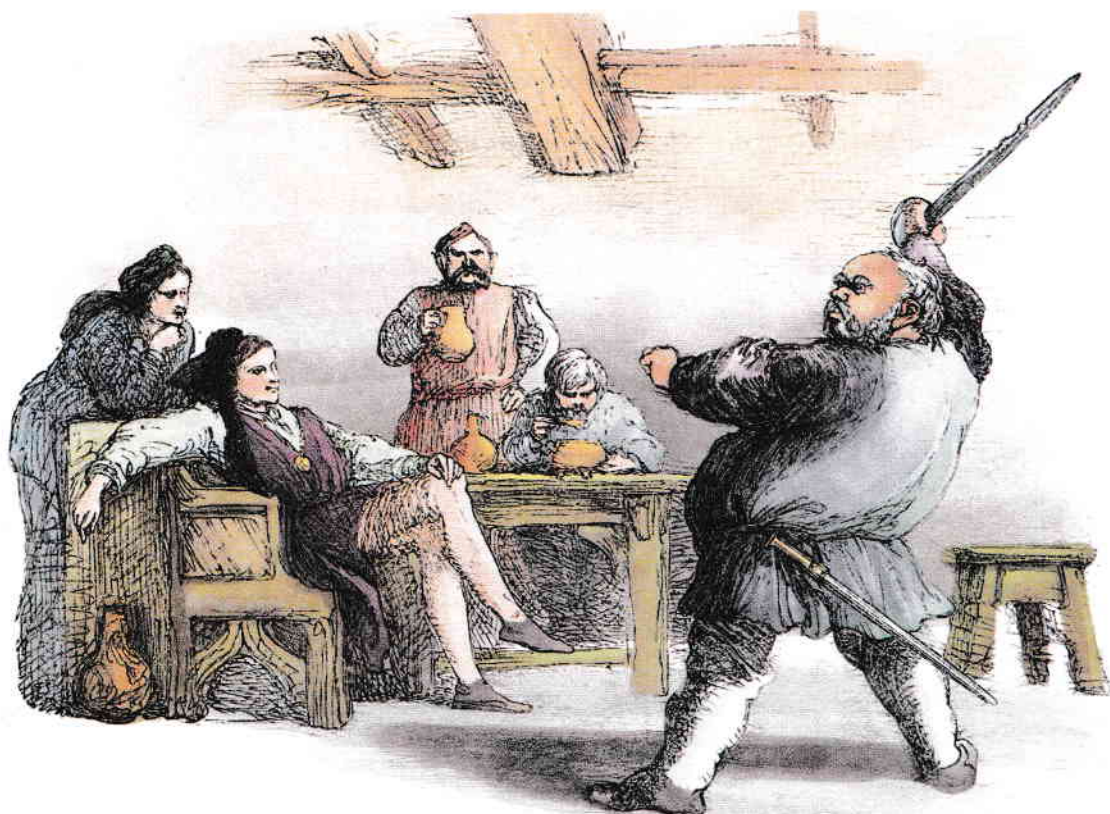


LBRIS

We know
books

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE THE COMPLETE WORKS



EDITED BY
ARTHUR HENRY BULLEN

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SIR JOHN GILBERT RA

WORTH PRESS LIMITED

In this volume the plays are arranged in the chronological order of their composition. Naturally, no claim to finality is made in a subject so beset with difficulties, but the sequence may be taken as fairly representing the

general results of recent research. The time-honoured division into comedies, histories and tragedies, dating from the First Folio and since universally followed, has been abandoned in favour of an edition

designed to enable readers to approach the body of the plays not as a static monument of achievement but as a vital and growing organism revealing the evolution of the poet's personality and genius.

