

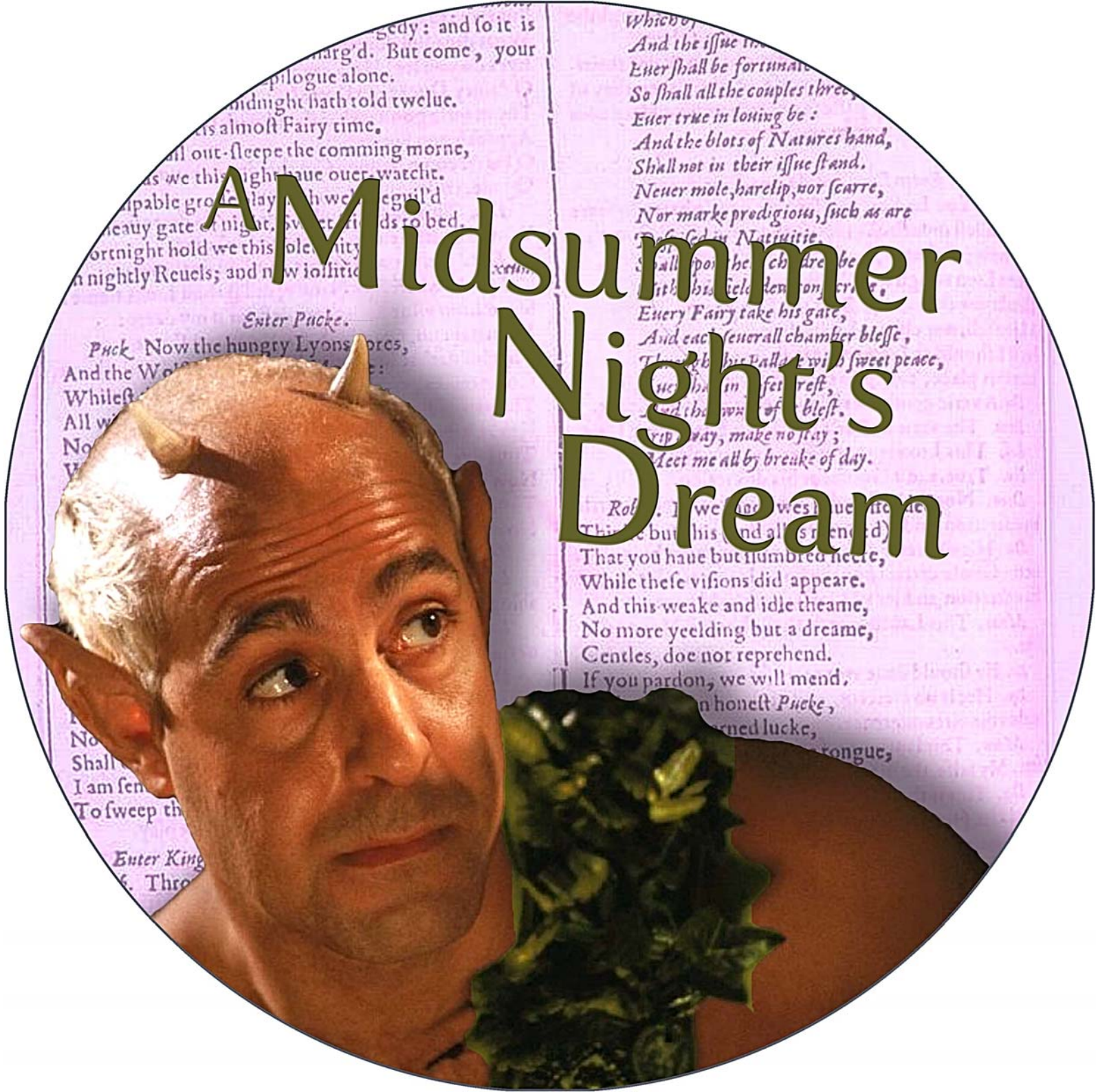
AS YOU LIKE IT





Coriolanus

Of dreaded name
That doth distribute
And in the power of vs the
(Eu'n from this instant) banish
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer mo
To enter our Rome gates. I'th' Peoples na
I say it shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him aw
See banish'd, and it shall be so.
Cor. Heare me my Masters, and my common fr
Sic. He's content: No more hearing.
Com. Let me spee:
I have bene Calpurnius, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies makes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, my weales increase,
And treasure of my Loynes: therefore I would
Speake that.
Sic. We know your drift, Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th' rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
ere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Rumors, with nodding of their Plumes
dispaire: Haue the power still
Defenders, till at length
(which findes not till it feesles,
uation of your felues,
) deliuer you
ptiues, to some Nation
without blowes, de
Thus I turne my
elsewhere.
Exeunt Com.
They all



A Midsummer Night's Dream

...edy: and so it is
...arg'd. But come, your
...pilogue alone.
...midnight hath told twelue.
...is almost Fairy time,
...all out-sleepe the comming morne,
...as we this night haue ouer-watched.
...pable growe. Lay with we, eguill'd
...eavy gate of night, sweete beds to bed.
...ortnight hold we this sole unitie
...n nightly Reuels; and now iollitic

Enter Pucke.
Puck Now the hungry Lyons pores,
And the Wolves howling for prey:
Whilest I do with this idle tale
Amuse your senses, will you stay:
All well?
No, sir.
Why?

Which of you
And the issue time
Euer shall be fortunate
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand,
Neuer mole, harelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
To be feard in Natuities.
Shall possesse the chaire of
With this celestiall song, create
Euerie Fairy take his gait,
And eueuer all chamber blesse,
Through his valls with sweet peace,
In the forest,
And the woods of blest.
Wise way, make no stay;
Direct me all by breake of day.

Robin. I weare not what you take me for,
This is but my (and all's) friend;
That you haue but humbled me,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend,
I am an honest Pucke,
I haue not turn'd lucke,
Nor seldome I haue a tongue,

Enter King
of. Thro

Hamlet



That I am
