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THE
BOYDELL SHAKESPEARE
GALLERY



"HE WAS A MAN, TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL,
"I SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN."

THE ACTO BELIENO
IN THE FRONT OF THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY,
FALL - WALL.

THE
GALLERY
OF ILLUSTRATIONS FOR
SHAKESPEARE'S
DRAMATIC WORKS

ORIGINALLY PROJECTED AND PUBLISHED BY

JOHN BOYDELL

REDUCED AND RE-ENGRAVED BY THE HELIOTYPE PROCESS

WITH SELECTIONS FROM THE TEXT



PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE BARRIE, PUBLISHER

[1874]



LIST OF THE PLATES.

FRONTISPIECE, SHAKESPEARE BETWEEN POETRY AND PAINTING, SCULPTURED BY BANKS,
ENGRAVED BY B. SMITH.

		PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
2.	INFANT SHAKESPEARE ATTENDED BY THE PASSIONS.	<i>Romney.</i>	<i>B. Smith.</i>
3.	THE TEMPEST. Act I. Scene II.	<i>Romney.</i>	<i>B. Smith.</i>
4.	Act I. Scene II.	<i>Fuseli.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
5.	Act IV. Scene I.	<i>Wright.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
6.	Act V. Scene I.	<i>Wheatley.</i>	<i>C. Watson.</i>
7.	TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. Act V. Scene IV.	<i>Kauffman.</i>	<i>Schavonetti.</i>
8.	Act V. Scene IV.	<i>Stothard.</i>	<i>Ogborne.</i>
9.	MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Act I. Scene I.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
10.	Act II. Scene I.	<i>Peters.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
11.	Act III. Scene III.	<i>Peters.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
12.	Act V. Scene V.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>W. Sharpe.</i>
13.	Act V. Scene V.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Taylor.</i>
14.	MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Act II. Scene I.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Ryder.</i>
15.	Act II. Scene IV.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Wilson.</i>
16.	Act IV. Scene II.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Wilson.</i>
17.	Act V. Scene I.	<i>Kirk.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
18.	THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. Act I. Scene I.	<i>Wheatley.</i>	<i>Neagle.</i>
19.	Act V. Scene I.	<i>Rigaud.</i>	<i>Playter.</i>
20.	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Act III. Scene I.	<i>Peters.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
21.	Act IV. Scene I.	<i>W. Hamilton.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
22.	Act IV. Scene II.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Ogborne.</i>
23.	Act V. Scene IV.	<i>Wheatley</i>	<i>Fittler.</i>
24.	A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Act II. Scene I.	<i>Fuseli.</i>	<i>Parker.</i>
25.	Act II. Scene I.	<i>Reynolds.</i>	<i>Schavonetti.</i>
26.	Act IV. Scene I.	<i>Fuseli.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
27.	Act IV. Scene I.	<i>Fuseli.</i>	<i>Ryder.</i>
28.	THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Act II. Scene V.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
29.	Act III. Scene II.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Noble.</i>

		PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
30.	THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Act III. Scene III.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Parker.</i>
31.	Act V. Scene I.	<i>Hodges.</i>	<i>Browne.</i>
32.	AS YOU LIKE IT. Act I. Scene II.	<i>Downman.</i>	<i>Leney.</i>
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34.	The Seven Ages—First Age.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Tomkins.</i>
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36.	The Seven Ages—Third Age.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
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40.	The Seven Ages—Seventh Age.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
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44.	THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Induction. Scene II.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
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46.	ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Act II. Scene III.	<i>Wheatley.</i>	<i>Schavonetti.</i>
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51.	THE WINTER'S TALE. Act IV. Scene III.	<i>Wheatley.</i>	<i>Fittler.</i>
52.	Act V. Scene III.	<i>W. Hamilton.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
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55.	KING RICHARD II. Act V. Scene II.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
56.	KING HENRY IV. FIRST PART. Act II. Scene I.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Fittler.</i>
57.	Act II. Scene II.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Middiman.</i>
58.	Act II. Scene IV.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
59.	Act III. Scene I.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
60.	Act V. Scene IV.	<i>Rigaud.</i>	<i>Ryder.</i>
61.	KING HENRY IV. SECOND PART. Act II. Scene IV.	<i>Fuseli.</i>	<i>Leney.</i>
62.	Act III. Scene II.	<i>Durno.</i>	<i>Ryder.</i>
63.	Act V. Scene V.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Collyer.</i>
64.	KING HENRY V. Act II. Scene II.	<i>Fuseli.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
65.	KING HENRY VI. FIRST PART. Act II. Scene III.	<i>Opie.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
66.	Act II. Scene IV.	<i>Boydell.</i>	<i>Ogborne.</i>

		PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
67.	KING HENRY VI. FIRST PART. Act II. Scene V.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
68.	SECOND PART. Act I. Scene IV.	<i>Opie.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
69.	Act III. Scene II.	<i>W. Hamilton.</i>	<i>Taylor.</i>
70.	Act III. Scene III.	<i>Reynolds.</i>	<i>C. Watson.</i>
71.	KING HENRY VI. THIRD PART. Act I. Scene III.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Ryder.</i>
72.	Act V. Scene VII.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Michel.</i>
73.	KING RICHARD III. Act III. Scene I.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
74.	Act IV. Scene III.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Legat.</i>
75.	Act IV. Scene III.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Skelton.</i>
76.	KING HENRY VIII. Act I. Scene IV.	<i>Stothard.</i>	<i>Taylor.</i>
77.	Act III. Scene I.	<i>Peters.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
78.	Act IV. Scene II.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
79.	Act IV. Scene II.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Parker.</i>
80.	Act V. Scene V.	<i>Peters.</i>	<i>Collyer.</i>
81.	TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Act II. Scene II.	<i>Romney.</i>	<i>Legat.</i>
82.	Act V. Scene II.	<i>Kauffman.</i>	<i>Schavonetti.</i>
83.	CORIOLANUS. Act V. Scene III.	<i>G. Hamilton.</i>	<i>Caldwell.</i>
84.	ROMEO AND JULIET. Act I. Scene V.	<i>Miller.</i>	<i>Facius.</i>
85.	Act II. Scene V.	<i>Smirke.</i>	<i>Parker.</i>
86.	Act III. Scene V.	<i>Rigaud.</i>	<i>Stow.</i>
87.	Act V. Scene III.	<i>Northcote.</i>	<i>Simon.</i>
88.	TIMON OF ATHENS. Act IV. Scene III.	<i>Opie.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
89.	JULIUS CÆSAR. Act III. Scene I.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Parker.</i>
90.	Act IV. Scene III.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Scriven.</i>
91.	MACBETH. Act I. Scene III.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Stow.</i>
92.	Act I. Scene V.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Parker.</i>
93.	HAMLET. Act I. Scene IV.	<i>Fuseli.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
94.	KING LEAR. Act III. Scene IV.	<i>West.</i>	<i>Sharpe.</i>
95.	OTHELLO. Act II. Scene I.	<i>Stothard.</i>	<i>Ryder.</i>
96.	ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Act III. Scene XI.	<i>Tresham.</i>	<i>Facius.</i>
97.	CYMBELINE. Act I. Scene I.	<i>W. Hamilton.</i>	<i>Burke.</i>
98.	Act II. Scene II.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Stow.</i>
99.	Act III. Scene IV.	<i>Hoppner.</i>	<i>Thew.</i>
100.	Act III. Scene VI.	<i>Westall.</i>	<i>Parker.</i>



SHAKESPEARE

BETWEEN

POETRY AND PAINTING.

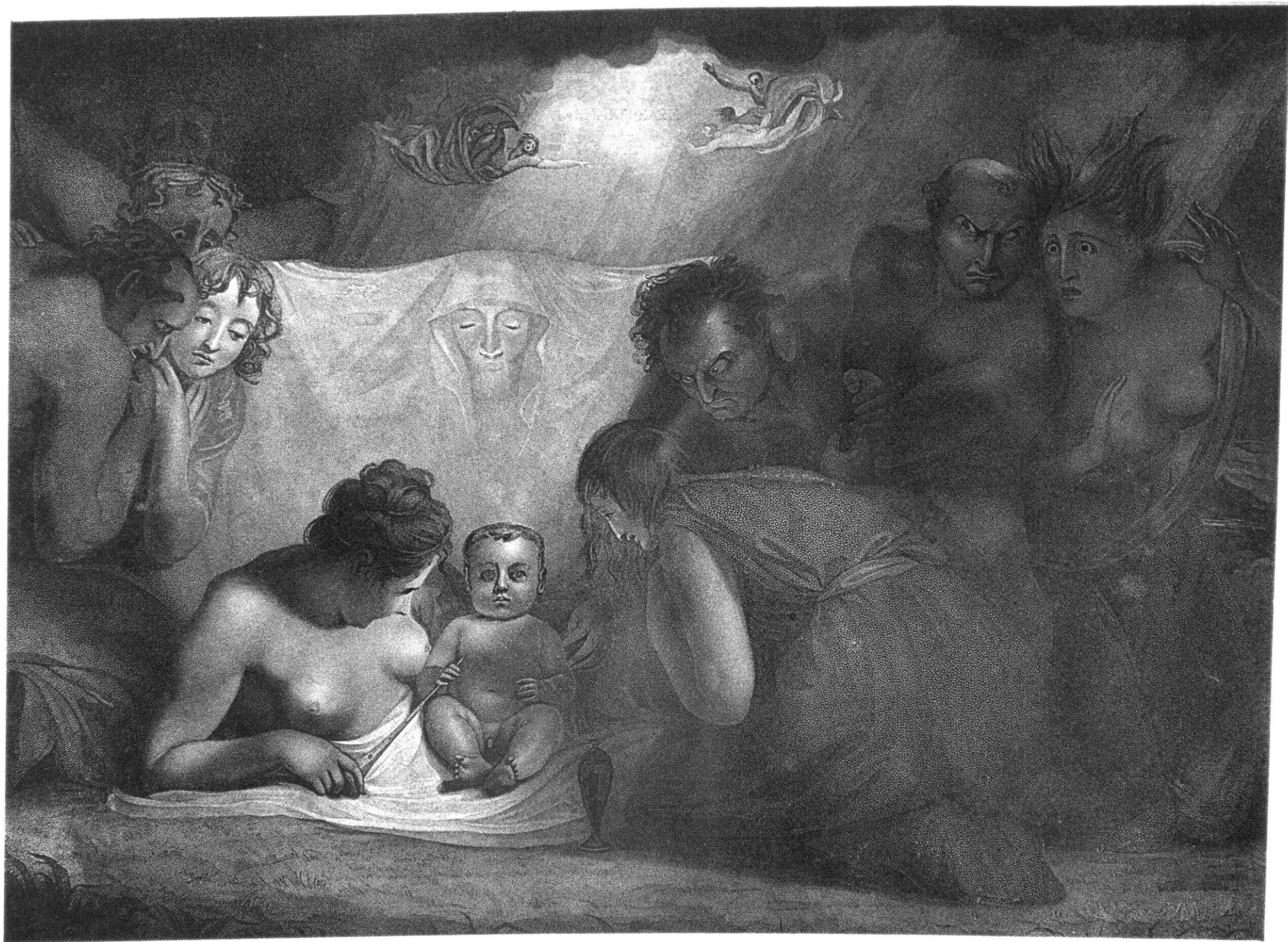
THIS fine piece of Sculpture represents Shakespeare seated on a rock, between Poetry and Painting. Poetry is on his right hand, crowning him with a wreath, as her chosen representative. Painting is on his left, and is represented as addressing the spectator and pointing to him as one of the grandest subjects for her brush.

This alto-relievo was erected over the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery in Pall Mall.

Sculptured by THOMAS BANKS, R. A.

*The Infant Shakespeare attended by
Nature and the Passions.*

Nature is here portrayed with her face unveiled to her adopted child. Joy and Sorrow are on either side of him. On the right hand of Nature are represented Love, Hatred, and Jealousy; on the left Anger, Envy, and Fear.



The Tempest.

Act I. Scene II.

THE ISLAND. BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

The Shipwreck as related by ARIEL.

Ariel.— Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'



The Tempest.

Act I. Scene II.

THE ISLAND. BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

PROSPERO, MIRANDA, ARIEL, and CALIBAN.

Prospero.—For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Painted by HENRY FUSELI, R. A.



The Tempest.

Act IV. Scene I.

BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA; a Masque exhibiting, IRIS, CERES, JUNO, and NYMPHS; CALIBAN, TRINCULO, and STEPHANO at a distance.

Prospero.—You do look, my son, in a moved 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:
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
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Painted by JOSEPH WRIGHT.



The Tempest.

Act V. Scene I.

BEFORE PROSPERO'S CELL.

FERDINAND and MIRANDA; PROSPERO in the Background, with others.

Miranda.—Sweet lord, you play me false.

Ferdinand.— No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Miranda.—Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.



The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Act V. Scene IV.

A FOREST.

VALENTINE, PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Valentine.—Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Proteus.— Valentine!

Valentine.—Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!



The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Act V. Scene IV.

A FOREST.

VALENTINE, PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Valentine.—Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look up; speak.

Julia.—O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Proteus.—Where is that ring, boy?

Julia.— Here 'tis; this is it.

Proteus.—How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Julia.—O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Proteus.—But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Julia.—And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Proteus.—How! Julia!

Julia.—Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes then men their minds.



The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Act I. Scene I.

BEFORE PAGE'S HOUSE.

ANNE PAGE, SLENDER, and SIMPLE.

Slender.—Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne.—Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender.—Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne.—I pray you, sir.

Slender.—I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[*Exeunt.*]

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Act II. Scene I.

BEFORE PAGE'S HOUSE.

MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford.—Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page.—Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal.

Painted by the Rev. WILLIAM PETERS, R. A.



The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Act III. Scene III.

A ROOM IN FORD'S HOUSE.

MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and FALSTAFF.

Falstaff.—I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never—

[Gets into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page.—Help to cover your master, boy.

Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Painted by the Rev. WILLIAM PETERS, R. A.



The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Act V. Scene V.

WINDSOR PARK.

FALSTAFF, Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford.—Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Falstaff.—My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford.—Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Falstaff.—Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!
[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page.—Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford.—Heaven forgive our sins!

Falstaff.—What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away! [*They run off.*]



The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Act V. Scene V.

WINDSOR PARK.

*FALSTAFF, (disguised), Mrs. FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Sir HUGH EVANS, (disguised),
PISTOL as Hobgoblin, Mrs. QUICKLEY, ANNE PAGE, and others,
as Fairies, with tapers.*

Quickley.—With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pistol.—A trial, come.

Evans.— Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Falstaff.—Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quickley.—Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.



Measure for Measure.

Act II. Scene I.

A HALL IN ANGELO'S HOUSE.

ESCALUS, ELBOW, FROTH, POMPEY, OFFICERS, &c.

Elbow.—O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escalus.—If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elbow.—Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escalus.—Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elbow.—Marry, I thank you worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



Measure for Measure.

Act II. Scene IV.

A ROOM IN ANGELO'S HOUSE.

ISABELLA and ANGELO.

Isabella.—I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Angelo.—Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isabella.—My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Angelo.—He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isabella.—I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Angelo.— Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isabella.—Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.



PLATE XVI.

Measure for Measure.

Act IV. Scene II.

A ROOM IN THE PRISON.

ABHORSON, POMPEY, and PROVOST.

