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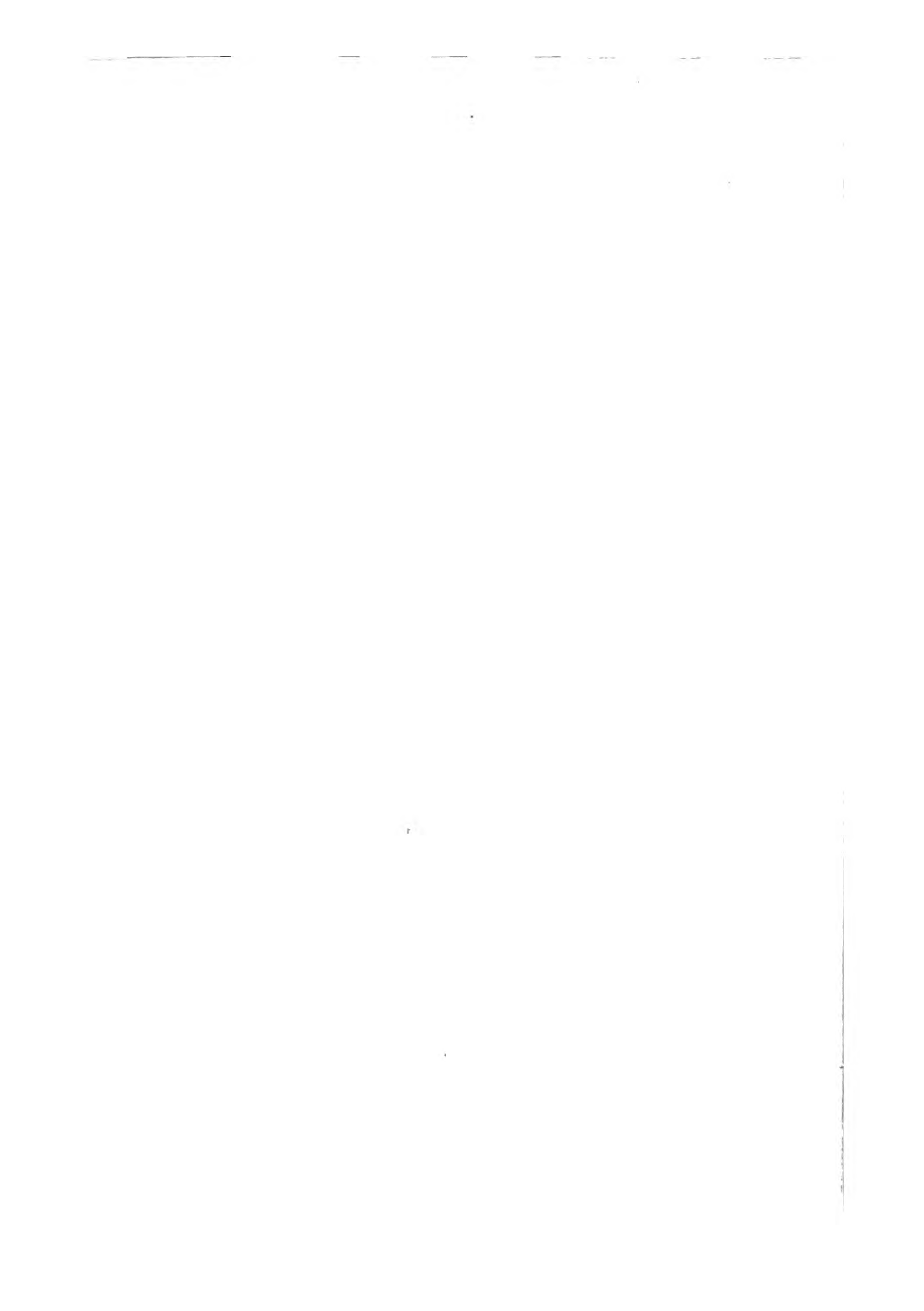
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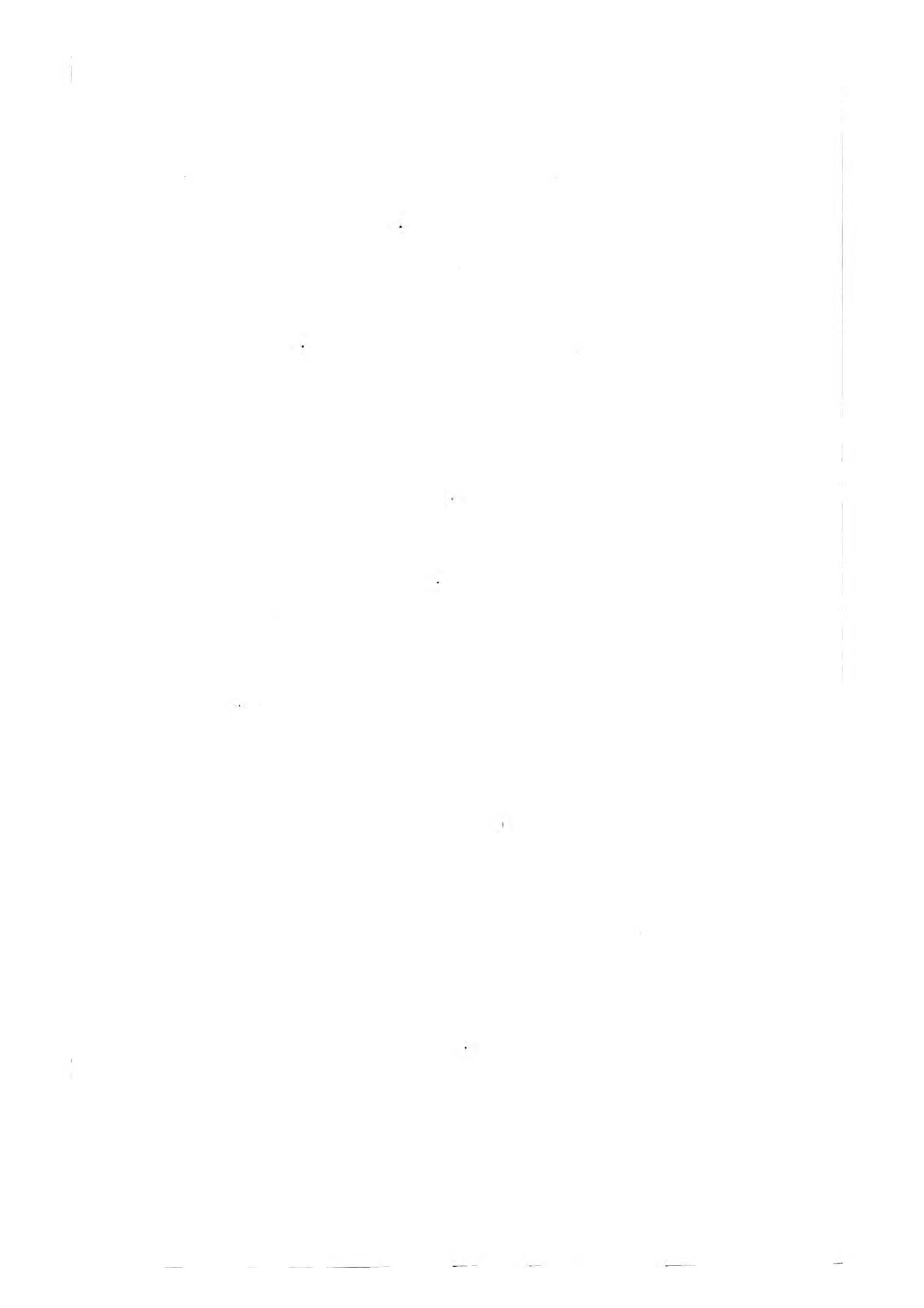


Malone F. H. 23.









THE
HEROINES OF SHAKSPEARE:

COMPRISING

The Principal Female Characters

IN THE

PLAYS OF THE GREAT POET.

ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

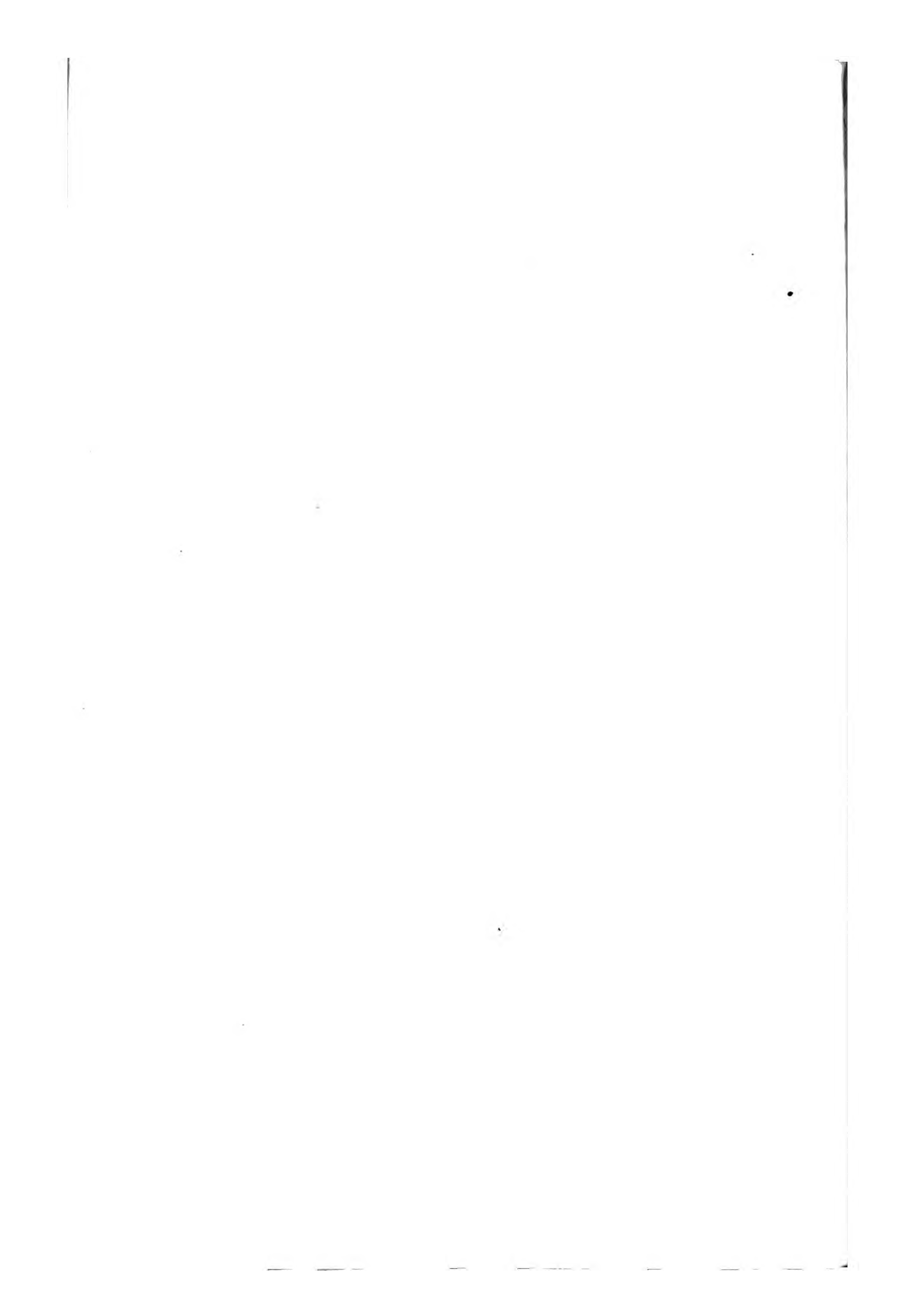
MR. CHARLES HEATH,

FROM DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.



LONDON:
DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXLVIII.



ADDRESS.

WHAT a celebrated critic (Mrs. Jameson) has applied to *one* of Shakspeare's Female characters may without much licence be extended to *all*. Darting her far-glancing look from earth to heaven for some exquisite comparison, "to what," she asks, "shall we compare *them*?"—to the silvery summer clouds which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dissolving into air and light and rainbow showers?—to the May morning, flush with opening blossoms and roseate dews, and 'charm of earliest birds'?—to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd-boy might 'pipe to Amarrillas in the shade'?—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror, in which the skies may glass themselves, and now leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather, to the very sunshine itself—for so HIS general spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on!"

"No one," remarks Hazlitt, in his "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,"—"no one ever hit the true perfection of the female character—the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support—so well as SHAKSPEARE; no one ever so well painted natural tenderness, free from affectation and disguise; no one ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant, for the romance of his heroines (in which they abound) is only an excess of the habitual prejudices of their sex, scrupulous of being false to their vows, truant to their

affections, and taught by the force of feeling when to forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it.”

To embody such conceptions—to give to each exquisite creation a “local habitation” in the mind’s eye—is the object of the present work. Artists of the highest reputation have been engaged to produce characteristic portraits of the great Shakspeare Heroines, to show them “not mere poetical abstractions, nor, as they have been termed, mere ‘abstractions of the affections’:

But common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and tempered by the tears
Of angels to the perfect form of—*woman.*”

CONTENTS.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PLAY.
MIRANDA	<i>J. Hayter</i>	Tempest.
JULIA	<i>A. Egg</i>	Two Gentlemen.
SILVIA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Two Gentlemen.
MRS. FORD	<i>E. Corbould</i>	Merry Wives.
MRS. PAGE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Merry Wives.
ANNE PAGE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Merry Wives.
OLIVIA	<i>W. P. Frith</i>	Twelfth Night.
MARIA	<i>A. Egg</i>	Twelfth Night.
VIOLA	<i>A. Egg</i>	Twelfth Night.
ISABELLA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Measure for Measure.
MARIANA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Measure for Measure.
BEATRICE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Much Ado.
HERO	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Much Ado.
TITANIA	<i>K. Meadows</i>	Mids. Night's Dream.
— PRINCESS OF FRANCE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Love's Labour.
JESSICA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Merchant of Venice.
PORTIA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Merchant of Venice.
ROSALIND	<i>K. Meadows</i>	As You Like It.
CELIA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	As You Like It.
AUDREY	<i>W. P. Frith</i>	As You Like It.
HELENA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	All's Well.
KATHERINE	<i>A. Egg</i>	Taming of the Shrew.
MOPSA	<i>A. Egg</i>	Winter's Tale.
PERDITA	<i>J. Hayter</i>	Winter's Tale.
LADY MACBETH	<i>K. Meadows</i>	Macbeth.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PLAY.
CONSTANCE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King John.
LADY PERCY	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry IV.
PRINCESS KATHERINE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry V.
JOAN OF ARC	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry VI.
MARGARET	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry VI.
QUEEN MARGARET	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry VI.
LADY GREY	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry VI.
LADY ANNE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Richard III.
ANNE BULLEN	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry VIII.
QUEEN KATHERINE	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	King Henry VIII.
CRESSIDA	<i>K. Meadows</i>	Troilus and Cressida.
VIRGILIA	<i>A. Johnston</i>	Coriolanus.
PORTIA (wife of Brutus)	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Julius Cæsar.
CLEOPATRA	<i>K. Meadows</i>	Antony and Cleopatra.
IMOGEN	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Cymbeline.
LAVINIA	<i>J. W. Wright</i>	Titus Andronicus.
CORDELIA	<i>A. Johnston</i>	King Lear.
JULIET	<i>J. Hayter</i>	Romeo and Juliet.
OPHELIA	<i>J. Hayter</i>	Hamlet.
DESDEMONA	<i>A. Egg</i>	Othello.



Portrait

1850

MIRANDA.

Miranda. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.—Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Prospero. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

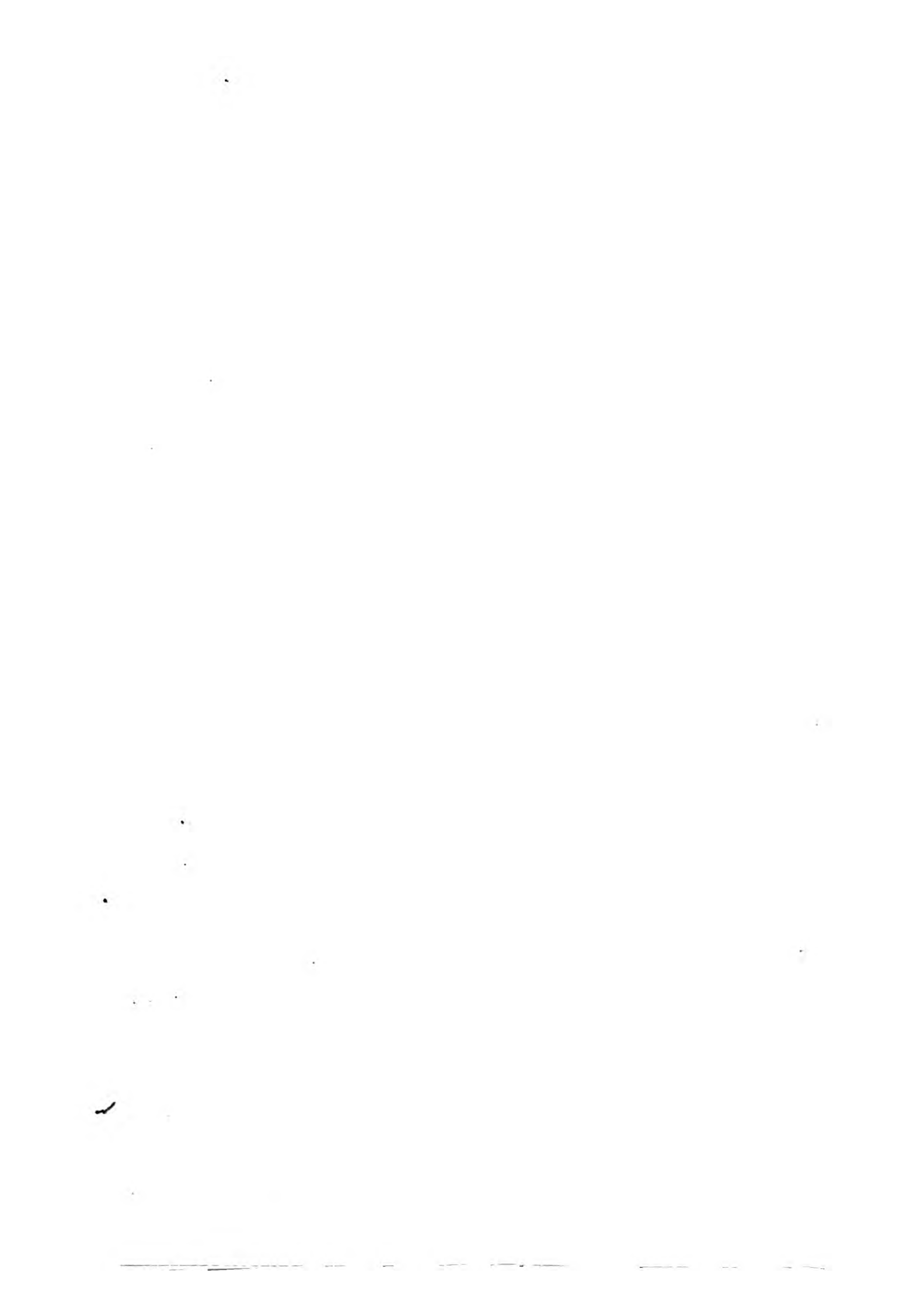
Miranda. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Prospero. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Miranda. How came we ashore?

Prospero. By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Miranda. 'Would, I might
But ever see that man!







A. Egg

W. H. Egleton

Julian

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
Act 1. Sc. 2

JULIA.

Julia. I would, I knew his mind.

Lucetta. Peruse this paper, madam.

Julia. (*To Julia.*) Say, from whom?

Lucetta. That the contents will show.

Julia. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Lucetta. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus;

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Julia. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Lucetta. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Julia. Will you begone?

Lucetta. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

Julia. And yet, I would, I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her,

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

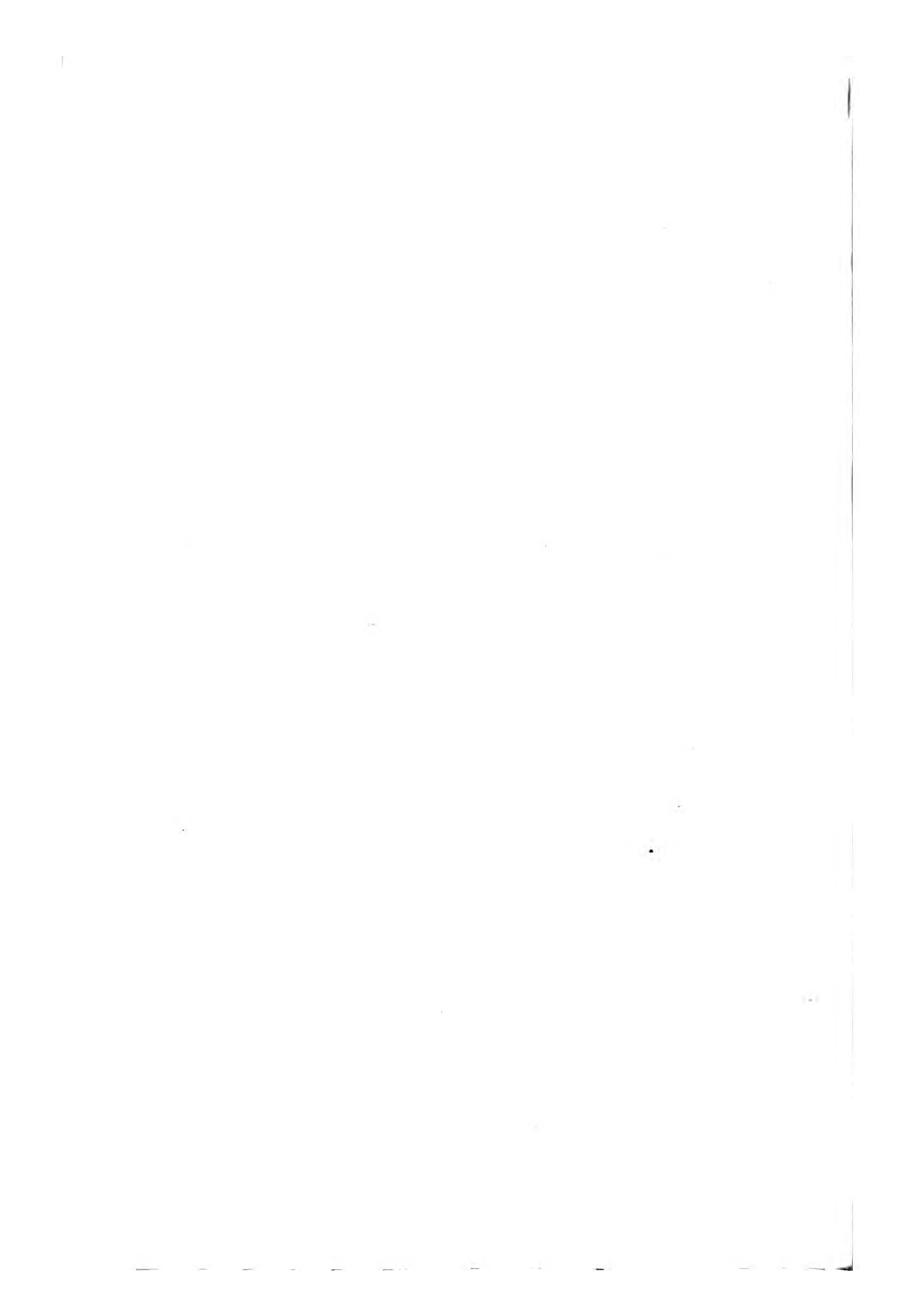
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! Lucetta!