<i>John Aubrey's William Shakespeare</i>	vi
<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson's Shakespeare, or, The Poet</i>	vi
Sir John Gilbert, Illustrator and Painter, 1817-97	xi
Quotations from Shakespeare in Everyday Use	xii
Selected Bibliography	xvi
Dedications from the First Folio	xvii

THE PLAYS

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth (1591-2)	1
The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth (1590-1)	17
The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth (1590-1)	35
King Richard the Third (1592-3)	53
Titus Andronicus (1593-4)	75
The Comedy of Errors (1592-3)	91
The Two Gentlemen of Verona (1594-5)	105
Love's Labour's Lost (1594-5)	121
Romeo and Juliet (1594-5)	139
A Midsummer Night's Dream (1595-6)	161

King John (1596-7)	177
The Taming of the Shrew (1593-4)	193
King Richard the Second (1595-6)	211
The Merchant of Venice (1596-7)	227
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth (1597-8)	243
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth (1597-8)	263
King Henry the Fifth (1598-9)	285
Much Ado About Nothing (1598-9)	303
The Merry Wives of Windsor (1600-1)	321
Julius Caesar (1599-1600)	339
As You Like It (1599-1600)	357
Twelfth Night; or, What You Will (1599-1600)	375
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (1600-1)	393
Troilus and Cressida (1601-2)	419
All's Well That Ends Well (1602-3)	441
Measure for Measure (1604-5)	459
Othello, the Moor of Venice (1604-5)	477
Macbeth (1605-6)	499
King Lear (1605-6)	515

Antony and Cleopatra (1606-7)	537
Coriolanus (1606-7)	559
Timon of Athens (1606-8)	581
Pericles, Prince of Tyre (1608-9)	597
Cymbeline (1609-10)	613
The Winter's Tale (1610-11)	635
The Tempest (1611-12)	655
King Henry the Eighth (1612-13)	669

POEMS & SONNETS

Venus and Adonis (1593)	689
Lucrece (1594)	695
Sonnets (1595-)	704
A Lover's Complaint	714
The Passionate Pilgrim	716
Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music	718
The Phoenix and Turtle (1601)	719
Scene from Sir Thomas Moore (1596)	719
Glossary	721

Mr William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and *coaetaneam* [contemporary], but he died young.

This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about eighteen; and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well (now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor).

He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low; and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man: very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit.

The humour of the constable in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he happened to take at Grendon in Buckinghamshire – I think it was midsummer night that he

happened to lie there – which is on the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxford: Mr Josias Howe is of that parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men daily wherever they came. One time as he was at the tavern at Stratford-upon-Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extemporary epitaph

Ten in the hundred the Devil allows,
But Combes will have twelve, he swears
and vows:
If any one asks who lies in the tomb,
'Hoh!' quoth the Devil, ' 'tis my John o
Combe.'

He was wont to go to his native country once a year. I think I have been told that he left £200 or £300 per annum there and thereabout to a sister.

I have heard Sir William Davenant and Mr Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian writer of comedies we have now) say that he had a most prodigious wit, and did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramatical writers. He was wont to

say (B. Jonson's *Underwoods*) that he 'never blotted out a line in his life'; said Ben Jonson, 'I wish he had blotted out a thousand.'

His comedies will remain wit as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum* [the ways of men]. Now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and cox-combities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood.

Though, as Ben Jonson says of him, that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country.

This account of William Shakespeare's life was written by John Aubrey (1626–97), an English antiquarian, about sixty-five years after the poet's death in his collection of short biographies, entitled *Brief Lives*, in which he chronicled the great and the good of the previous century. He used information furnished by William Beeston, son of Christopher Beeston, who was one of Shakespeare's theatrical colleagues.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Shakespeare, or, the Poet*

Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality. If we require the originality which consists in weaving, like a spider, their web from their own bowels; in finding clay, and making bricks and building the house, no great men are original. Nor does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The hero is in the press of knights, and the thick of events; and, seeing what men want, and sharing their desire, he adds the needful length of sight and of arm, to come at the desired point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man. A poet is no rattlebrain, saying what comes uppermost, and, because he says everything, saying, at last, something good; but a heart in unison with his time and country. There is nothing whimsical and fantastic in his production, but sweet and sad, earnest, freighted with the weightiest convictions, and pointed with the most determined aim which any man or class knows of in his times.