I am selfe distracted,
meanes speake.
forward to be founded,
keepes alone:
him on to some Confession
receiue you well?
like a Gentleman.
at with much forcing of
Niggard of question, but
in his reply.
Did you assay him to any pastime?
Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
and there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) in ready order
This night
Pol.
And he
To he
K
To he
K
To he
G
To
K
For wa
That he
Affront
Will f
We m
And

Deuoutly to be wh
To sleepe, perchance to
For in that sleepe of death, wh
When we haue shuffel'd off this
Must giue vs pawse. There's the resp
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scor
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Con
The wrong of distiz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the purnes
that sties me of the yowe
Who he haue
With a bare Bo
Who would these Fardles bea
To grunt and sweat vnder a w
life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traueller returns, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather than those illes we haue,
Then flye to
not of.
Thus Cor
eds of vs all,
And thu
on
Is sickli
And en
With th
And lo
The fa
Be all
Op
How
Honor fo
a day?
Ham. M
I amby th
well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I
embrances of yours,
That I haue longed lo
deliuer.
I pray you now, recei
Ham. No, no, I
ue you ought.
Ophe. My honor
I know right well you did,
And with them wor
sweet breath compos'd,
As made the th
then perfume left:
Take these aga
the minde
Rich gifts wax
proue vnkinde.
There my Lor
Ham. Ha,
Ophe. My
Ham. Ar
Ophe. W
rdship?
and faire
ar Beau
rd, h



Henry V

... Highnesse
... at large,
... sent his Maieftie;
... an Answer of it,
... Ambie Vaulges of France
... respas, and returne your M
... of his Oinnance.
... ay: if my Father render faire re
... at my will: But I desire
... but Oddes with England.
... that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
... and presente him with the Paris-Balls.
... He make your Paris Louer shake for
... Mistresse Court of mightie Europe
... you'll find a diff'rence,
... Subjects haue in wonder found,
... the promise of his greener dayes,
... matters now: now he weighs
... st Graine: that you
... King. To
... Dispatch vs
... Come here himsele to question our
... freebe is footed in this Land already
... You shalbe soone dispatht, wi
... A Night is but small breathe, and litt
... To answer matters of this consequer

