

Useful background texts for *The Duchess of Malfi*

Here are some useful extracts from texts which had a possible influence on Webster when he was writing *The Duchess of Malfi*.

Complete texts and larger extracts can be found elsewhere on the web, but this is a short "taster".

Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure* Volume 2 (translated from Belleforest) is the source of a lot of the play, though Webster takes a different attitude to both Bosola and the Duchess to Painter. We have taken three key extracts.

The extract from Webster's own *The White Devil* is echoed by Bosola in Act Two Scene One, though the whole play is fascinating both in its similarities and its differences.

The extracts from Golding's translation of Ovid have particular relevance to Act Three Scene Two, and Act Five Scene Three.

The extract from Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* is of particular relevance to Act One Scene One (b).

We have been unable to include all the parts referenced by Webster to the works of Philip Sidney: he seems to have had a copy of *Arcadia* in front of him as he wrote the last few Acts. The sections we have extracted here have especial reference to Act Four.

The Extract from John Donne's *An Anatomy of the World* is of particular interest to the background and language of Act Three Scene Five.

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We have made extracts from the Geneva Bible (1587 version), as this is the version that Webster is most likely to have grown up with. The King James (Authorised) was the Bible in official use, but is unlikely to have been in regular use in people's homes by the time Webster wrote this.

- The extract from *Deuteronomy* is referred to in Act Four Scene Two.
- The story from *Judges* is referred to in Act Four Scene Two.
- The line from John the Baptist in *Matthew* is referenced in Act Four Scene One, whereas the Duchess' seduction of Antonio heavily references *Matthew* Chapter 6.
- The arrest of the Duchess in Act Three Scene Five references details of the story of the arrest of Jesus, of which I have given the extract from *Mark*.
- The extract from *Luke* gives the story of the repentant robber which has echoes in Act Four Scene Two.
- The reference to *Ephesians* is picked up in Act Two Scene One.

Raleigh's *Passionate Pilgrim* is echoed in Act Three Scene Four.

There are again too many references, echoes, parodies and parallels to Shakespeare's *Othello* in *The Duchess of Malfi* for us to list all of them.

Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* seems to be echoed, mocked, undermined and mined for tragic possibilities throughout, but the extracts we have chosen have especial relevance to Act One, Act Three Scene Two, Act Four Scene One, Act Five Scene One.

The extracts from *Macbeth* have especial relevance to Act Two Scenes One and Three, and Act Five Scenes One and Four.

The extracts from *Romeo & Juliet* are clearly echoed in Act Three Scene Six, but again the play seems to be referenced throughout.

The extract from *The Tempest* is echoed in Act Three Scene Five.

The extract from *King Lear* is echoed in Act Three Scene Five.

The description of Jaques from *As You Like It* is echoed by descriptions of Bosola in Act One Scene One.

The extract from *Richard III* is echoed by Ferdinand in Act Five Scene Five.

The extract from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is picked up in Act Three Scene Two.

EXTRACTS FROM WILLIAM PAINTER'S *THE SECOND TOME OF THE PALACE OF PLEASURE (1567)***From page 8**

Thys Lady waxed very weary of lying alone, and gryeued hir Hearte to be wythoute a match, fpecially in the Nyght, when the secrete filence and darkeneffe of the fame prefented beefore the eyes of hir mind, the Image of the pleafure which fhe felt in the lyfe tyme of hir deceafed Lord and Hufband, whereof now feelyng hir felfe defpoyled, fhe felt a contynuall Combat, and durft not attempte that which fhe defyred moft, but efchued the thyng wherof hir Mind loked beft. "Alas (fayd fhee) is it poffyble after the tafte of the Value of honeft obedyence whych the Wyfe oweth vnto hir Hufband, that I fhould defyre to fuffer the Heat whych burneth and altereth the martyred mynds of thofe that fubdue themfelues to loue? Can futch attempt pierce the heart of me to become amorous by forgetting and ftraying from the limmetts of honest life? But what defire is this? I haue a certayne vnacquaynted lust, and yet very well know not what it is that moueth me, and to whom I fhall vow the fpoyle thereof. ..."

From pages 9-10

So hir mifhap began already to fpin the threede which choked the Ayre and Breath of hir vnhappy life. Yee haue heard before that Mayfter Bologna was one of the wifeft and moft perfect Gentlemen that the land of Naples that tyme brought forth, and for his Beauty, Proportion, Galantneffe, Valiaunce, and good grace, without comparifon. His fauour was fo fweete and pleafant, as they which kept him company, had fomewhat to do to abftayne their affection. Who then could blame thys fayre Princeffe, if (preffed wyth defire of match, to remoue the ticklifh inftigations of her wanton flefh, and hauing in hir prefence a man fo wife) fhee did let hir minde on hym, or fantaſy to mary him? Would not that party for calming of his thirft and hunger, being let at a table before fundry forts of delicate viands, eafe his hunger? Me thinke the perfon doth greatly forget himfelfe, which hauing handfaft vpon occafion, fuffreth the fame to vanifh and fly away, fith it is wel known that fhe being bald behinde, hath no place to feafe vpon when defire moueth vs to lay hold vpon hir. Which was the caufe that the Dueheffe became extremely in loue with the mayfter of hir houfe.