The Genius of our life is jealous of individuals, and will not have any individual great, except through the general. There is no choice to genius. A great man does not wake up on some fine morning, and say, 'I

am full of life, I will go to sea, and find an Antarctic continent: today I will square the circle: I will ransack botany, and find a new food for man: I have a new architecture in my mind: I foresee a new mechanic power;' no, but he finds himself in the river of the thoughts and events, forced onward by the ideas and necessities of his contemporaries. He stands where all the eyes of men look one way, and their hands all point in the direction in which he should go. The church has reared him amidst rites and pomps, and he carries out the advice which her music gave him, and builds a cathedral needed by her chants and processions. He finds a war raging: it educates him by trumpet, in barracks, and he betters the instruction. He finds two counties groping to bring coal, or flour, or fish, from the place of production to the place of consumption, and he hits on a railroad. Every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people, and in his love of the materials he wrought in. What an economy of power! and what a compensation for the shortness of life! All is done to his hand. The world has brought him thus far on his way. The human race has gone out

before him, sunk the hills, filled the hollows, and bridged the rivers. Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labours. Choose any other thing, out of the line of tendency, out of the national feeling and history, and he would have all to do for himself: his powers would be expended in the first preparations. Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind.

Shakespeare's youth fell in a time when the English people were importunate for dramatic entertainments. The court took offence easily at political allusions, and attempted to suppress them. The Puritans, a growing and energetic party, and the religious among the Anglican church, would suppress them. But the people wanted them. Inn-yards, houses without roofs, and extemporaneous enclosures at country fairs, were the ready theatres of strolling players. The people had tasted this new joy; and, as we could not hope to suppress newspapers now – no, not by the strongest party – neither then could king, prelate, or puritan,

alone or united, suppress an organ which was ballad, epic, newspaper, caucus, lecture, punch and library at the same time. Probably king, prelate and puritan, all found their own account in it. It had become, by all causes, a national interest – by no means conspicuous, so that some great scholar would have thought of treating it in an English history – but not a whit less considerable, because it was cheap, and of no account, like a baker's shop. The best proof of its vitality is the crowd of writers which suddenly broke into this field; Kyd, Marlow, Greene, Jonson, Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Peele, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher.

The secure possession, by the stage, of the public mind, is of the first importance to the poet who works for it. He loses no time in idle experiments. Here is audience and expectation prepared. In the case of Shakespeare there is much more. At the time when he left Stratford, and went up to London, a great body of stage-plays, of all dates and writers, existed in manuscript, and were in turn produced on the boards. Here is the *Tale of Troy*, which the audience will bear hearing some part of every week; the *Death of Julius Caesar*, and other stories out of Plutarch, which they never tire of; a shelf full of English history, from the chronicles of Brut and Arthur, down to the royal Henries, which men hear eagerly; and a string of doleful tragedies, merry Italian tales and Spanish voyages, which all the London 'prentices know. All the mass has been treated, with more or less skill, by every playwright, and the prompter has the soiled and tattered manuscripts. It is now no longer possible to say who wrote them first. They have been the property of the Theatre so long, and so many rising geniuses have enlarged or altered them, inserting a speech, or a whole scene, or adding a song, that no man can any longer claim copyright on this work of numbers. Happily, no man wishes to. They are not yet desired in that way. We have few readers, many spectators and hearers. They had best lie where they are.