Katherine his Daug
Some petty and vnprofitable
The offer likes not: and the m
With Lynstock now the diuellish
Alarum, and Chant
And downe goes all before them. Still be
And eech out our performance with your imit
Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucestre
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.
King. Once more into the Breach
Dear friends, as once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English lead:
In Peace, there's nothing to becomes
As modest stillness and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, come vp the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrif
... pry through the port
... Brasse Cannon: l
... ally, as doth a gal
... and iutty his
... wild an
... and
... what like
... in these p
... And sheath'd
... honour

Actus Sec

Kings Lear

out to effect more then all yet;
found the King, in which your pain
is: He that first lights on him,
Exit.

Scene

Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, 'drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curiors of Oake-cleauing Thunder,
Sindge my white head. And thou all
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaine
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water
better then this Rain-water out o'de
in, aske thy Daughters blessing,
neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are
I taxe not you, you Elements with
neuer gaue you Kingdome; call
I owe me no subscription. T
horrible pleasure. Hee
; infirme, weake, an
call you Seruile M
with two pernicious
vnder'd Ba

That art the
That vnder couert,
Ha's practis'd on mans life
Riue your concealing Contin
These deadfull Summoners grace
More shou'd against, then sinning.
Ken. Alacke, bare-headed?
obious my Lord, hard by heere is a Ho
The friendship will it lend you 'gainst the T
Reposet
I to this hard house,
(Me
nes whereof 'tis rais'd,
W
standing after you,
D
, and force
T
rne.
C
my boy? Art cold?
I an
this straw, my Fellow?
The
strange,
And
s precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore
haue one part in my heart
That's

