is what I dare name the Disguise Scene in Shakespeare's Comedies,

8) Leo Salinger, *Shakespeare and the Tradition of Comedy* (Cambridge: University Press), 1974, p.ix.

which is the pivot of this argument to develop and thus make clear how it resonates either using the disguise scene or weaving its scenic facts in this or that story, or constructing his designs which may echo or invert the order of the processing things in proportion to the said strand in his hand. In a more concrete conception than this explanation, it can be named the outstanding device of *crystallizing* the way of disguise, or the misrepresentation of circumstance as well as misinterpretation off tongues, and those which occur in communication of motion or action between characters, especially protagonists.

What stand as the typical disguise scenes of Shakespeare's comedies are as shown in the following 14 comedies which are ordered in published sequence from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* down to *The Tempest*, all numbering 15 plays: 14 comedies plus *Cymbeline*. Judging from the above-mentioned as noticed upon "the Disguise in Shakespeare's comedies" so far never christened by anyone, it is in a sense almost daredevil for any average man like your humble servant to secure a correct appreciation of the real and substantial aspect of Shakespeare's comedies. Up to this point, the larger that daredevilry of such a man is in his heart, the greater his audacity and danger, and the stronger his challenge is to charge whatever happens or lies before under the face. This is my sincere excuse in presenting this article to you.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA V ii

IV ii

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile. 25

Enter at a distancy, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young quest, methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

IV iv

Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentiewoman's farthingale?

Didst thou ever see me do such a trick? 36

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA as Sebastian.

Thu. Sir Proteus, whwat says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was; And yet she takes exceptions at your person. 3

V iv

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA As Sebastian.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you, Though you respect not aught your servant doth, To hazard life, and rescue you from him That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look; A smaller boon than this I cannot beg.

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. 25

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

I i

Luc. Basta, content thee, for I have it full. 193
 We have not yet been seen in any house,
 nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
 For man or master. Then it follows thus:
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 Keep house and port and servants, as I should;
 I will some other be—some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once 201
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

I i

Tra. So had you need.

[*They exchange habits.*]

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient—
 For so your father charge'd me at our parting:
 'Be serviceable to my son' quoth he, 209
 Although I think 'twas in another sense—
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so because Lucentio loves;
 And let me be a slave t' achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
 eye. 215

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you
 been?

Bio. Where have I been! Nay, how now!
 where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
 Or you stol'n his? or both? Pray, what's the news?

I ii

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster 130
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
 That so I may by this device at least
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Nter GREMIO with LUCENTIO disguised as
 Cambio.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the
 old folks, how the young folks lay their heads
 together! Master, master, look about you. Who
 goes there, ha? 137

Hor. Peace, Grumio! It is the rival of my
 love. Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous! They
 stand aside.

II i

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of
 a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO
 as a musician; and TRANIO, as Lucentio,
 with his boy, BIONDELLO, bearing a lute
 and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God
 save you, gentlemen! 41

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have your not
 a daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.

IV ii

[*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell
 me, I pray.

You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-
 kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful. 15

Hor. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise

For such a one as leaves a gentleman
 And makes a god of such a cullion. 20
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

IV iv

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

*Enter TRANIO as Lucentio, and the Pedant
 dress'd like Vincentio.*

Tra. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me Near twenty years ago in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus, 5

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd. 9

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

II i

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,

And he and his competitors in oath 81

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady, Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt: He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes here to besiege his court, 85 Than seek a dispensation for his oath, To let you enter his unpeopled house.

[The ladies-in-waiting mask.]

V ii

And they well mock'd depart away with shame.

[Trumpet sounds within.]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd; the maskers come.

[The Ladies mask.]

Enter Blackamoors with music, MOTH as Prologue, the KING and his Lords as maskers, in the guise of Russians.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta. 159

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[The Ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their-backs-to mortal views!

Ber. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

I ii

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

I to the world am like a drop of water 35

That in the ocean seeks another drop,

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.

So I, to find a mother and a brother,

In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.

What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;

The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell— 45

II ii

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown. 109

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye, 114

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

IV i

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear.
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not. 85

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there's a bark of Epidamnium
The stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away.

AS YOU LIKE IT

I iii

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along, 100
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—115
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances,

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art
a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page. 120
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

II vi

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter SOALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and Clown alias TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary. 3

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace
my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman;
but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet
and hose ought to show itself courageous to
petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

II i

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst
not, ... 115
Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed thee
once.

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. *[Exit Puck.]*

III ii

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars. ...

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply 450
To your eye.

Gentle lover, remedy,

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.]

When thou wak'st,

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply
To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy,

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have Jill; 461
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

II vi

Enter LORENZO.

Saler. Here comes Lorenzo; more of this hereafter. ...

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty, Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed; For who love I so much? And now who knows 30
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange,
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see 36
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For, if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy. ...