Shakespeare, in common with his comrades, esteemed the mass of old plays, waste stock, in which any experiment could be freely tried. Had the *prestige* which hedges about a modern tragedy existed, nothing could have been done. The rude warm blood of the living England circulated in the play, as in street-ballads, and gave body which he wanted to his airy and majestic fancy. The poet needs a ground in popular tradition on which he may work, and which, again, may restrain his art within the due temperance. It holds him to the people, supplies a foundation for his edifice; and, in furnishing so much work done to his hand, leaves him at leisure, and in full strength for the audacities of his imagination. In short, the

poet owes to his legend what sculpture owed to the temple. Sculpture in Egypt, and in Greece, grew up in subordination to architecture. It was the ornament of the temple wall: at first, a rude relief carved on pediments, then the relief became bolder, and a head or arm was projected from the wall, the groups being still arrayed with reference to the building, which serves also as a frame to hold the figures; and when, at last, the greatest freedom of style and treatment was reached, the prevailing genius of architecture still enforced a certain calmness and continence in the statue. As soon as the statue was begun for itself, and with no reference to the temple or palace, the art began to decline: freak, extravagance and exhibition took the place of the old temperance. This balance-wheel, which the sculptor found in architecture, the perilous irritability of poetic talent found in the accumulated dramatic materials to which the people were already wonted, and which had a certain excellence which no single genius, however extraordinary, could hope to create.

In point of fact, it appears that Shakespeare did owe debts in all directions, and was able to use whatever he found; and the amount of indebtedness may be inferred from Malone's laborious computations in regard to the First, Second and Third parts of *Henry VI*, in which, 'out of 6043 lines, 1771 were written by some author preceding Shakespeare; 2373 by him, on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1899 were entirely his own'. And the preceding investigation hardly leaves a single drama of his absolute invention. Malone's sentence is an important piece of external history. In *Henry VIII*, I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where – instead of the metre of Shakespeare, whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm – here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence. But the play contains, through all its length, unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs. What is odd, the compliment to Queen Elizabeth is in the bad rhythm.

Shakespeare knew that tradition supplies a better fable than any invention can. If he lost any credit of design, he augmented his resources; and at that day our petulant demand for originality was not so much pressed. There was no literature for the million. The universal reading, the cheap press, were unknown. A great poet, who

appears in illiterate times, absorbs into his sphere all the light which is anywhere radiating. Every intellectual jewel, every flower of sentiment, it is his fine office to bring to his people; and he comes to value his memory equally with his invention. He is therefore little solicitous whence his thoughts have been derived; whether through translation, whether through tradition, whether by travel in distant countries, whether by inspiration; from whatever source, they are equally welcome to his uncritical audience. Nay, he borrows very near home. Other men say wise things as well as he; only they say a good many foolish things, and do not know when they have spoken wisely. He knows the sparkle of the true stone, and puts it in high place, wherever he finds it. Such is the happy position of Homer, perhaps; of Chaucer, of Saadi. They felt that all wit was their wit. And they are librarians and historiographers, as well as poets. Each romancer was heir and dispenser of all the hundred tales of the world,

Presenting Thebes' and Pelops' line
And the tale of Troy divine.

The influence of Chaucer is conspicuous in all our early literature; and, more recently, not only Pope and Dryden have been beholden to him, but, in the whole society of English writers, a large unacknowledged debt is easily traced. One is charmed with the opulence which feeds so many pensioners. But Chaucer is a huge borrower. Chaucer, it seems, drew continually, through Lydgate and Caxton, from Guido di Colonna, whose Latin romance of the Trojan War was in turn a compilation from Dares Phrygius, Ovid and Statius. Then Petrarch, Boccaccio and the Provençal poets are his benefactors: the *Romaunt of the Rose* is only judicious translation from William of Lorris and John of Meun; *Troilus and Creseide*, from Lollius of Urbino; *The Cock and the Fox*, from the *Lais of Marie*; *The House of Fame*, from the French or Italian; and poor Gower he uses as if he were only a brick-kiln or stone-quarry out of which to build his house. He steals by this apology – that what he takes has no worth where he finds it, and the greatest where he leaves it. It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but, as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own.