From page 42-43

The Neapolitan gentleman before spoken of by Delio, which had taken this enterprife to fatiffie the barbarous Cardinall to berieue his Countreyman of lyfe, 'hauinge chaunged his mynde, and differring from day to day to forte the fame to effect, it chaunced that a Lombarde of larger Confcience than the other, inueigled with Couetoufneffe, and hired for ready Money, practifed the death of the Ducheffe poore hufband : this bloody beafte was called Daniel de Bozola that had charge of a certayne bande of footemen in Millan. Thys newe ludas and peftilent manqueller, who wythin certayne dayes after knowinge that Bologna oftentymes Repayred to heare Seruice at the Church and conuent of S.Fraunces, fecretly conueued himfelf in ambufl, hard besides the church of S. Iames, (being accompanied wyth a certayne troupe of Souldiers) to affayle infortunate Bologna, who was fooner flayne than hee was able to thinke vpon defence, and whose mifhap was futch, as hee which kyled hym had good leifure to faue himfelfe by reafon of the little perfuite made after hym. Beholde heere the Noble fact of a Cardinall, and what fauer it hath of Christian purity, to commit a flaughter for a fact done many yeares past vpon a poore Gentleman which neuer thought him hurt. Is thys the fweete obferuation of the Apostles, of whom they vaunt themfelues to be the Succreffours and followers ? And yet we cannot finde nor reade, that the Apostles, or thofe that ftept in their trade of lyfe, hyred Ruffians, and Murderers to cut the Throates of them which did them hurt. But what ? it was in the tyme of Iulius the fecond, who was more martiall than Christian, and loued better to fhed bloud than giue bleffing to the people. Sutch ende had the infortunate mariage of him, which ought to haue contented himfelfe wyth that degree and honor that he had acquired by the deedes and glory of his vertues, fo much by ech wight recommended : we ought neuer to climb higher than our force permitteth, ne yet furmout the bounds of duty, and leffe fuffer our felues to be haled fondly forth with defire of brutal fenfuality.

EXTRACT FROM JOHN WEBSTER'S *THE WHITE DEVIL*

From Act One Scene Two

CAMILLO

Now he begins to tickle her.

FLAMINEO

An excellent scholar [one that hath a head fill'd with calves' brains without any sage in them,] come crouching in the hams to you for a night's lodging? [that hath an itch in 's hams, which like the fire at the glass-house hath not gone out this seven years] Is he not a courtly gentleman? [when he wears white satin, one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature than a maggot] You are a goodly foil, I confess, well set out [but cover'd with a false stone - yon counterfeit diamond].

**EXTRACTS FROM OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES*,
TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR GOLDING (1567)**

**THE STORY OF DAPHNE FROM
BOOK ONE OF OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES***

Lines 545-595

Peneian Daphne was the first where Phebus set his love,
Which not blind chaunce but Cupids fierce and cruel wrath did move.
The Delian God but late before surprisde with passing pride:
For killing of the monstrous worme, the God of love espide,
With bowe in hand already bent and letting arrowes go:
To whome he sayd: And what hast thou, thou wanton baby, so
With warlike weapons for to toy? It were a better sight,
Too see this kinde of furniture on our two shoulders bright:
Who when we list with stedfast hand both man and beast can wound,
Who tother day wyth arrowes keene, have nayled to the ground
The serpent Python so forswolne, whose filthie wombe did hide
So many acres of the grounde in which he did abide.
Content thy selfe, sonne, sorie loves to kindle with thy brand,
For these our prayes to attaine thou must not take in hand.
To him quoth Venus sonne againe: Well Phebus I agree
Thy bow to shoote at every beast, and so shall mine at thee.
And looke how far that under God eche beast is put by kinde,
So much thy glorie lesse than ours in shooting shalt thou finde.
This saide, with drift of fethered wings in broken ayre he flue,
And to the forkt and shadie top of Mount Parnasus drue.
There from hys quiver full of shafts two arrowes did he take
Of sundrie workes: t'one causeth Love, the tother doth it slake.
That causeth love, is all of golde with point full sharpe and bright,
That chaseth love is blunt, whose stele with leaden head is dight.
The God this fired in the Nymph Peneis for the nones:
The tother perst Apollos heart and overraft his bones.
Immediatly in smoldring heate of Love the t'one did swelt,
Againe the tother in hir heart no sparke nor motion felt.
In woods and forrests is hir joy, the savage beasts to chase,

And as the price of all hir paine to take the skinne and case.
 Unwedded Phebe doth she haunt and follow as hir guide,
 Unordred doe hir tresses wave scarce in a fillet tide.
 Full many a wooer sought hir love, she lothing all the rout,
 Impacient and without a man walkes all the woods about.
 And as for Hymen, or for love, and wedlocke often sought
 She tooke no care, they were the furthest end of all hir thought.
 Hir father many a time and oft would saye: My daughter deere,
 Thow owest me a sonneinlaw to be thy lawfull feere.
 Hir father many a time and oft would say: My daughter deere,
 Of Nephewes thou my debtour art, their Graundsires heart to cheere.
 She hating as a haynous crime the bonde of bridely bed
 Demurely casting downe hir eyes, and blushing somewhat red,
 Did folde about hir fathers necke with fauning armes: and sed:
 Deare father, graunt me while I live my maidenhead for to have,
 As to Diana here tofore hir father freely gave.
 Thy father (Daphne) could consent to that thou doest require,
 But that thy beautie and thy forme impugne thy chaste desire:
 So that thy will and his consent are nothing in this case,
 By reason of the beautie bright that shineth in thy face.
 Apollo loves and longs to have this Daphne to his Feere,
 And as he longs he hopes, but his foredoomes doe fayle him there.