1862

J. Brown

1862

1862

SILVIA.

Silvia. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
Thou hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Proteus. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Julia. 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For, I am sure, she is not buried, [*Aside.*

Silvia. Say, that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd : And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

Proteus. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

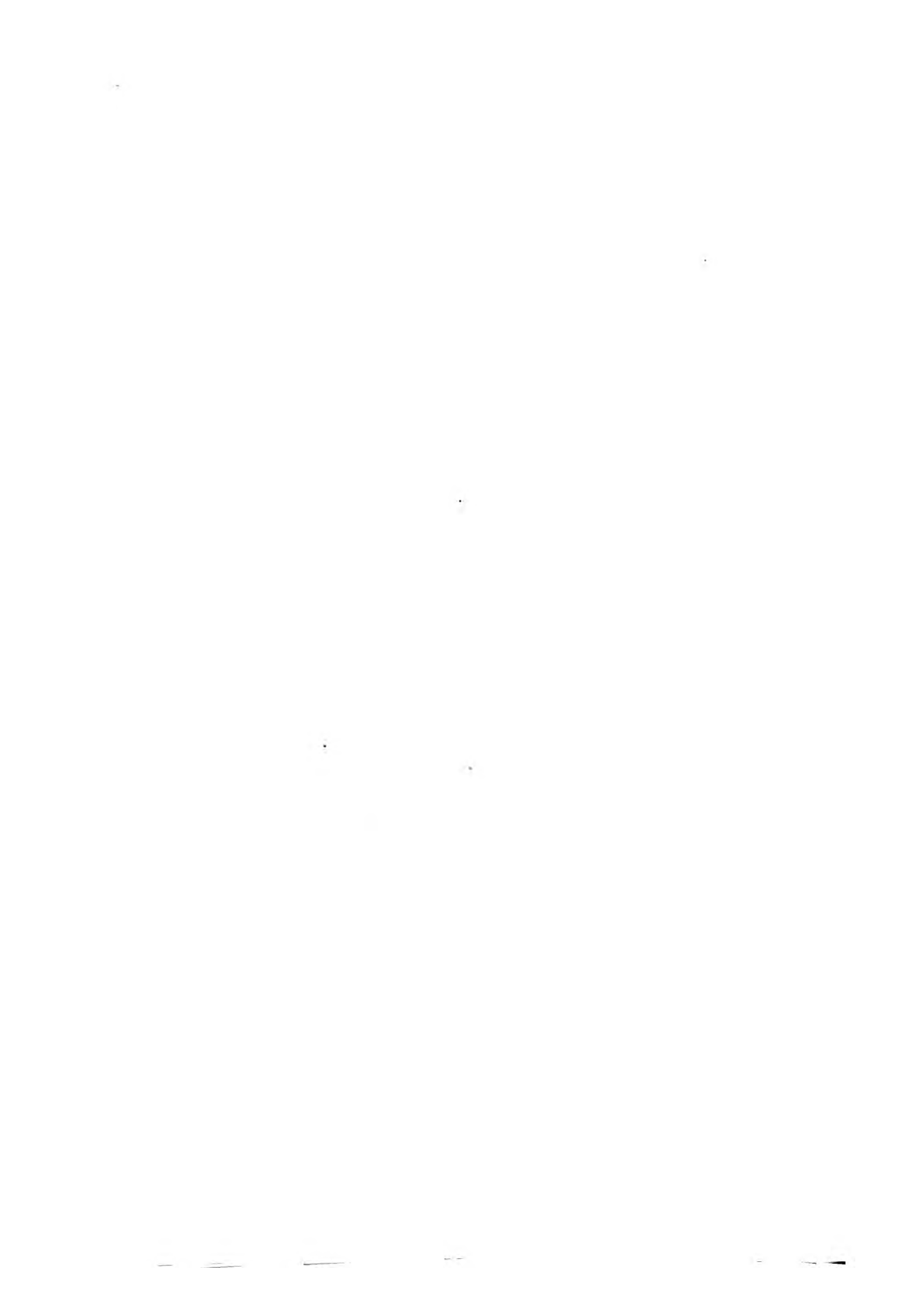
Silvia. And so suppose am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Proteus. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Silvia. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence ;
Or, at the least in hers, sepulchre thine.

Julia. He heard not that. [*Aside.*

Proteus. Madam, if your heart be obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.







1751

1751

1751

MRS. FORD.

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; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

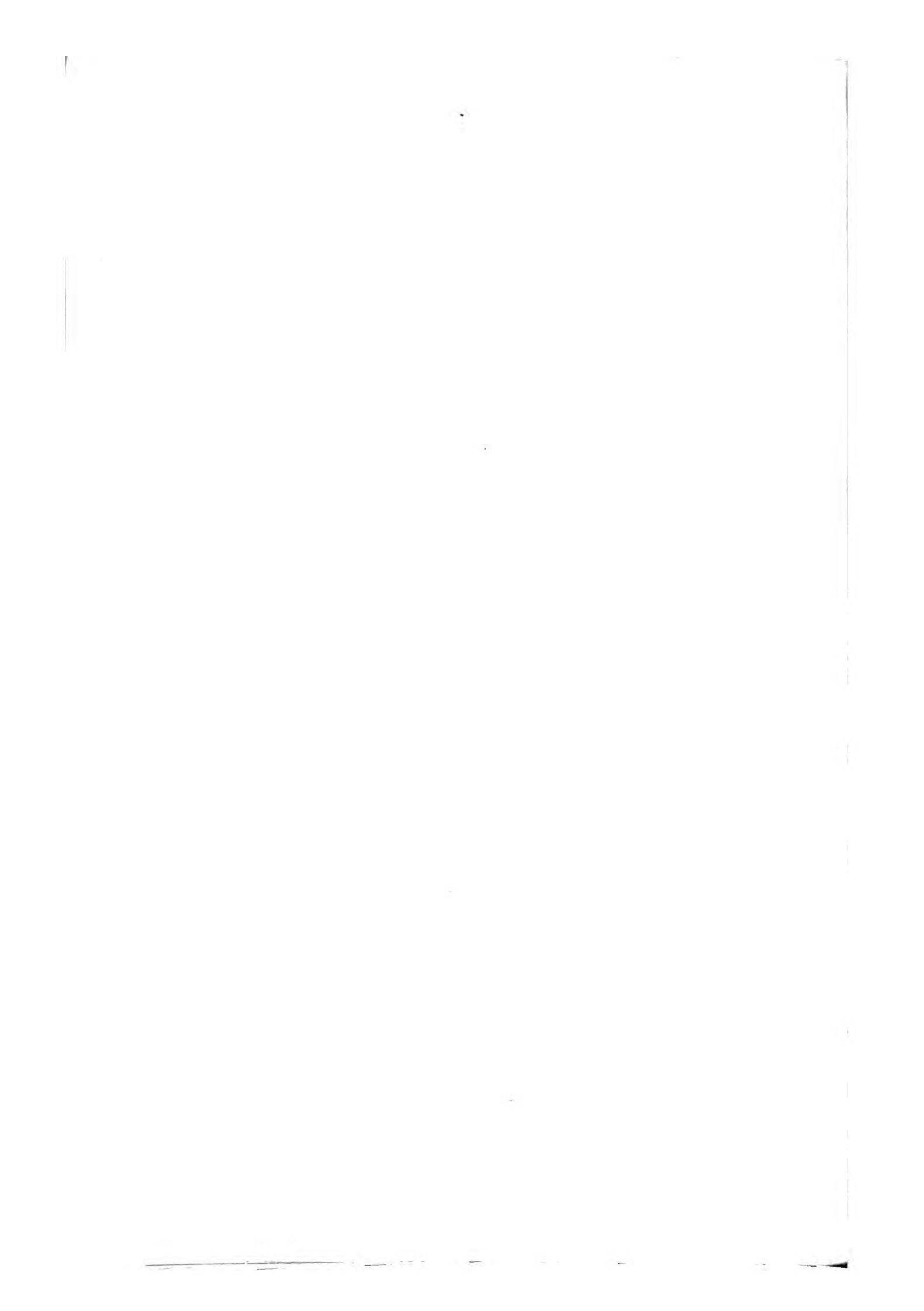
Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man, too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither.





J. W. Wright

W. H. Egleston

MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. What a Herod of Jury is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

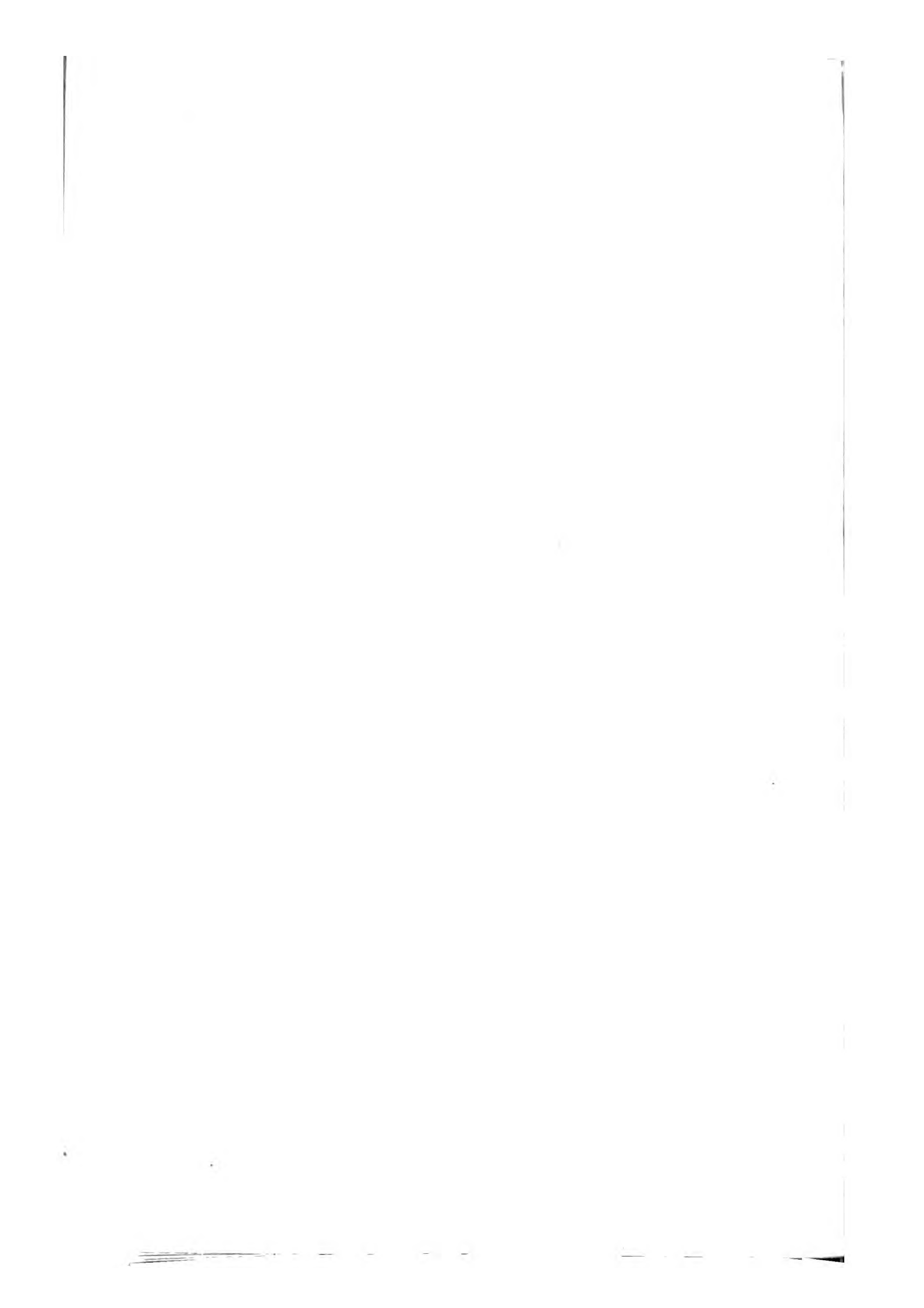
Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more), and these are of the second edition.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—Act II. Scene I.





ANNE PAGE.

Anne Page. Will't please your worship to come in, sir ?

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily ; I am very well.

Anne Page. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slender. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth : Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow [*Exit SIMPLE*]. A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man :—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead : But what though ? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne Page. I may not go in without your worship : they will not sit till you come.

Slender. I'faith, I'll eat nothing ; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne Page. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you : I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stewed prunes ; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so ? be there bears i' the town ?

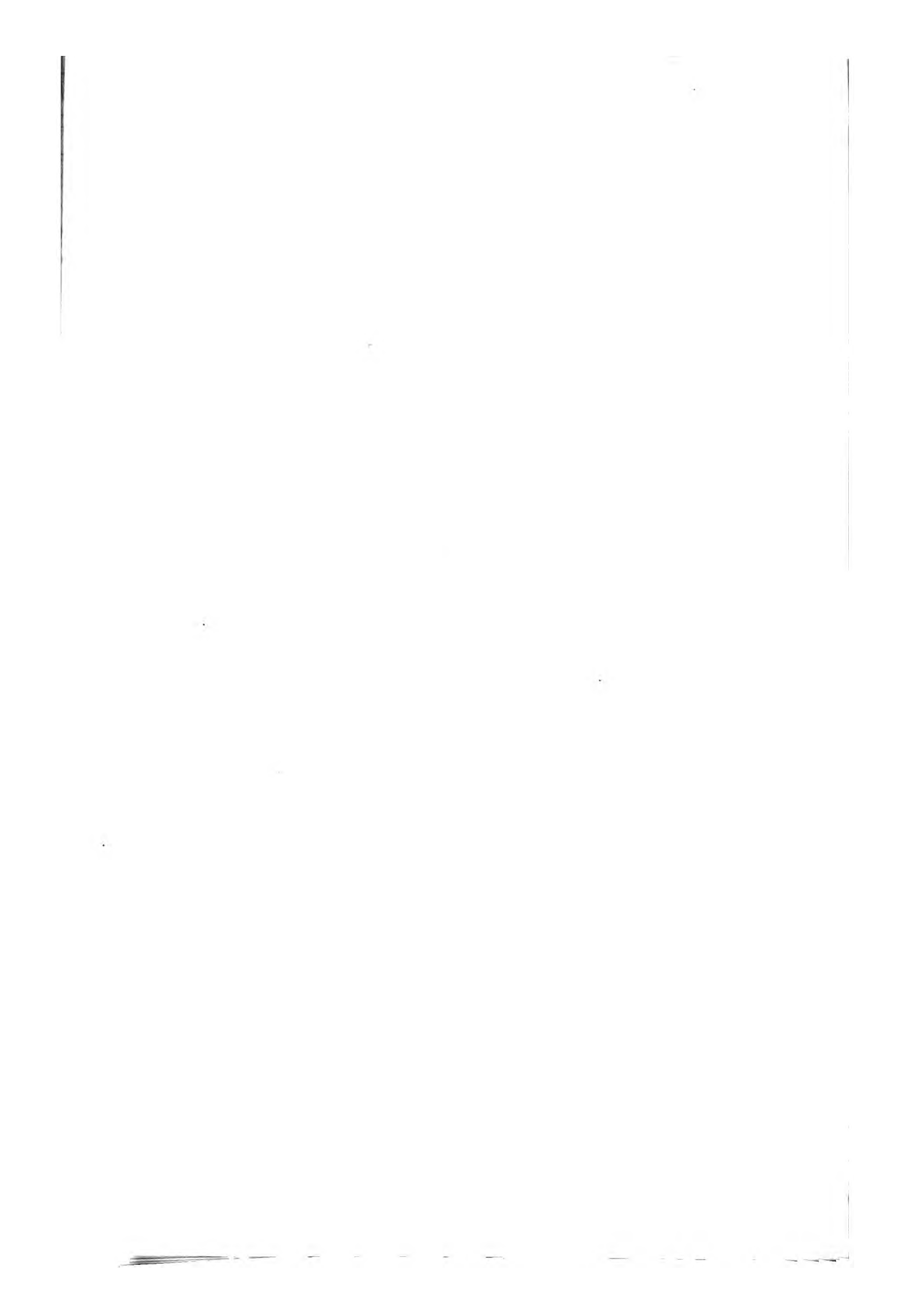
Anne Page. I think there are, sir ; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well ; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England :—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not ?

Anne Page. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now ; I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times ; and have taken him by the chain : but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it passed :—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em ; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act I. Scene II.*







Wall More

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OLIVIA.

Viola. I see you what you are : you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

Olivia. How does he love me ?

Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olivia. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

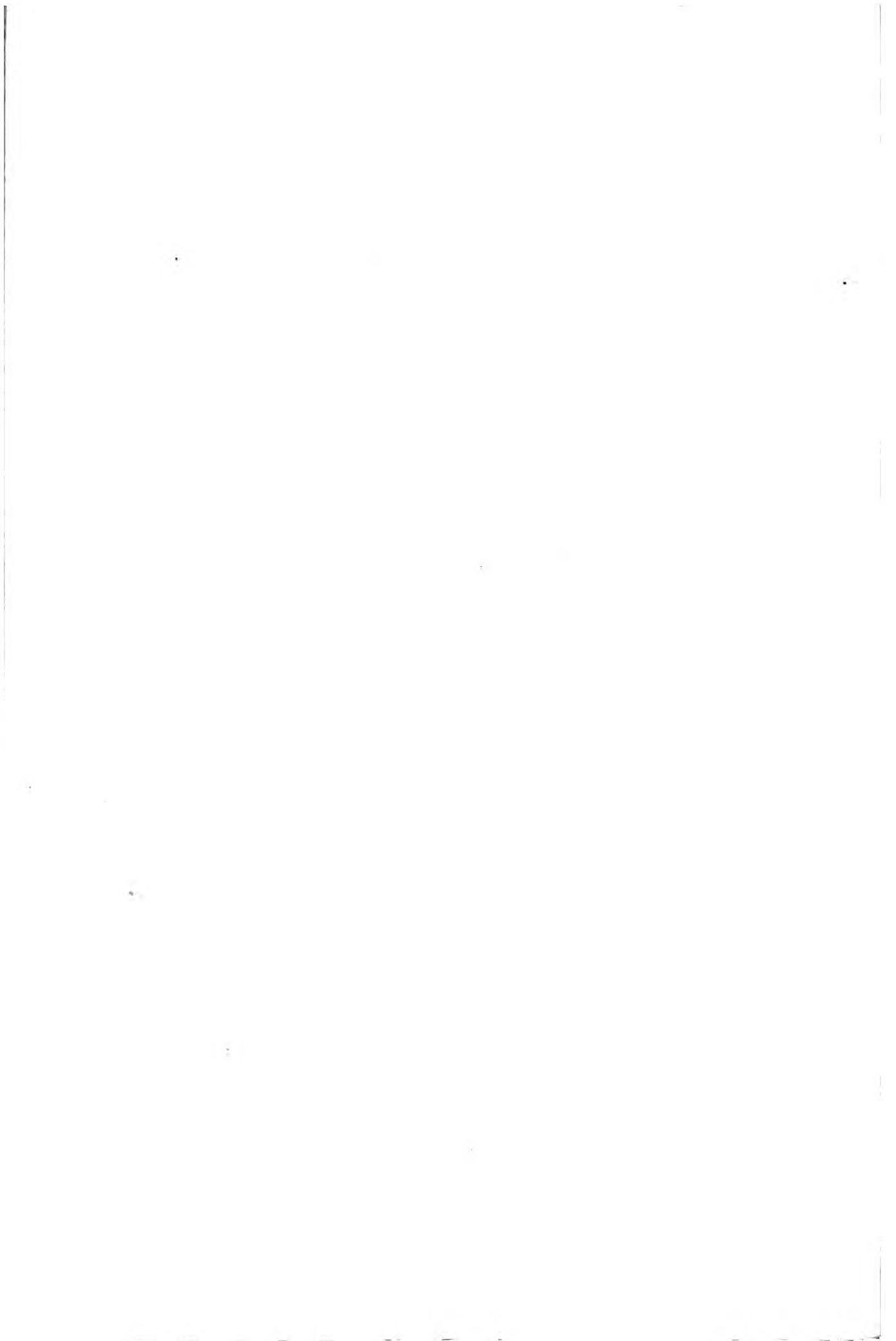
Olivia. Why, what would you ?

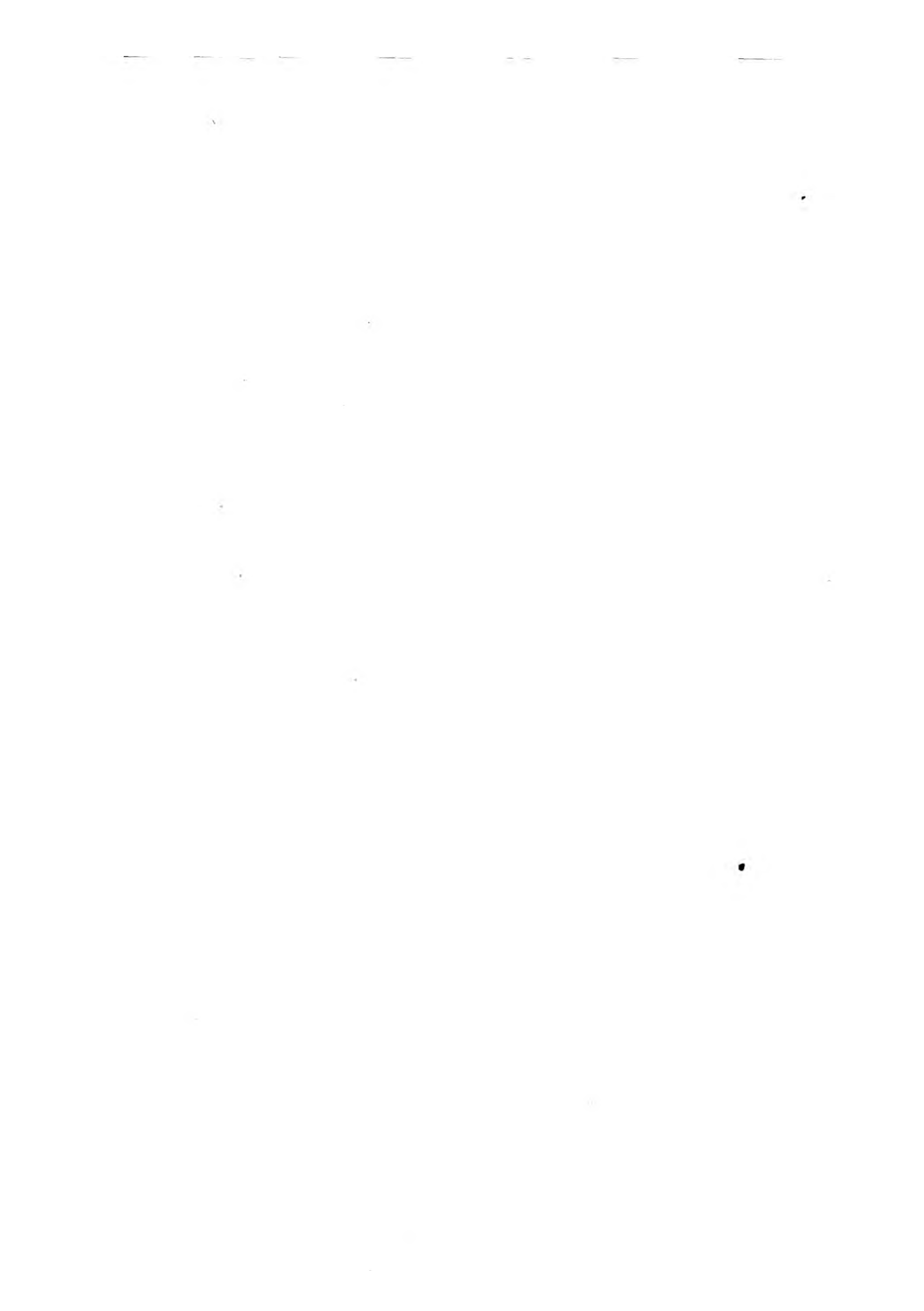
Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Olivia. You might do much : What is your parentage ?