Thus, all originality is relative. Every thinker is retrospective. The learned member of the legislature, at Westminster or at Washington, speaks and votes for

thousands. Show us the constituency, and the now invisible channels by which the senator is made aware of their wishes, the crowd of practical and knowing men, who, by correspondence or conversation, are feeding him with evidence, anecdotes, and estimates, and it will bereave his fine attitude and resistance of something of their impressiveness. As Sir Robert Peel and Mr Webster vote, so Locke and Rousseau think for thousands; and so there were fountains all around Homer, Menu, Saadi or Milton from which they drew; friends, lovers, books, traditions, proverbs – all perished – which, if seen, would go to reduce the wonder. Did the bard speak with authority? Did he feel himself overmatched by any companion? The appeal is to the consciousness of the writer. Is there at last in his breast a Delhi whereof to ask concerning any thought or thing, whether it be verily so, yea or nay? and to have answer, and to rely on that? All the debt which such a man could contract to other wit would never disturb his consciousness of originality: for the ministrations of books, and of other minds, are a whiff of smoke to that most private reality with which he has conversed.

It is easy to see that what is best written or done by genius, in the world, was no man's work, but came by wide social labour, when a thousand wrought like one, sharing the same impulse. Our English Bible is a wonderful specimen of the strength and music of the English language. But it was not made by one man, or at one time; but centuries and churches brought it to perfection. There never was a time when there was not some translation existing. The Liturgy, admired for its energy and pathos, is an anthology of the piety of ages and nations, a translation of the prayers and forms of the Catholic church – these collected, too, in long periods, from the prayers and meditations of every saint and sacred writer, all over the world. Grotius makes the like remark in respect to the Lord's Prayer, that the single clauses of which it is composed were already in use, in the time of Christ, in the rabbinical forms. He picked out the grains of gold. The nervous language of the Common Law, the impressive forms of our courts, and the precision and substantial truth of the legal distinctions, are the contribution of all the sharp-sighted, strong-minded men who have lived in the countries where these laws govern. The translation of Plutarch gets its excellence by being translation on translation. There never was a time when there was none. All the truly idiomatic and national phrases are kept, and all others successively picked out and thrown away. Something like the same process had gone on, long before, with the originals of these books. The world takes liberties with world-

books. Vedas, Aesop's *Fables*, Pilpay, *Arabian Nights*, *Cid*, *Iliad*, *Robin Hood*, *Scottish Minstrelsy*, are not the work of single men. In the composition of such works, the time thinks, the market thinks, the mason, the carpenter, the merchant, the farmer, the fop, all think for us. Every book supplies its time with one good word; every municipal law, every trade, every folly of the day, and the generic catholic genius who is not afraid or ashamed to owe his originality to the originality of all, stands with the next age as the recorder and embodiment of his own.

We have to thank the researches of antiquaries and the Shakespeare Society for ascertaining the steps of the English drama, from the Mysteries celebrated in churches and by churchmen, and the final detachment from the church, and the completion of secular plays, from *Ferrex and Porrex*, and Gammer Gurton's *Needle*, down to the possession of the stage by the very pieces which Shakespeare altered, remodelled, and finally made his own. Elated with success, and piqued by the growing interest of the problem, they have left no bookstall unsearched, no chest in a garret unopened, no file of old yellow accounts to decompose in damp and worms, so keen was the hope to discover whether the boy Shakespeare poached or not, whether he held horses at the theatre door, whether he kept school, and why he left in his will only his second-best bed to Ann Hathaway, his wife.

There is somewhat touching in the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth, and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs and Buckingham; and let pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered – the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished, and minds to receive this and not another bias. A popular player – nobody suspected he was the poet of the human race; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men, as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took the inventory of the human understanding for his times, never mentioned his name. Ben Jonson, though we have strained his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he has conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two.