Lor.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario? 119

Ner. From both, my lord, Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

IV i

Enter

Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come. 163
Give me your hand; come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

II i

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight. 70

Lean. The revelers are ent'ring, brother; make good room. [*Antonio masks*]

Enter. DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, and BORACHIO, *as maskers, with a drum.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? 73

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

V i

Bora. Sweet Prince, Let me go no farther to mine answer; ... how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 230

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

V iv

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low; And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat 50
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the Ladies masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you. Here comes other reck'nings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face. 55

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

TWELFTH NIGHT

I iv

SCENE IV. The Duke's palace.

Enter *VALENTINE*, and *VIOLA* in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours? 6

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

I v

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [*Unveiling*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. It's not well done? 220

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

IV ii

SCENE II. *Olivia's house.*

Enter *MARIA* and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tell enough to become the function well nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. 10

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

II ii

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bandolph*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? Go to; via! 134

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with *FORD disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

III v

Fal.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir! 54

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

IV ii

simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure, and such daub'ry as this is, beyond our element. We know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand. 161

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. *The Garter Inn.*

Enter *FLASTAFF* and *MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold.

This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. 6

Fal. Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and mince. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter FORD, disguised.

How now, Mastrer Brook! Master Brook, the How now, Mastrer Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night or never, the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib.

V v

Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember. Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. 4

V v

SIR HUGH EVANS *like a satyr*, ANNE PACE *as a fairy*, and Others *as the FAiry Queen, fairies, and Hobgoblin; all with tapers.*

Fairy Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white. 35

You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

IV i

Par. O ransom! Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They blindfold him.*]

I Sold. Boskos throumuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine. 69

IV iii

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier as interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! He can say nothing of me.

2 Lord. Hush, hush! Hoodman comes. Portotartarossa. ...

1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a pastsaving slave is this! 132

2 Lord. Y'are deceived, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—

IV iii

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.]

So look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain. 291

1 Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

2 Lord. God save you, noble Captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France. 295

IV iv

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Double not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive 20
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts 23
Defiles the pitchy night. So lust doth paly
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

II iii

SCENE III. *A prison.*

*Enter, severally, DUKE, disguised as a Friar,
and PROVOST.*

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order.

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

ACT THREE

SCENE I. *The prison.*

*Enter DUKE, disguised as before, CLAUDIO,
and PROVOST.*

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.

III ii

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before;
on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with
POMPEY.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here? 4

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *The moated grange at Saint Luke's.*

Enter MARIANA; and Boy singing.

Song

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again; 5
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

IV ii

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within*]

But hark, what noise? 64

Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[*Exit Claudio.*]

[*Knocking continues*] By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

IV iii

Prov. O, the better, sir! For he that drinks all night and is hang'd betimes in the morning may sleep the sounder all the next day. 43

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you. 48

V i

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*Exit Isabella guarded.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge 166
Of your own cause.

Enter MARIANA veiled.

Is this the witness, friar?

First let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?

V i

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;
I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant*];
Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question;
you shall see how I'll handle her. 271

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance,
publicly, she'll be asham'd. 276

*Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA; and
PROVOST with the DUKE in his friar's habit.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light
at midnight.

V i

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and
discovers the Duke*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st
a duke.

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and
you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

V i

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood 470
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. 475

*Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE,
CLAUDIO (muffled), and JULIET.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov this, my lord.

V i

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd, 485
Who should have died when Claudio lost his
head;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles Duke.*]

Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother,
for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine, 490
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see quick'ning in his eye.

THE WINTER'S TALE

[Act 4 Scene 4]

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAM-
ILLO disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS,
with Others.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! When my old wife liv'd,
upon 55

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her tun; now
here

At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60

CYMBELINE

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of MORGAN.*

sons to Cymbeline, disguised
GUIDERIUS, *under the names of POLY-
ARVIRAGUS, DORE and CADWAL, sup-
posed sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus, Italians.*

IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.
A Roman Captain.*

Two British Captains.

IV vi

*Wales. Before the cave of
Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN alone, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one.

I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd
thee, 5

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd.

THE TEMPEST

I ii

Pro. But as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! Speak.

Cal. [Within] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee. 315

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

I ii

Cal. No, pray thee.
[Aside] I must obey. His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him. 373

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[Exit Caliban.

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following.*

II i

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am
nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh
at nothing still. 170

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fall'n flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;
you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if
she would continue in it five weeks without
changing. 175

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

Seb. We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.

II i

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan, 282
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. 287
[They talk apart;

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, with music and song.

III ii

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 35

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 39

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

IV i

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort. As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir. Our revels now are ended. These our actors, As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air; 150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, 154
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

IV i

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, 189
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel,

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not 194

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

V i

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest. 245

Cal. I will have none on't. We shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

Trin. And this. 251

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard.

Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.