Viola. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Olivia. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.







A. S. K.

W. H. Eggleston.

M A R I A.

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby. Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir Toby. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Maria. Ay, he.

Sir Toby. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Maria. What's that to the purpose?

Sir Toby. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

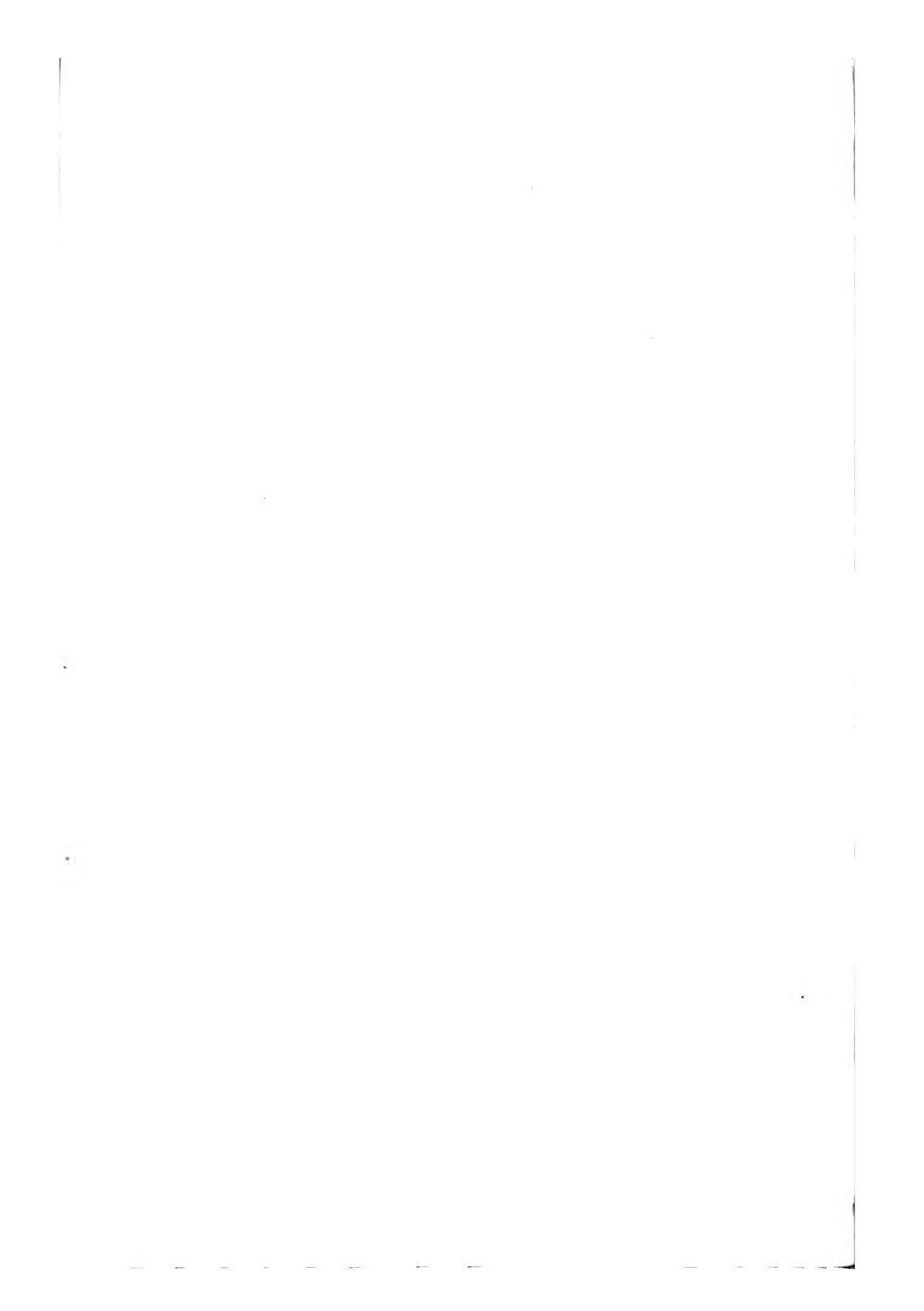
Sir Toby. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Toby. By this hand they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Maria. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir Toby. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.







J W Wright.

W.H. Motte.

Isabella

MEASUREMENTS
Act 1

ISABELLA.

Isabella. I have a brother is condemn'd to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Angelo. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done :
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isabella. O just, but severe law !
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour !
Must he needs die ?

Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.
He's sentenc'd : 'tis too late.

Isabella. Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Angelo. 'Pray you, begone.

Isabella. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ;—he must die to-morrow.

Isabella. To-morrow ? O, that's sudden ! Spare him, spare
him :
He's not prepar'd for death !





J. W. Winkler

J. G. Kneller

1750

London

M A R I A N A.

Mariana. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away ;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical :
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good : though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here
to-day ? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

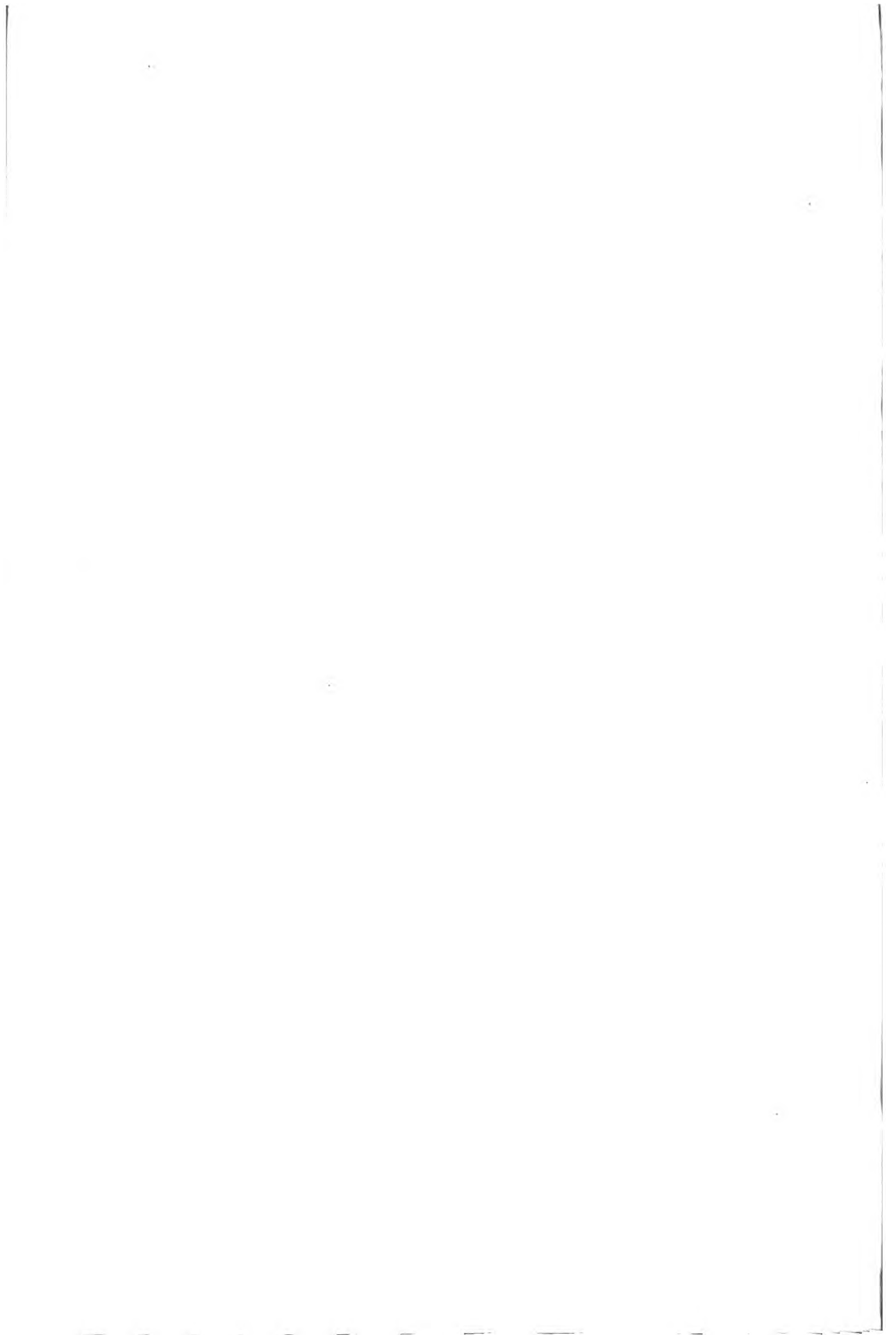
Mariana. You have not been inquired after : I have sat
here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you :—The time is come,
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may be,
I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mariana. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—*Act IV. Scene 1.*







W. E. Mest

Portrait of a Woman

Portrait of a Woman

Portrait of a Woman

BEATRICE.

Beatrice. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no ?

Messenger. I know none of that name, lady ; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leonato. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Messenger. O, he is returned ; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beatrice. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight : and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leonato. 'Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Messenger. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatrice. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it : he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

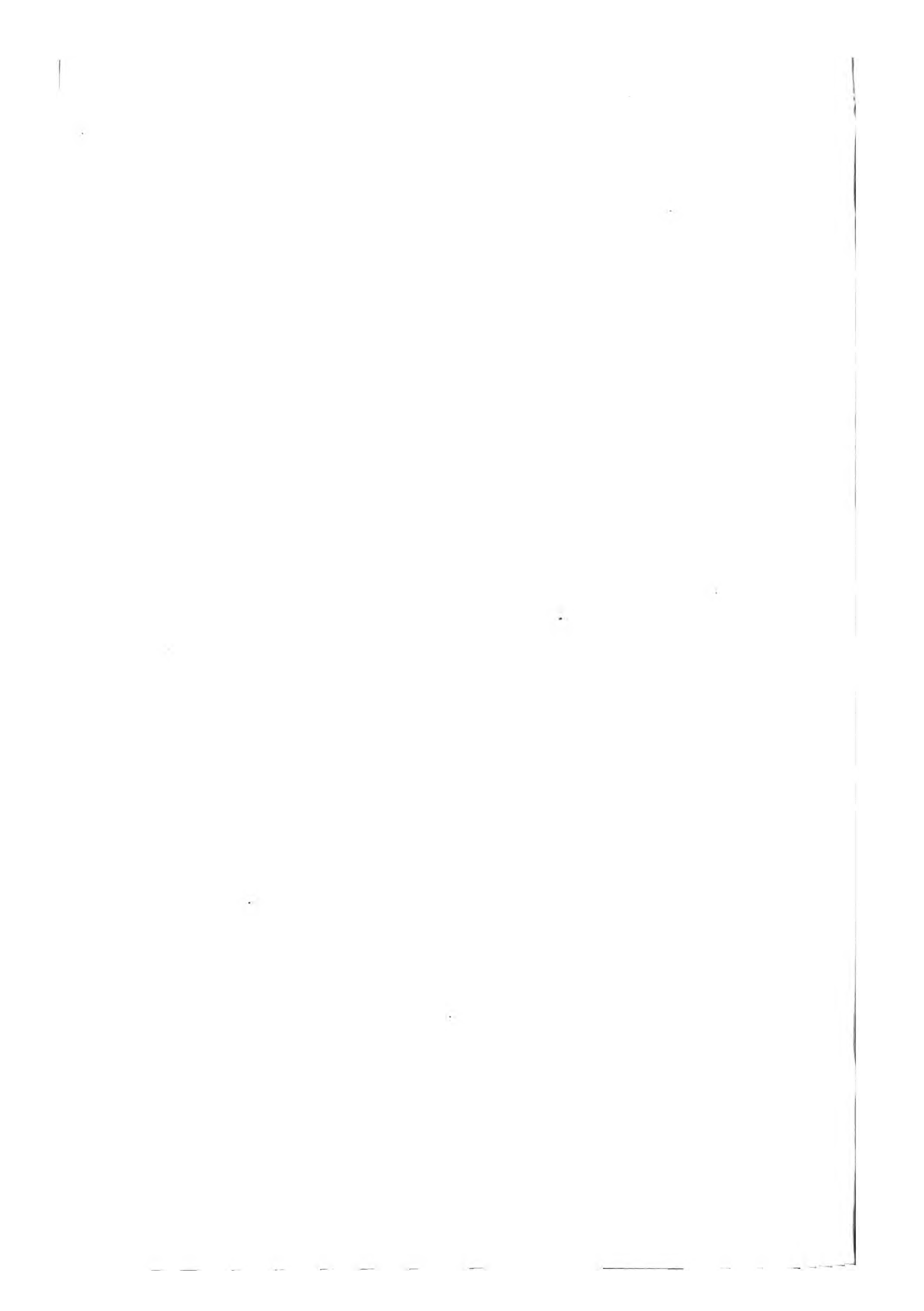
Messenger. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beatrice. And a good soldier to a lady :—But what is he to a lord ?

Messenger. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beatrice. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man :—But for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act I. Scene I.*







HERO.

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 :

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claudio. Another Hero !

Hero. Nothing certainer ;

One Hero died defil'd ; 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. 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.

Benedick. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice ?

Beatrice. I answer to that name ; [*Unmasking.*] What is
your will ?

Benedick. Do not you love me ?

Beatrice. Why, no, no more than reason.

Benedick. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived ; for they swore you did.

Beatrice. Do not you love me ?

Benedick. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beatrice. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did.

Benedick. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beatrice. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Benedick. 'Tis no such matter :—Then you do not love me.

Beatrice. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leonato. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claudio. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her ;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,

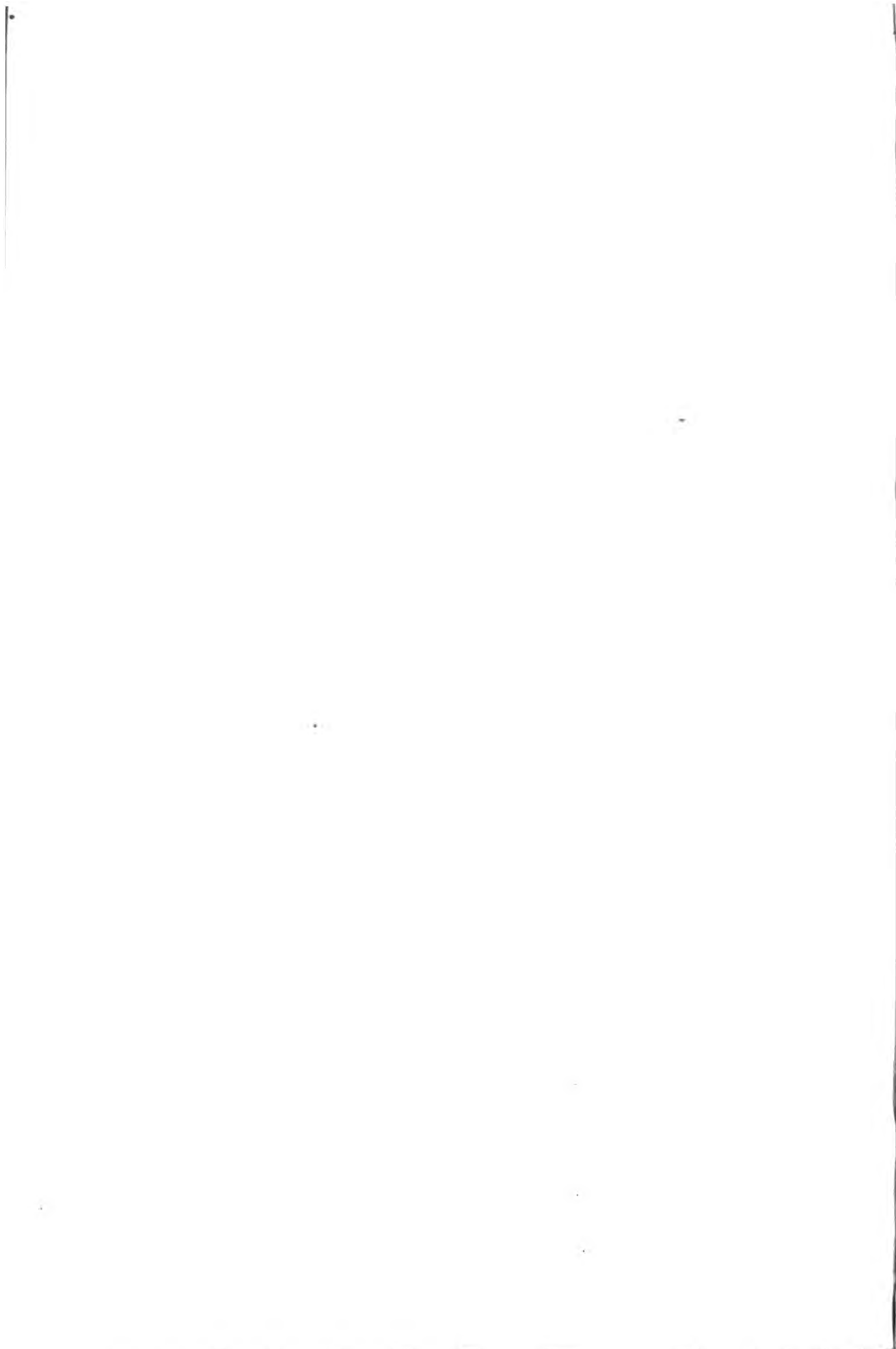
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

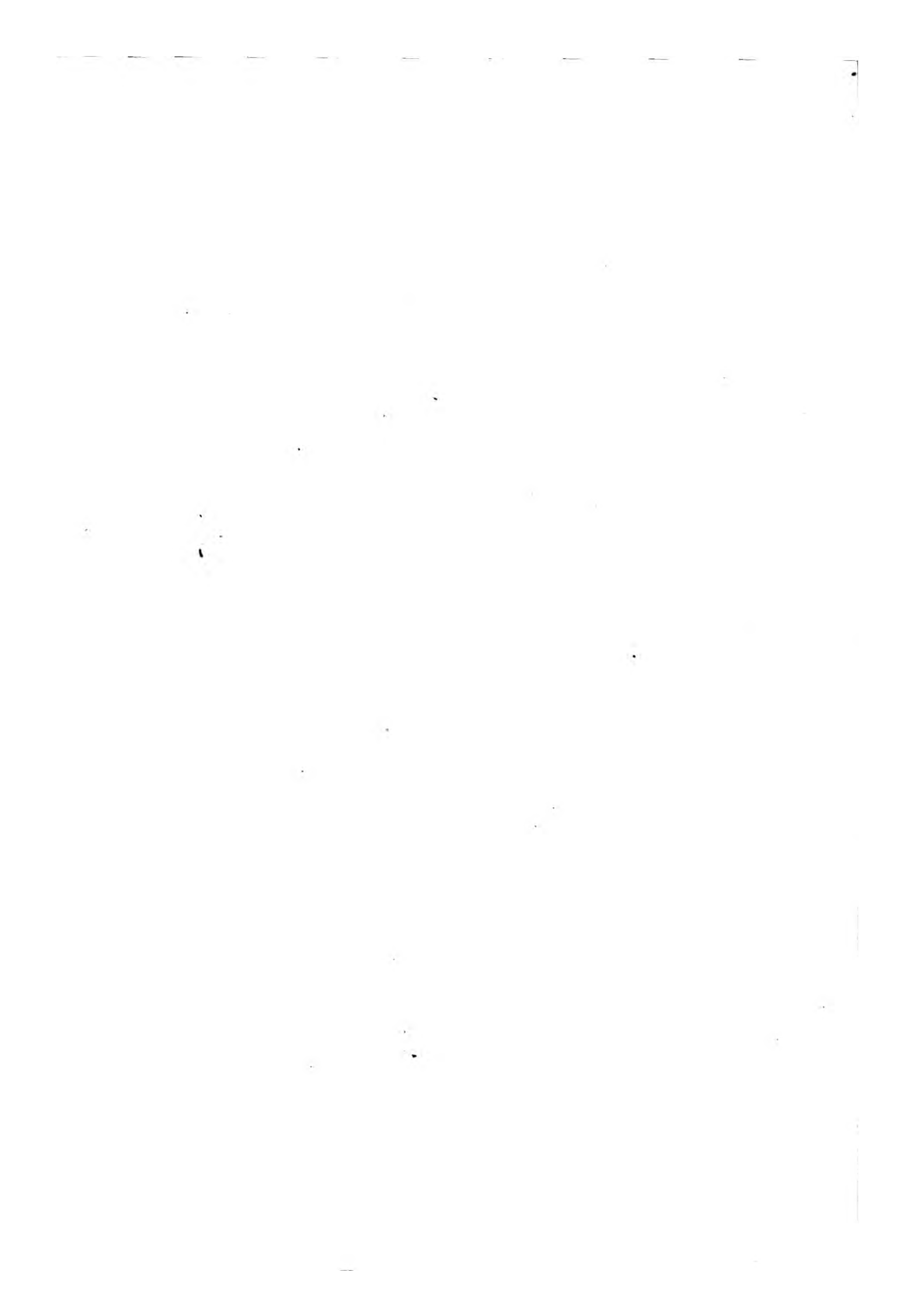
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.







E. M. G. W.

H. Eyles.

THE END

THE END

TITANIA.