THE STORY OF SYRINX FROM BOOK ONE OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

Lines 857-887

Then sayde the God: There dwelt sometime a Nymph of noble fame
 Among the hilles of Arcadie, that Syrinx had to name.
 Of all the Nymphes of Nonacris and Fairie farre and neere,
 In beautie and in personage thys Ladie had no peere. ... [l.860]
 Full often had she given the slippe both to the Satyrs quicke
 And other Gods that dwell in Woods, and in the Forrests thicke,
 Or in the fruitfull fieldes abrode: It was hir whole desire
 To follow chaste Dianas guise in Maydenhead and attire,
 Whome she did counterfaite so nighe, that such as did hir see
 Might at a blush have taken hir Diana for to bee,

But that the Nymph did in hir hande a bowe of Cornell holde,
 Whereas Diana evermore did beare a bowe of golde.
 And yet she did deceyve folke so. Upon a certaine day
 God Pan with garland on his heade of Pinetree, sawe hir stray ... [I.870]
 From Mount Lyceus all alone, and thus to hir did say:
 Unto a Gods request, O Nymph, voucesafe thou to agree
 That doth desire thy wedded spouse and husband for to bee.
 There was yet more behinde to tell: as how that Syrinx fled,
 Through waylesse woods and gave no eare to that that Pan had said,
 Untill she to the gentle streame of sandie Ladon came,
 Where, for bicause it was so deepe, she could not passe the same,
 She piteously to chaunge hir shape the water Nymphes besought:
 And how when Pan betweene his armes, to catch the Nymph had thought,
 In steade of hir he caught the Reedes newe growne upon the brooke, ... [I.880]
 And as he sighed, with his breath the Reedes he softly shooke
 Which made a still and mourning noyse, with straungnesse of the which
 And sweetenesse of the feeble sounde the God delighted mich,
 Saide: Certesse, Syrinx, for thy sake it is my full intent,
 To make my comfort of these Reedes wherein thou doest lament:
 And how that there of sundrie Reedes with wax together knit,
 He made the Pipe which of hir name the Greekes call Syrinx yet.

**THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE
 FROM BOOK FOURTEEN OF OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES***

Lines 802-887

One Iphis borne of lowe degree by fortune had behild
 The Ladye Anaxarete descended of the race
 Of Tewcer, and in vewwing her the fyre of love apace
 Did spred it self through all his bones. With which he stryving long,
 When reason could not conquer rage bycause it was too strong,
 Came humbly to the Ladyes house: and one whyle laying ope
 His wretched love before her nurce, besought her by the hope
 Of Lady Anaxarete her nurcechylds good successe,
 Shee would not bee ageinst him in that cace of his distresse.
 Another whyle entreating fayre sum freend of hers, he prayd

Him earnestly with carefull voyce, of furthrance and of ayd.
Oftymes he did preferre his sute by gentle letters sent.
Oft garlonds moysted with the deawe of teares that from him went
He hanged on her postes. Oft tymes his tender sydes he layd
Ageinst the threshold hard, and oft in sadnesse did upbrayd
The locke with much ungentlenesse. The Lady crueller
Than are the rying narrowe seas, or falling Kiddes, and farre
More hard than steele of Noricum, and than the stonny rocke
That in the quarrye hath his roote, did him despise and mocke.
Besyde her dooings mercyllesse, of statelynesse and spyght
Shee adding proude and skornefull woordes, defrauds the wretched wyght
Of verry hope. But Iphis now unable any more
To beare the torment of his greef, still standing there before
Her gate, spake theis his latest woordes. Well, Anaxarete,
Thou hast the upper hand. Hencefoorth thou shalt not neede to bee
Agreeved any more with mee. Go triumph hardely:
Go vaunt thy self with joy: go sing the song of victorie:
Go put a crowne of glittering bay uppon thy cruell head.
For why thou hast the upper hand, and I am gladly dead.
Well, steely harted, well: rejoyce. Compeld yit shalt thou bee
Of sumwhat in mee for to have a lyking. Thou shalt see
A poynt wherein thou mayst mee deeme most thankfull unto thee,
And in the end thou shalt confesse the great desert of mee.
But yit remember that as long as lyfe in mee dooth last,
The care of thee shall never from this hart of myne be cast.
For bothe the lyfe that I doo live in hope of thee, and tother
Which nature giveth, shall have end and passe away toogither.
The tydings neyther of my death shall come to thee by fame.
Myself (I doo assure thee) will bee bringer of the same.
Myself (I say) will present bee that those same cruell eyen
Of thine may feede themselves uppon this livelesse corce of myne.
But yit, O Goddes, (if you behold mennes deedes) remember mee.
(My toong will serve to pray no more) and cause that I may bee
Longtyme heerafter spoken of: and length the lyfe by fame
The which yee have abridged in yeeres. In saying of this same
He lifted up his watrye eyes and armes that wexed wan
To those same stulpes which oft he had with garlondes deckt ere than,
And fastning on the topps therof a halter thus did say:
Thou cruell and ungodly wyght, theis are the wreathes that may

Most pleasure thee. And with that woord he thrusting in his head,
 Even then did turne him towards her as good as being dead,
 And wretchedly did totter on the poste with strangled throte.
 The wicket which his feereful feete in sprawling maynely smote,
 Did make a noyse: and flying ope bewrayd his dooing playne.
 The servants shreekt, and lifting up his bodye, but in vayne,
 Conveyd him to his moothers house, his father erst was slayne.
 His moother layd him in her lappe, and cleeping in her armes
 Her sonnes cold bodye, after that shee had bewayld her harmes
 With woordes and dooings mootherlyke, the corce with moorning cheere
 To buryall sadly through the towne was borne uppon a beere.
 The house of Anaxarete by chaunce was neere the way
 By which this piteous pomp did passe. And of the doolefull lay
 The sound came to the eares of her, whom God alreadye gan
 To strike. Yit let us see (quoth shee) the buryall of this man.
 And up the hygh wyde windowde house in saying so, shee ran.
 Scarce had shee well on lphis lookt that on the beere did lye,
 But that her eyes wext stark: and from her limbes the blood gan flye.
 In stead therof came palenesse in. And as shee backward was
 In mynd to go, her feete stacke fast and could not stirre. And as
 Shee would have cast her countnance backe, shee could not doo it. And
 The stonny hardnesse which alate did in her stomacke stand,
 Within a whyle did overgrow her whole from sole to crowne.
 And lest you think this geere surmysde, even yit in Salamin towne
 Of Lady Anaxarete the image standeth playne.