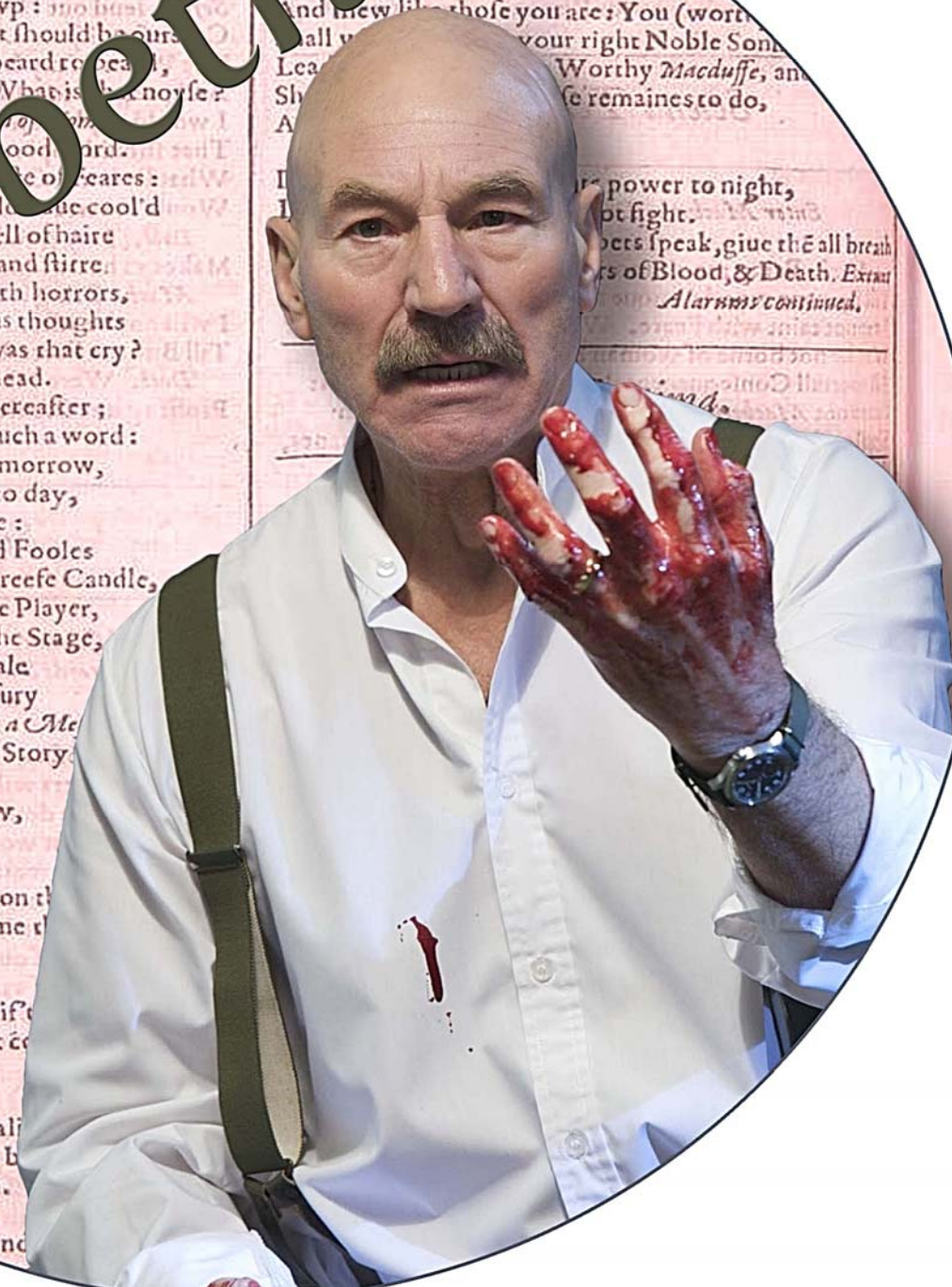


Much Ado about Nothing



Macbeth

our Banners on the outward wall
y come: our Castles strength
edge to scorne: Heere let them lye,
and the Ague eate them vp:
not forc'd with those that should be ours
ght haue met them darefull, beard reape,
eate them backward home. What is't knowse?
A Cry
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I haue almost forgot the time of beares:
The time ha's beene, my senses would haue cool'd
To heare a light-shoe, and my fell of haire
Would at a small Tread, and stirre:
As life were but a breath, full with horrors,
I am to laughterous thoughts
Came to the stage. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene, (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She should haue dy'de heereafter;
There should haue beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdaies, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideor, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger*
Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story.
Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, say fir.
Mes. As I did stand my watch vpon the
look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me the
Wood began to moue.
Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.
Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if
his three Mile may you see it e
uing Grove.
hou speak'st false,
Tree shall thou hang ali
ce: If thy speech be
for me as much.
in
Fiend



The Merchant of Venice

betweene your wine and rennisi:but
et *Anthonio* haue had anie
another bad match, a bankrout, a
are scarce shew his head on the Ryalto,
was vsd to come so smug vpon the
to his bond, he was wont to call me *Vnter*,
oke to his bond, he was wont to lend money
ristian curtie, let him looke to his bond
l. Why I am sure hee forfeit it, thou wilt not take
flesh, what's that good for?
Sby. To bait thee with it, it will feede nothing
else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath done me
hundred michellie a million, saught at my costes, lookt at
me as if I were a *Nation*, thwarte my bargaynes,
coole my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the
reason? I am a *Jewe*: Hath not a *Jewe* eyes? hath not
Jew hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passi-
ons, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same wea-
pons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same
meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and
Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not
bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison
vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not re-
uenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you
in that. If a *Jew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humility,
reuenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what should his suf-
ferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The vil-
lanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard
but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and
speake with you both.

haue beene vp and downe to seeke him

Enter Tuball.