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.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Oberon. Sound, music, [*Still 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 posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

Oberon. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

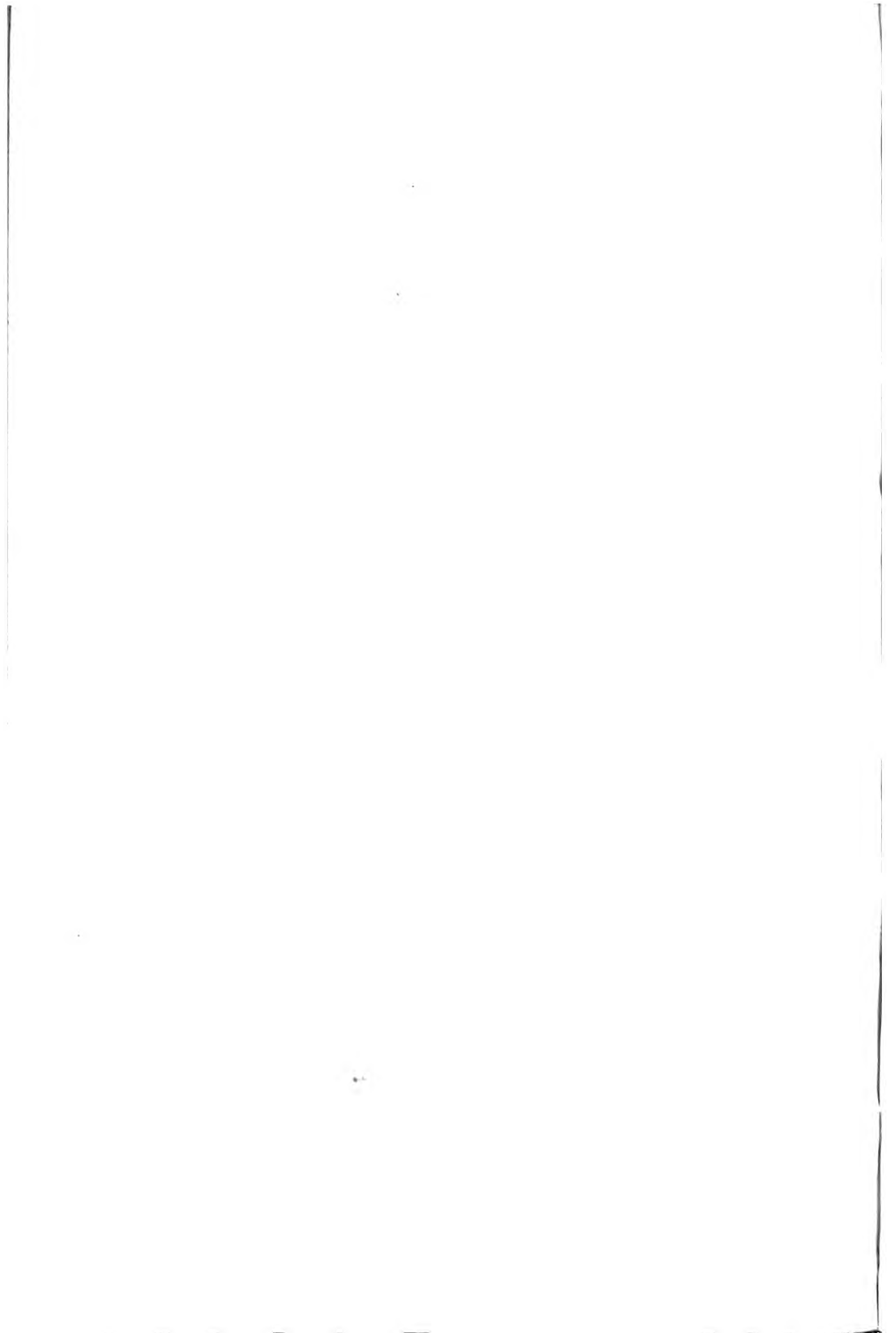
Titania. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]



|

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J. W. B. 1797

W. J. M. 1797

JESSICA.

Shylock. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking 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.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

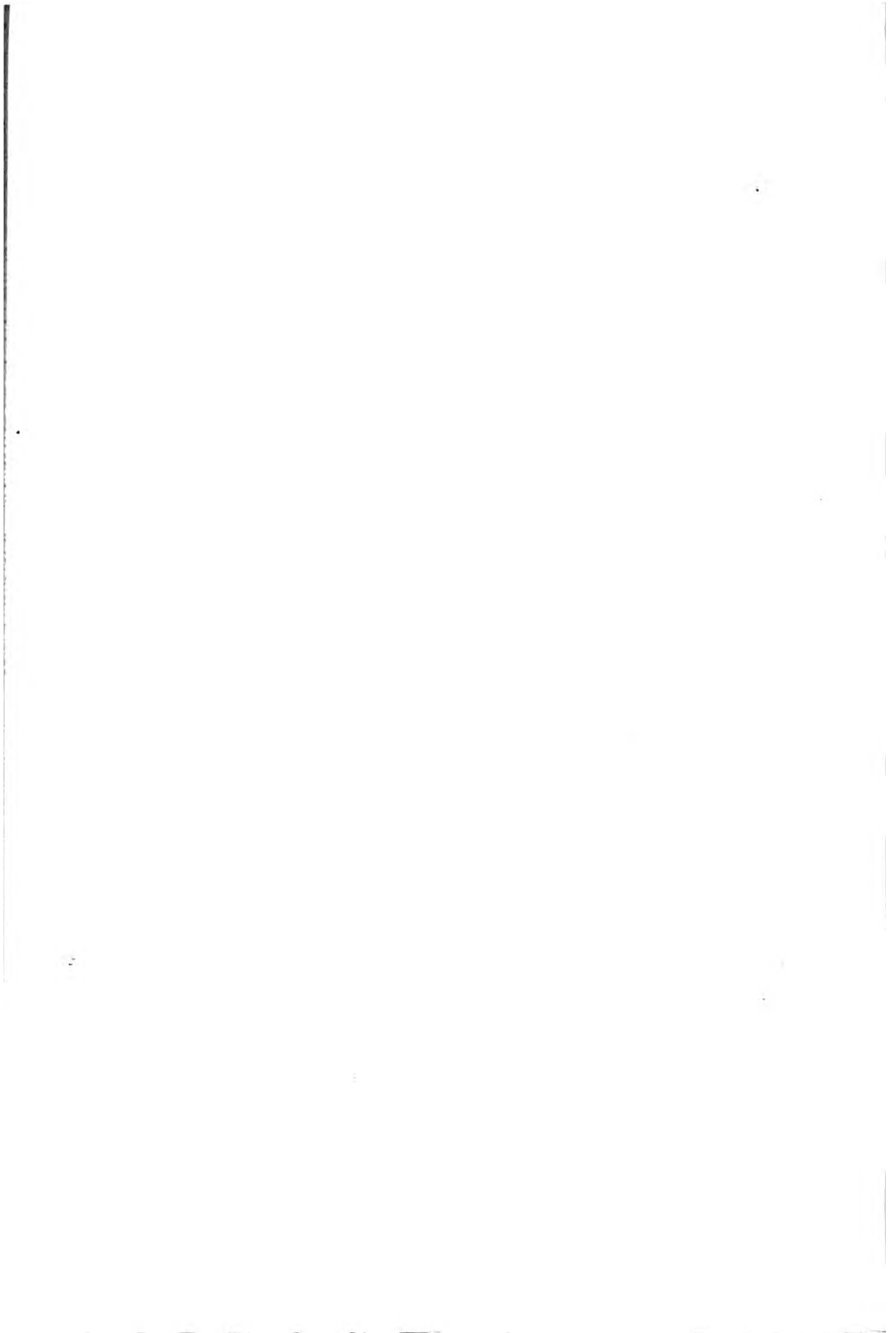
Launcelot. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit LAUNCELOT.]

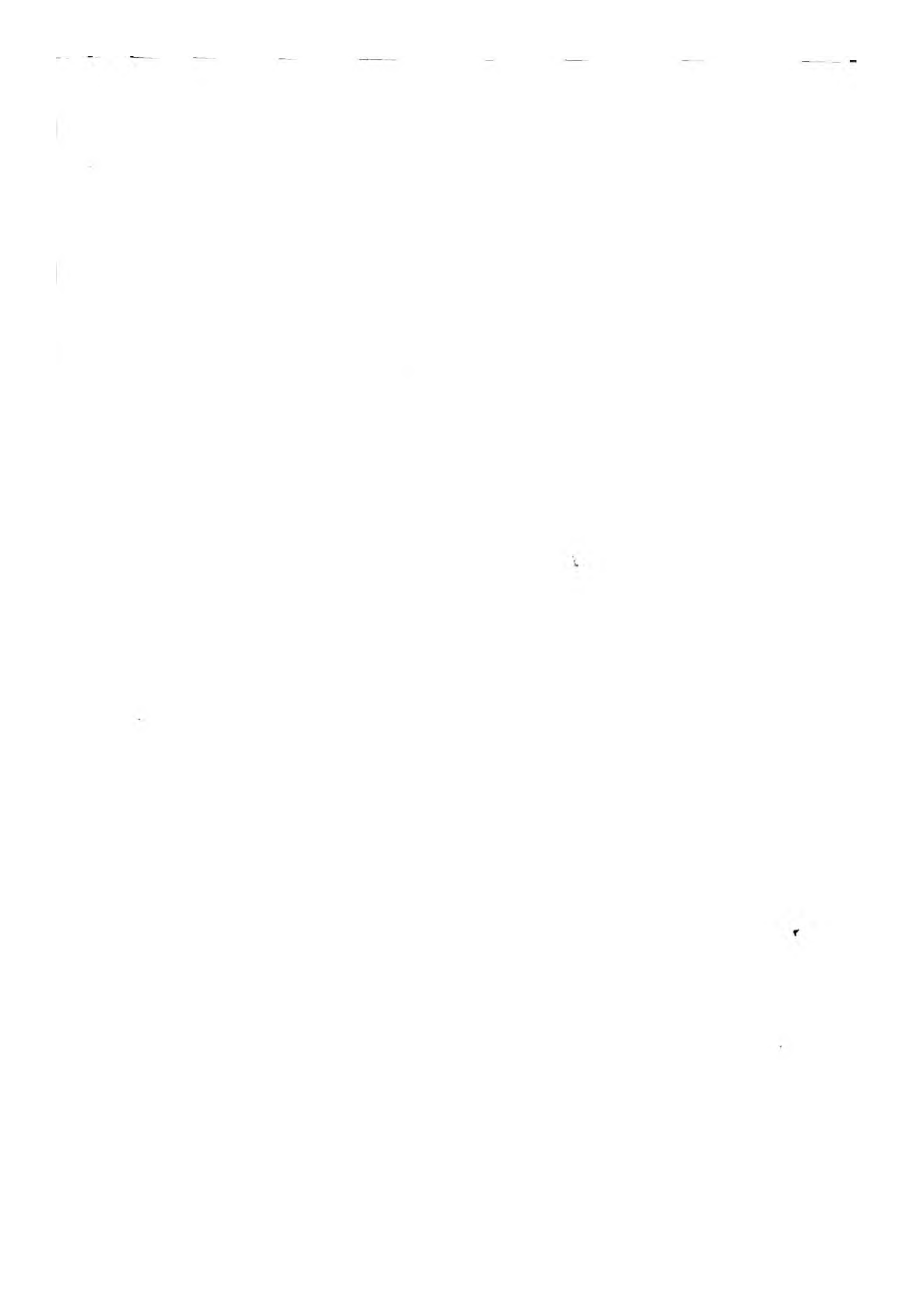
Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jessica. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder.
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.]

Jessica. Farewell: and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.]





PORTIA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father: Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description level at my affection.



J. H. Green

J. H. Green

Portrait







ROSALIND

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But did'st thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees ?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you, who hath done this ?

Rosalind. Is it a man ?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : Change you colour ?

Rosalind. I pr'ythee, who ?

Celia. O lord, lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet, but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it ?

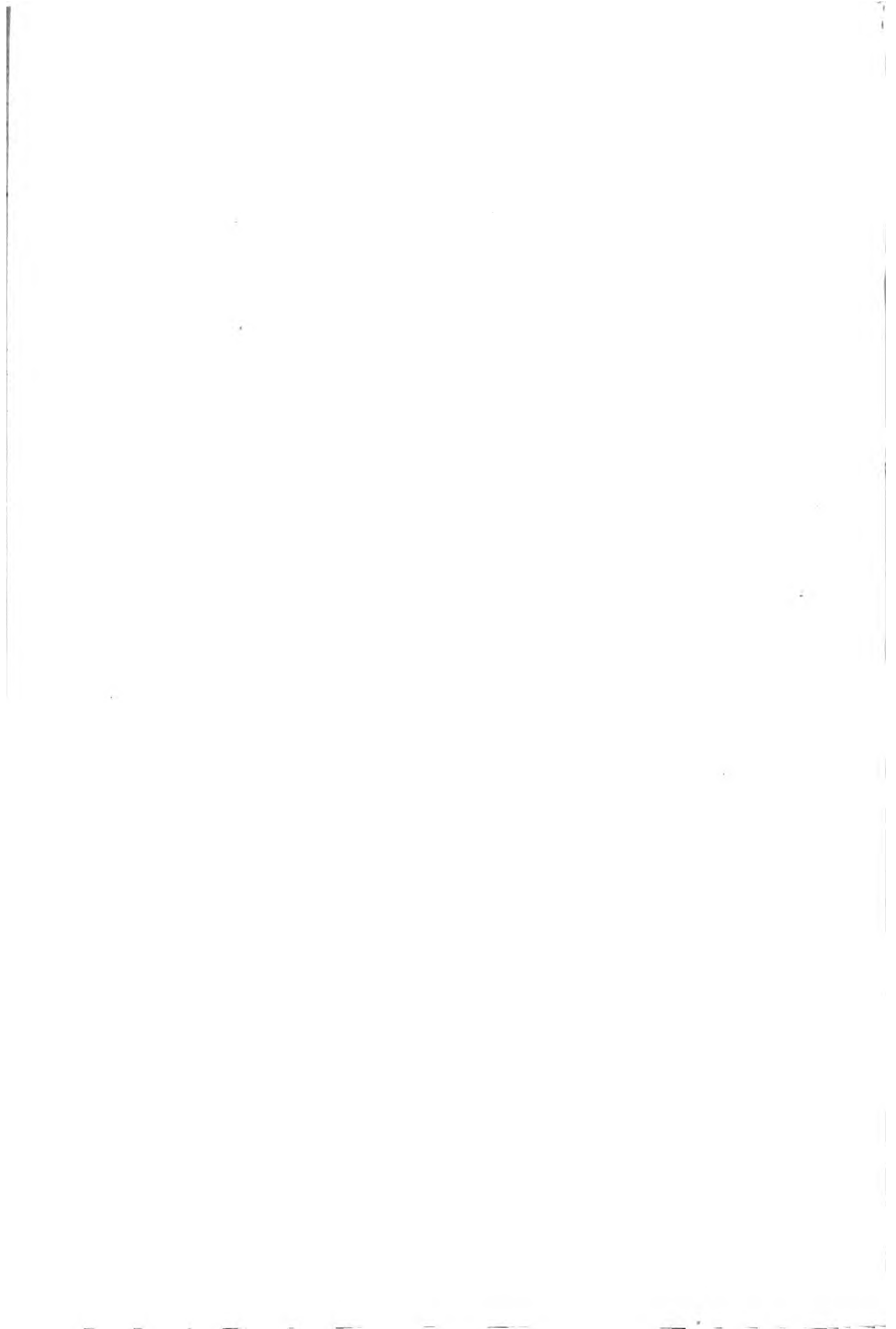
Celia. Is it possible ?

Rosalind. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is ?

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping ?

Rosalind. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee tell me, who is it ? quickly, and speak apace ; I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle ; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

AS YOU LIKE IT. — Act III. Scene II.





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J.M. Wright.

h. Fyler.

Walter

1850

CELIA.

Celia. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid, have mercy !—Not a word ?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father ?

Rosalind. No, some of it for my child's father. O, how full of briars is this working-day world !

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try : if I could cry hem, and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Celia. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest : Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

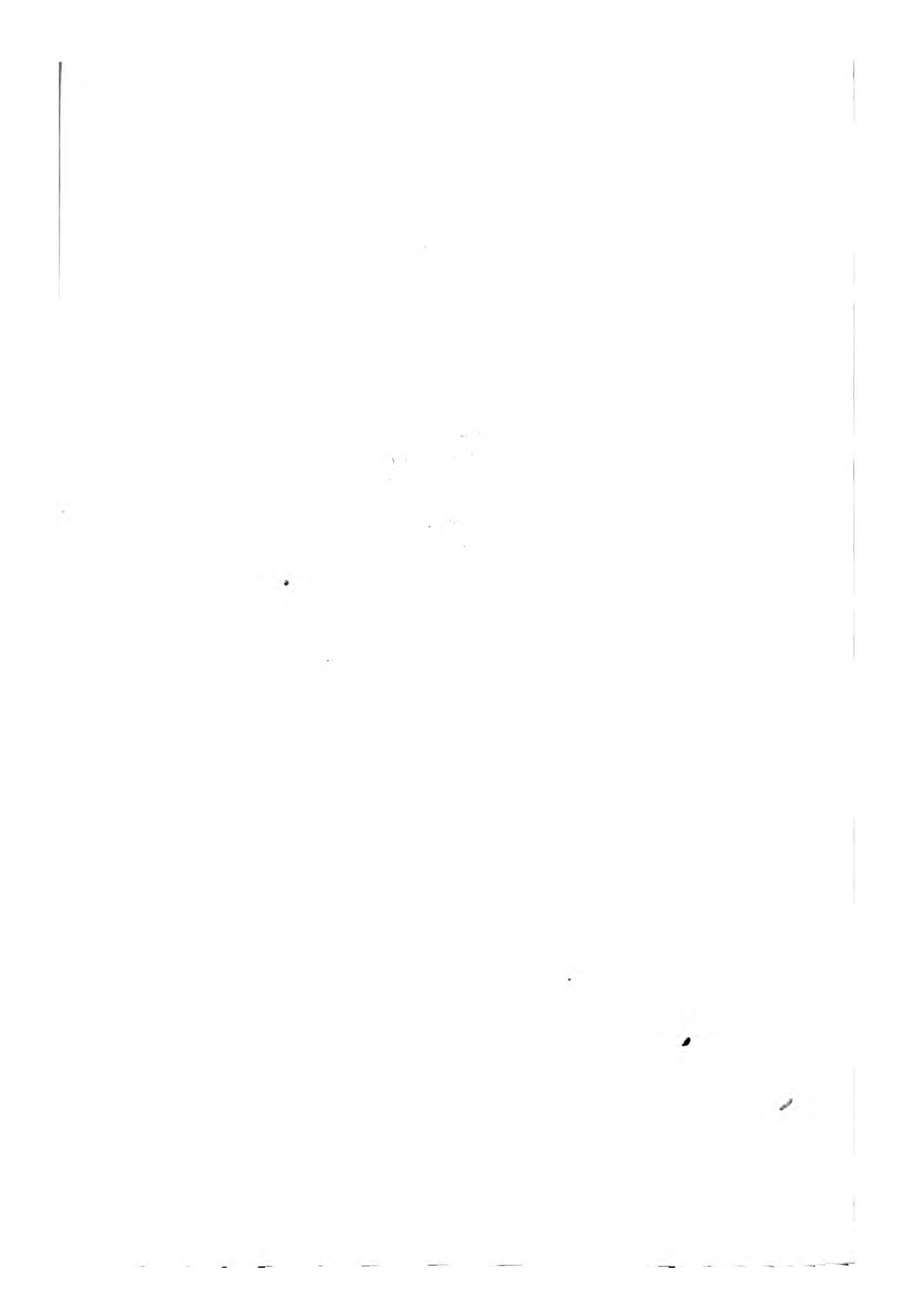
Rosalind. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him, because I do :—Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Act I. Scene III.





W. P. Frith

W. H. Motte

As You Like It

AS YOU LIKE IT
Act 3 Sc 3

Published by
G. S. B. & Co.

AUDREY.

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey : I will fetch up your goats, Audrey : and how, Audrey ? am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

Audrey. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what poetical is : Is it honest in deed, and word ? Is it a true thing ?

Touchstone. No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical ?

Touchstone. I do, truly : for thou swear'st to me thou art honest ; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest ?

Touchstone. No truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd : for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. A material fool ! [*Aside.*

Audrey. Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

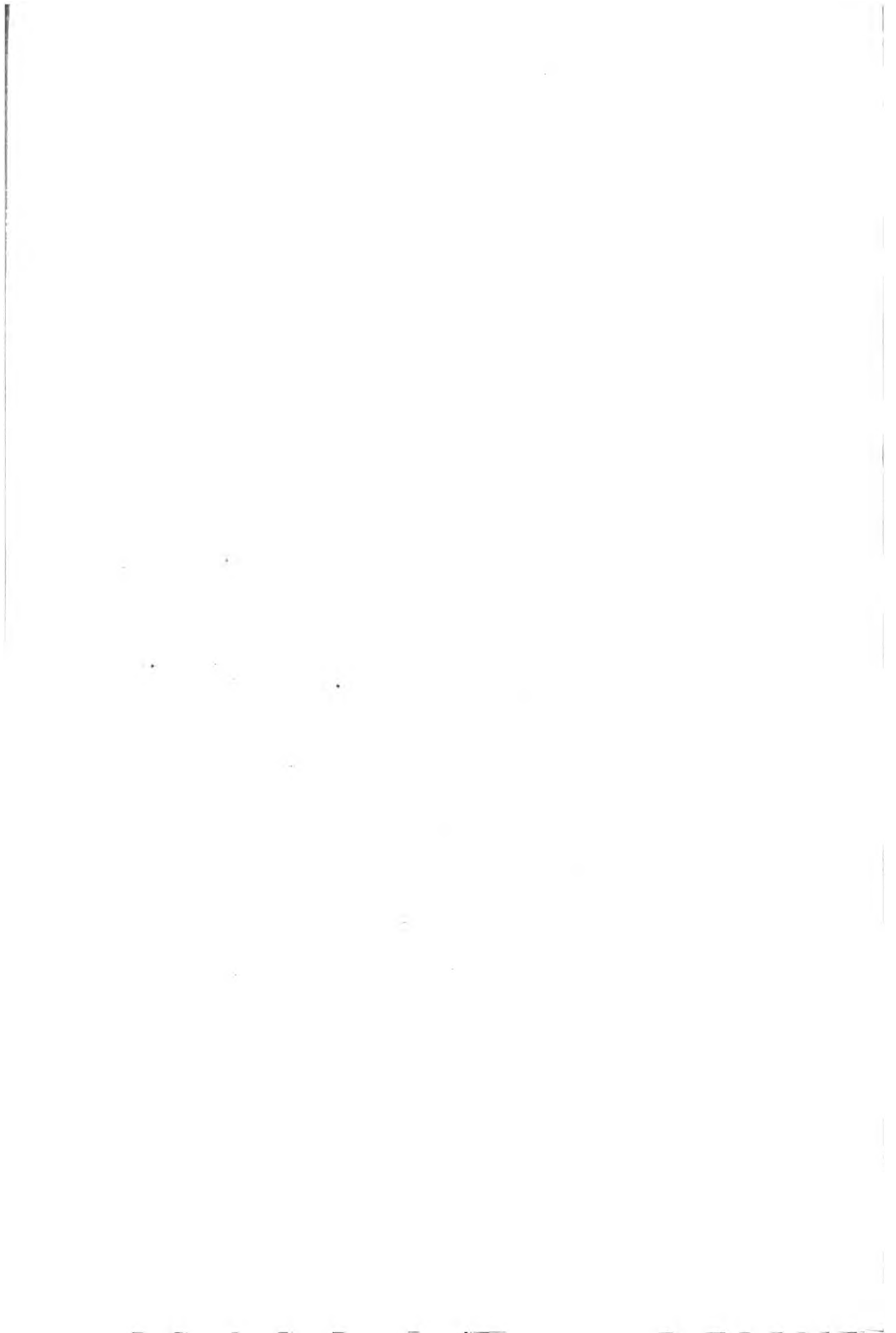
Touchstone. Truly ; and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness ! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee : and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village ; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy !

AS YOU LIKE IT. — *Act. III. Scene III.*





J. W. Wright

E. Evans

Handwritten signature or text, possibly 'J. W. Wright'.

ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL
Act 3. Sc 3

THE
PUBLISHERS

HELENA.

Helena. Which is the Frenchman ?

Diana. He ;

That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would he lov'd his wife : if he were honest,
He were much goodlier :—Is't not a handsome gentleman ?

Helena. I like him well.

Diana. 'Tis pity, he is not honest : Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Helena. Which is he ?

Diana. That Jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he melancholy ?

Helena. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Parolles. Lose our drum ! well.

Mariana. He's shrewdly vex'd at something : Look, he has spied
us.

Widow. Marry, hang you !

Mariana. And your courtesy for a ring-carrier !

Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers,
and Soldiers.

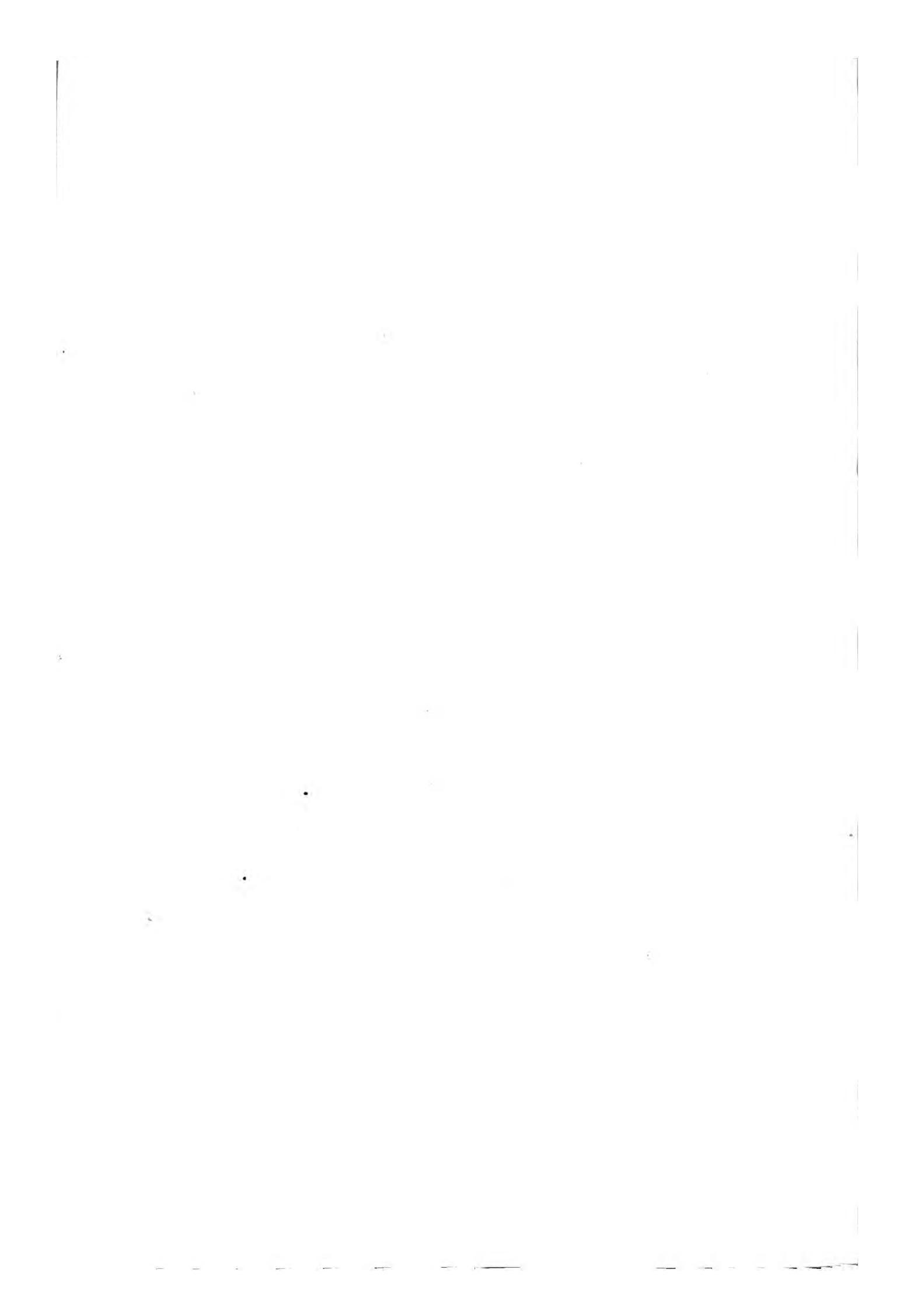
Widow. The troop is past : Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host : of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Helena. I humbly thank you :

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. — *Act III. Scene V.*







A. E. C.

W. J. Edwards.

Handwritten signature or mark

W. J. Edwards.

KATHARINE.

Katharine. They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Petruchio. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.—

Katharine. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Petruchio. Why, what's a moveable?

Katharine. A joint-stool.

Petruchio. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Katharine. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katharine. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Petruchio. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Katharine. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio. Should be? Should buz.

Katharine. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard

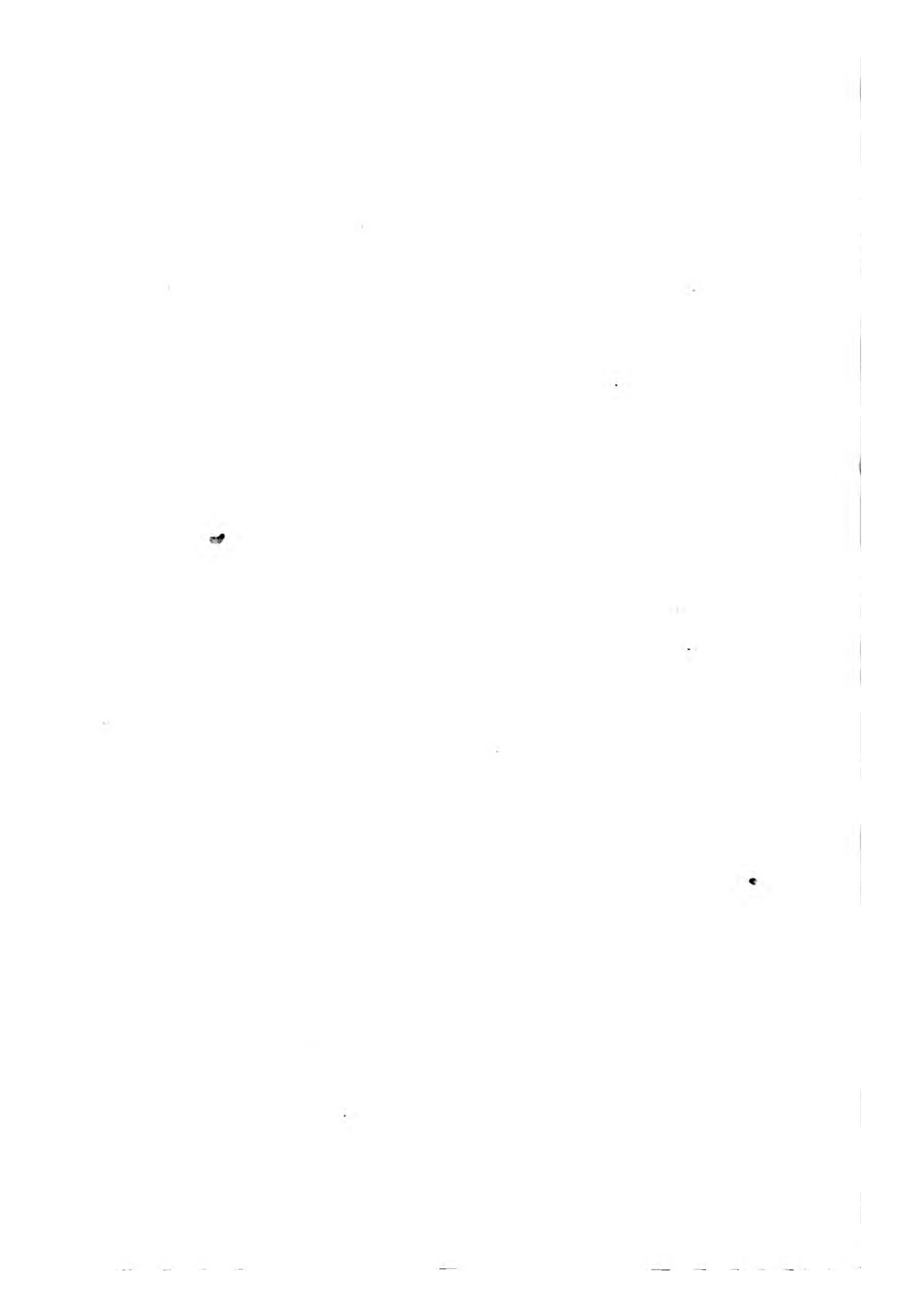
Petruchio. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

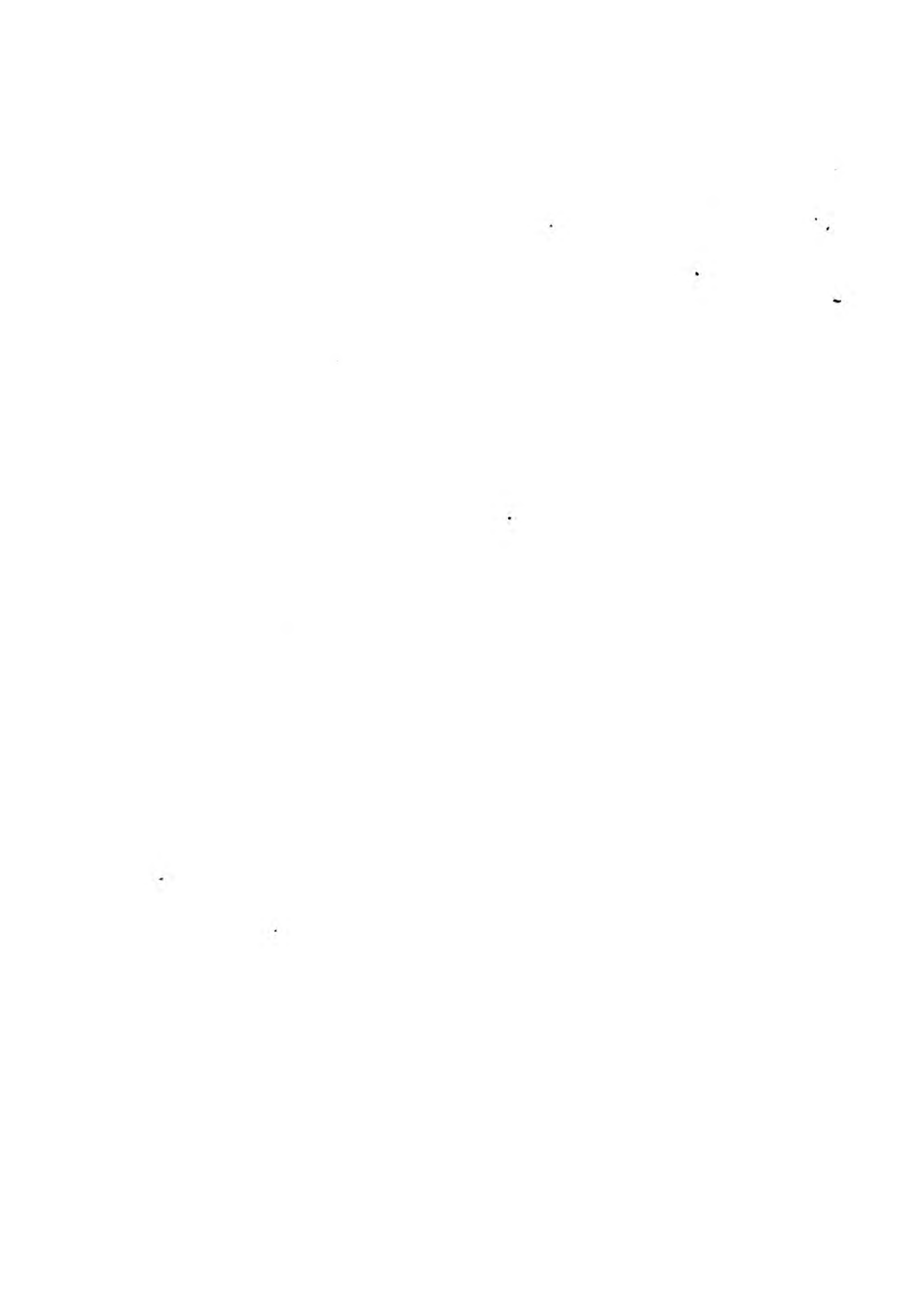
Katharine. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard—

Petruchio. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Katharine. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.







A. 1. 2

L. 1. 2

Handwritten signature or mark

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Small printed text or mark

M O P S A.

Mopsa. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money ?

Autolycus. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad : therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autolycus. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mopsa. 'Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life : for then we are sure they are true.

Autolycus. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden ; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mopsa. Is it true, think you ?

Autolycus. Very true, and but a month old.

Dorcas. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Autolycus. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter ; and five or six honest wives that were present : Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mopsa. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by : And let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Autolycus. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids ; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her : The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

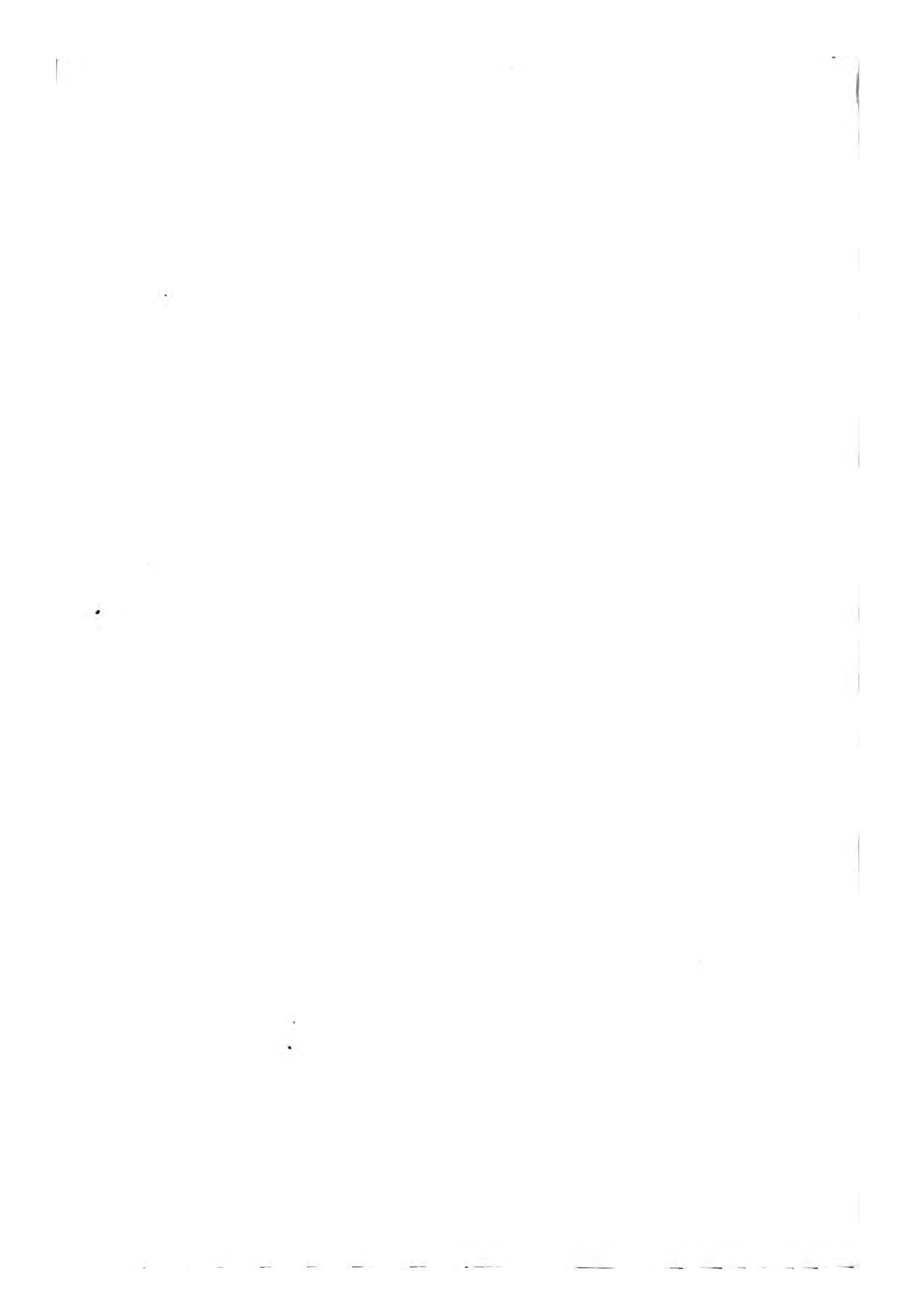
Dorcas. Is it true, think you ?

Autolycus. Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too : Another.

Autolycus. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

Mopsa. Let's have some merry ones.





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PERDITA.

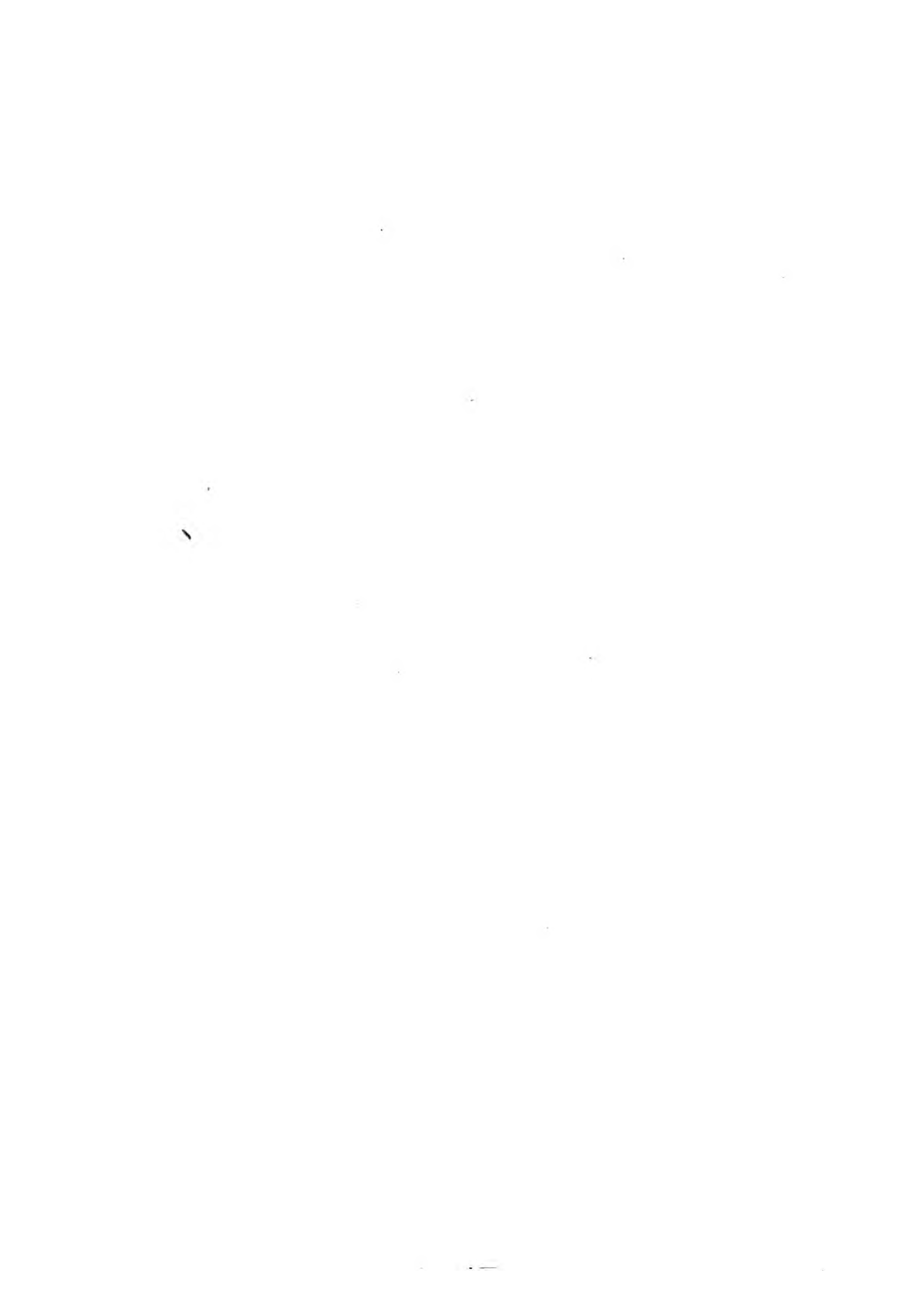
Florizel. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Perdita. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Florizel. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Perdita. I'll swear for 'em.

WINTER'S TALE. — Act IV. Scene III.





