



## The Prologue.

Chorus.

**T**wo households both alike in dignitie,  
(In faire Verona where we lay our Scene)  
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,  
where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vnclean:  
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,  
A paire of starre-croft louers, take their life:  
Whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,  
Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.  
The fearefull passage of their death-markt loue,  
And the continuance of their Parents rage:  
Which but their childrens end nought could remoue:  
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.  
The which if you with patient eares attend,  
What heare shall misse, our toyle shall striue to mend.

A 2

Prologue Enter Chorus

CHORUS

Two households, both alike in dignity  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life,  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love  
And the continuance of their parents' rage—  
Which but their children's end, naught could remove—  
Is now the two-hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Exit

1599  
Q  
Romeo  
+  
Juliet

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How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know;  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, 5  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity;  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind; 10  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys, in game, themselves forswear, 15  
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere;  
For, ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd and show'rs of oaths did melt. 20  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
Then to the wood will he, tomorrow night,  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 25  
To have his sight thither and back again.

2

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

*Tom Snout*, the Tinker?

*Snout*. Here *Peter Quince*.

*Quin*. You, *Pyramus* father; my selfe, *Thisbies* father; *Songge*, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fitted.

*Song*. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee for I am slowe of studie.

*Quin*. You may doe it, *extempore*: for it is nothing but roaring.

THE TRAGEDIE OF  
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

*Philo.*

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10  
Nay, but this dotage of our Generals  
Ore-floues the measure: thoe his goodly eyes  
That o're the Files, and Musters of the Waire,  
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:  
Now bend, now turne  
The Office and Deuotion of their view  
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst  
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,  
And is become the Bellows and the Fan  
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

*Flourish. Enter Anthonie, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the  
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

20  
Looke where they come:  
Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd  
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

*Cleo.* He set a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life  
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,  
And such a twaine can doo'e, in which I binde  
One paine of punishment, the world to weete  
We stand vp Peecelesse.

*Clep.* Excellent, fallshood:

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not loue her?  
He seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthonie* will be himselfe.

*Ant.* But stir'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,  
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;  
There's not a minute of our lines should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

*Cleo.* Heare the Ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fye wrangling Queene:

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weepe: who euery passion fully striues  
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.  
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night  
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note  
The qualitics of people. Come my Queene,  
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

*Exeunt with the Traine.*

*Dem.* Is *Caesar* with *Anthonie* priz'd so slight?

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Antony + Cleopatra  
2.2.25-29

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:  
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Flourish.*

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit fit.

Ces. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:  
Or being, concerne you not.

Ces. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say my selfe offended, and with you  
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should  
Once name you derogately: when to found your name

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MND  
Quarto  
1600

the, I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;  
And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof:  
But, being ouerfull of selfe affaires,  
My minde did loose it, But *Demetrius* come,  
And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with mee:  
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.  
For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,  
To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;  
Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp  
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vowe of single life.  
Come my *Hippolita*: what cheare my loue?  
*Demetrius* and *Egeus* goe along:  
I must employ you in some businesse,  
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of

### A Midfommer nightes dreame.

*Quin.* I marry must you, For you must vnderstand, he goes  
but to see a noyse, that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Thys.* Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lillie white of hewe,  
Of colour like the red rose, on triumphant bryer,  
Most brisky Iuuenall, and ecke most louely Iewe,  
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,  
He meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* tounbe.

*Quin.* *Ninus* tounbe, man. Why if you must not speake  
That yet, That you answered to *Pyramus*. You speake  
Al your part at once, cues, and, all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue  
is past: It is; neuer tire.

*Thys.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre.

*Py.* If I were faire, *Thysby*, I were onely thine.

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray ma-  
sters: fly matters: helpe.

*Rob.* He follow you: He leade you about a Round,  
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through  
Sometime a horse he be, sometime a hound, (bryer:  
A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier,  
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,  
Like horse, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

*Bot.* Why doe they runne away? This is a knauety of  
them to make mee asfeard. *Enter Snowte.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What doe you see? You see an Asses head of your  
owne. Do you?

*Enter Quince.*

*(Exit.*

*Quin.* Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee. Thou art traslated.

*Bot.* I see their knauety. This is to make an asse of mee, to  
fright me, if they could: but I wil not stirre from this place,  
do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I  
will sing, that they shall heare I am not asfraid.  
The Woolscoll cock, so blacke of hewe,  
With Orange tawny bill,

The



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But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,  
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?  
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,  
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand  
Foredoe it owne life; twas of some estate,  
Couch we a while and marke.

Enter K. Q.  
Laertes and  
the corse.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is Laertes a very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd  
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,  
And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,  
She should in ground vn-sanctified been lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,  
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:  
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,  
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,  
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh  
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,  
A ministring Angell shall my sister be  
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,  
I hop't thou should'st haue been my Hamlets wife,  
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,  
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence  
Depriu'd thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her, once more in mine armes;  
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyesh head  
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose grieffe  
Beares such an emphefis, whose phrase of sorrow  
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand  
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I  
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,  
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand,  
King. Pluck them a sunder.

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Enter King and *Queen*, *Lear*, and other lordes,  
with a *Priest* after the coffin.

*Ham.* What funerall's this that all the Court laments?  
It shews to be some noble parentage:  
Stand by a while.

*Lear.* What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

*Priest* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,  
And more than well the church can tolerate,  
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:  
And but for fauour of the king, and you,  
She had bene buried in the open fieldes,  
Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

*Lear.* So, I tell thee churlish *Priest*, a ministring Angell  
shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

*Ham.* The faire *Ofelia* dead!

*Queen.* Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:  
I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,  
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

*Lear.* Forbear the earth a while: sister farewell!

*Lear* leapes into the graue.  
Now powre your earth on *Olympus* hie,  
And make a hill to o're-top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*  
Whats he that coniures so? *in after Lear*

*Ham.* Behold tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

*Lear.* The diuell take thy soule.

*Ham.* O thou praieest not well,  
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,  
For there is something in me dangerous,

Which

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