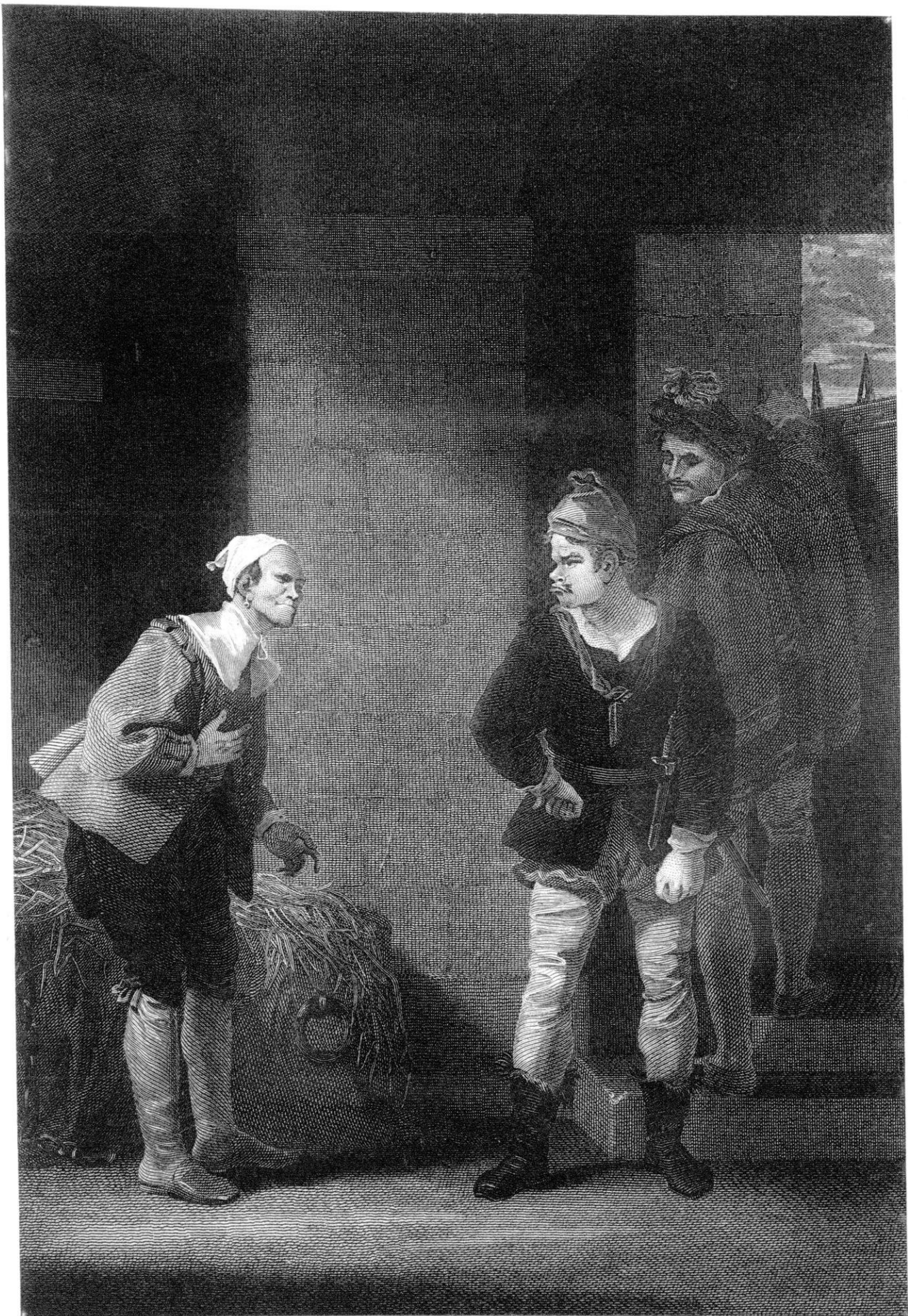
Provost.—What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhorson.—Do you call, sir?

Provost.—Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



Measure for Measure.

Act V. Scene I.

THE CITY GATE.

*The DUKE in a friar's habit, VARRIUS, LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO
and CITIZENS. ISABELLA, PETER, MARIANA, PROVOST, &c.*

Lucio.—Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

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

Duke.—Thou art the first knave that e'er madest 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.

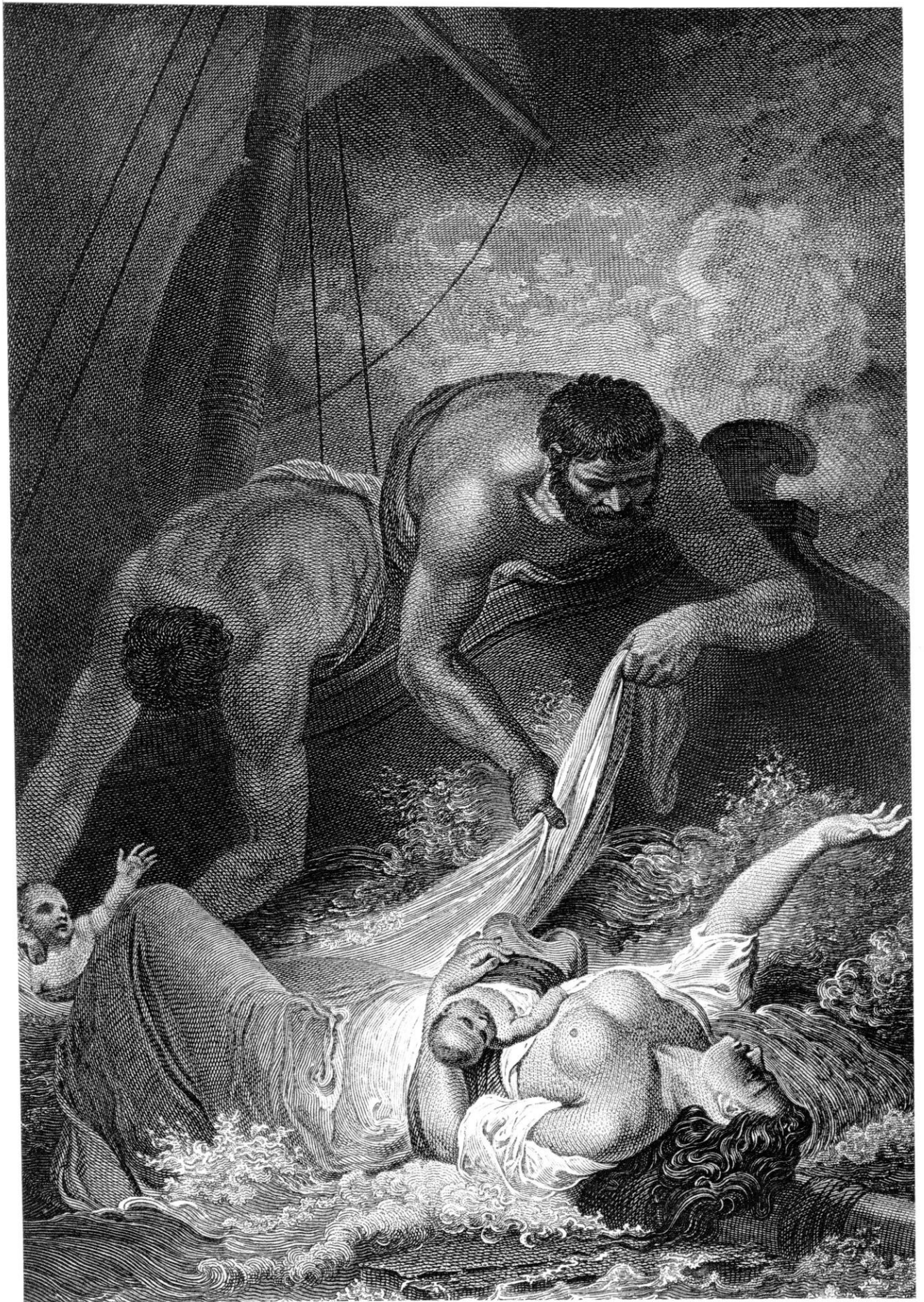


The Comedy of Errors.

Act I. Scene I.

*The Rescue of ÆGEON'S WIFE and CHILDREN by FISHERMEN, as
described by ÆGEON.*

Ægeon.—O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.



The Comedy of Errors.

Act V. Scene I.

A STREET BEFORE A PRIORY.

MERCHANT, ANGELO, LADY ABBESS, ADRIANA, COURTEZAN, DUKE,
ÆGEON, ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, ANTIPHOLUS and
DROMIO of Ephesus, Headsman, &c.

Abbess.—Most mighty duke. behold a man much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see them.*]

Adriana.—I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke.—One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dromio of Syracuse.—I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dromio of Ephesus.—I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Antipholus of Syracuse.—Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dromio of Syracuse.—O, my old master! who hath bound him here?



Much Ado about Nothing.

Act III. Scene I.

LEONATO'S GARDEN.

HERO, URSULA, and BEATRICE.

Ursula.—The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero.—Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[Approaching the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Ursula.— But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero.—So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

Ursula.—And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero.—They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.



Much Ado about Nothing.

Act IV. Scene I.

A CHURCH.

*DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO,
BENEDICK, BEATRICE, and Attendants.*

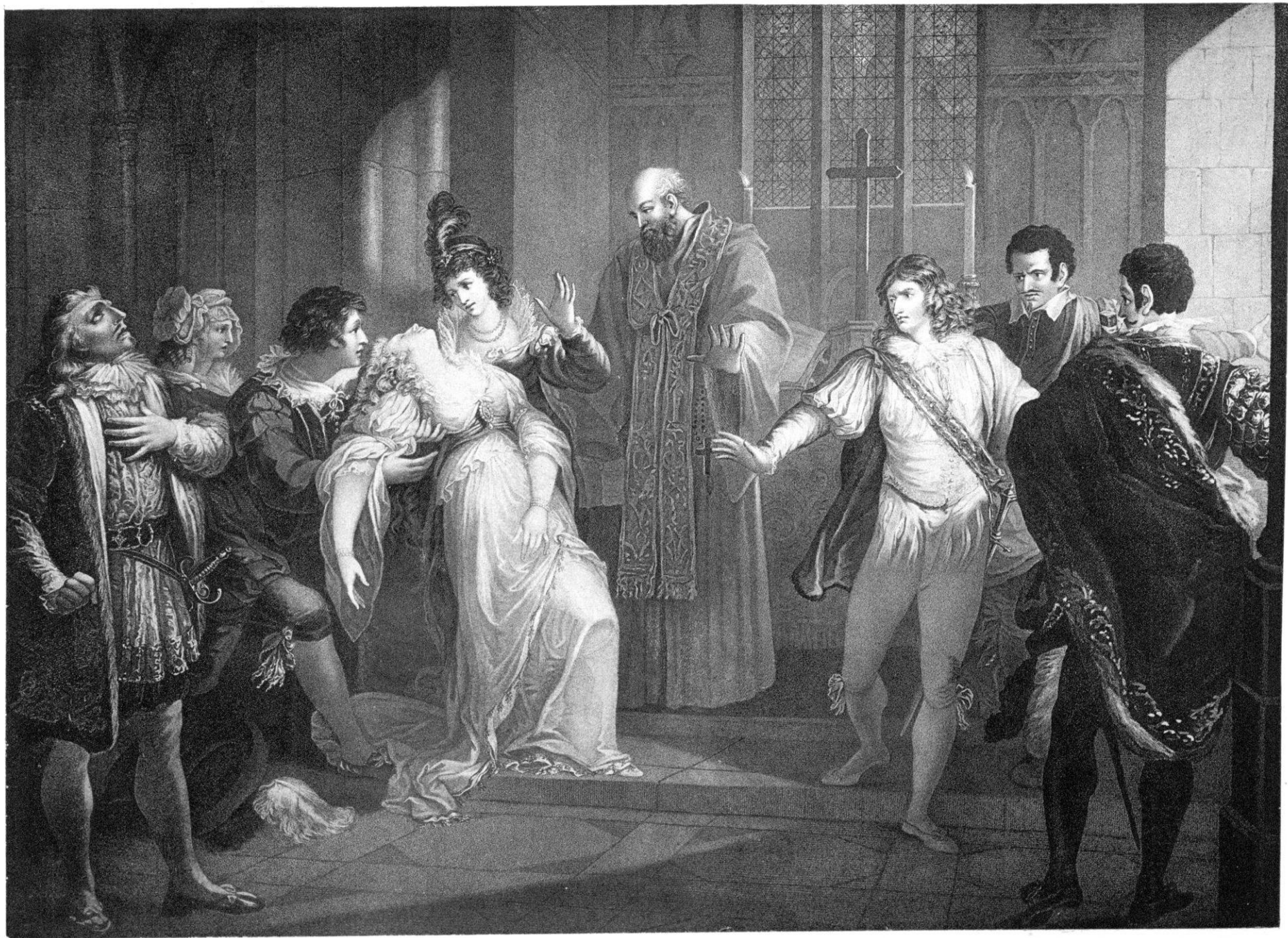
Claudio.—O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leonato.—Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero Swoons.*

Beatrice.—Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

Don John.—Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.



Much Ado About Nothing.

Act IV. Scene II.

A PRISON.

DOGBERRY, VERGES, CONRADE, BORACHIO, SEXTON, and the Watch.

First Watch.—This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogberry.—Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Borachio.—Master constable,—

Dogberry.—Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton.—What heard you him say else?

Second Watch.—Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogberry.—Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verges.—Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sexton.—What else, fellow?

First Watch.—And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogberry.—O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton.—What else?

Watch.—This is all.



Much Ado About Nothing.

Act V. Scene IV.

A ROOM IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA,
HERO, FRIAR FRANCIS, DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, &c.

Claudio.—Which is the lady I must seize upon?

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

Claudio.—Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leonato.—No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claudio.—Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero.—And when I lived, I was your other wife:
And when you loved, you were my other husband. [*Unmasking.*]

Claudio.—Another Hero!

Hero.— Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

Don Pedro.—The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leonato.—She died my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar Francis.—All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.



PLATE XXIV.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

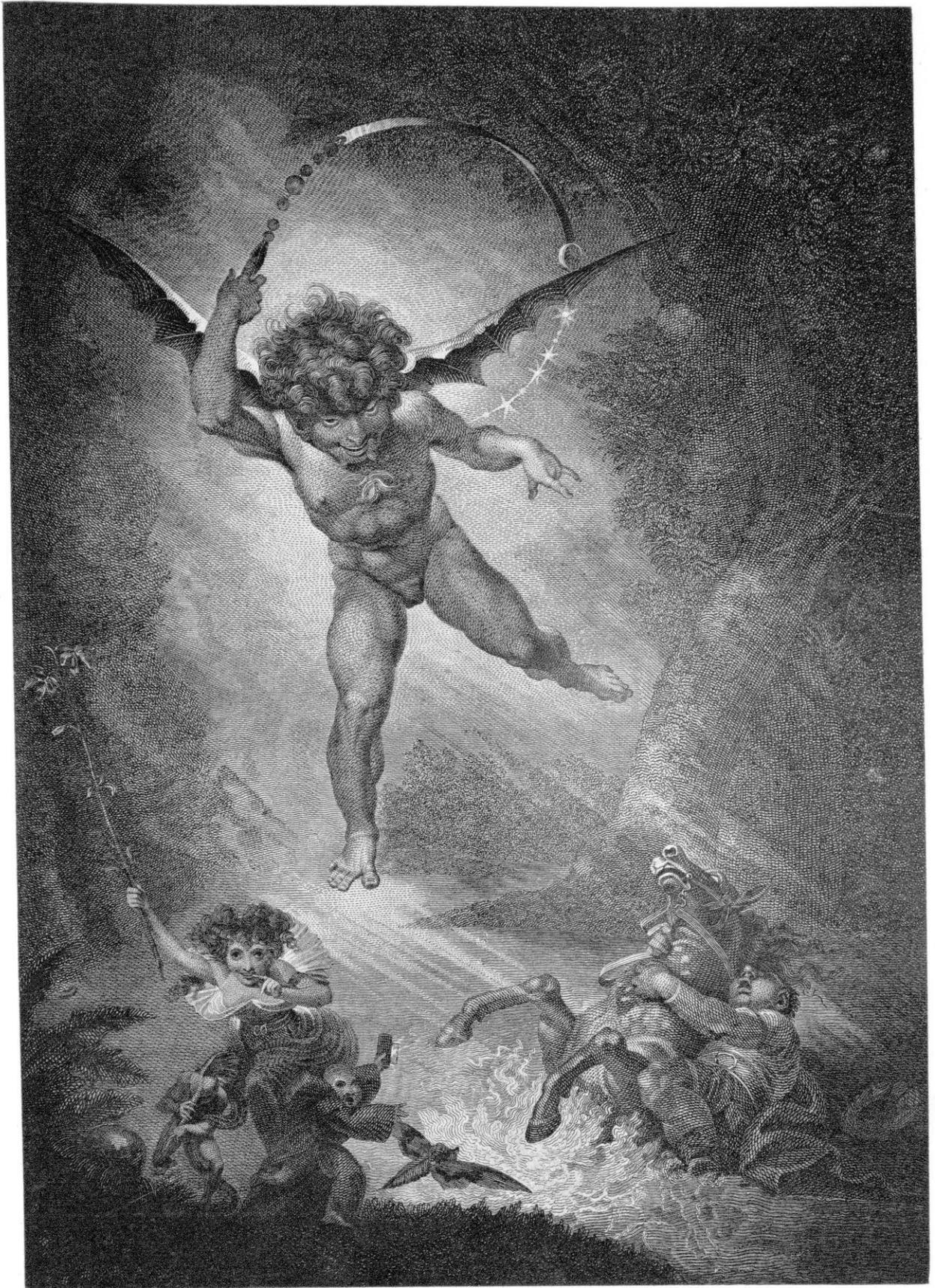
Act II. Scene I.

A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

PUCK.

Puck.—I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Painted by HENRY FUSELI, R. A.



A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Act II. Scene I.