J. M. W. Turner

W. H. Mott

Elizabeth

W. H. Mott
1851

LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

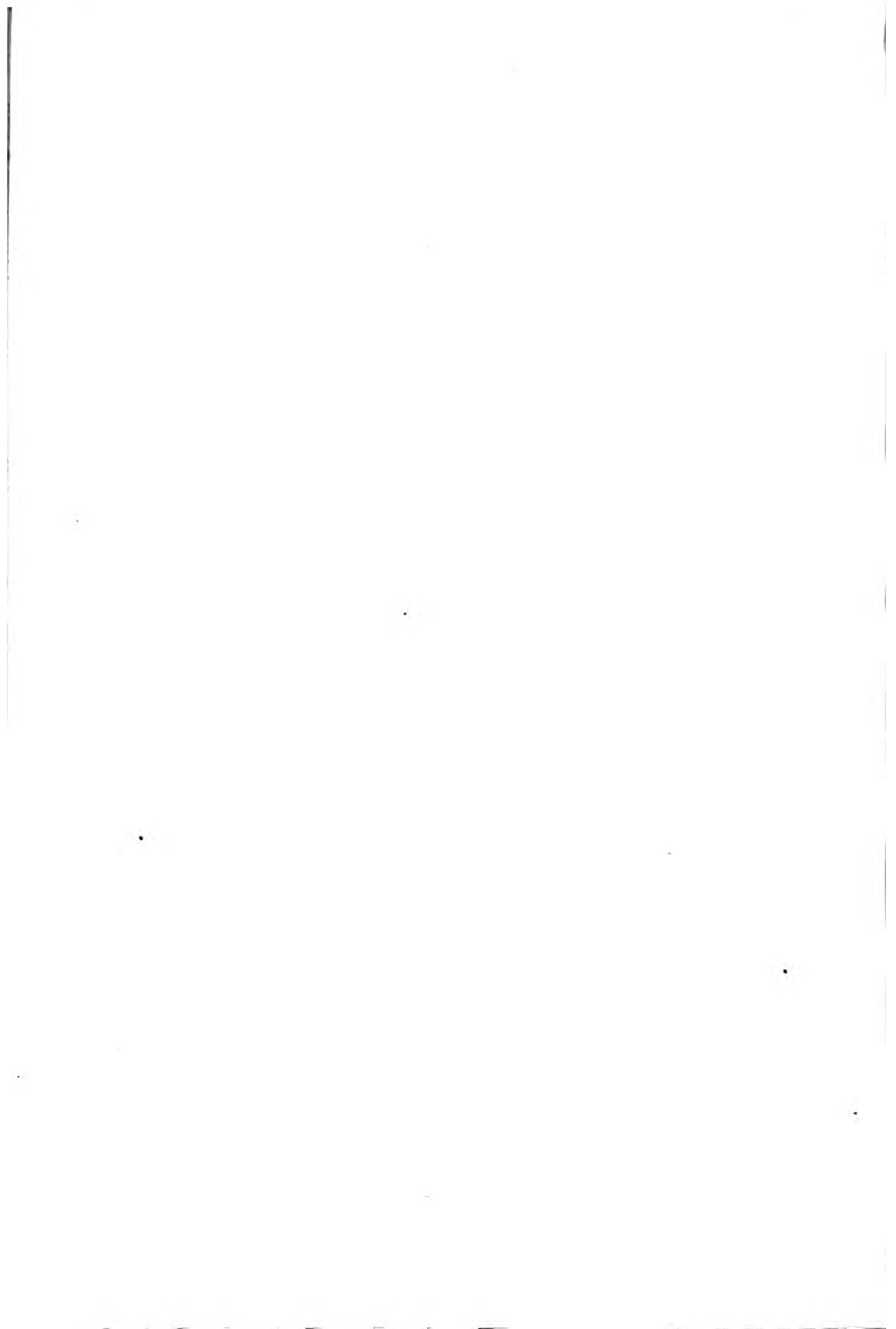
Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour: but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
[*Knock.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou could'st?
[*Exeunt.*]

MACBETH.—*Act II. Scene II.*





J.W. Wright

W.H. Egleton

King John

KING JOHN
Act 5. 1

CONSTANCE.

Constance. I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout,
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrow sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

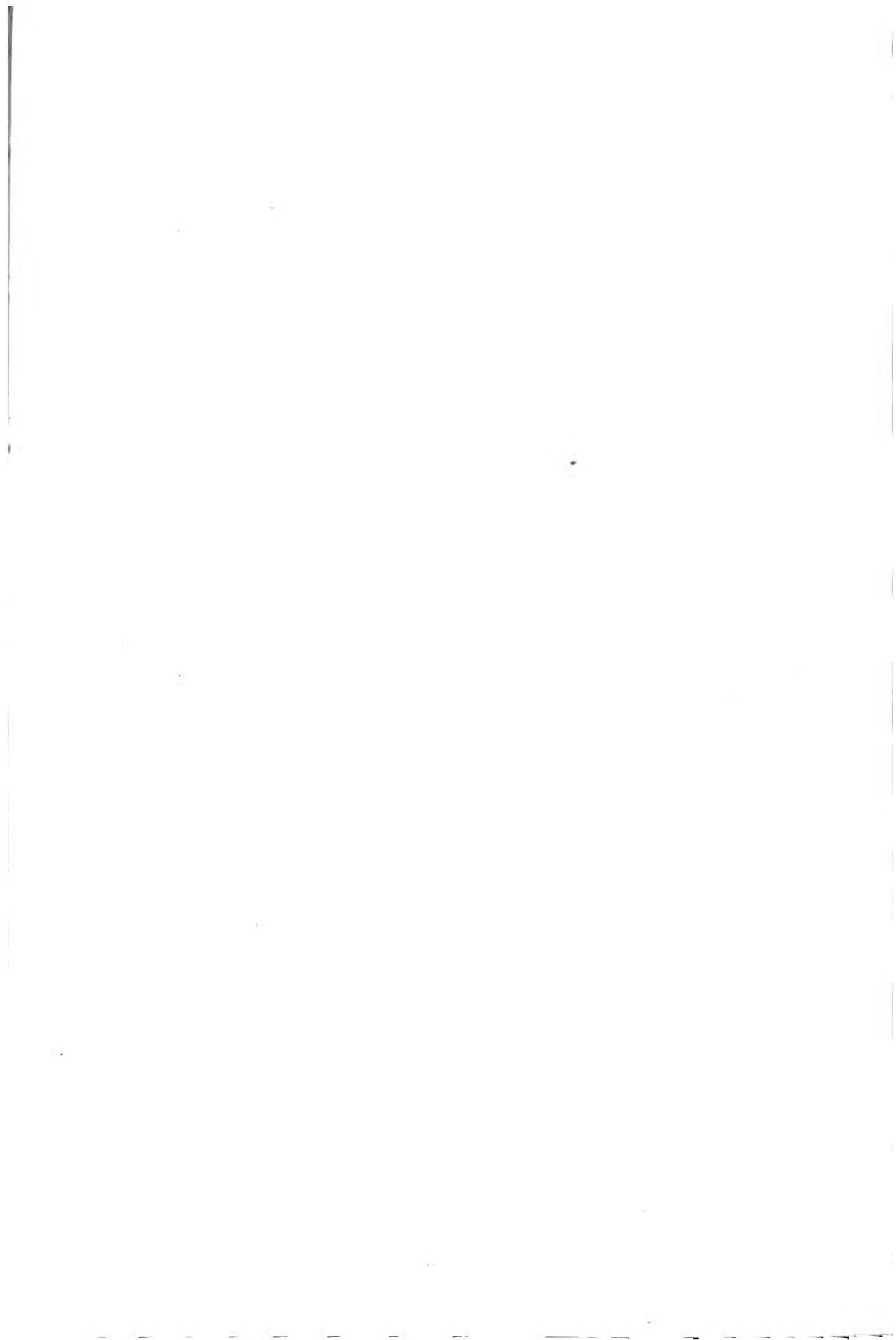
[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard,
AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

King Philip. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival :
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist ;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glistening gold :
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Constance. A wicked day, and not a holyday !— [Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done ;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar ?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd ;
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck ;
No bargains break, that are not this day made :
This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

KING JOHN.—*Act III. Scene I.*





W. W. Wright

W. W. Wright

Lady Mary

THE MARY IV
Painted by J. M. W. Turner

LADY PERCY.

Lady Percy. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title ; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise : But if you go——
Hotspur. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady Percy. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hotspur. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate ; this is no world,
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips :
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have with me ?
Lady Percy. Do you not love me ? do you not indeed ?
Well, do not then ; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.
Hotspur. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts :
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise ; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !
Lady Percy. How ! so far ?
Hotspur. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate ?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate ?
Lady Percy. It must, of force.

KING HENRY IV. *Part I.*—*Act II. Scene III.*





Portrait of a Woman

PRINCESS KATHARINE OF FRANCE.

King Henry. Come, your answer in broken musick ; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken : therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me ?

Princess Katharine. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

King Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Princess Katharine. Den it shall also content me.

King Henry. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Princess Katharine. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

King Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Princess Katharine. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisees devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

King Henry. Madam, my interpreter, what says she ?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

King Henry. To kiss.

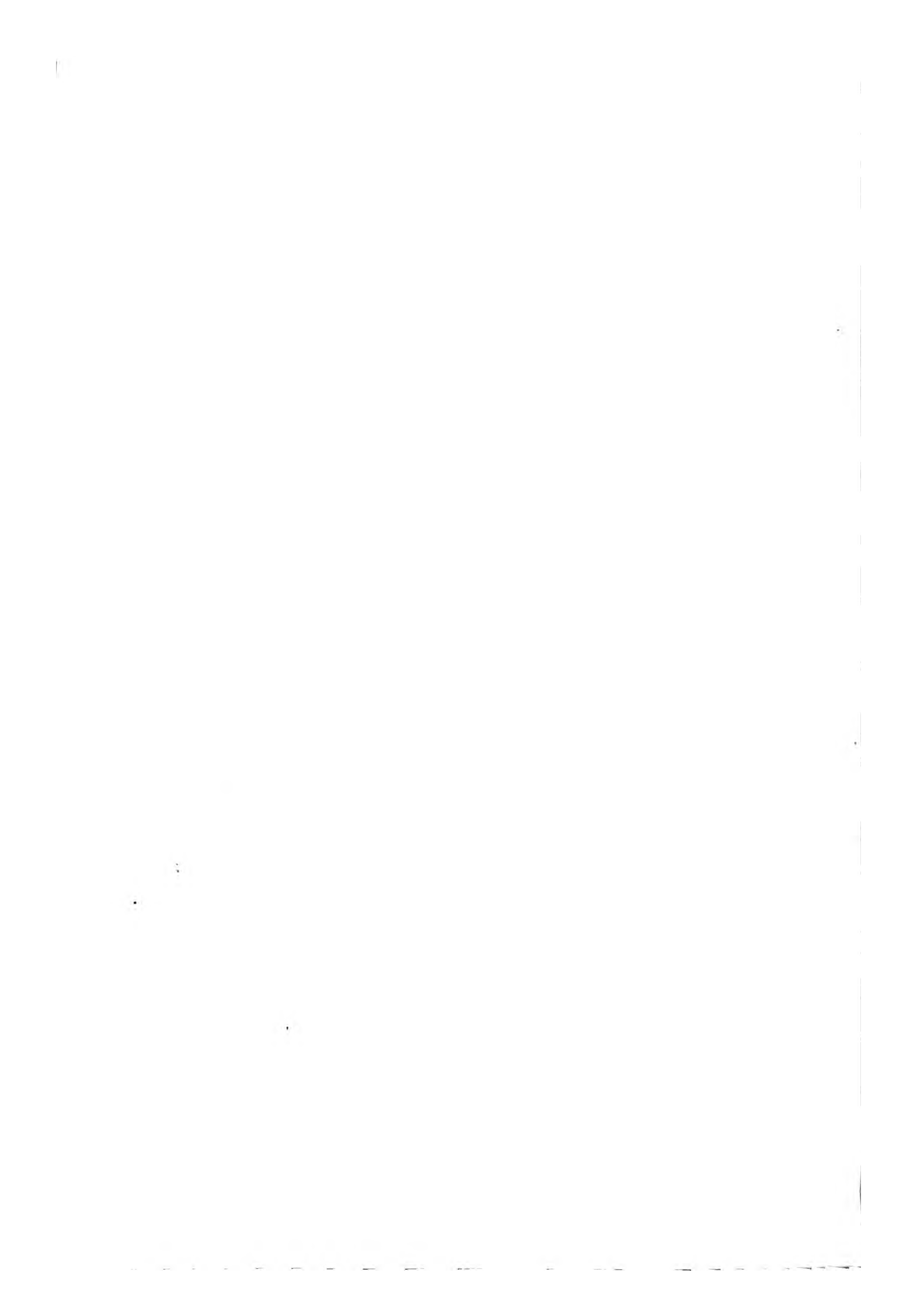
Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *qu moy*.

King Henry. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

King Henry. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss : therefore patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate ; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.

KING HENRY V. — *Act V. Scene II.*





J. M. W. Turner

B. Evans

The Girl

1841

JOAN OF ARC.

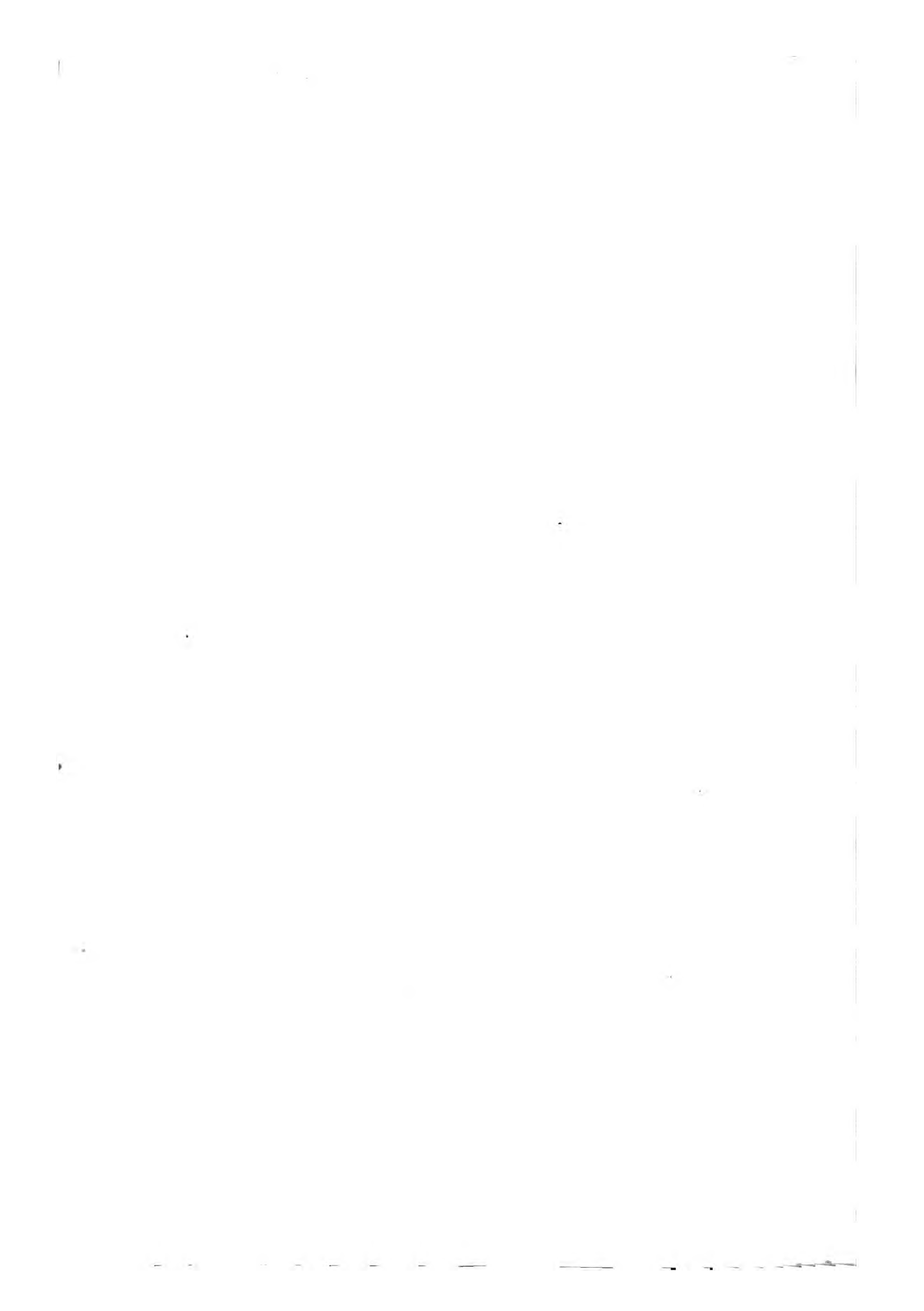
Pucelle. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd ;
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous, and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits :
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived ? Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

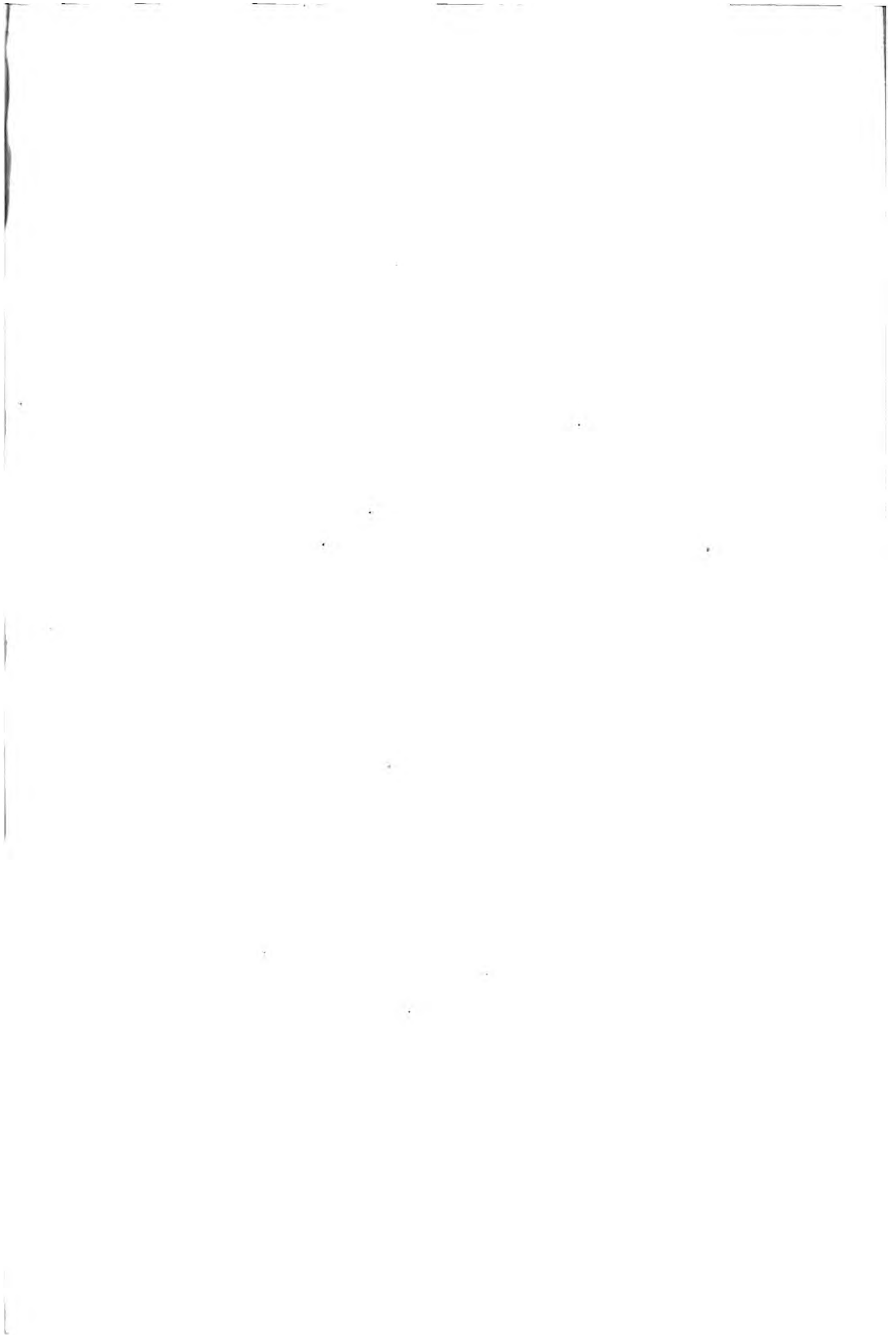
York. Ay, ay ;—away with her to execution.

Warwick. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough :
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucelle. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?

KING HENRY VI. *Part I.* — *Act V. Scene IV.*







J. W. Beight

W. H. L.

Henry

1875 H.C. 100 101 L
101 L

MARGARET.

Margaret. What though I be enthrall'd! he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suffolk. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Margaret. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suffolk. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Margaret. Tush: women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*]

Suffolk. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Margaret. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Suffolk. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Margaret. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility:
For princes should be free.

Suffolk. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Margaret. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suffolk. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Margaret. What?

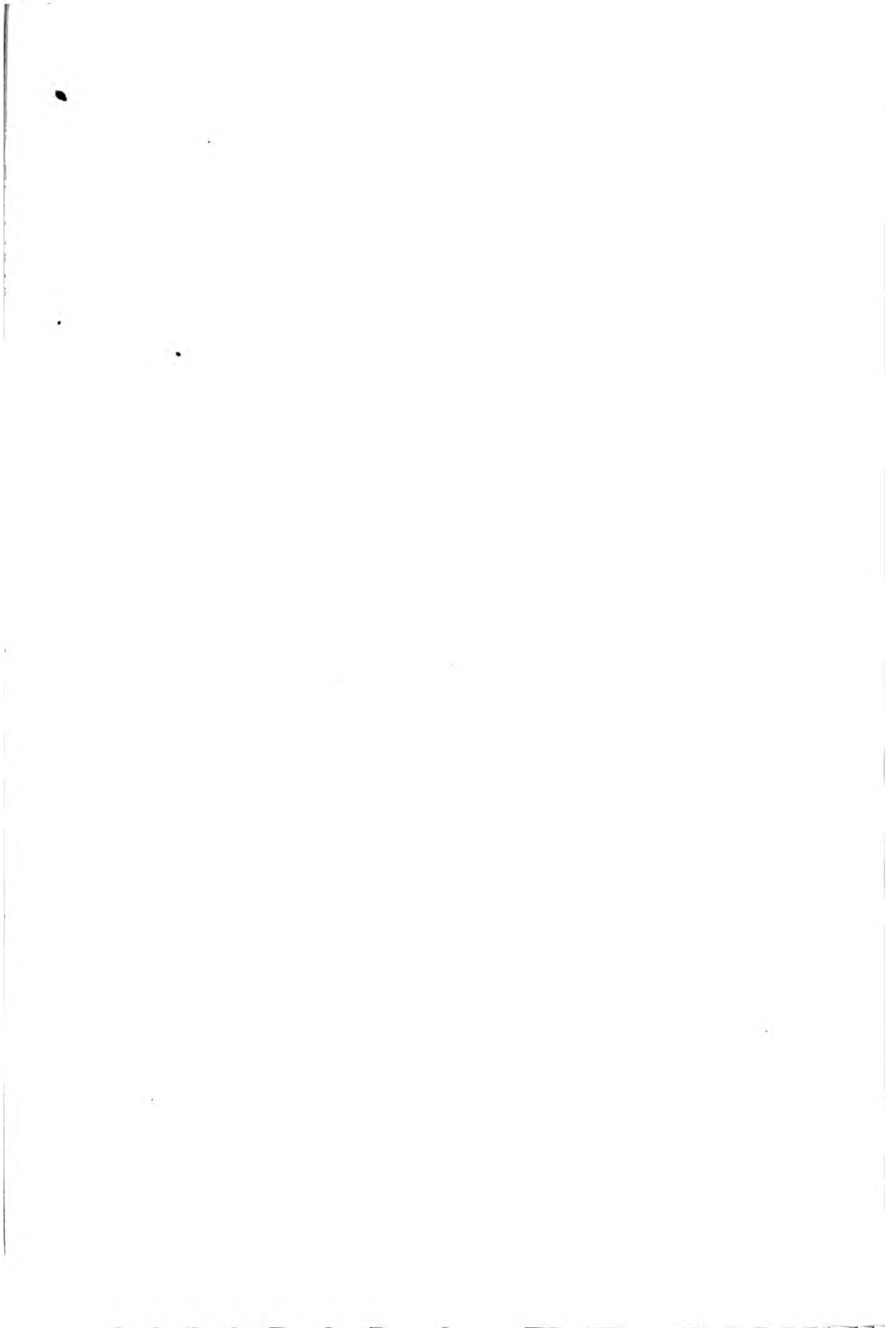
Suffolk. His love.