**THE STORY OF ECHO AND NARCISSUS
FROM BOOK THREE OF OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES***

Lines 443-644

A babling Nymph that Echo hight: who hearing others talke,
 By no meanes can restraine hir tongue but that it needes must walke,
 Nor of hir selfe hath powre to ginne to speake to any wight,
 Espyde him dryving into toyles the fearefull staggess of flight.
 This Echo was a body then and not an onely voyce,
 Yet of hir speach she had that time no more than now the choyce,

That is to say of many wordes the latter to repeate.
The cause thereof was Junos wrath. For when that with the feate
She might have often taken Jove in daliance with his Dames,
And that by stealth and unbewares in middes of all his games:
This elfe would with hir tatling talke deteine hir by the way,
Untill that Jove had wrought his will and they were fled away.
The which when Juno did perceyve, she said with wrathfull mood,
This tongue that hath deluded me shall doe thee little good:
For of thy speech but simple use hereafter shalt thou have.
The deede it selfe did straight confirme the threatnings that she gave.
Yet Echo of the former talke doth double oft the end
And backe againe with just report the wordes earst spoken sende.
Now when she saw Narcissus stray about the Forrest wyde,
She waxed warme and step for step fast after him she hyde.
The more she followed after him and neerer that she came,
That hoter ever did she waxe as neerer to hir flame.
Lyke as the lively Brimstone doth which dipt about a match,
And put but softly to the fire, the flame doth lightly catch.
O Lord how often would she faine (if nature would have let)
Entreated him with gentle wordes some favour for to get?
But nature would not suffer hir nor give hir leave to ginne.
Yet (so farre forth as she by graunt at natures hande could winne)
As readie with attentive eare she harkens for some sounde,
Whereto she might replie hir wordes, from which she is not bounde.
By chaunce the stripling being strayde from all his companie,
Sayde: is there any bodie nie? straight Echo answerde: I.
Amazde he castes his eye aside, and looketh round about,
And come (that all the Forrest roong) aloud he calleth out.
And come (sayth she:) he looketh backe, and seeing no man followe,
Why fliste, he cryeth once againe: and she the same doth hallowe.
He still persistes, and wondring much what kinde of thing it was
From which that answering voyce by turne so duely seemde to passe,
Sayd: let us joyne. she (by hir will desirous to have said,
In fayth with none more willingly at any time or stead)
Sayd: let us joyne. and standing somewhat in hir owne conceit,
Upon these wordes she left the Wood, and forth she yeedeth streit,
To coll the lovely necke for which she longed had so much.
He runnes his way, and will not be imbraced of no such.

And sayth: I first will die ere thou shalt take of me thy pleasure.
She answerde nothing else thereto, but take of me thy pleasure.
Now when she saw hir selfe thus mockt, she gate hir to the Woods,
And hid hir head for verie shame among the leaves and buddes.
And ever sence she lyves alone in dennes and hollow Caves.
Yet stacke hir love still to hir heart, through which she dayly raves
The more for sorrow of repulse. Through restlesse carke and care
Hir bodie pynes to skinne and bone, and waxeth wonderous bare.
The bloud doth vanish into ayre from out of all hir veynes,
And nought is left but voyce and bones: the voyce yet still remaynes:
Hir bones they say were turnde to stones. From thence she lurking still
In Woods, will never shewe hir head in field nor yet on hill.
Yet is she heard of every man: it is hir onely sound,
And nothing else that doth remayne alive above the ground.
Thus had he mockt this wretched Nymph and many mo beside,
That in the waters, Woods, and groves, or Mountaynes did abide.
Thus had he mocked many men. Of which one, discontent
To see himselfe deluded so, his handes to Heaven up bent,
And sayd: I pray to God he may once feele fierce Cupids fire
As I doe now, and yet not joy the things he doth desire.
The Goddess Ramnuse (who doth wreake on wicked people take)
Assented to his just request for ruth and pities sake.
There was a Spring withouten mudde as silver cleare and still,
Which neyther sheepeheirds, nor the Goates that fed upon the hill.
Nor other cattell troubled had, nor savage beast had styrd,
Nor braunch, nor sticke, nor leafe of tree, nor any foule nor byrd.
The moysture fed and kept ay fresh the grasse that grew about,
And with their leaves the trees did keepe the heate of Phoebus out.
The stripling wearie with the heate and hunting in the chase,
And much delighted with the spring and coolenesse of the place,
Did lay him downe upon the brimme: and as he stooped lowe
To staunche his thirst, another thirst of worse effect did growe.
For as he dranke, he chaunst to spie the Image of his face,
The which he did immediately with fervent love embrace.
He feedes a hope without cause why. For like a foolishe noddie
He thinkes the shadow that he sees, to be a lively boddie.
Astraughted like an ymage made of Marble stone he lyes,
There gazing on his shadow still with fixed staring eyes.

Stretcht all along upon the ground, it doth him good to see
his ardent eyes which like two starres full bright and shyning bee,
And eke his fingars, fingars such as Bacchus might beseeme,
And haire that one might worthely Apollos haire it deeme.
His beardlesse chinne and yvorie necke, and eke the perfect grace
Of white and red indifferently bepainted in his face.
All these he woondreth to beholde, for which (as I doe gather)
Himselfe was to be wondred at, or to be pitied rather.
He is enamored of himselfe for want of taking heede.
And where he lykes another thing, he lykes himselfe in deede.
He is the partie whome he wooes, and suter that doth wooe,
He is the flame that settes on fire, and thing that burneth tooe.
O Lord how often did he kisse that false deceitfull thing?
How often did he thrust his armes midway into the spring,
To have embraste the necke he saw and could not catch himselfe?
He knowes not what it was he sawe. And yet the foolishe elfe
Doth burne in ardent love thereof. The verie selfe the same thing
That doth bewitch and blinde his eyes, encreaseth all his sting,
Thou foundling thou, why doest thou raught the fickle image so?
The thing thou seekest is not there. And if aside thou go,
The thing thou lovest straight is gone. It is none other matter
That thou dost see, than of thy selfe the shadow in the water.
The thing is nothing of it selfe: with thee it doth abide,
With thee it would departe if thou withdrew thy selfe aside.
No care of meate could draw him thence, nor yet desire of rest.
But lying flat against the ground, and leaning on his brest,
With greedie eyes he gazeth still uppon the falced face,
And through his sight is wrought his bane. Yet for a little space
He turnes and settes himselfe upright, and holding up his hands
With piteous voyce unto the wood that round about him stands,
Cries out and ses: alas ye Woods, and was there ever any,
That loovde so cruelly as I? you know: for unto many
A place of harbrough have you beene, and fort of refuge strong.
Can you remember any one in all your tyme so long,
That hath so pinde away as I? I see and am full faine,
Howbeit that I like and see I cannot yet attaine:
So great a blindnessse in my heart through doting love doth raigne.
And for to spight me more withall, it is no journey farre,