A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

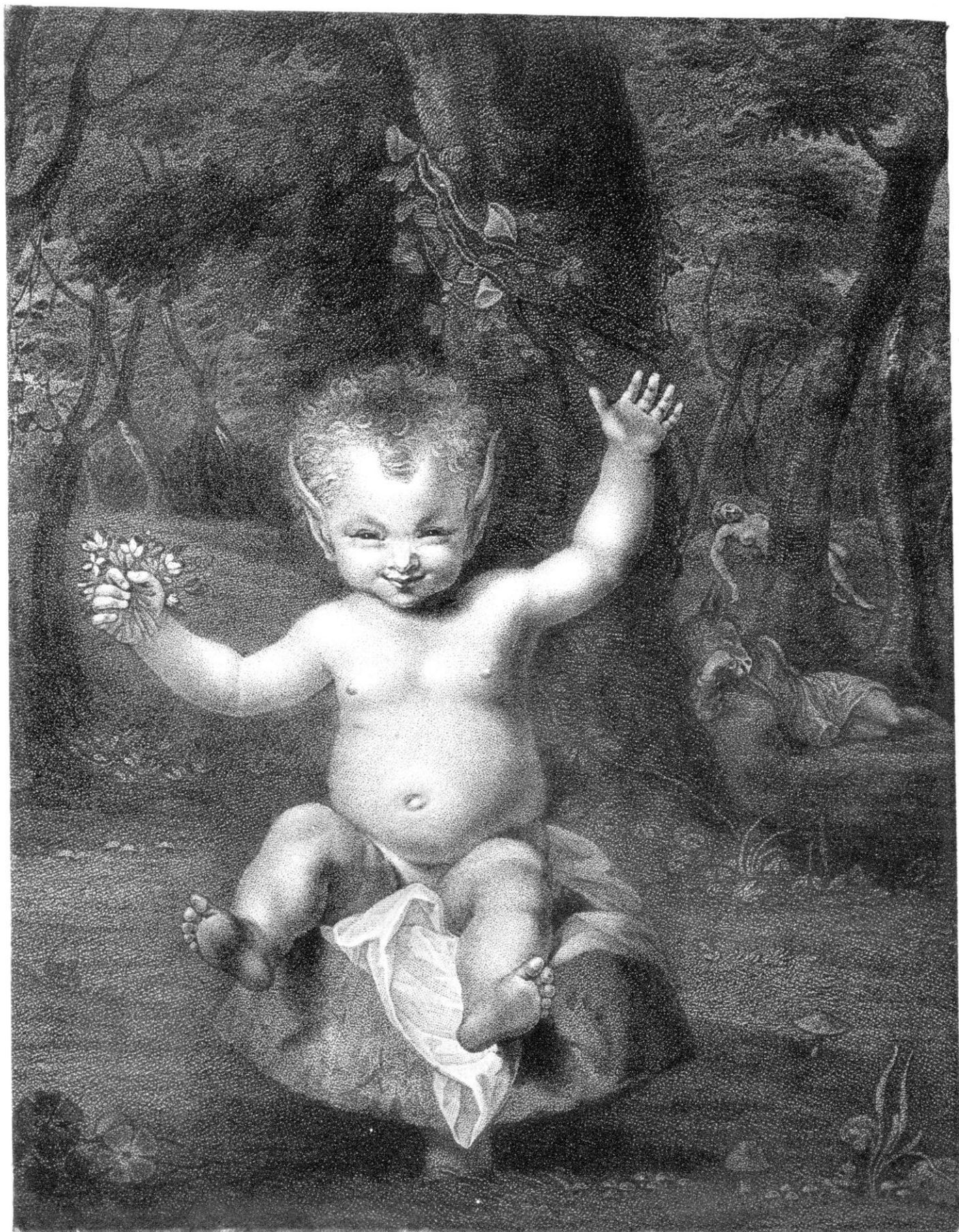
PUCK and OBERON, (the latter not represented in the engraving).

Oberon.—Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck.—Ay, there it is.

Oberon.— I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where the oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.



A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Act IV. Scene I.

A WOOD.

TITANIA, BOTTOM, FAIRIES, &c.

Bottom.—Scratch my head, Peaseblossom Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cobweb.—Ready.

Bottom.—Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mustardseed.—Ready.

Bottom.—Give your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mustardseed.—What's your will?

Bottom.—Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Painted by HENRY FUSELI, R. A.



A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Act IV. Scene I.

A WOOD.

OBERON, TITANIA, BOTTOM, FAIRIES, &c.

Titania.—My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Oberon.—There lies your love.

Titania.—How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Oberon.—Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Titania.—Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

[Music, still.]

Puck—Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Oberon.—Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me.
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Painted by HENRY FUSELI, R. A.



PLATE XXVIII.

The Merchant of Venice.

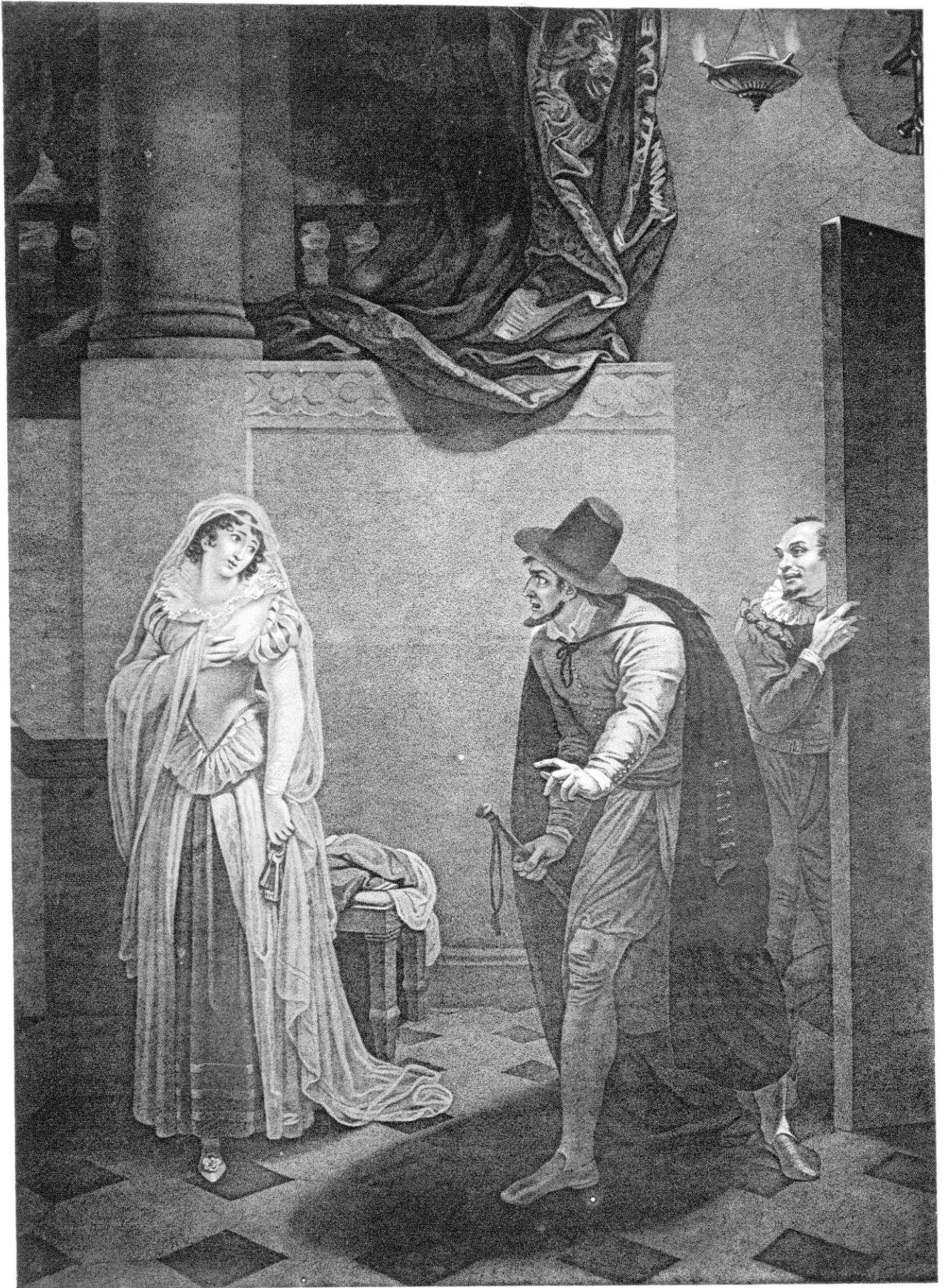
Act II. Scene V.

VENICE. BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE.

SHYLOCK, JESSICA, and LAUNCELOT.

Shylock.—What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



The Merchant of Venice.

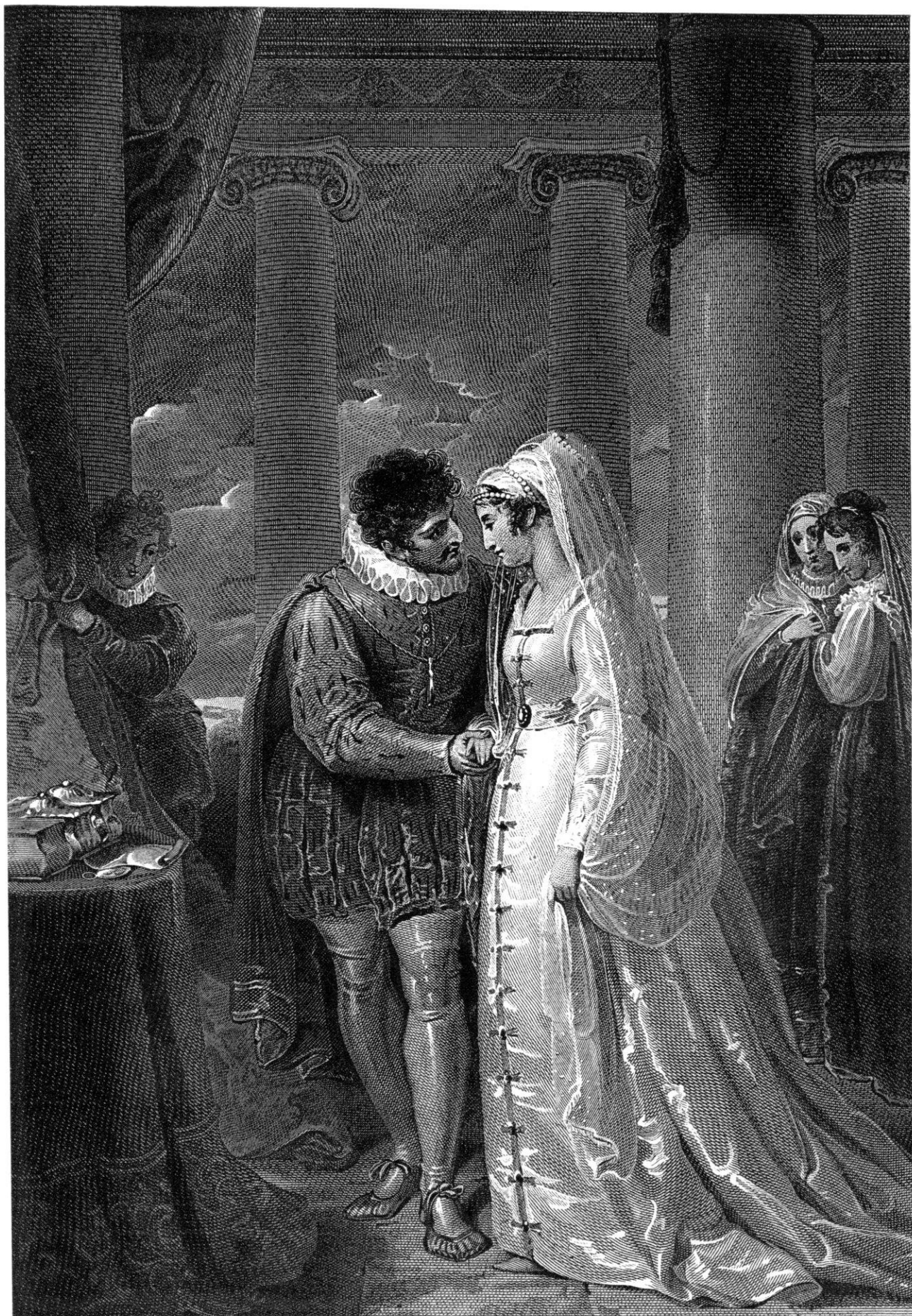
Act III. Scene II.

A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE.

BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and ATTENDANTS.

Bassanio.— Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Painted by RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.



The Merchant of Venice.

Act III. Scene III.

VENICE. A STREET.

SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and GAOLER.

Shylock.—Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

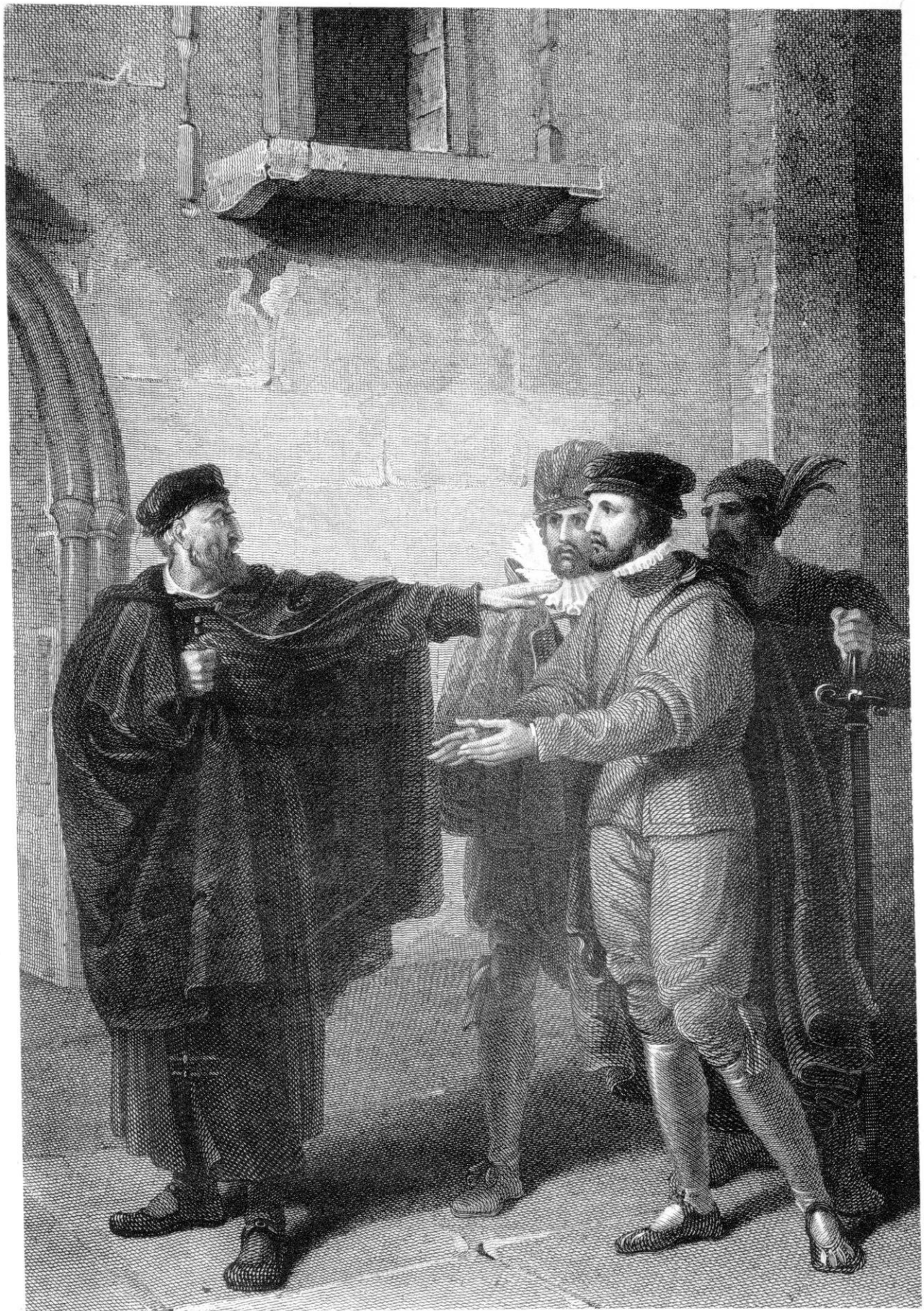
Antonio.— Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock.—I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio.—I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock.—I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*



The Merchant of Venice.

Act V. Scene I.

BELMONT: AVENUE TO PORTIA'S HOUSE.

LORENZO, STEPHANO, and JESSICA.

Lorenzo.—Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Painted by WILLIAM HODGES, R. A.



As You Like It.

Act I. Scene II.

LAWN BEFORE THE DUKE'S PALACE.

ROSALIND, CELIA, and ORLANDO.

Rosalind.—

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Celia.—Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene I.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

*J*AQUES, *A*MIENS, and *L*ORD.

Lord.—To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Painted by WILLIAM HODGES, R. A.