Margaret. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suffolk. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Margaret. An if my father please, I am content.

Suffolk. Then call our captains, and our colours forth,
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.





QUEEN MARGARET.

Queen Margaret. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What, though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor! What of that?
And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast;
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

KING HENRY VI. *Part III.* — *Act V. Scene IV.*

LADY GREY.

King Edward. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.

Lady Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

King Edward. Lords, give us leave ; I'll try this widow's wit.

Gloucester. Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.]

King Edward. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children ?

Lady Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

King Edward. And, would you not do much, to do them good ?

Lady Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

King Edward. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Lady Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

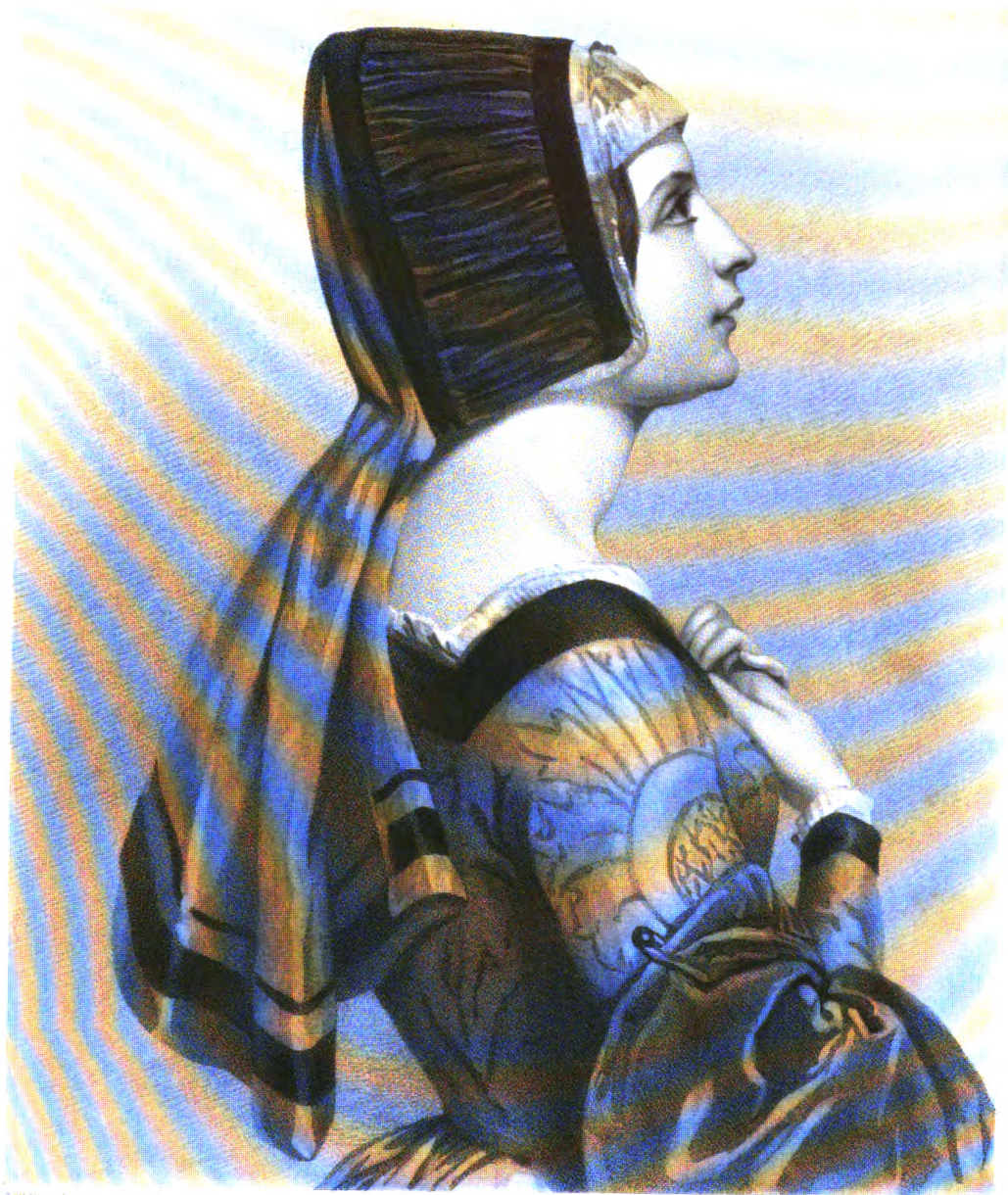
King Edward. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Lady Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

King Edward. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them ?

Lady Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

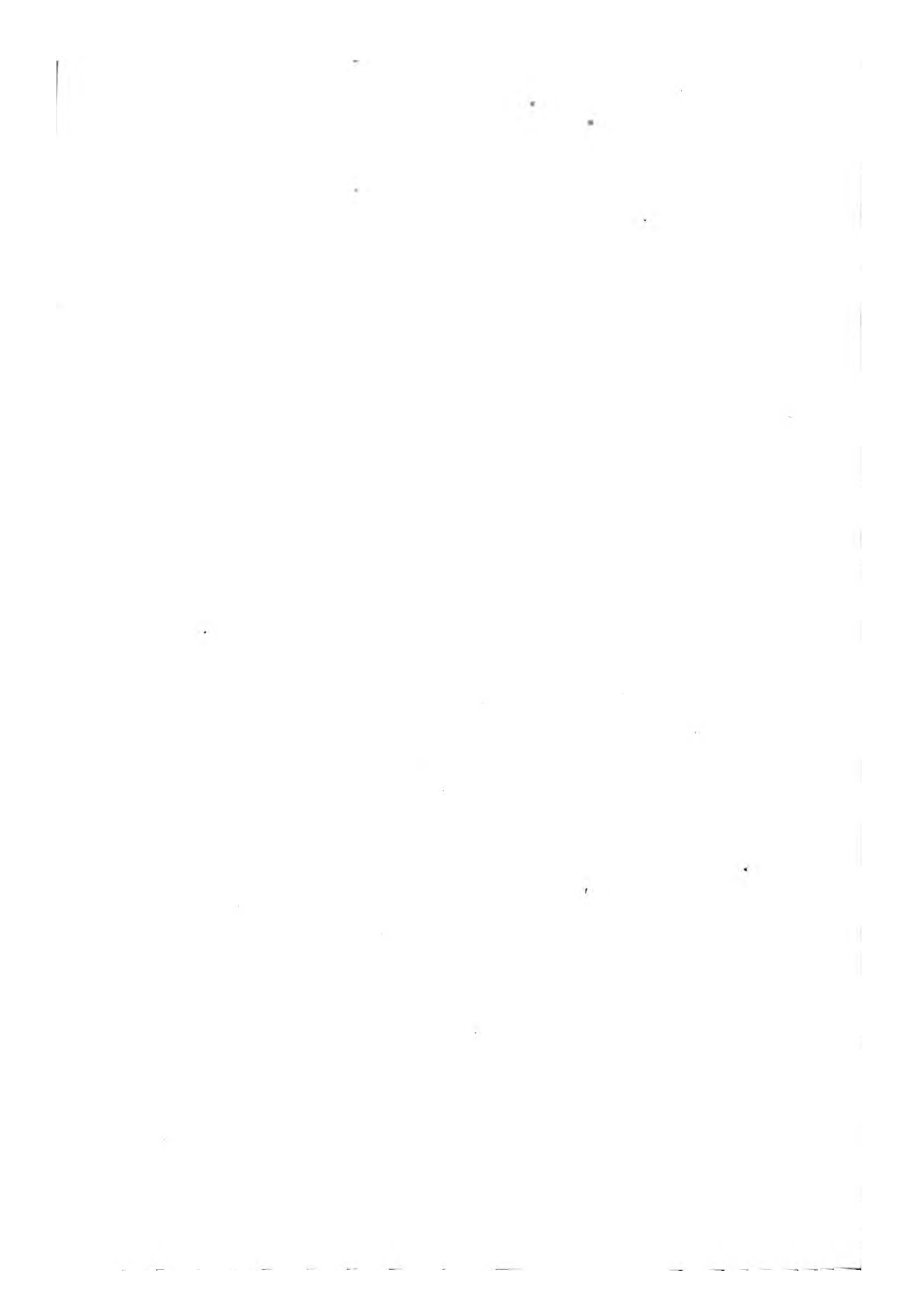
KING HENRY VI.—Act III. Scene II.

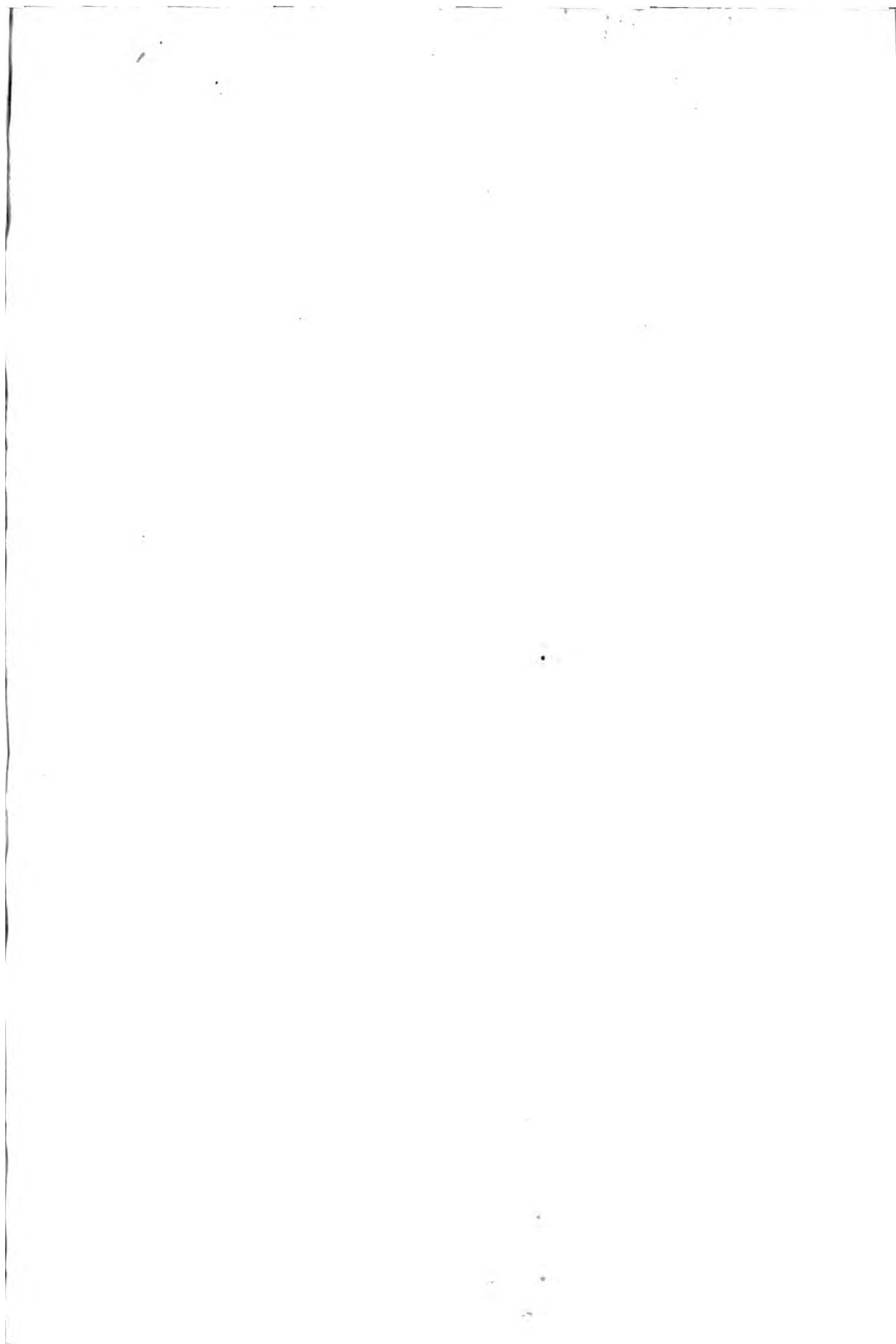


J.W. Wright

Lady Grey

L. ENY & P. S.
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LADY ANNE.

Anne. Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

Gloucester. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not ;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries ;
O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh !—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells :
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

KING RICHARD III.—*Act I. Scene II.*





J. W. Wright

14

Portrait of a Woman

14

ANNE BULLEN.

Lord Chamberlain. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth
to know

The secret of your conference ?

Anne Bullen. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Lord Chamberlain. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne Bullen. Now I pray God, amen !

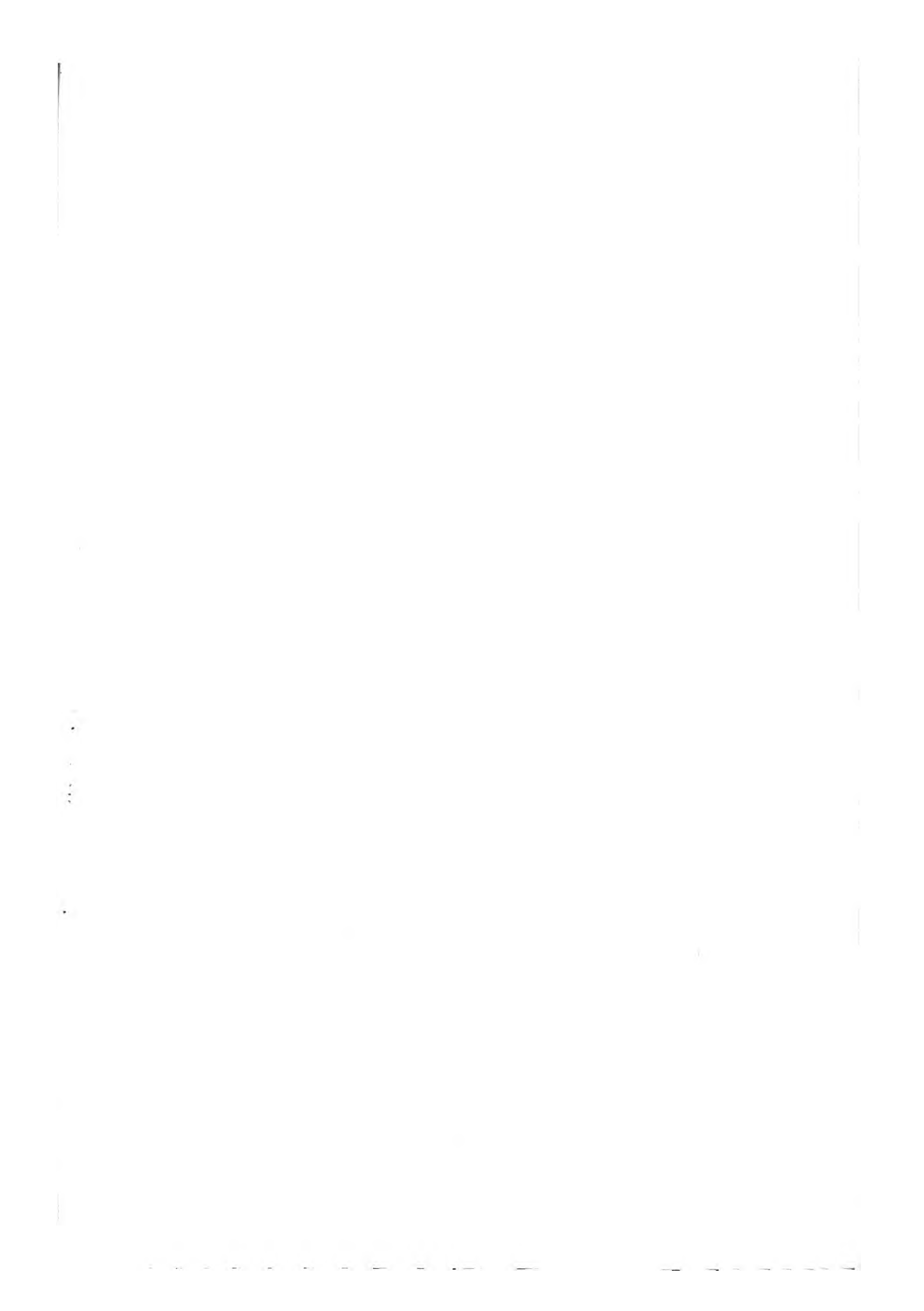
Lord Chamberlain. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne Bullen. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Lord Chamberlain. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.

KING HENRY VIII. — *Act. II. Scene III.*





J. W. Wright

W. H. Mote

Prayer, with hands clasped.

1847

QUEEN KATHERINE.

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

Katherine. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? Are ye all gone ?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Griffith. Madam, we are here.

Katherine. It is not you I call for :
Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Griffith. None, madam.

Katherine. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Griffith. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Katherine. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*]

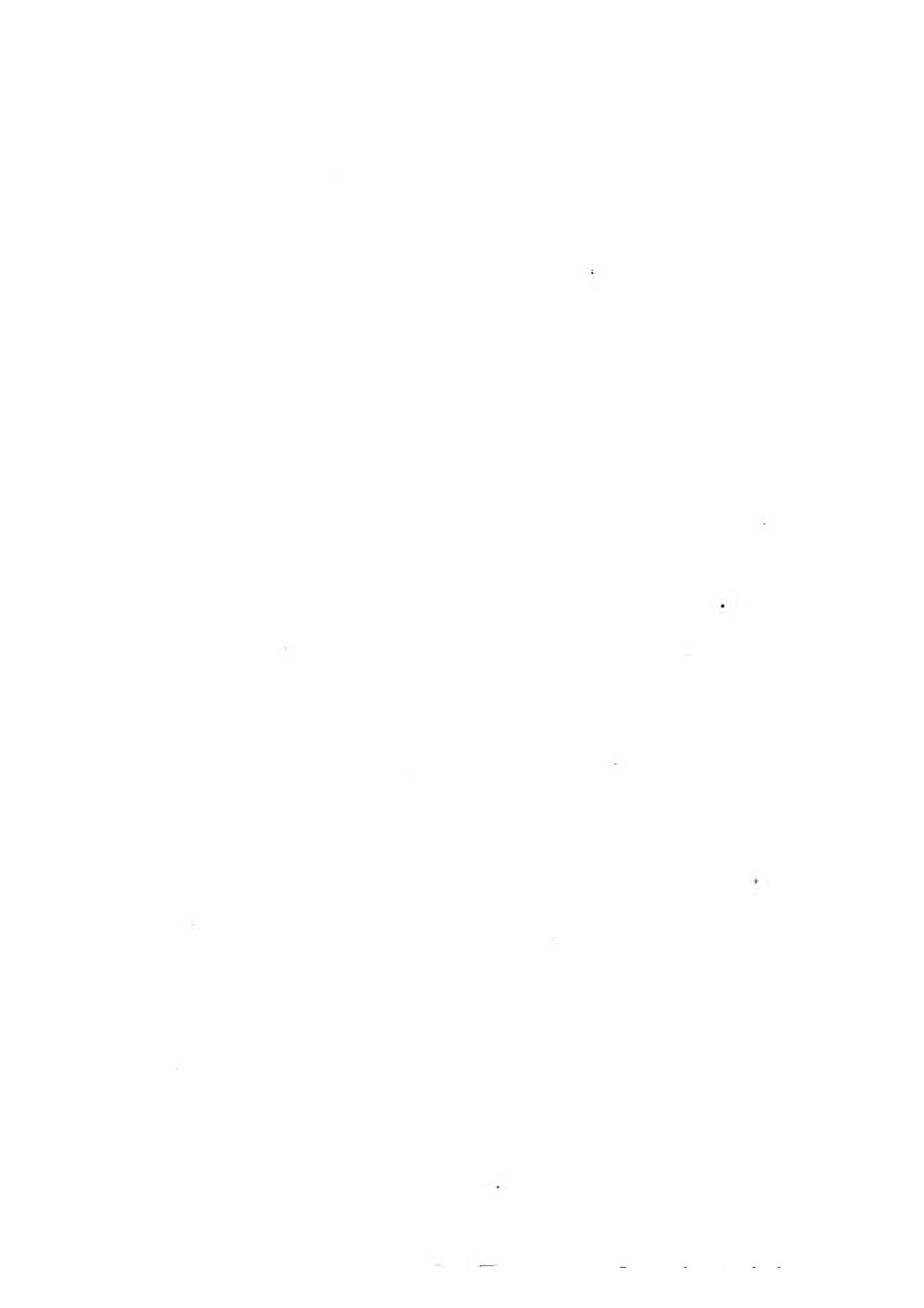
Patience. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold ? Mark you her eyes ?

Griffith. She is going, wench ; pray, pray.

Patience. Heaven comfort her !

Katherine. Mine eyes grow dim,—Farewell
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act IV. Scene II.*







K. M. Clawa

W. H. M. Co.

Illustration

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CRESSIDA.

Troilus. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cressida. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cressida. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troilus. A hateful truth.

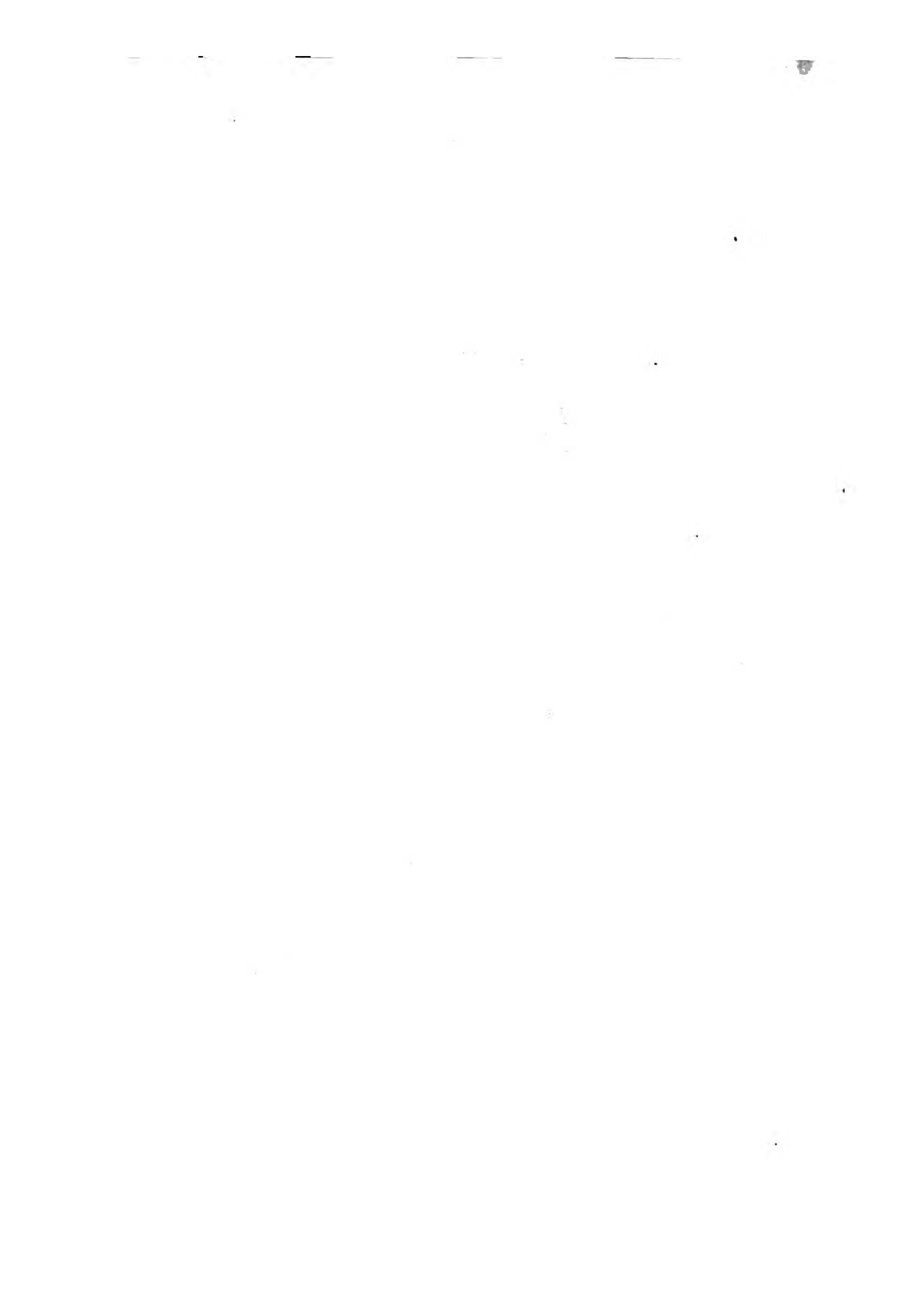
Cressida. What, and from Troilus too?