No drenching Sea, no Mountaine hie, no wall, no locke, no barre,
It is but even a little droppe that keepes us two asunder.
He would be had. For looke how oft I kisse the water under,
So oft againe with upwarde mouth he ryseth towarde mee,
A man would thinke to touch at least I should yet able bee.
It is a trifle in respect that lettes us of our love.
What wight soever that thou art come hither up above.
O pierlesse piece, why dost thou mee thy lover thus delude?
Or whither fliste thou of thy friende thus earnestly pursude?
I wis I neyther am so fowle nor yet so growne in yeares,
That in this wise thou shouldst me shoon. To have me to their Feeres,
The Nymphes themselves have sude ere this. And yet (as should appeere)
Thou dost pretende some kinde of hope of friendship by the cheere.
For when I stretch mine armes to thee, thou stretchest thine likewise,
And if I smile thou smilest too: and when that from mine eyes
The teares doe drop, I well perceyve the water stands in thine.
Like gesture also dost thou make to everie beck of mine.
And as by moving of thy sweete and lovely lippes I weene,
Thou speakest words although mine eares conceive not what they beene.
It is my selfe I well perceyve, it is mine Image sure,
That in this sort deluding me, this furie doth procure.
I am inamored of my selfe, I doe both set on fire,
And am the same that swelteth too, through impotent desire.
What shall I doe? be woode or woo? whome shall I woo therefore?
The thing I seeke is in my selfe, my plentie makes me poore.
O would to God I for a while might from my bodie part.
This wish is straunge to heare a Lover wrapped all in smart,
To wish away the thing the which he loveth as his heart.
My sorrowe takes away my strength. I have not long to live,
But in the floure of youth must die. To die it doth not grieve,
For that by death shall come the ende of all my griefe and paine.
I woulde this yongling whome I love might lenger life obtaine:
For in one soule shall now delay we stedfast Lovers twaine.
This said in rage he turnes againe unto the foresaide shade,
And rores the water with the teares and sloubring that he made,
That through his troubling of the Well his ymage gan to fade.
Which when he saw to vanish so, Oh whither dost thou flie?
Abide I pray thee heartely, aloud he gan to crie.

Forsake me not so cruelly that loveth thee so deere,
But give me leave a little while my dazled eyes to cheere
With sight of that which for to touch is utterly denide,
Thereby to feede my wretched rage and furie for a tide.
As in this wise he made his mone, he stripped off his cote
And with his fist outrageously his naked stomacke smote.
A ruddie colour where he smote rose on his stomacke sheere,
Lyke Apples which doe partly white and striped red appeere.
Or as the clusters ere the grapes to ripenesse fully come:
An Orient purple here and there beginnes to grow on some.
Which things assoone as in the spring he did beholde againe,
He could no longer beare it out. But fainting straight for paine,
As lith and supple waxe doth melt against the burning flame,
Or morning dewe against the Sunne that glareth on the same:
Even so by piecemale being spent and wasted through desire,
Did he consume and melt away with Cupids secret fire.
His lively hue of white and red, his cheerefulnesse and strength
And all the things that lyked him did wanze away at length.
So that in fine remayned not the bodie which of late
The wretched Echo loved so. Who when she sawe his state,
Although in heart she angrie were, and mindefull of his pride,
Yet ruing his unhappie case, as often as he cride
Alas, she cride alas likewise with shirle redoubled sound.
And when he beate his breast, or strake his feete agaynst the ground,
She made like noyse of clapping too. these are the wordes that last
Out of his lippes beholding still his woonted ymage past.
Alas sweete boy belovde in vaine, farewell. And by and by
With sighing sound the selfe same wordes the Echo did reply.
With that he layde his wearie head against the grassie place,
And death did cloze his gazing eyes that woondred at the grace
And beautie which did late adorne their Masters heavenly face.
And afterward when into Hell receyved was his spright,
He goes me to the Well of Styx, and there both day and night
Standes tooting on his shadow still as fondely as before.
The water Nymphes his sisters wept and wayled for him sore,
And on his bodie strowde their haire clipt off and shorne therefore.
The Wood nymphes also did lament. And Echo did rebound
To every sorrowfull noyse of theirs with like lamenting sound.

The fire was made to burne the corse, and waxen Tapers light.
 A Herce to lay the bodie on with solemne pompe was dight.
 But as for bodie none remaind: In stead thereof they found
 A yellow floure with milke white leaves new sprong upon the ground.
 This matter all Achaia through did spreade the Prophets fame:
 That every where of just desert renowned was his name.