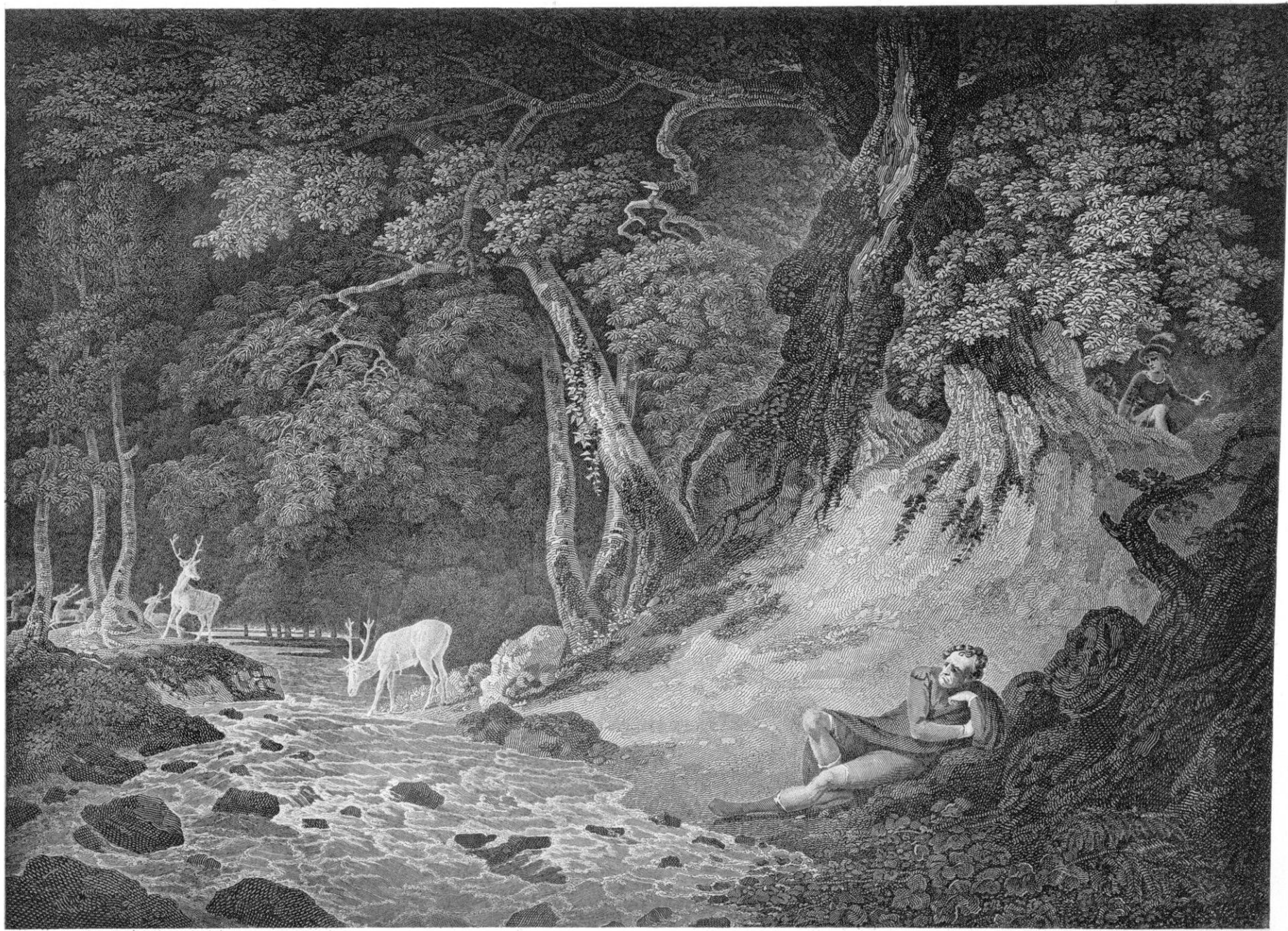


PLATE XXXIV.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—FIRST AGE.

Faques.—

At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



PLATE XXXV.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—SECOND AGE.

Faques.—And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



PLATE XXXVI.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—THIRD AGE.

Faques.— And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES.—THIRD AGE.

PLATE XXXVII.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—FOURTH AGE.

Faques.— Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



PLATE XXXVIII.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—FIFTH AGE.

Jaques.— 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.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



PLATE XXXIX.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—SIXTH AGE.

Faques.— The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd 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.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



PLATE XL.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene VII.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—SEVENTH AGE.

Faques.— Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



As You Like It.

Act IV. Scene III.

THE FOREST.

*The Rescue of OLIVER by ORLANDO, as related by OLIVER to ROSALIND
and CELIA.*

Oliver.—When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.



PLATE XLII.

As You Like It.

Act IV. Scene III.

THE FOREST.

ROSALIND, CELIA, and OLIVER.

Celia.—Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oliver.—Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Celia.—There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oliver.—Look, he recovers.

Rosalind.—I would I were at home.

Celia.— We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



As You Like It.

Act V. Scene IV.

THE FOREST.

DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, SILVIUS, OLIVER, TOUCHSTONE, AUDREY, PHEBE, ROSALIND, CELIA, and HYMEN.

Rosalind. [To Duke.]—To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[To Orlando.]—To you I give myself, for I am yours.

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

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

Phebe.—If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love, adieu!

Rosalind.—I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymen.—Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands.
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.



The Taming of the Shrew.

Induction. Scene II.

A BEDCHAMBER IN THE LORD'S HOUSE.

SLY, LORD, and ATTENDANTS, some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances.

Lord.—Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Servant.—And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly.—Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Painted by ROBERT SMIRKE, R. A.



The Taming of the Shrew.

Act III. Scene II.

PADUA. BEFORE BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

*PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO,
GRUMIO, and Train.*

Katharina.—Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool.
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petruchio.—They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.



All's Well That Ends Well.

Act II. Scene III.

PARIS. THE KING'S PALACE.

KING, HELENA, LORDS and ATTENDANTS.

King.— Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Helena.—Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

All.—We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Helena.—I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King.— Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.



All's Well That Ends Well.

Act V. Scene III.

ROUSILLON. THE COUNT'S PALACE.

KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, BERTRAM, HELENA, DIANA, LORDS, ATTENDANTS, and WIDOW.

King.— Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Helena.— No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Bertram.— Both, both. O, pardon!

Helena.—O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter.

Painted by FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R. A.



Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

Act II. Scene III.

OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and MARIA.

Maria.—Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby Belch.—Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek.—Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir Toby Belch.—She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir Andrew Aguecheek.—And I was adored once too.

Sir Toby Belch.—Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek.—If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir Toby Belch.—Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek.—If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir Toby Belch.—Come, come I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*



Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

Act III. Scene IV.

OLIVIA'S GARDEN.

OLIVIA, MARIA, and MALVOLIO.

Malvolio.—Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Olivia.—Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolio.—Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Olivia.—Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Malvolio.—Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.



Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

Act IV. Scene III.

OLIVIA'S GARDEN.

SEBASTIAN, OLIVIA, and PRIEST.

Olivia.—Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Sebastian.—I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Olivia.—Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*



PLATE LI.

The Winter's Tale.

Act IV. Scene III.

BEFORE THE SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE.

*FLORIZEL, PERDITA, SHEPHERD, CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, SERVANTS;
POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised.*

Perdita.— [*To Polixenes.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Camillo.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Painted by FRANCIS WHEATLEY, R. A.

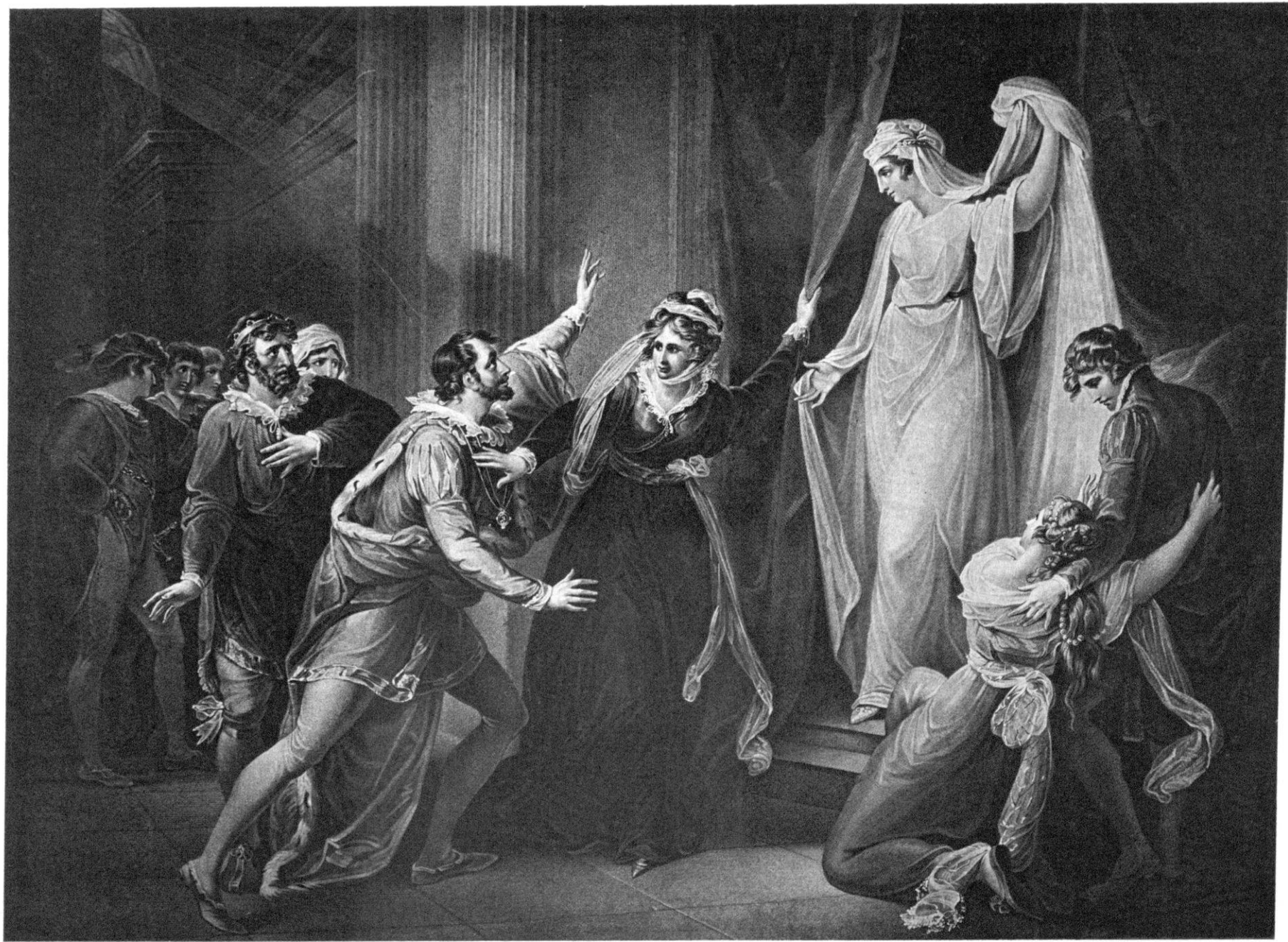


A CHAPEL IN PAULINA'S HOUSE.

LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA,
LORDS and ATTENDANTS. HERMIONE as a Statue.

Paulina.—Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leontes.— O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.



King John.

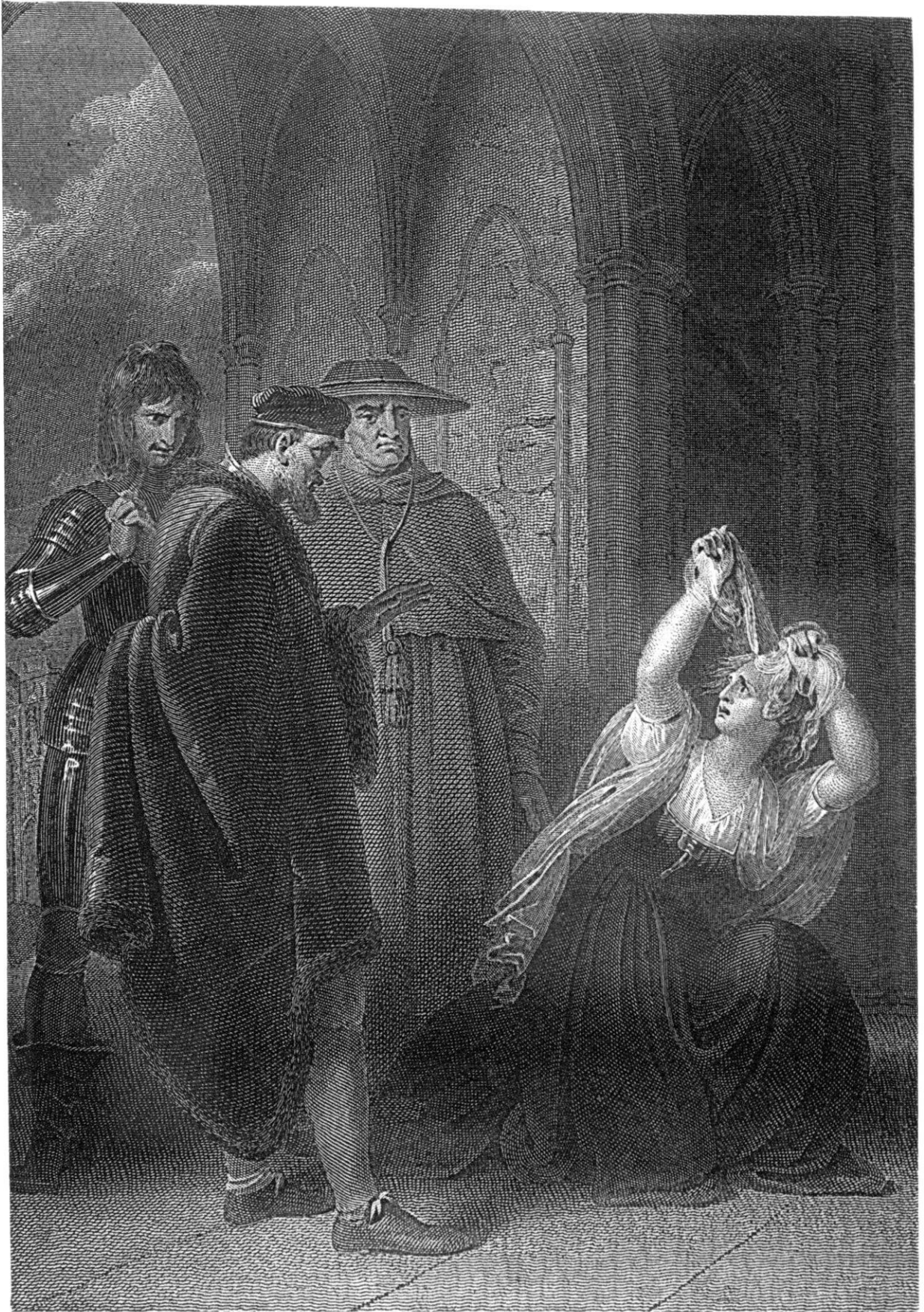
Act III. Scene IV.

NEAR ANGIERS.

CONSTANCE, KING PHILIP, LEWIS and PANDULPH.

Constance.—Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

King Philip.—Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.



King John.

Act IV. Scene I.

A ROOM IN A CASTLE.

ARTHUR, HUBERT, and ATTENDANTS.

Arthur.—O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert.—Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur.—Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.



PLATE LV.

King Richard II.

Act V. Scene II.

LONDON.

*The entrance of KING RICHARD and BOLINGBROKE into LONDON, as
described by the DUKE of YORK.*

York.—Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen:'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Painted by JAMES NORTHCOTE, R. A.



First Part of King Henry IV.

Act II. Scene I.

ROCHESTER. AN INN YARD.

Two Carriers and GADSHILL.

Gadshill.—Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Carrier.—I think it be two o'clock.

Gadshill.—I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Carrier.—Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gadshill.—I pray thee, lend me thine.