If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakespeare's time should be capable of recognising it. Sir Henry Wotton

was born four years after Shakespeare, and died twenty-three years after him; and I find among his correspondents and acquaintances the following persons: Theodore Beza, Isaac Casaubon, Sir Philip Sidney, Earl of Essex, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Isaac Walton, Dr Donne, Abraham Cowley, Bellarmine, Charles Cotton, John Pym, John Hales, Kepler, Vieta, Albericus Gentilis, Paul Sarpi, Ariminus; with all of whom exist some token of his having communicated, without enumerating many others, whom doubtless he saw – Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, two Herberts, Marlow, Chapman, and the rest. Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society – yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetrable. You cannot see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected; and not until two centuries had passed, after his death, did any criticism which we think adequate begin to appear. It was not possible to write the history of Shakespeare till now; for he is the father of German literature: it was on the introduction of Shakespeare into German by Lessing, and the translation of his works by Wieland and Schlegel, that the rapid burst of German literature was most intimately connected. It was not until the nineteenth century, whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet, that the tragedy of *Hamlet* should find such wondering readers. Now, literature, philosophy and thought are Shakspearised. His mind is the horizon beyond which, at present, we do not see. Our ears are educated to music by his rhythm. Coleridge and Goethe are the only critics who have expressed our convictions with any adequate fidelity: but there is in all cultivated minds a silent appreciation of his superlative power and beauty, which, like Christianity, qualifies the period.

The Shakespeare Society have enquired in all directions, advertised the missing facts, offered money for any information that will lead to proof; and with what results? Beside some important illustration of the history of the English stage, to which I have adverted, they have gleaned a few facts touching the property, and dealings in regard to property, of the poet. It appears that, from year to year, he owned a larger share in the Blackfriars' Theatre: its wardrobe and other appurtenances were his: that he bought an estate in his native village with his earnings as writer and shareholder; that he lived in the best house in Stratford; was entrusted by his neighbours with their commissions in London, as of borrowing money, and the like; that he was a veritable farmer. About the time when he was writing *Macbeth*, he sues Philip Rogers, in the borough-court of Stratford, for thirty-five

illings tenpence, for corn delivered to him at different times; and, in all respects, appears as a good husband, with no reputation for eccentricity or excess. He was a good-natured sort of man, an actor and shareholder in the theatre, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers. I admit the importance of this information. It was well worth the pains that have been taken to procure it.

But whatever scraps of information concerning his condition these researches may have rescued, they can shed no light upon that infinite invention which is the concealed magnet of his attraction for us. We are very clumsy writers of history. We tell the chronicle of parentage, birth, birthplace, schooling, schoolmates, earning of money, marriage, publication of books, celebrity, death; and when we have come to an end of this gossip, no ray of relation appears between it and the goddess-born; and it seems as if, had we dipped at random into the *Modern Plutarch*, and read any other life there, it would have fitted the poems as well. It is the essence of poetry to spring, like the rainbow daughter of Wonder, from the invisible, to abolish the past, and refuse all history. Malone, Warburton, Dyce and Collier have wasted their oil. The famed theatres, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Park and Tremont, have vainly assisted. Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean and Macready dedicate their lives to this genius; him they crown, elucidate, obey and express. The genius knows them not. The recitation begins; one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes. I remember, I went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer, the pride of the English stage; and all I then heard, and all I now remember, of the tragedian, was that in which the tragedian had no part; simply, Hamlet's question to the ghost,

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?

That imagination which dilates the closet he writes into the world's dimension, crowds it with agents in rank and order, as quickly reduces the big reality to be the glimpses of the moon. These tricks of his magic spoil for us the illusions of the green-room. Can any biography shed light on the localities into which the *Midsummer Night's Dream* admits me? Did Shakespeare confide to any notary or parish recorder, sacristan, or surrogate, in Stratford, the genesis of that delicate creation? The forest of Arden, the nimble air of Scone Castle, the moonlight of Portia's villa, 'the antres vast and deserts idle', of Othello's captivity – where is the third

cousin, or grandnephew, the chancellor's file of accounts, or private letter, that has kept one word of those transcendent secrets. In fine, in this drama, as in all great works of art – in the Cyclopean architecture of Egypt and India; in the Phidian sculpture; the Gothic minsters; the Italian painting; the Ballads of Spain and Scotland – the Genius draws up the ladder after him, when the creative age goes up to heaven, and gives way to a new, who see the works, and ask in vain for a history.

Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakespeare in us; that is, to our most apprehensive and sympathetic hour. He cannot step from off his tripod, and give us anecdotes of his inspirations. Read the antique documents extricated, analysed, and compared, by the assiduous Dyce and Collier; and now read one of those skyey sentences – aerolites – which seem to have fallen out of heaven, and which, not your experience, but the man within the breast, has accepted as words of fate; and tell me if they match; if the former account in any manner for the latter; or, which gives the most historical insight into the man.

Hence, though our external history is so meagre, yet, with Shakespeare for biographer, instead of Aubrey and Rowe, we have really the information which is material, that which describes character and fortune; that which, if we were about to meet the man and deal with him, would most import us to know. We have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart – on life and death, on love, on wealth and poverty, on the prizes of life, and the ways whereby we may come at them; on the characters of men, and the influences, occult and open, which affect their fortunes; and on those mysterious and demoniacal powers which defy our science, and which yet interweave their malice and their gift in our brightest hours. Who ever read the volume of Sonnets, without finding that the poet had there revealed, under masks that are no masks to the intelligent, the lore of friendship and of love; the confusion of sentiments in the most susceptible, and, at the same time, the most intellectual of men? What trait of his private mind has he hidden in his dramas? One can discern, in his ample pictures of the gentleman and the king, what forms and humanities pleased him; his delight in troops of friends, in large hospitality, in cheerful giving. Let Timon, let Warwick, let Antonio the merchant, answer for his great heart. So far from Shakespeare being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not

signified his knowledge of? What office or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behaviour?

Some able and appreciating critics think no criticism on Shakespeare valuable that does not rest purely on the dramatic merit; that he is falsely judged as poet and philosopher. I think as highly as these critics of his dramatic merit, but still think it secondary. He was a full man, who liked to talk; a brain exhaling thoughts and images, which, seeking vent, found the drama next at hand. Had he been less, we should have had to consider how well he filled his place, how good a dramatist he was – and he is the best in the world. But it turns out that what he has to say is of that weight as to withdraw some attention from the vehicle; and he is like some saint whose history is to be rendered into all languages, into verse and prose, into songs and pictures, and cut up into proverbs; so that the occasions which gave the saint's meaning the form of a conversation, or of a prayer, or of a code of laws, is immaterial compared with the universality of its application. So it fares with the wise Shakespeare and his book of life. He wrote the airs for all our modern music: he wrote the text of modern life; the text of manners: he drew the man of England and Europe; the father of the man in America: he drew the man and described the day, and what is done in it: he read the hearts of men and women, their probity, and their second thought, and wiles; the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtues and vices slide into their contraries: he could divide the mother's part from the father's part in the face of the child, or draw the fine demarcations of freedom and fate: he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature: and all the sweets and all the terrors of human lot lay in his mind as truly but as softly as the landscape lies on the eye. And the importance of this wisdom of life sinks the form, as of Drama or Epic, out of notice. 'Tis like making a question concerning the paper on which a king's message is written.

Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors, as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others, conceivably. A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakespeare's. We are still out of doors. For executive faculty, for creation, Shakespeare is unique. No man can imagine it better. He was the farthest reach of subtlety compatible with an individual self – the subtlest of authors, and only just within the possibility of

authorship. With this wisdom of life is the equal endowment of imaginative and of lyric power. He clothed the creatures of his legend with form and sentiments, as if they were people who had lived under his roof; and few real men have left such distinct characters as these fictions. And they spoke in language as sweet as it was fit. Yet his talents never seduced him into an ostentation, nor did he harp on one string. An omnipresent humanity co-ordinates all his faculties. Give a man of talents a story to tell, and his partiality will presently appear. He has certain observations, opinions, topics, which have some accidental prominence, and which he disposes all to exhibit. He crams this part, and starves that other part, consulting not the fitness of the thing, but his fitness and strength. But Shakespeare has no peculiarity, no importunate topic; but all is duly given; no veins, no curiosities: no cow-painter, no bird-fancier, no mannerist is he: he has no discoverable egotism: the great he tells greatly; the small subordinately. He is wise without emphasis or assertion; he is strong, as nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. This makes that equality of power in farce, tragedy, narrative and love-songs; a merit so incessant that each reader is incredulous of the perception of other readers.