EXTRACT FROM GEORGE CHAPMAN'S *BUSSY D'AMBOIS*

Lines 438-474

Monsieur

I will, I sweare. I think thee, then, a man
 That dares as much as a wilde horse or tyger,
 As headstrong and as bloody; and to feed
 The ravenous wolfe of thy most caniball valour
 (Rather than not employ it) thou would'st turne
 Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew,
 Or English usurer, to force possessions
 (And cut mens throats) of morgaged estates;
 Or thou would'st tire thee like a tinkers strumpet,
 And murder market folks; quarrell with sheepe,
 And runne as mad as Ajax; serve a butcher;
 Doe any thing but killing of the King.
 That in thy valour th'art like other naturalls
 That have strange gifts in nature, but no soule
 Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a peece,
 But stop at humours, that are more absurd,
 Childish and villanous than that hackster, whore,
 Slave, cut-throat, tinkers bitch, compar'd before;
 And in those humours would'st envie, betray,
 Slander, blaspheme, change each houre a religion,
 Doe any thing, but killing of the King:
 That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill,
 To which hath reference all filth in thy house)
 Th'art more ridiculous and vaine-glorious
 Than any mountibank, and impudent

Than any painted bawd; which not to sooth,
 And glorifie thee like a Jupiter Hammon,
 Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar, and thy gall
 Turns all thy blood to poyson, which is cause
 Of that toad-poole that stands in thy complexion,
 And makes thee with a cold and earthy moisture,
 (Which is the damme of putrifaction)
 As plague to thy damn'd pride, rot as thou liv'st:
 To study calumnies and treacheries;
 To thy friends slaughters like a scrich-owle sing,
 And to all mischiefes--but to kill the King.

EXTRACTS FROM SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

EXTRACT FROM *ASTROPHIL AND STELLA*

Sonnet 2

Not at first sight, nor with a dribbed shot
 Love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed;
 But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
 Till by degrees it had full conquest got:
 I saw and liked, I liked but loved not;
 I loved , but straight did not what Love decreed.
 At length to love's decrees I, forced , agreed,
 Yet with repining at so partial lot.
 Now even that footstep of lost liberty
 Is gone, and now like slave-born Muscovite
 I call it praise to suffer tyranny;
 And now employ the remnant of my wit
 To make myself believe that all is well,
 While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

FROM ARCADIA – BOOK 12 – PLANGUS' SPEECH

Alas how long this pilgrimage doth last ?
What greater ills haue now the heauens in store,
To couple comming harmes with sorrowes past?
Long since my voice is hoarce, and throate is sore,
With cries to skies, and curses to the ground,
But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.
Ah where was first that cruell cunning found,
To frame of Earth a vessell of the minde,
Where it should be to selfe-destruction bound?
What needed so high sprites such mansions blind?
Or wrapt in flesh what do they here obtaine,
But glorious name of wretched humaine-kind?
Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne;
Turnd from themselues, infecfed with their cage,
Where death is feard, and life is held with paine.
Like players pla'st to fill a filthy stage,
Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes.
And all but iests, saue onely sorrowes rage.
The child feeles that; the man that feeling knowes,
With cries first borne, the presage of his life,
Where wit but serues, to haue true tast of woes.
A Shop of shame, a Booke where blots be rife
This bodie is: this bodie so composed,
As in it selfe to nourish mortall strife.
So diuers be the Elements disposed
In this weake worke, that it can neuer be
Made vniforme to any state reposed.
Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see
(Euen like a toppe which nought but whipping moues)
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree.
Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues:
For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,
Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

EXTRACT FROM JOHN DONNE'S *AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD***Lines 155-170**

We seem ambitious, God's whole work t'undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
To bring our selves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can, to do't so soon as he.
With new diseases on our selves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
Thus man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home
(And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's ministers and legates there
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility, and to man's use);
This man, whom God did woo, and loath t'attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend,
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
O what a trifle, and poor thing he is!

EXTRACTS FROM THE 1587 GENEVA BIBLE

From *Deuteronomy Chapter 28*

¹⁵ But if thou wilt not obey the voyce of the Lord thy God, to keepe & to do all his commandementes and his ordinances, which I command thee this day, then al these curses shal come vpon thee, and ouertake thee. ¹⁶ Cursed shalt thou bee in the towne, and cursed also in the field. ¹⁷ Cursed shal thy basket be, & thy dough. ¹⁸ Cursed shall be the fruite of thy body, and the fruite of thy land, the increase of thy kine, & the flockes of thy sheepe. ¹⁹ Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed also when thou goest out. ²⁰ The Lorde shall sende vpon thee cursing, trouble, & shame, in all that which thou settest thine hand to do, vntill thou be destroyed, and perish quickly, because of the wickednesse of thy workes whereby thou hast forsaken me. ²¹ The Lord shall make the pestilence cleaue vnto thee, vntill he hath consumed thee from the land, whither thou goest to possesse it. ²² The Lorde shall smite thee with a consumption, and with the feuer, and with a burning ague, and with feruent heate, & with the sworde, and with blasting, and with the mildew, & they shal pursue thee vntill thou perish. ²³ And thine heauen that is ouer thine head, shall be brasse, and the earth that is vnder thee, yron.

Extract from the *Book of Judges Chapter 15*

³ Then Samson saide vnto them, Nowe am I more blamelesse then the Philistims: therefore will I doe them displeasure. ⁴ And Samson went out, and tooke three hundreth foxes, and tooke firebrands, and turned them taile to taile, and put a firebrand in ye middes betweene two tailes. ⁵ And when he had set the brandes on fire, he sent them out into the standing corne of the Philistims, and burnt vp both the rickes and the standing corne with the vineyardes and oliues. ⁶ Then the Philistims sayde, Who hath done this? And they answered, Samson the sonne in law of the Timnite, because hee had taken his wife, and giuen her to his companion. Then the Philistims came vp and burnt her and her father with fire. ⁷ And Samson saide vnto them, Though yee haue done this, yet wil I be auenged of you, and then I wil cease. ⁸ So hee smote them hippe and thigh with a mightie plague: then hee went and dwelt in the top of the rocke Etam.