Second Carrier.—Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gadshill.—Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Second Carrier.—Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

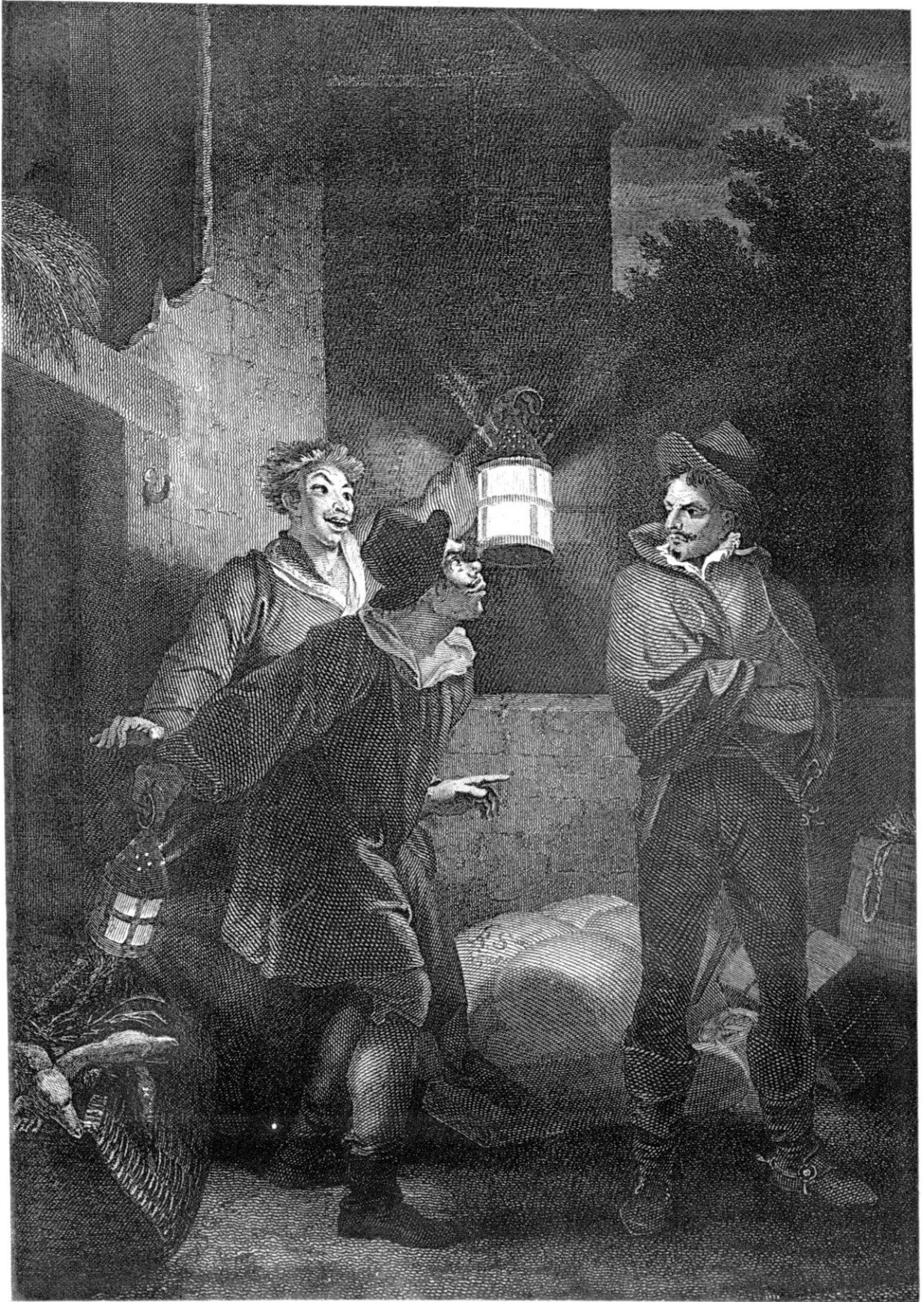


PLATE LVII.

First Part of King Henry IV.

Act II. Scene II.

THE HIGHWAY, NEAR GADSHILL.

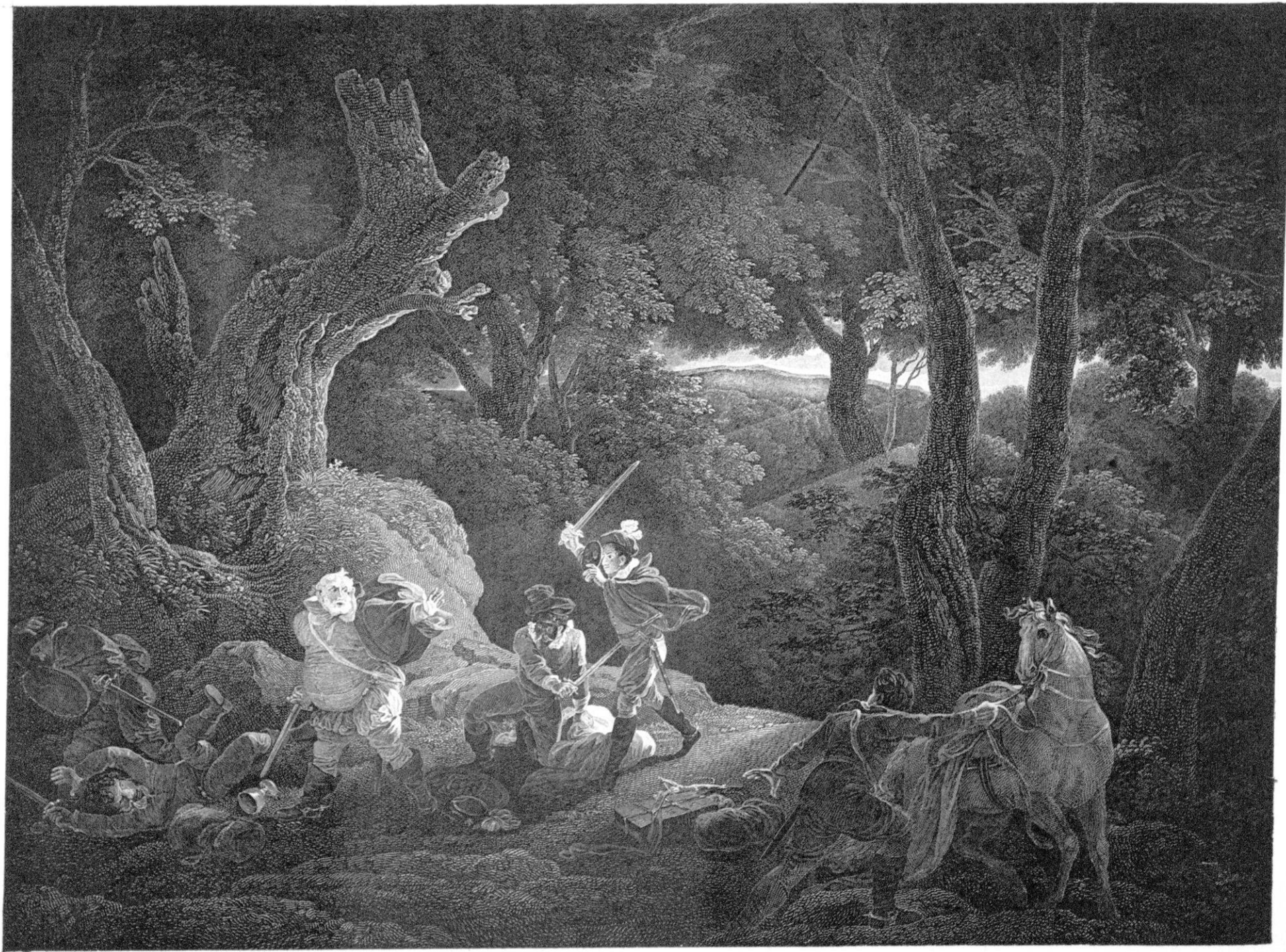
PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, and BARDOLPH.

Falstaff.—Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince Henry.—Your money!

Poins.—Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]



*First Part of King Henry IV.**Act II. Scene IV.*

THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP.

*PRINCE HENRY, FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO,
HOSTESS, POINS, &c.*

Falstaff.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince Henry.—What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Falstaff.—A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish.



First Part of King Henry IV.

Act III. Scene I.

BANGOR. THE ARCHDEACON'S HOUSE.

HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and OWEN GLENDOWER.

Worcester.—Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hotspur.—I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glendower.—I'll not have it alter'd.

Hotspur.—Will not you?

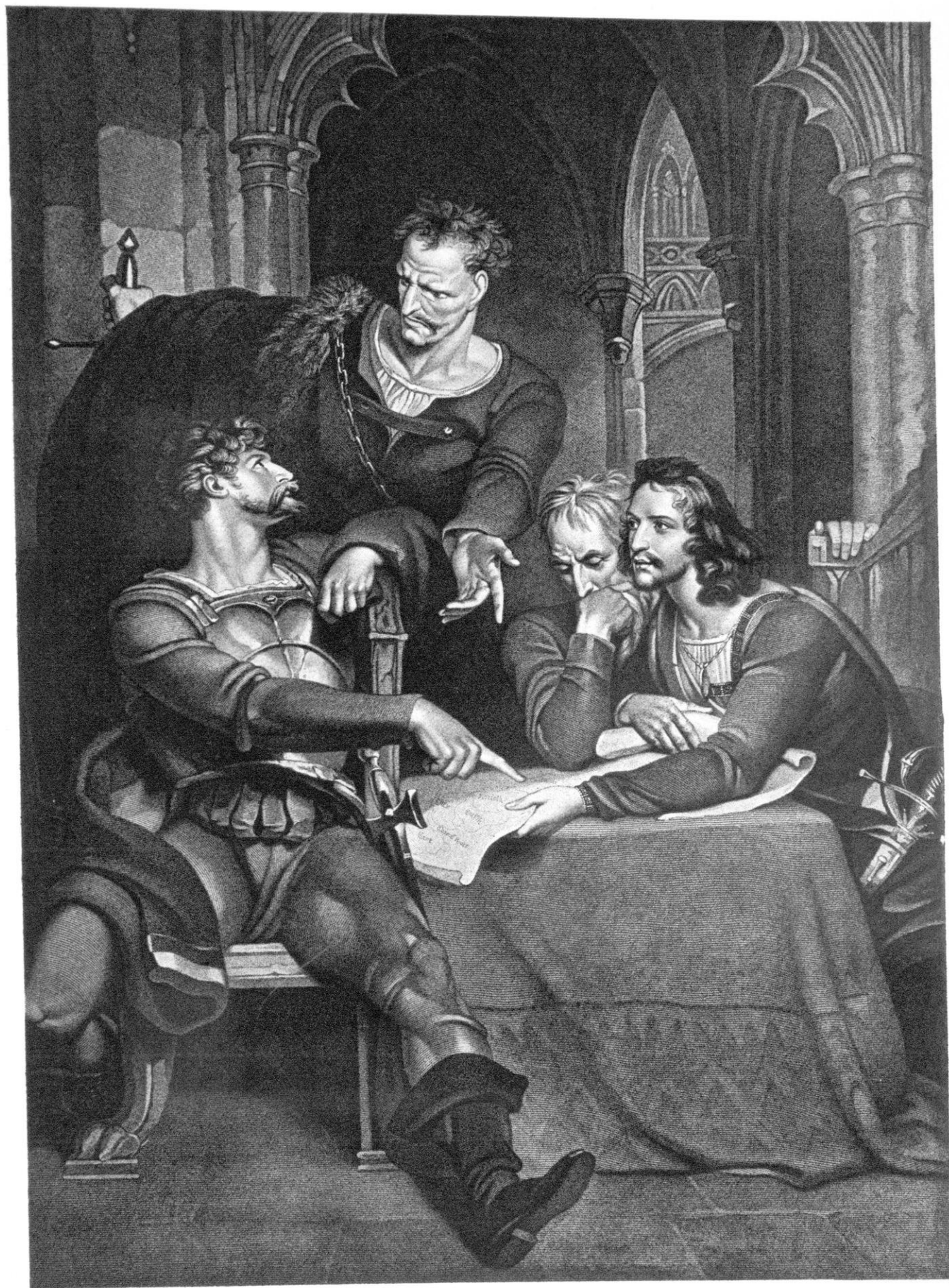
Glendower.—No, nor you shall not.

Hotspur. Who shall say me nay?

Glendower.—Why, that will I.

Hotspur.—Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

Glendower.—I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.



First Part of King Henry IV.

Act V. Scene IV.

PLAIN NEAR SHREWSBURY.

PRINCE HENRY, HOTSPUR, and FALSTAFF.

Hotspur—O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.]

Prince Henry.—For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!



Second Part of King Henry IV.

Act II. Scene IV.

THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP.

FALSTAFF, DOLL TEARSHEET; PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised.

Falstaff.—Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll Tearsheet.—Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Falstaff.—A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

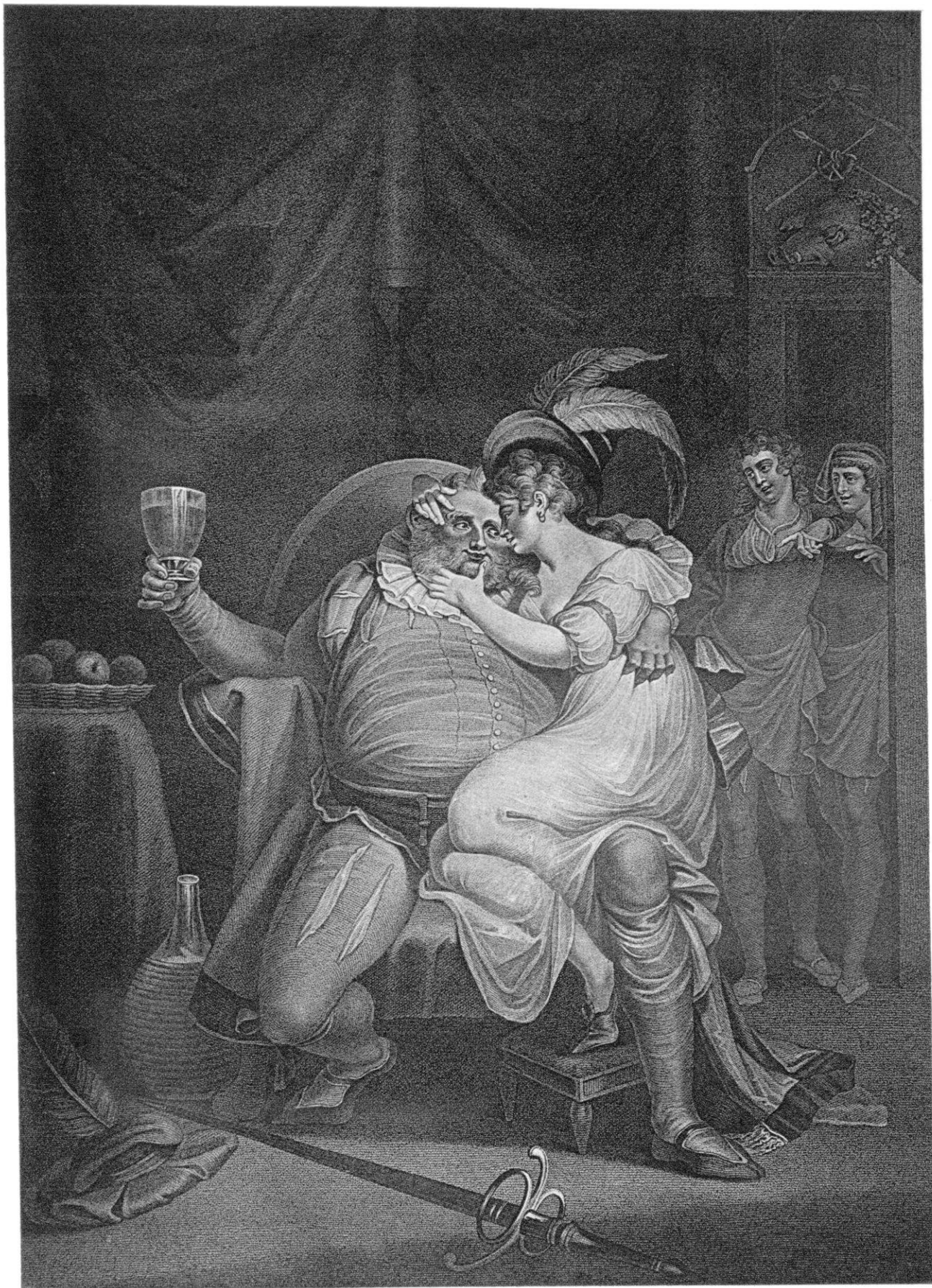
Doll Tearsheet.—They say Poins nas a good wit.

Falstaff.—He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll Tearsheet.—Why does the prince love him so, then?

Falstaff.—Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Painted by HENRY FUSELI, R. A.



Second Part of King Henry IV.

Act III. Scene II.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. BEFORE JUSTICE SHALLOW'S HOUSE.

SHALLOW, SILENCE, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, BOY, MOULDY, SHADOW,
WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF.

Falstaff.—Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bardolph.—Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Falstaff.—Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well; go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.