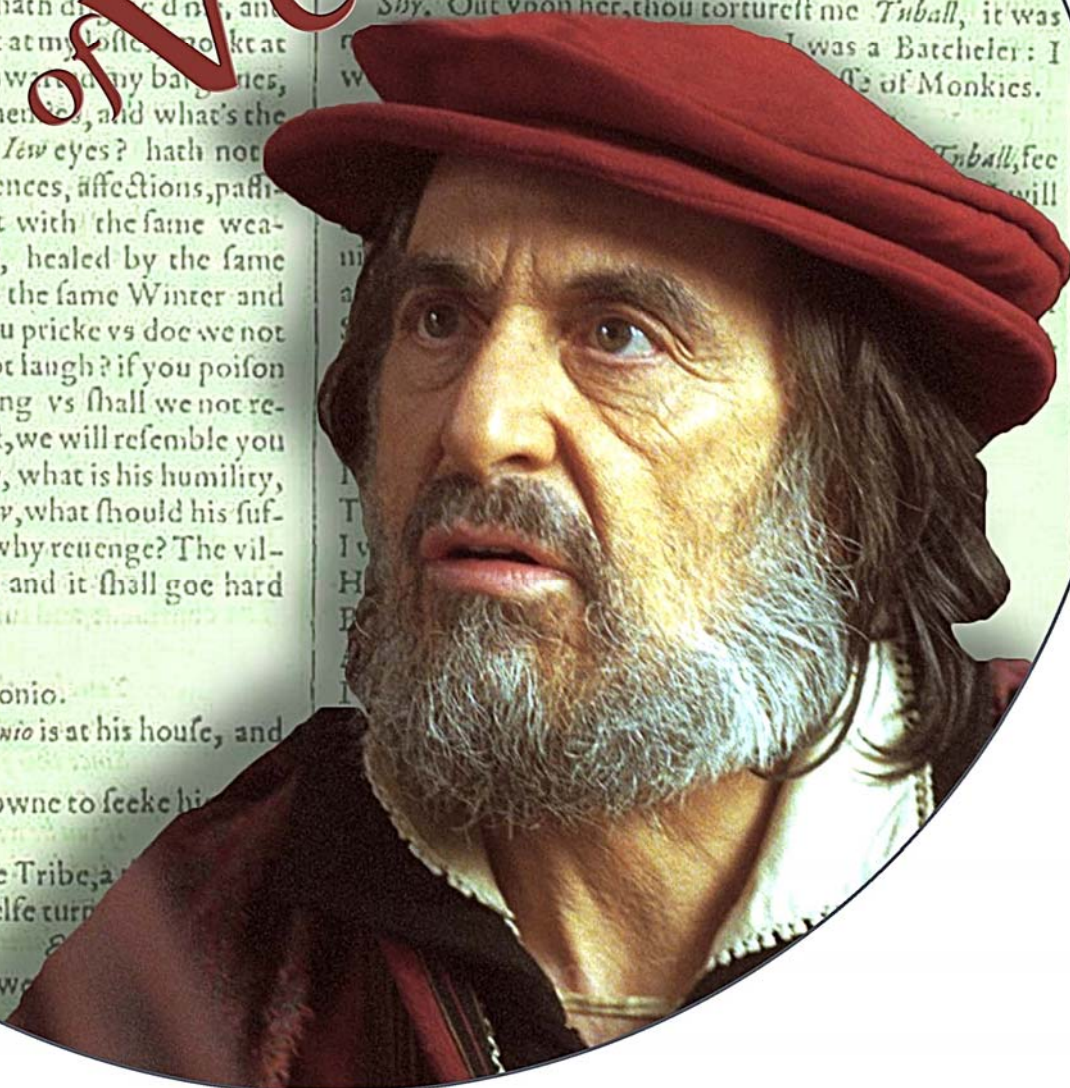
gives another of the Tribe, a

he diuell himselfe turne

at newe

newes: ha, ha, ha,
Tub. Your daughter
night foure score ducats.
Sby. Thow'lt be a dagger in my
goe againe, fourescore ducats at a fitt
ts.
Tub. There came diuers of *Anthonios* crea
company to Venice, that I sweare hee cannot ch
break.
Sby. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile to
him, and I'd of it,
Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had
your daughter for a Monkie.
Sby. Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was
I was a Batcheler: I
of Monkies.