From Matthew's Gospel Chapter 3

¹ And in those dayes, Iohn the Baptist came and preached in the wildernes of Iudea, ² And said, Repent: for the kingdome of heauen is at hand. ³ For this is he of whome it is spoken by the Prophet Esaias, saying, The voyce of him that crieth in the wildernes, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make his pathes straight. ⁴ And this Iohn had his garment of camels heare, and a girdle of a skinne about his loynes: his meate was also locusts and wilde hony. ⁵ Then went out to him Ierusalem and all Iudea, and all the region rounde about Iordan. ⁶ And they were baptized of him in Iordan, confessing their sinnes.

⁷ Now when he sawe many of the Pharises, and of the Sadduces come to his baptisme, he said vnto them, O generations of vipers, who hath forewarned you to flee from the anger to come? ⁸ Bring foorth therefore fruite worthy amendement of life. ⁹ And thinke not to say with your selues, We haue Abraham to our father: for I say vnto you, that God is able euen of these stones to raise vp children vnto Abraham. ¹⁰ And now also is the axe put to the roote of the trees: therefore euey tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewen downe, & cast into ye fire. ¹¹ In deede I baptize you with water to amendement of life, but he that commeth after me, is mightier then I, whose shoes I am not worthie to beare: hee will baptize you with the holy Ghost, and with fire. ¹² Which hath his fanne in his hand, and wil make cleane his floore, and gather his wheate into his garner, but will burne vp the chaffe with vnquenchable fire.

From Matthew's Gospel Chapter 6

¹ Take heede that ye giue not your almes before men, to be seene of them, or els ye shall haue no reward of your Father which is in heaue. ² Therefore when thou giuest thine almes, thou shalt not make a trumpet to be blowen before thee, as the hypocrites doe in the Synagogues and in the streetes, to be prayseed of men. Verely I say vnto you, they haue their rewarde. ³ But when thou doest thine almes, let not thy left hand knowe what thy right hand doeth, ⁴ That thine almes may be in secret, and thy Father that seeth in secret, hee will rewarde thee openly.

⁵ And when thou prayest, be not as the hypocrites: for they loue to stand, and pray in the Synagogues, and in the corners of the streetes, because they would be seene of men. Verely I say vnto you, they haue their rewarde. ⁶ But when thou prayest, enter into thy chamber and when thou hast shut thy doore, pray vnto thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall rewarde thee openly. ⁷ Also when ye pray, vse no vaine repetitions as the

Heathen: for they thinke to be heard for their much babbling. ⁸ Be ye not like them therefore: for your Father knoweth whereof ye haue neede, before ye aske of him.

⁹ After this maner therefore pray ye, Our father which art in heauen, halowed be thy name. ¹⁰ Thy Kingdome come. Thy will be done euen in earth, as it is in heauen. ¹¹ Giue vs this day our dayly bread. ¹² And forgiue vs our dettes, as we also forgiue our detters. ¹³ And leade vs not into tentation, but deliuer vs from euill: for thine is the kingdome, and the power, and the glorie for euer. Amen.

¹⁴ For if ye doe forgiue men their trespasses, your heauenly Father will also forgiue you. ¹⁵ But if ye do not forgiue men their trespasses,, no more will your father forgiue you your trespasses.

¹⁶ Moreouer, when ye fast, looke not sowre as the hypocrites: for they disfigure their faces, that they might seeme vnto men to fast. Verely I say vnto you, that they haue their rewarde. ¹⁷ But when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face, ¹⁸ That thou seeme not vnto men to fast, but vnto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret, will rewarde thee openly.

¹⁹ Lay not vp treasures for your selues vpon the earth, where the mothe & canker corrupt, and where theeues digge through and steale. ²⁰ But lay vp treasures for your selues in heauen, where neither the mothe nor canker corrupteth, & where theeues neither digge through, nor steale. ²¹ For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. ²² The light of the body is the eye: if then thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be light. ²³ But if thine eye be wicked, then all thy body shalbe darke. Wherefore if the light that is in thee, be darkenes, howe great is that darkenesse? ²⁴ No man can serue two masters: for eyther he shall hate the one, and loue the other, or els he shall leane to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serue God and riches.

²⁵ Therefore I say vnto you, be not carefull for your life, what ye shall eate, or what ye shall drinke: nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more worth then meate? and the bodie then raiment? ²⁶ Behold the foules of the heauen: for they sowe not, neither reape, nor carie into the barnes: yet your heauenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better then they? ²⁷ Which of you by taking care is able to adde one cubite vnto his stature? ²⁸ And why care ye for raiment? Learne howe the lilies of the fielde doe growe: they are not wearied, neither spinne: ²⁹ Yet I say vnto you, that euen Solomon in all his glorie was not arayed like one of these. ³⁰ Wherefore if God so clothe the grasse of the fielde which is to day, and to morowe is cast into the ouen, shall he not doe much more vnto you, O ye of litle faith? ³¹ Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eate? or what shall we drinke? or where with

shall we be clothed? ³² (For after all these things seeke the Gentiles) for your heauenly Father knoweth, that ye haue neede of all these things. ³³ But seeke ye first the kingdome of God, and his righteousnesse, and all these things shall be ministred vnto you. ³⁴ Care not then for the morowe: for the morowe shall care for it selfe: the day hath ynough with his owne grieffe.

From Mark's Gospel Chapter 14

⁴¹ And he came the third time, and said vnto them, Sleepe henceforth, and take your rest: it is ynough: the houre is come: beholde, the Sonne of man is deliuered into the hands of sinners. ⁴² Rise vp: let vs go: loe, he that betraieith me, is at hand.

⁴³ And immediatly while hee yet spake, came ludas that was one of the twelue, and with him a great multitude with swordes and stauces from the hie Priests, and Scribes, and Elders. ⁴⁴ And he that betraied him, had giuen them a token, saying, Whomsoeuer I shall kisse, he it is: take him and leade him away safely.