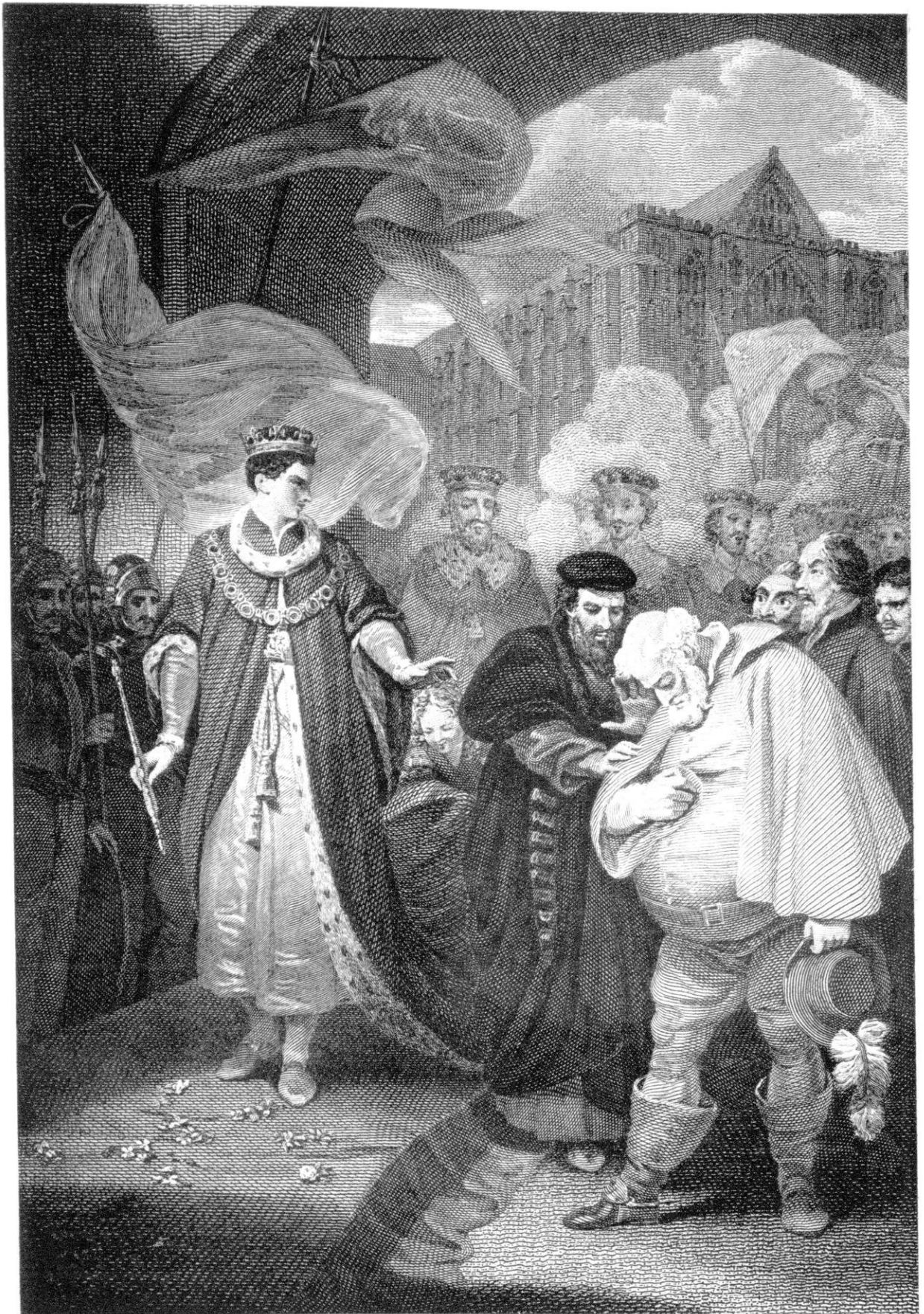
Second Part of King Henry IV.

Act V. Scene V.

A PUBLIC PLACE NEAR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*KING HENRY V., LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL,
BARDOLPH, &c.*

King.—I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. *[Exeunt King, &c.]*



King Henry V.

Act II. Scene II.

SOUTHAMPTON. A COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

*THE KING, EXETER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
GREY, and ATTENDANTS.*

King Henry.—

Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam.—

I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey.—

} To which we all appeal.

Scroop.—

Painted by HENRY FUSELI, R. A.



First Part of King Henry VI.

Act II. Scene III.

AUVERGNE. THE COUNTESS'S CASTLE.

The COUNTESS, PORTER, TALBOT, SOLDIERS, &c.

Countess.—This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talbot.—That will I show you presently.

*[Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal
of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.]*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.



First Part of King Henry VI.

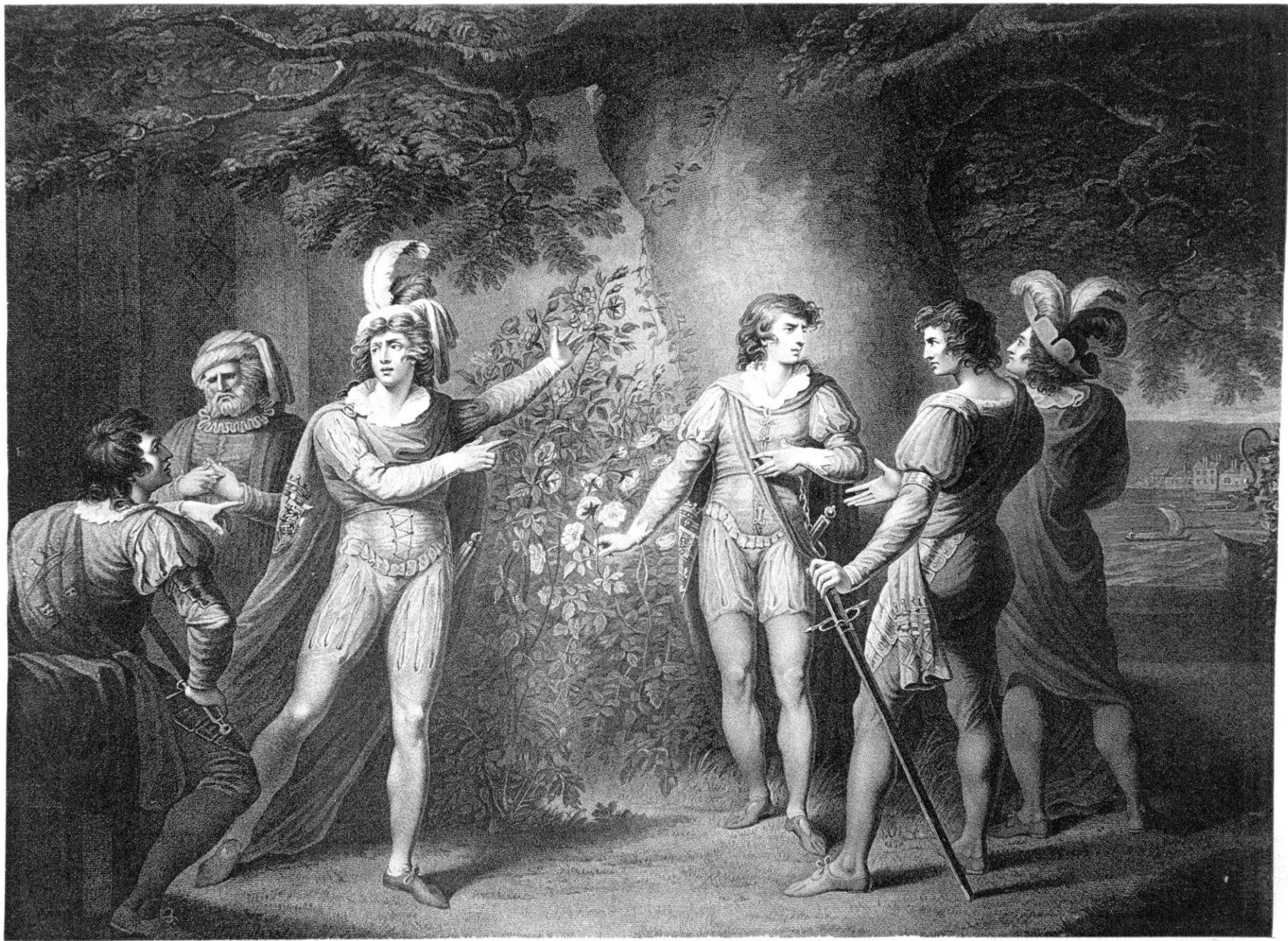
Act II. Scene IV.

LONDON. THE TEMPLE-GARDEN.

*EARLS of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD
PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.*

Plantagenet.—Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset.—Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.



First Part of King Henry VI.

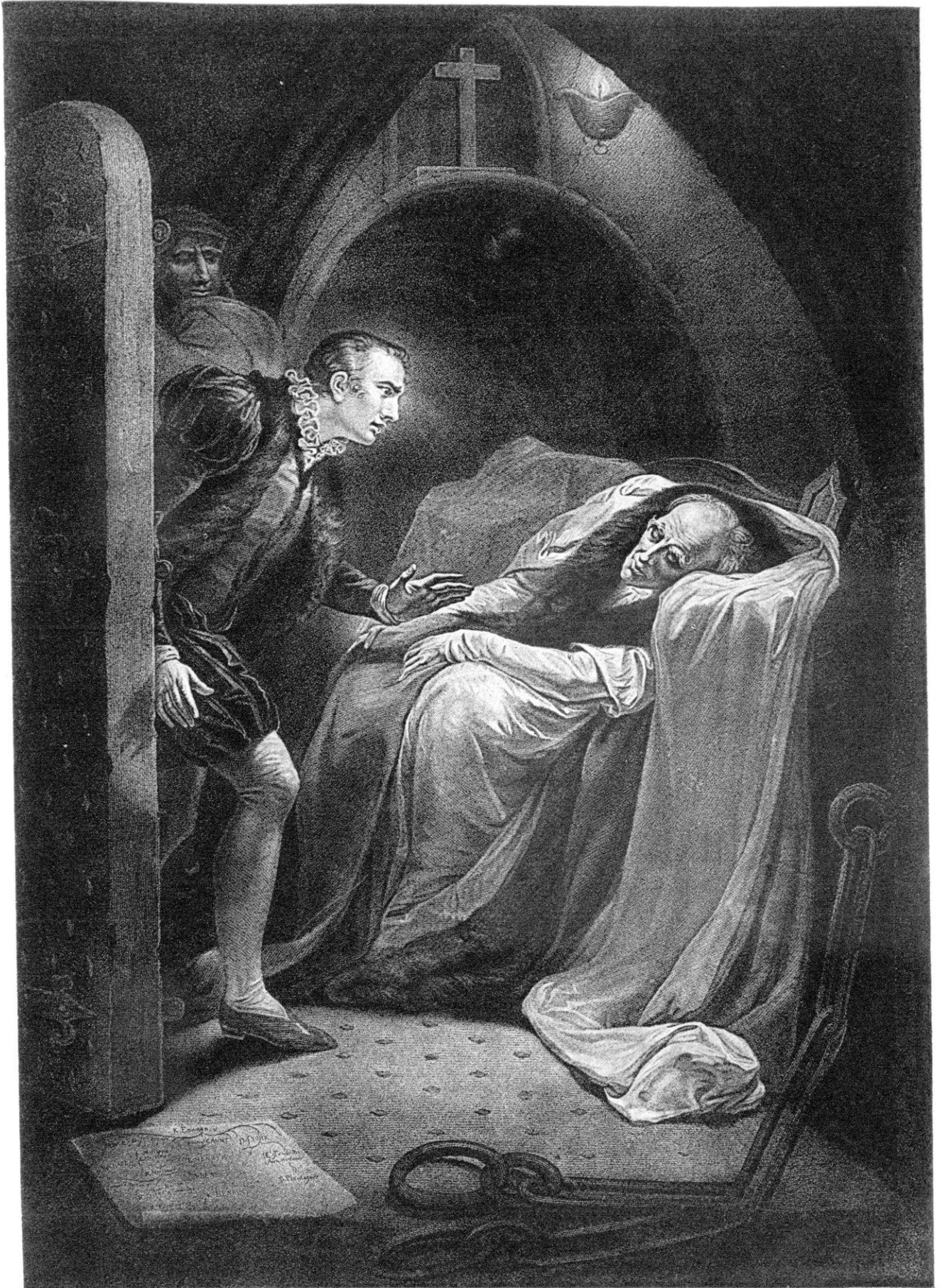
Act II. Scene V.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

MORTIMER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, &c.

Mortimer.—Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?

Plantagenet.—First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.



Second Part of King Henry VI.

Act I. Scene IV.

GLOUCESTER'S GARDEN.

*BOLINGBROKE, SOUTHWELL, HUME, DUCHESS, MARGERY FOURDAIN,
and SPIRIT.*

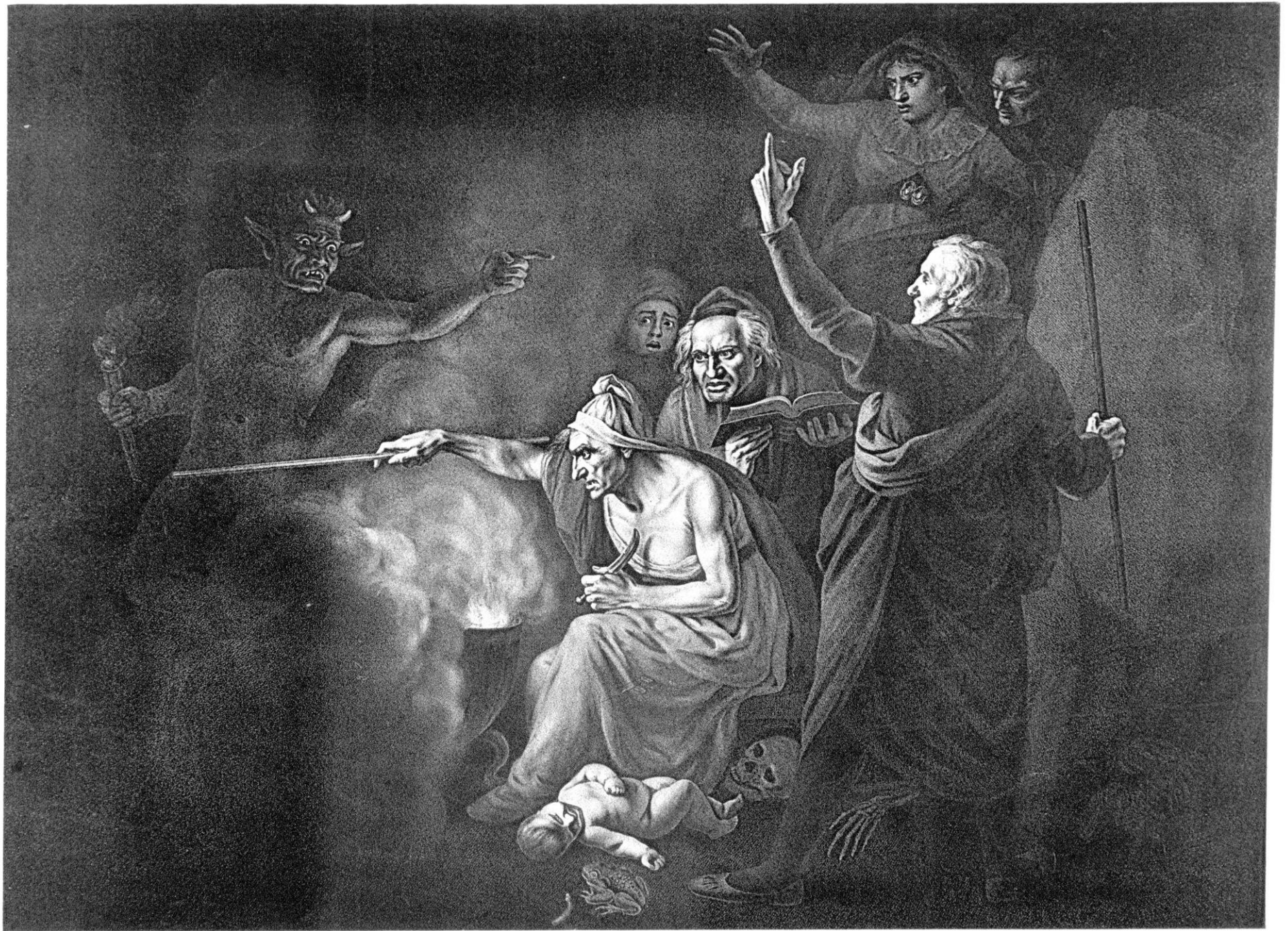
Bolingbroke.—Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make
the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads,
Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens ter-
ribly; then the Spirit riseth.]*

Spirit.—Adsum.

Fourdain.—Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit.—Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!



Second Part of King Henry VI.

Act III. Scene II.

BURY ST. EDMOND'S. A ROOM OF STATE.

QUEEN MARGARET and SUFFOLK.

Queen Margaret.—O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suffolk.—Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee!
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.



Second Part of King Henry VI.

Act III. Scene III.

A BEDCHAMBER.