Tuball, fee
will



Romeo and Juliet





Richard III

of Gloster, solus.
inter of our Discontent,
orious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
all the clouds that low'd vpon our house
the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
ur browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
lised armes hung vp for Monuments;
terne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures,
rim-ris'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
nd now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steed,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
he capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
I, that am not shap'd for sportiue tricks,
Voe made to see an antique Looking-glasse:
char madely tempt, and danceth roundes Maiesty,
to stur be a Patron and King Nymph:
that am cur'd of this faire Proportion,
theated of Pestilence by dissembling Nature,
Reform'd, vn-finn'd, sent before my time
into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
and that so lamely and vn-fashionable,
that dogges bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace,
I haue no deight to passe away the time
to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
Defecant on mine owne Defect,
before, since I cannot prouide
to fine these faire well-wax'd
ned to prouide
the pleasi
dayes.
ngerous,
nd Dreames,
ce and the King
the other:
st,

That waites vpon your Grace?
Cla. His Maiesty tending my pen
Hath appointed this conduct, to conuey
Rich. Vpon what busse?
Cla. Because my name is George.
Rich. Make you a Lord, that fault is none of yo
He should haue that commit your Godfathers
belike, his Maiesty hath some intent
That you should be new Christned in
But what's the matter Clarence, may
Cla. Yea Richard, wh
As yet I do not: But
He hearkens after Pr
And from the Cross
And sayes, a Wi
His issue disin
And
It fo
The
Ha
to the Tower?
is deliuered?
ot safe.
is no man secure
ight-walking Herald
and Mistris Shore.
e Suppliant
iucry?
ng to her Deigh
e his libertie
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with
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CATALOG
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The Comedy of Errors.

William Shakespeare



The Tempest



...newest poore-lond...
...now (as once I was) and ha...
...a holiday-foole there but would...
...there, would this Monster, make a...
...beast there, makes a man: when they...
...doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay o...
...a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man, and his Fin...
...Armes: warme o' my train: I doe now let loofe...
...pinion; hold it to my necke: this is no fish, but an I...
...der, that hath suffere'd by a thunderbolt: All...
...the storme is to: I amine: my best way is to creepe vn...
...er his Gallerdine: there is no other shelter herea-...
...beast: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-...
...lowes: I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme...
...be past.

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lowes: I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme...
be past.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?
Gen. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, as mine eyes opend,
I saw their wings: there was a noyse,
That's yet in mine eare: and vpon our guard
Or that our ship should be in danger,
let's draw on our swords & let's not
For
G
For
So (K

Enter Stephano singing.
I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.
very scuruy tune to sing at a mans
well, here's my comfort. *Drinkee.*
The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
ner, and his Mate
Mall, Meg, and Marria
none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a ta
ould cry to a Sailor goe hang
he had not the saour of Tar nor o
Sailor mighte scratch her where
Boyes, and let her goe han
scuruy tune too:
comfort, dri
Cal. torment me
matte

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.
Ste. This is some Monster of the
who hath got (as I take it) a
should he learne our
liefe if it be by

Titus Andronicus

Enter a messenger with two heads and a woman

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*,
For that good hand thou fearest
Here are the heads of thine
And heeres thy hand in
Thy griefes, their speeche
That woe is me to see
More then remember

Marc. Now
And be my heart
These miseries are
To weepe with r
But sorrow flourish

Luci. Ah that
And yet detested
At euer death
Ere life hath no more interest but
Alas poore hart that kisse is
In water to a starved snake
When will this fearefull
Now farwell flatterie, die
Remember, see thy two
thy mangled dar
es with this de



Bear thou my
As for thee boy, goe
Thou art an Exile, and thou
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an
And if you loue me, as I thinke you
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofull man that euer liu'd in Rome,
I would not proud Rome, till *Lucius* con
Belou'd his leasde deare the
I would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Launina* liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes;

alue, he will requit your wrongs,
I would *Saturnine* and his Empresse
like *Tarquius* and his Queene,
Gothes and raise a power,
Come and *Saturnine*,

Exit Lucius

A Baker.

Luci. *Lucius*, *Launina*, and the Boy,

And looke you eate no more
much strength in vs
woes of ours,
wreathen knot:

(features) want our hands
enfold grieve,

ed Armes. This poore right hand of mine
canize vpon my breast,
my hart all mad with misery,
ollow prison of my flesh,
thumpe it downe.

nowe, that thus dost talk in
that beates without

strike it thus to make
fighting girl.

e knife b