⁴⁵ And assoone as hee was come, hee went straightway to him, and saide, Haile Master, and kissed him. ⁴⁶ Then they laide their handes on him, and tooke him.

⁴⁷ And one of them that stode by, drewe out a sword, and smote a seruant of the hie Priest, and cut off his eare. ⁴⁸ And Iesus answered and saide to them, Ye be come out as against a thiefe with swordes, and with stauces, to take me.

⁴⁹ I was daily with you teaching in the Temple, and yee tooke me not: but this is done that the Scriptures should be fulfilled. ⁵⁰ Then they all forsooke him, and fled.

From Luke's Gospel Chapter 23

³² And there were two others, which were euill doers, led with him to be slaine.

³³ And when they were come to the place, which is called Caluarie, there they crucified him, and the euill doers: one at the right hand, and the other at the left. ³⁴ Then sayd Iesus, Father, forgiue them: for they know not what they doe.

And they parted his raiment, and cast lottes. ³⁵ And the people stode, and behelde: and the rulers mocked him with them, saying, He saued others: let him saue himselfe, if hee be that Christ, the Chosen of God. ³⁶ The souldiers also mocked him, and came and offered him vineger, ³⁷ And said, If thou be the King of the Iewes, saue thy selfe. ³⁸ And a superscription was also written ouer him,

in Greeke letters, and in Latin, and in Hebrew, This is that King of The Iewes. ³⁹ And one of the euill doers, which were hanged, railed on him, saying, If thou

be that Christ, saue thy selfe and vs. ⁴⁰ But the other answered, and rebuked him, saying, Fearest thou not God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? ⁴¹ We are in deede righteously here: for we receiue things worthy of that we haue done: but this man hath done nothing amisse. ⁴² And he sayd vnto Iesus, Lorde, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdome. ⁴³ Then Iesus said vnto him, Verely I say vnto thee, to day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

From Paul's Letter to the Ephesians Chapter 2

¹ And you hath he quickened, that were dead in trespasses and sinnes, ² Wherein, in times past ye walked, according to the course of this world, and after the prince that ruleth in the aire, euen the spirite, that nowe worketh in the children of disobedience, ³ Among whom we also had our conuersation in time past, in the lustes of our flesh, in fulfilling the will of the flesh, and of the minde, and were by nature the children of wrath, as well as others.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH: *THE PASSIONATE MAN'S PILGRIMAGE* (1504)

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given ;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven ;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains :
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss ;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill :
My soul will be a-dry before ;
But after, it will thirst no more.
Then by that happy blestful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel ;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to heavens's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl ;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, nor vain-spent journey ;
For there Christ is the King's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder !
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms ;
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.
And this is my eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head.
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit ;
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT**From Act Two Scene One****SEBASTIAN**

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Extract from Act Two Scene Five**FABIAN**

Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN

I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Extract from Act Three Scene Four**OLIVIA**

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA

He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

OLIVIA

Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MARIA

No. madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

OLIVIA

Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

I am as mad as he,

If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, 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.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO

'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'Some are born great,'--

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

'Some achieve greatness,'--

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'--

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO

'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA

Cross-gartered!

MALVOLIO

'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; '--

OLIVIA

Am I made?

MALVOLIO

'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant

SERVANT

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

Exit Servant

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO

O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance--What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN

Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO

Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

MARIA

Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO

Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FABIAN

Carry his water to the wise woman.

MARIA

Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO

How now, mistress!

MARIA

O Lord!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FABIAN

No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO

Sir!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

MARIA

Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx!

MARIA

No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO

Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is't possible?

FABIAN

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

From Act Four Scene One:

OLIVIA

I prithee, gentle friend,
 Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
 In this uncivil and thou unjust extent
 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
 Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEBASTIAN

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

From Act Four Scene Three

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

Enter 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

From Act Four Scene Two

SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clown

Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

Clown

What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO

[Within] Who calls there?

Clown

Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown

Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown

Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO

I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown

Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MALVOLIO

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

MALVOLIO

That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clown

Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA

Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Clown

[Singing]

'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO

Fool!

Clown

'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

MALVOLIO

Fool!

Clown

'Alas, why is she so?'

MALVOLIO

Fool, I say!

Clown

'She loves another'--Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO

Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

Clown

Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO

Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown

But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO

They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown

Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

Clown

Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clown

Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO

Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown

Well-a-day that you were, sir

MALVOLIO

By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown

I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO

Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *MACBETH***From Act Two Scene Two****LADY MACBETH**

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH

[Within] Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter MACBETH

My husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

Hark!

From Act Four Scene One

First Witch

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Extract from Act Five Scene One**Doctor**

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report.
When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor

A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gentlewoman

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep.
Observe her; stand close.

Doctor

How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman

Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor

You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH

Yet here's a spot.

Doctor

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doctor

Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor

Well, well, well,--

Gentlewoman

Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor

Even so?

LADY MACBETH

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

Exit

Doctor

Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman

Directly.

Doctor

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deed
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET**Act One Scene Five****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

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *THE TEMPEST*

From Act One Scene Two

MIRANDA

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

EXTRACT FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *KING LEAR***From Act One Scene One****KING LEAR**

To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA

Nothing, my lord.

KING LEAR

Nothing!

CORDELIA

Nothing.

KING LEAR

Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

CORDELIA

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

KING LEAR

How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA

Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

EXTRACT FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *AS YOU LIKE IT***From Act Two Scene One****FIRST LORD**

Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
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.

DUKE SENIOR

But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD

O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
 'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
 'Tis right:' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
 The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him; 'Ay' quoth Jaques,
 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE SENIOR

And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

EXTRACT FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *RICHARD III*

From Act Five Scene Four

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD III

KING RICHARD III

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

KING RICHARD III

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die:
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Exeunt

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*

From Act Two Scene One

OBERON

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
 Till I torment thee for this injury.
 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK

I remember.

OBERON

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK

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



Because plays are
written to be seen.