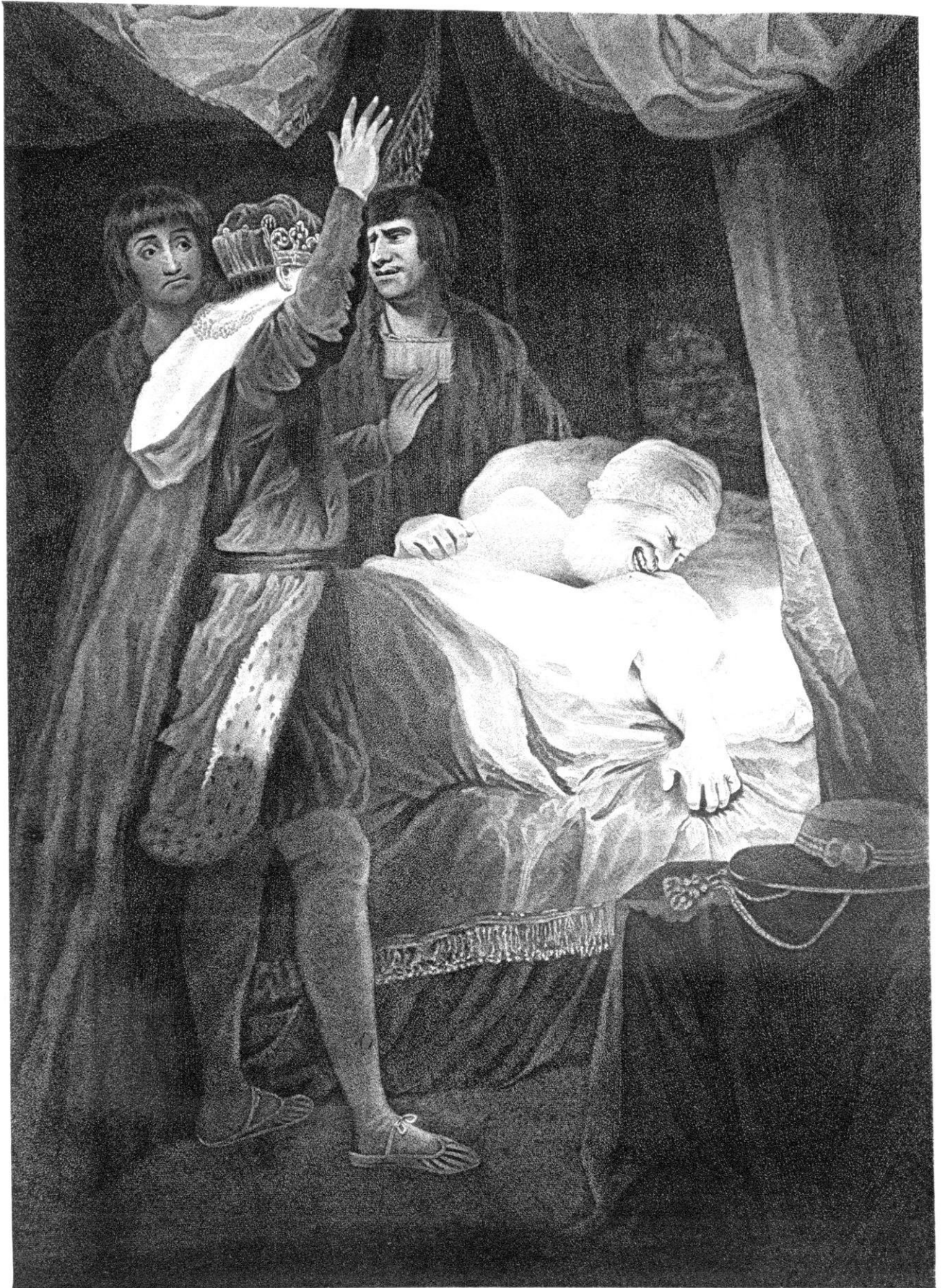
KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

King.—O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

Warwick.—See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Salisbury.—Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King.—Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!



Third Part of King Henry VI.

Act I. Scene III.

FIELD OF BATTLE BETWIXT SANDAL CASTLE AND WAKEFIELD.

RUTLAND and his TUTOR, CLIFFORD and SOLDIERS.

Clifford.—Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor.—And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clifford.—Soldiers, away with him!

Tutor.—Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.]

Clifford.—How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rutland.—So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

*Third Part of King Henry VI.**Act V. Scene VII.*

LONDON. THE PALACE.

*KING EDWARD, the QUEEN, with the YOUNG PRINCE, CLARENCE,
GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, &c.*

King Edward.—Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foeman, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions;
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberlands; two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat
 And made our footstool of security.
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Gloucester.—[*Aside*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
 Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.



King Richard III.

Act III. Scene I.

LONDON. A STREET.

*The two PRINCES, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL
BOURCHIER, CATESBY, &c.*

Buckingham.—Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince.—Richard of York? how fares our loving brother?

York.—Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince.—Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Gloucester.—How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York.—I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

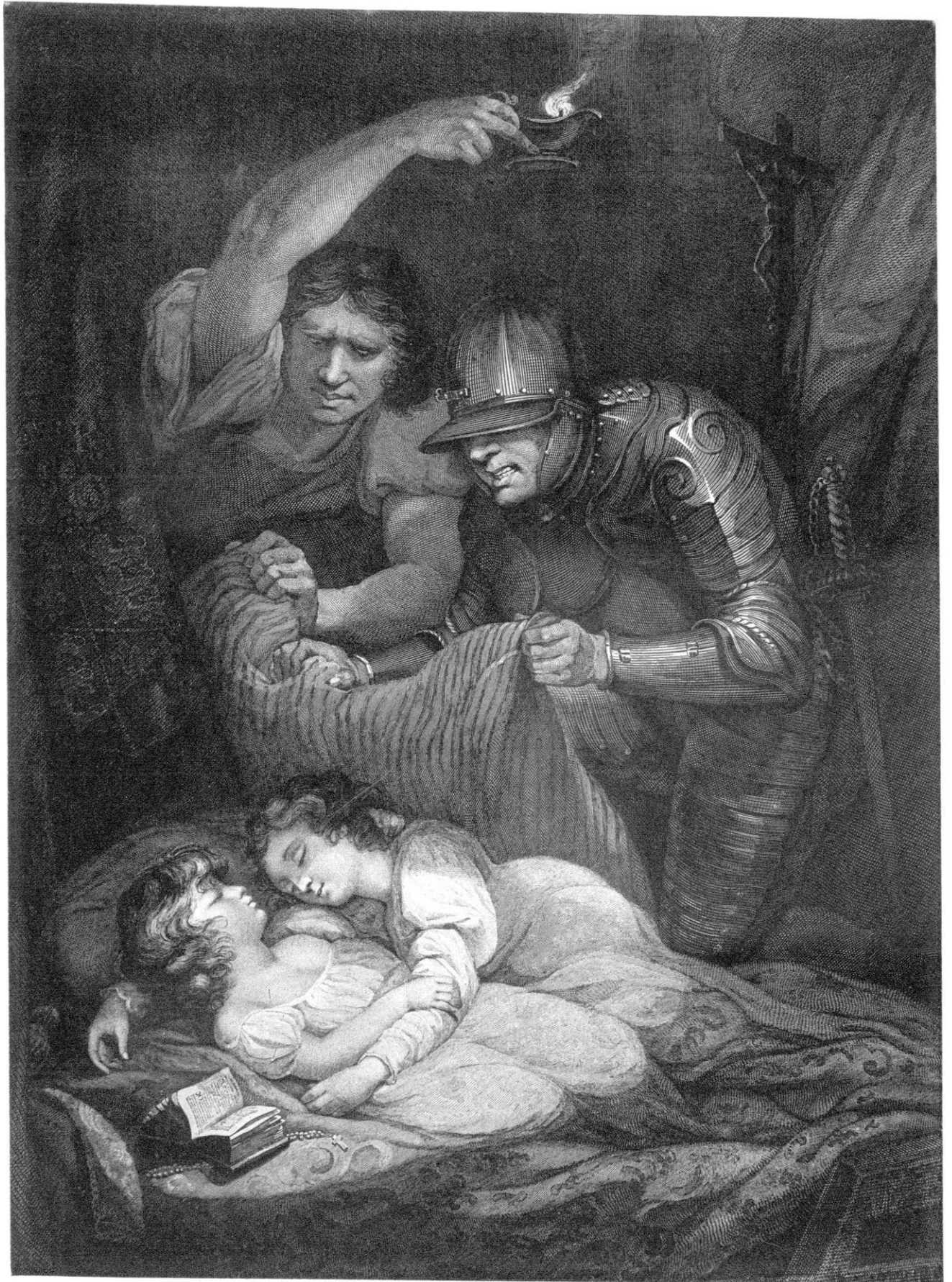


King Richard III.

Act IV. Scene III.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES AS DESCRIBED BY TYRREL.

Tyrrel.—The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their death's sad stories.
'Lo thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes.'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'



King Richard III.

Act IV. Scene III.

LONDON THE PALACE.

THE BURIAL OF THE TWO PRINCES.

King Richard.— But didst thou see them dead?

Tyrrel.—I did, my lord.

King Richard.— And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyrrel.—The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know.

Painted by JAMES NORTHCOTE, R. A.

PLATE LXXVI.

King Henry VIII.

Act I. Scene IV.

A HALL IN YORK PLACE.

*KING, ANNE BULLEN, CARDINAL WOLSEY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN,
LORD SANDS, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, &c.*

King.—

My lord chamberlain,

Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Lord Chamberlain.—An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

King.—By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Painted by THOMAS STOTHARD R. A.



King Henry VIII.

Act III. Scene I.

LONDON. THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

QUEEN KATHARINE, WOLSEY, CAMPEIUS, &c.

Wolsey.—May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen Katharine.—Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Painted by the Rev. WILLIAM PETERS, R. A.



King Henry VIII.

Ac. IV. Scene II.

THE ABBEY OF LEICESTER.

WOLSEY, NORTHUMBERLAND, ABBOT, &c.

(THE RECEPTION OF THE CARDINAL, AS DESCRIBED BY GRIFFITH TO QUEEN KATHARINE.)

Griffith.—At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, ‘O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!’
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Painted by RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.



PLATE LXXIX.

King Henry VIII.

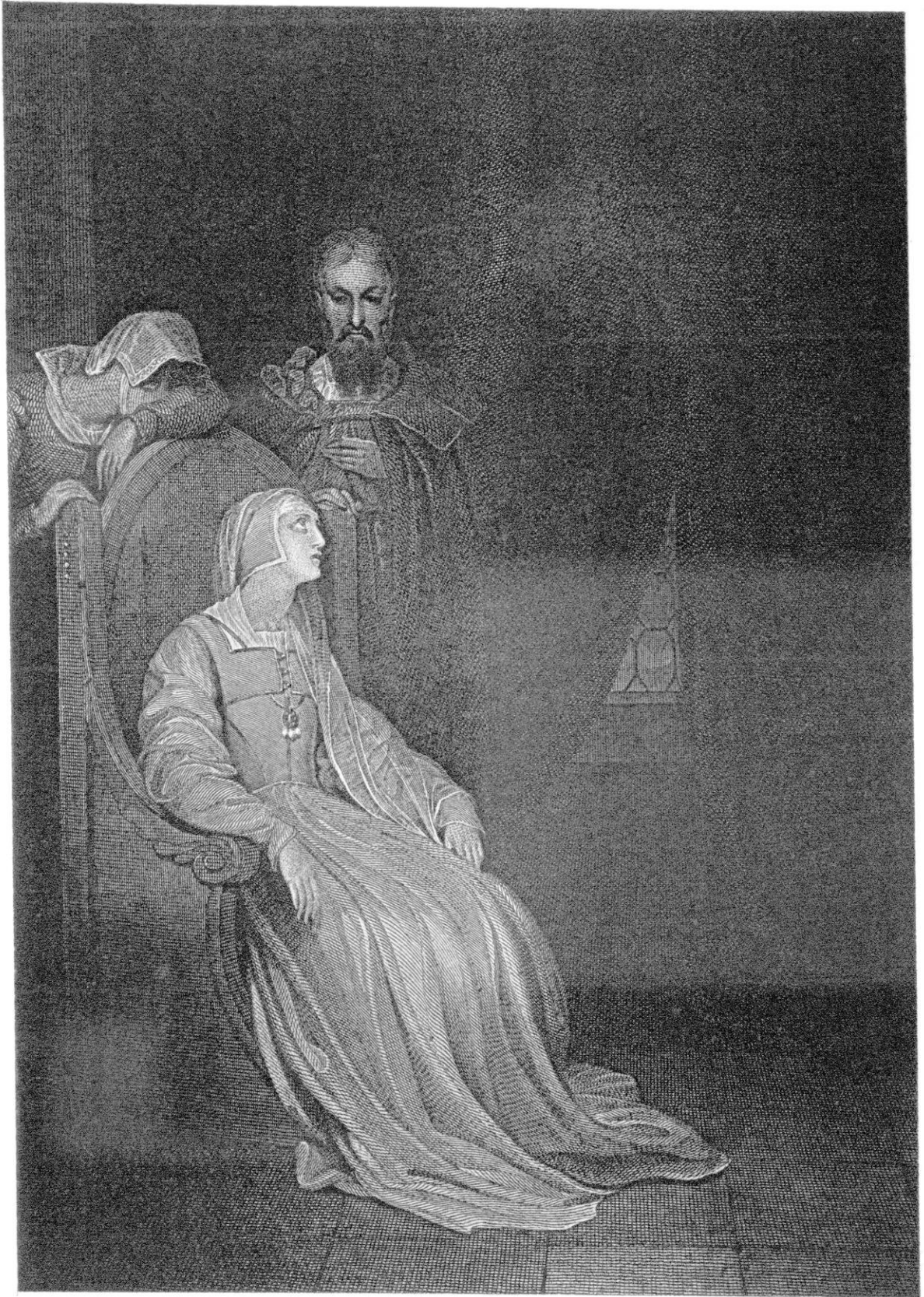
Act IV. Scene II.

KIMBOLTON.

KATHARINE, GRIFFITH, and PATIENCE.

Katharine.—After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
[*Sad and solemn music.*]

Griffith.—She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.



King Henry VIII.

Act V. Scene V.

THE PALACE.

*LORD MAYOR, CRANMER, KING, DUKE of NORFOLK, DUKE of SUFFOLK,
DUCHESS of NORFOLK, bearing the PRINCESS ELIZABETH,
MARCHIONESS DORSET, &c.*

Cranmer.— Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours;
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.



Troilus and Cressida.

Act II. Scene II.

TROY.

CASSANDRA.

Cassandra.—Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.



Troilus and Cressida.

Act V. Scene II.

THE GRECIAN CAMP. CALCHAS' TENT.

DIOMEDES, and CRESSIDA; TROILUS, ULYSSES, and THERSITES at a distance.

Diomedes.— And so, good night.

Cressida.—Nay, but you part in anger.

Troilus.— Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulysses.— Why, how now, lord!

Troilus.— By Jove,
I will be patient.

Cressida.— Guardian!—why, Greek!

Diomedes.—Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

Cressida.—In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulysses.—You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.

Troilus.— She strokes his cheek!

Ulysses.— Come, come.

Troilus.—Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.

*Coriolanus.**Act V. Scene III.*

BEFORE THE TENT OF CORIOLANUS.

*CORIO LANUS, AUFIDIUS, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, YOUNG MARCIUS,
VALERIA, &c.*

Volumnia.—There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's;
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.



Romeo and Juliet.

Act I. Scene V.

A HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE.

ROMEO, JULIET, NURSE, Guests, and Maskers.

Romeo.—[*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet.—Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.



Romeo and Juliet.

Act II. Scene V.

A ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE.

JULIET and NURSE.

Juliet.—Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse.—I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Juliet.—I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse.—Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Juliet.—How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
'The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?



Romeo and Juliet.

Act III. Scene V.

JULIET'S CHAMBER. A WINDOW OVERHANGING CAPULET'S ORCHARD.

ROMEO, JULIET, and NURSE.

Romeo.—Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Juliet.—It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune.
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division.
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Romeo.—More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse.—Madam!

Juliet.—Nurse?

Nurse.—Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Juliet.—Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo.—Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*He goeth down.*



Romeo and Juliet.

Act V. Scene III.

A CHURCHYARD; IN IT A TOMB BELONGING TO THE CAPULETS.

ROMEO and PARIS dead; JULIET, and FRIAR LAURENCE.

Friar Laurence.—

Romeo!

[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

[*Juliet wakes.*

Juliet.—O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?



Timon of Athens.

Act IV. Scene III.

WOODS AND CAVE, NEAR THE SEA-SHORE.

TIMON, ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, &c.

Alcibiades.— Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Timon.— Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcibiades.—When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—.

Timon.—Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcibiades.— Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Timon.—The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcibiades.—Why me, Timon?

Timon.— That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest.