Troilus. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cressida. Is it possible?

Troilus. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act IV. Scene IV.*





VIRGILIA.

Coriolanus. My wife comes foremost: then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth; or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*,—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

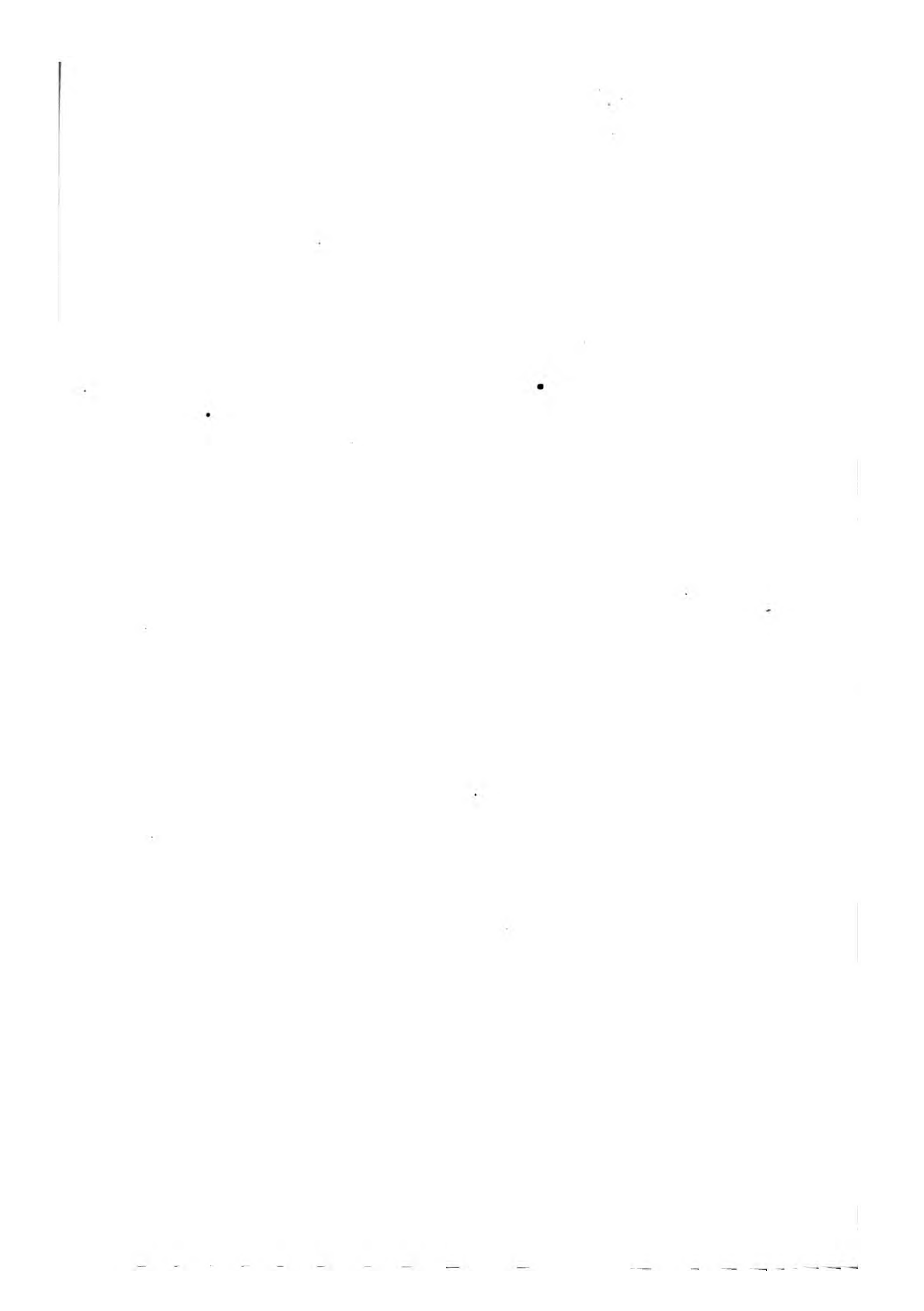
Virgilia. My lord and husband!

Coriolanus. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virgilia. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Coriolanus. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [Kneels.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

CORIOLANUS. — *Act V. Scene III.*





W. A. G. 1840

W. A. G. 1840

Portrait of a woman

PORTIA, WIFE OF BRUTUS.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation :
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman : but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well reputed ; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows :—
Leave me with haste.

[*Exit* PORTIA.





THE
PUBLISHERS

C. V. G.
LONDON

IMOGEN.

Imogen. Continues well, my lord, his health, beseech you ?

Iachimo. Well, madam.

Imogen. Is he disposed to mirth ? I hope, he is.

Iachimo. Exceeding pleasant : none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imogen. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iachimo. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord I mean), laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O !*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage ?

Imogen. Will my lord say so ?

Iachimo. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imogen. Not he, I hope.

Iachimo. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards him
might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imogen. What do you pity, sir ?

Iachimo. Two creatures, heartily.

Imogen. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity ?





W. H. Mason

THE VIRGIN MARY

TITUS ANTHONY
No. 1.

Printed and Published by W. H. Mason

LAVINIA.

Titus. Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

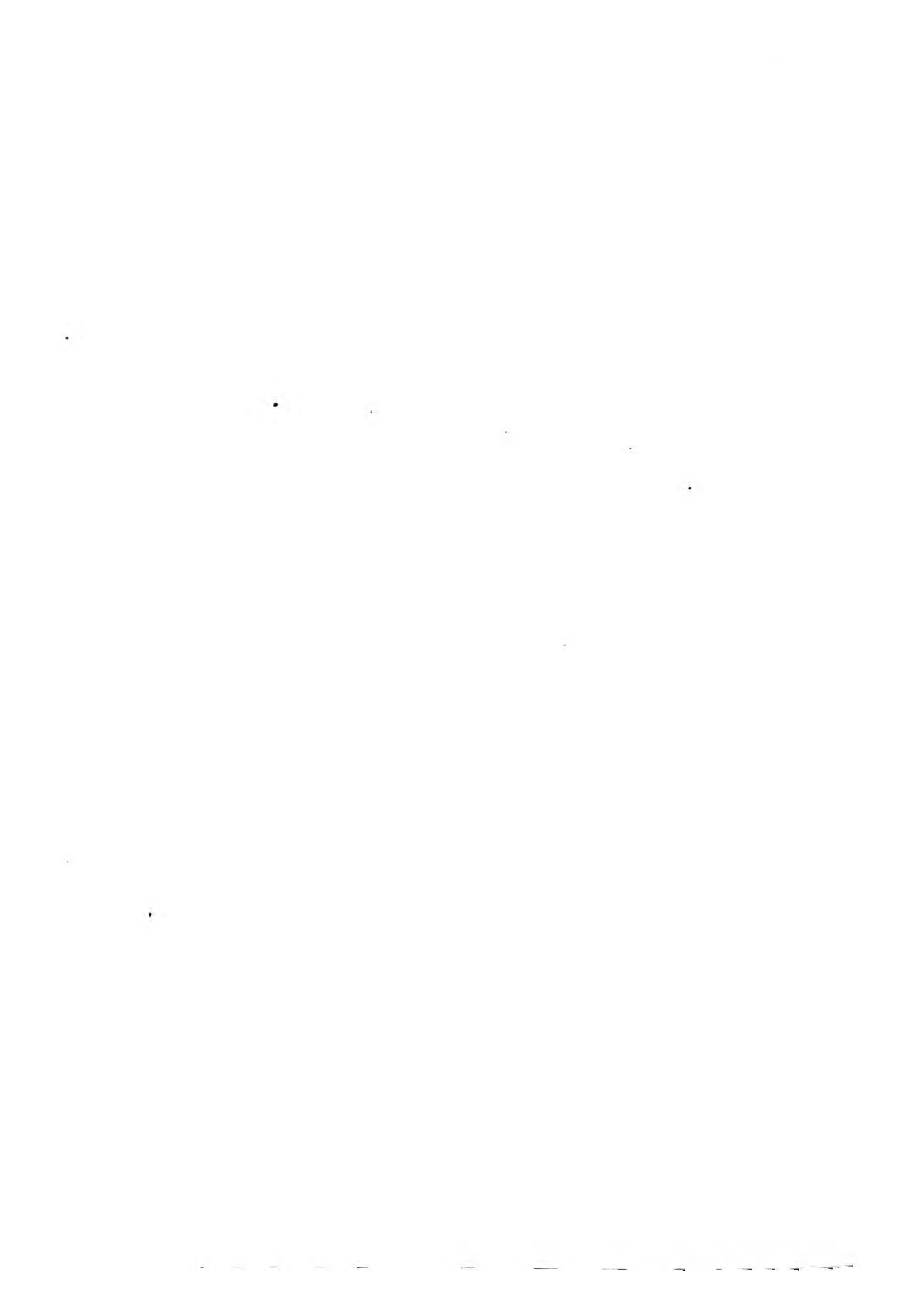
Marcus. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
husband:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Titus. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd? like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Lucius. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marcus. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Titus. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.





W. H. Inman sculp.

E. Hyles

CORDELIA.

Cordelia. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father !

Physician. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept long.

Cordelia. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Gentleman. Ay, madam ; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Physician. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cordelia. Very well.

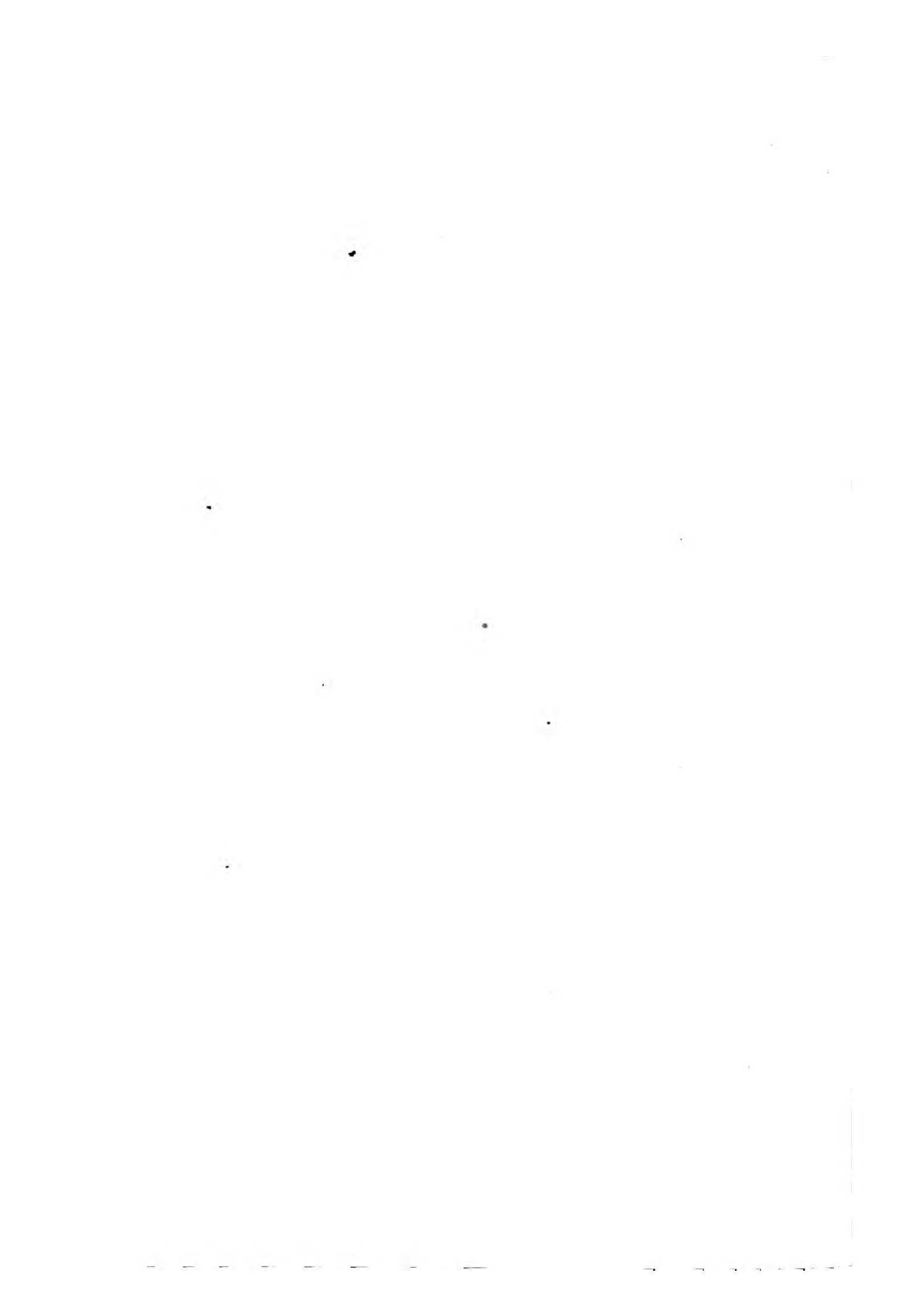
Physician. Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick there.

Cordelia. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine upon my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cordelia. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire ; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him.

KING LEAR.—Act VI. Scene VII.





W. J. Leitch del.

W. J. Leitch del.

Portrait

W. J. Leitch del.

JULIET.

Romeo. See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet. Ah me!

Romeo. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Juliet. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy:—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name:
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?





1851

W. H. Wood

Allegory

No. 127
ATLANTA

OPHELIA.

Laertes. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Ophelia. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;*
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*
O, how the wheel becomes it! it is the false steward, that stole his
master's daughter.

Laertes. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; 'pray you love,
remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

Ophelia. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for
you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace
o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a
daisy;—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when
my father died;—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. [Sings.

Laertes. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophelia. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

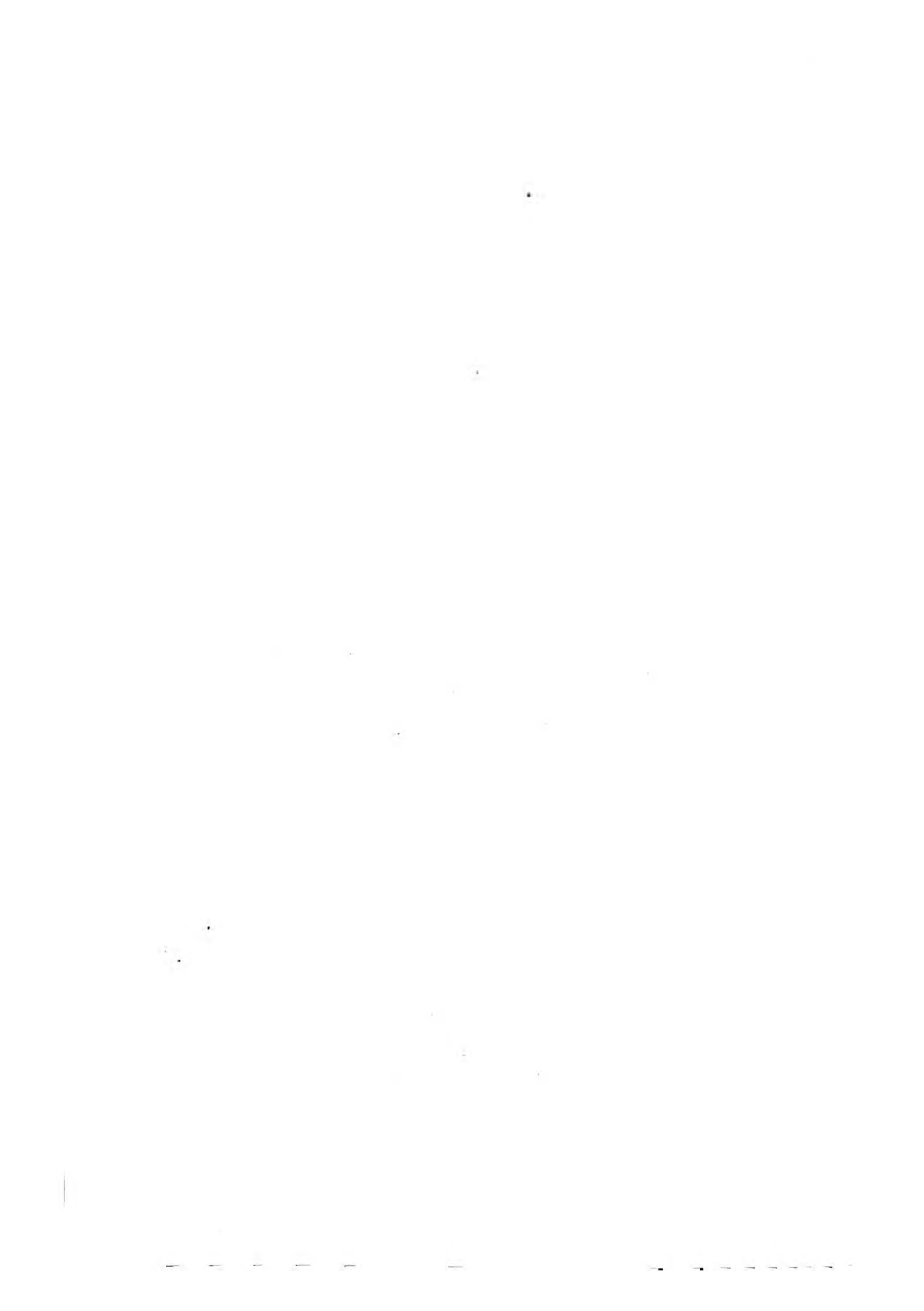
All flaxen was his poll:

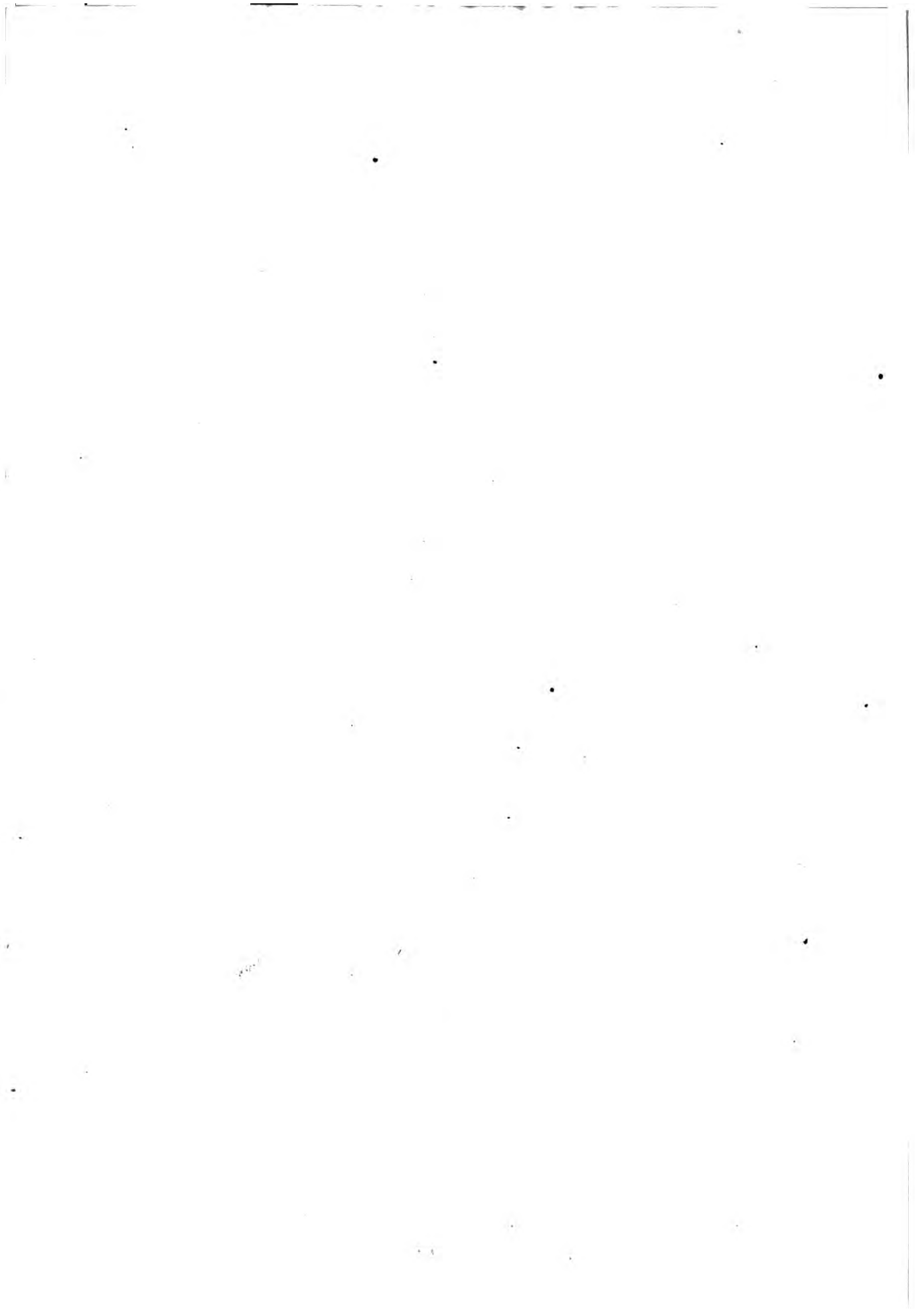
He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!







S. Eyles

Portrait of a Woman

1871

1871

DESDEMONA.

Othello. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man ; she thanked me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

OTHELLO. — *Act I. Scene III.*

THE END.