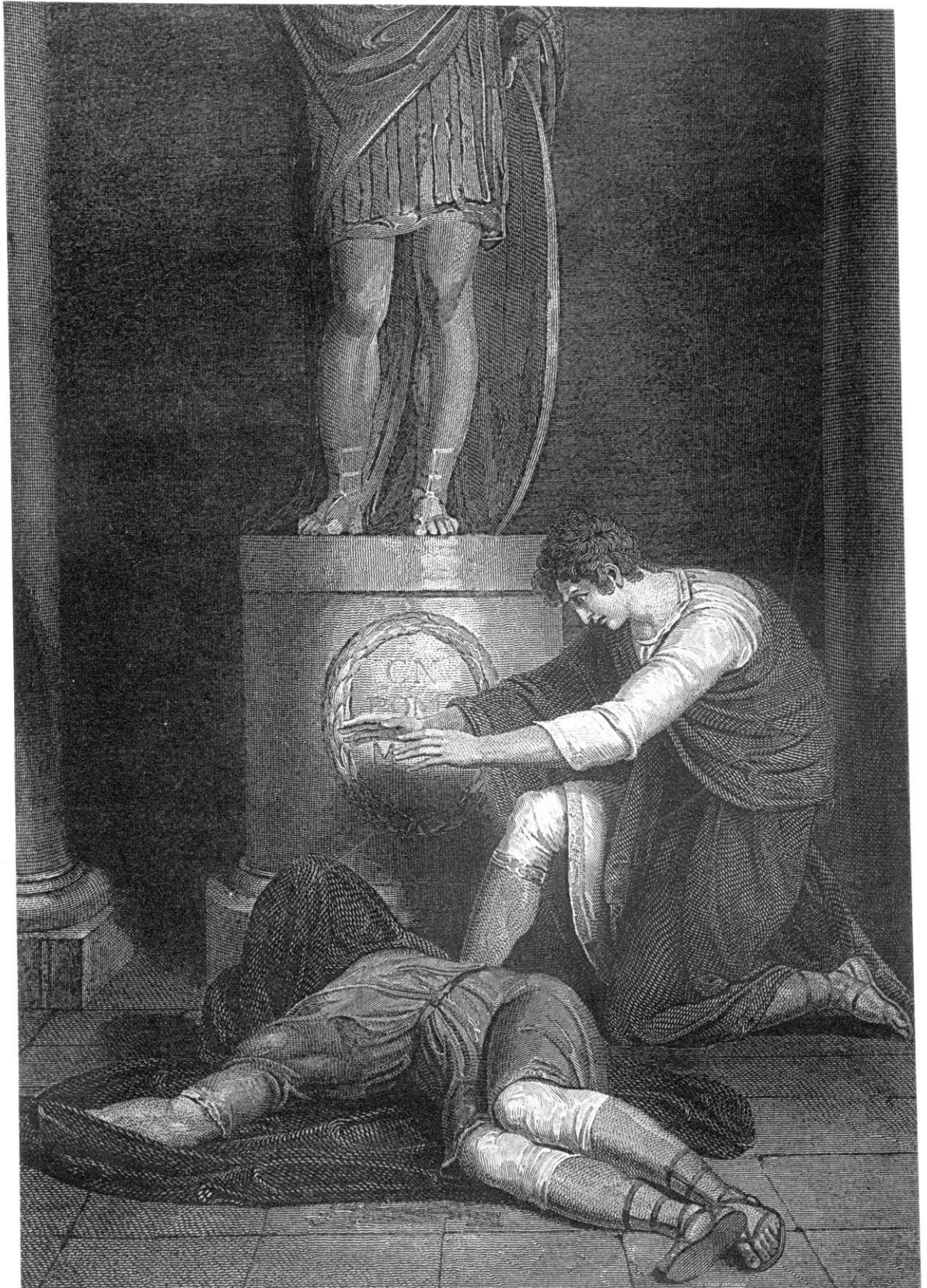
Julius Cæsar.

Act III. Scene I.

ROME. THE CAPITOL.

CÆSAR dead, and ANTONY.

Antony.—O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.



Julius Cæsar.

Act IV. Scene III.

BRUTUS'S TENT.

BRUTUS and the Ghost of CÆSAR.

Brutus.—Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost.—Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus.—Why comest thou?

Ghost.—To tell thee thou shalt meet me at Philippi.

Brutus.—Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.—Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus.—Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[Exit Ghost.]

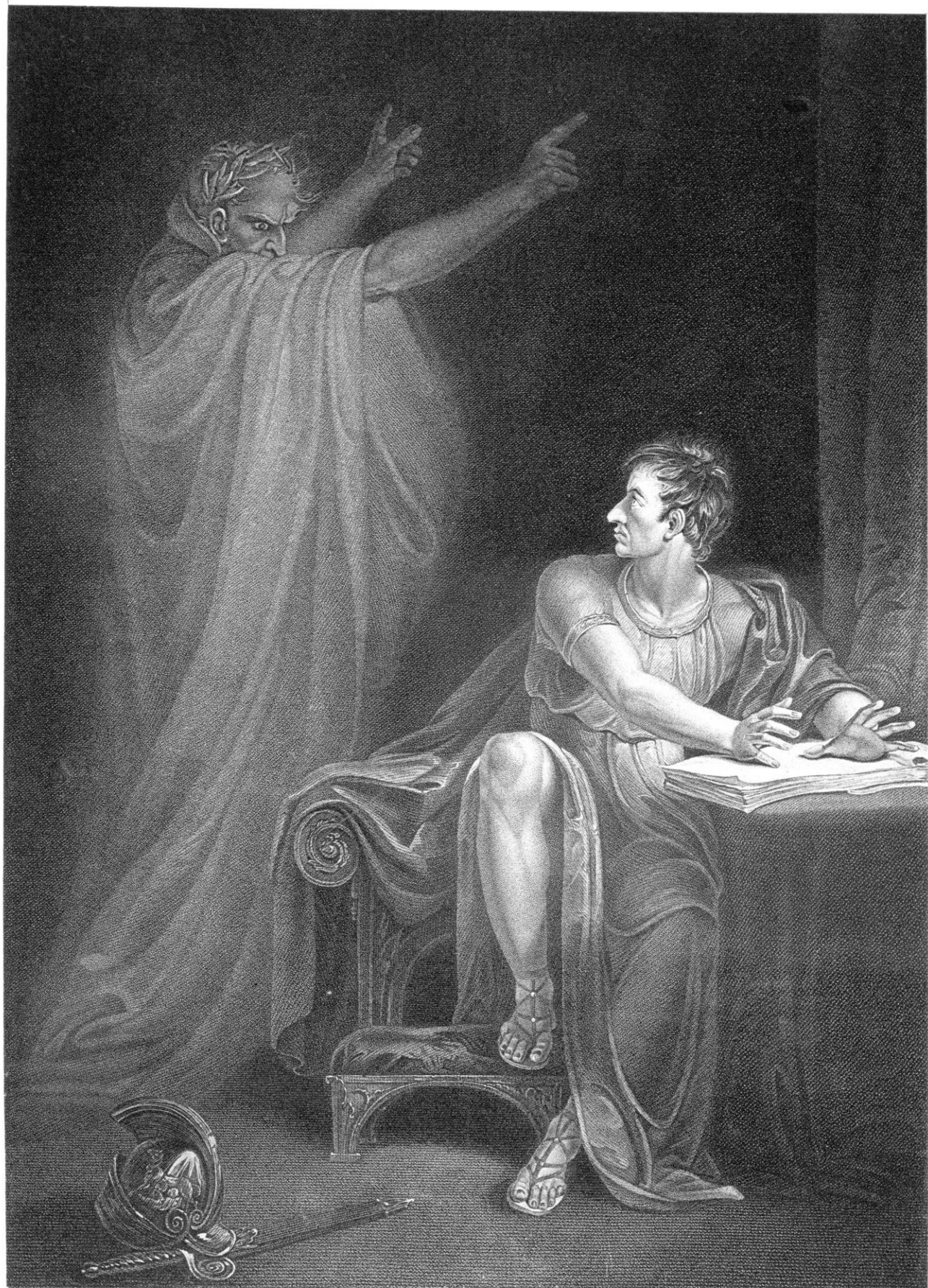


PLATE XCI.

Macbeth.

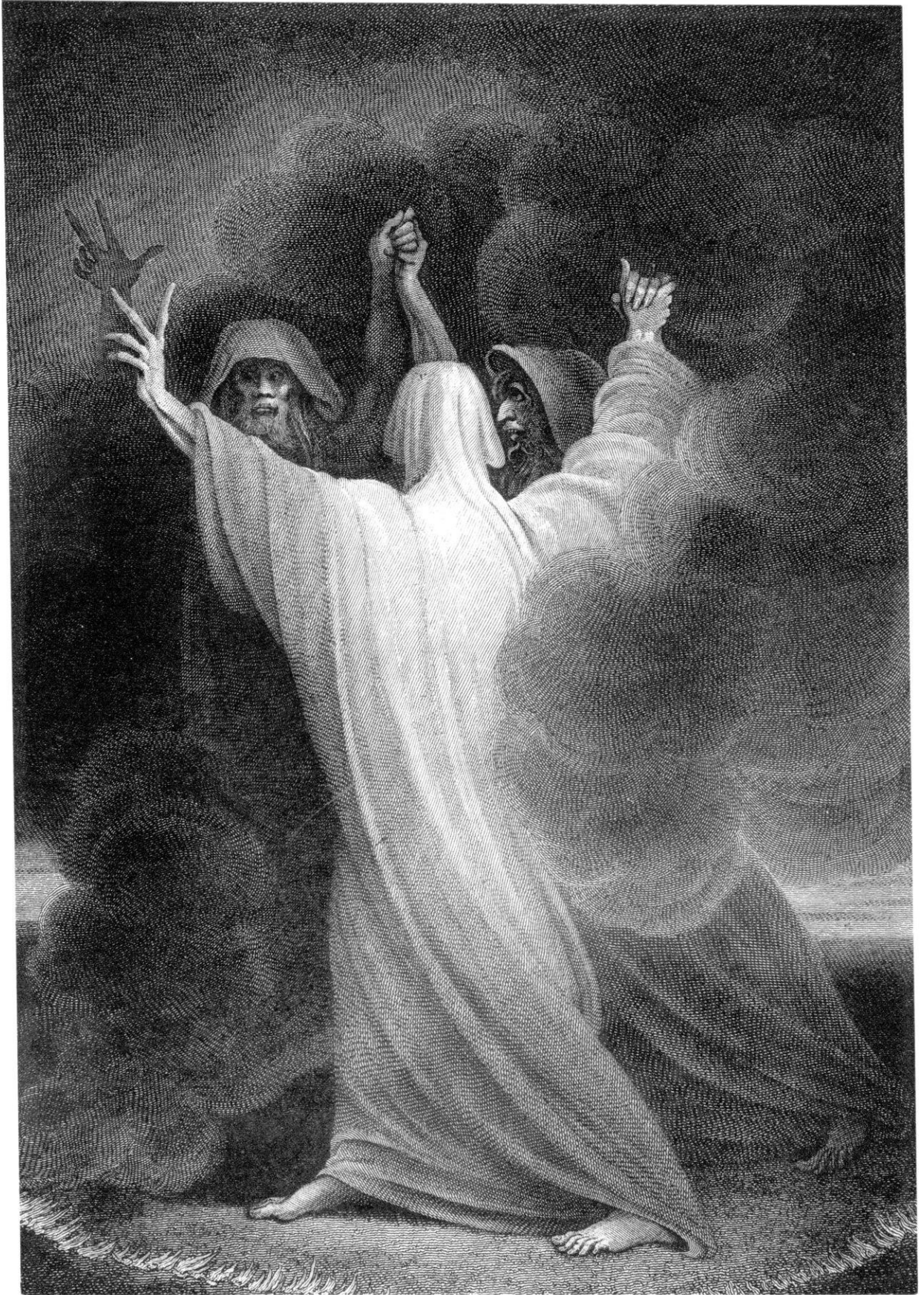
Act I. Scene III.

A HEATH NEAR FORRES.

THE THREE WITCHES.

All.—The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus they go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Painted by RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.



*Macbeth.**Act I. Scene V.*

INVERNESS. MACBETH'S CASTLE.

LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth.— The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'



PLATE XCIII.

Hamlet.

Act I. Scene IV.

THE PLATFORM.

HAMLET, HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and GHOST.

Hamlet.— It waves me still.
Go on: I'll follow thee.

Marcellus.—You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet.— Hold off your hands.

Horatio.—Be ruled; you shall not go.

Hamlet.— My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on: I'll follow thee.



King Lear.

Act III. Scene IV.

THE HEATH. BEFORE A HOVEL.

*KING LEAR, KENT, FOOL, EDGAR (disguised as a Madman), and
GLOUCESTER, with a torch.*

Lear.—Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. *[Tearing off his clothes.]*

Fool.—Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Edgar.—This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.



PLATE XCV.

Othello.

Act II. Scene I.

A SEA-PORT IN CYPRUS. AN OPEN PLACE NEAR THE QUAY.

*DESDEMONA, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, EMILIA, RODERIGO and
ATTENDANTS.*

Othello.—O my fair warrior!

Desdemona.— My dear Othello!

Othello.—It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.



PLATE XCVI.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Act III. Scene XI.

ALEXANDRIA. CLEOPATRA'S PALACE.

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, EROS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, &c.

Eros.—Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Irás.—Do, most dear queen.

Charmian.—Do! why: what else?

Cleopatra.—Let me sit down. O Juno!

Antony.—No, no, no, no, no.

Eros.—See you here, sir?

Antony.—O fie, fie, fie!

Painted by HENRY TRESHAM, R. A.

*Cymbeline.**Act I. Scene I.*

BRITAIN. THE GARDEN OF CYMBELINE'S PALACE.

CYMBELINE, POSTHUMUS, QUEEN, IMOGEN &c.

Posthumus.—Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imogen.—Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Posthumus.— How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*
Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*

Imogen.— O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Posthumus.— Alack, the king!

Cymbeline.—Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Posthumus.— The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

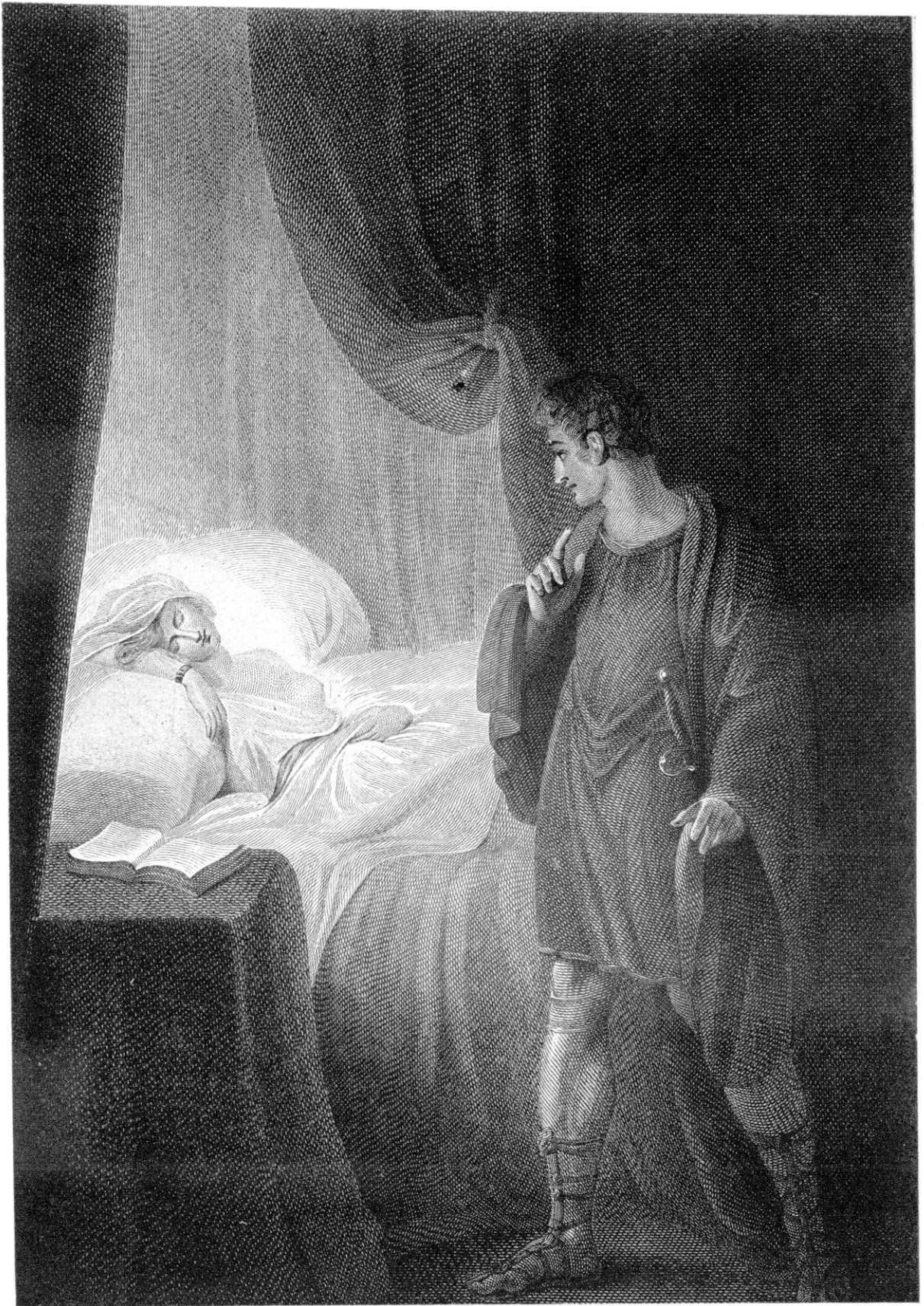


*Cymbeline.**Act II. Scene II.*

IMOGEN'S BEDCHAMBER IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE.

IMOGEN and IACHIMO.

Iachimo.—The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.



Cymbeline.

Act III. Scene IV.

COUNTRY NEAR MILFORD-HAVEN.

PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imogen.— Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pisanio.— Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imogen.— Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.



Cymbeline.

Act III. Scene VI.

WALES. BEFORE THE CAVE OF BELARIUS.

IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imogen.— But what is this?

Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*]



[2. Boydell, John: The Gallery of illustrations for Shakespeare's dramatic works, reduced and re-engraved by the heliotype process, 1874. First published in 1802. The result of an undertaking begun in 1787 in which co-operated Reynolds, Romney, Stothard, West and other artists. The paintings were exhibited between 1789 and 1804,