This power of expression, or of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse, makes him the type of the poet, and has added a new problem to metaphysics. This is that which throws him into natural history, as a main production of the globe, and as announcing new eras and ameliorations. Things were mirrored in his poetry without loss or blur: he could paint the fine with precision, the great with compass; the tragic and comic indifferently, and without any distortion or favour. He carried his powerful execution into minute details, to a hair point; finishes an eyelash or a dimple as firmly as he draws a mountain; and yet these, like nature's, will bear the scrutiny of the solar microscope.

In short, he is the chief example to prove that more or less of production, more or fewer pictures, is a thing indifferent. He had the power to make one picture. Daguerre learned how to let one flower etch its image on his plate of iodine; and then proceeds at leisure to etch a million. There are always objects; but there was never representation. Here is perfect representation, at last; and now let the world of figures sit for their portraits. No recipe can be given for the making of a Shakespeare; but the possibility of the translation of things into song is demonstrated.

His lyric power lies in the genius of the

piece. The sonnets, though their excellence is lost in the splendour of the dramas, are as inimitable as they: and it is not a merit of lines, but a total merit of the piece; like the tone of voice of some incomparable person, so is this a speech of poetic beings, and any clause as unproducible now as a whole poem.

Though the speeches in the plays, and single lines, have a beauty which tempts the ear to pause on them for their euphuism, yet the sentence is so loaded with meaning, and so linked with its foregoers and followers, that the logician is satisfied. His means are as admirable as his ends; every subordinate invention, by which he helps himself to connect some irreconcilable opposites, is a poem too. He is not reduced to dismount and walk, because his horses are running off with him in some distant direction: he always rides.

The finest poetry was first experience: but the thought has suffered a transformation since it was an experience. Cultivated men often attain a good degree of skill in writing verses; but it is easy to read, through their poems, their personal history; anyone acquainted with parties can name every figure: this is Andrew, and that is Rachel. The sense thus remains prosaic. It is a caterpillar with wings, and not yet a butterfly. In the poet's mind, the fact has gone quite over into the new element of thought, and has lost all that is exuvial. This generosity abides with Shakespeare. We say, from the truth and closeness of his pictures, that he knows the lesson by heart. Yet there is not a trace of egotism.

One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet – for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace: he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe. Epicurus relates that poetry hath such charms that a lover might forsake his mistress to partake of them. And the true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and erect; and Saadi says, 'It was rumoured abroad that I was penitent; but what had I to do with repentance?' Not less sovereign and cheerful – much more sovereign and cheerful is the tone of Shakespeare. His name suggests joy and emancipation to the heart of men. If he should appear in any company of human souls, who would not march in his troop? He touches nothing that does not borrow health and longevity from his festive style.

And now, how stands the account of man with this bard and benefactor, when in solitude, shutting our ears to the reverberations of his fame, we seek to strike the balance? Solitude

has austere lessons; it can teach us to spare both heroes and poets; and it weighs Shakespeare also, and finds him to share the halftiness and imperfections of humanity.

Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, saw the splendour of meaning that plays over the visible world; knew that a tree had another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth, than for tillage and roads: that these things bore a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life. Shakespeare employed them as colours to compose his picture. He rested in their beauty; and never took the step which seemed inevitable to such genius, namely, to explore the virtue which resides in these symbols, and imparts this power – what is that which they themselves say? He converted the elements, which waited on his command, into entertainments. He was master of the revels to mankind. Is it not as if one should have, through majestic powers of science, the comets given into his hand, or the planets and their moons, and should draw them from their orbits to glare with the municipal fireworks on a holiday night, and advertise in all towns, 'very superior pyrotechny this evening!' Are the agents of nature, and the power to understand them, worth no more than a street serenade, or the breath of a cigar? One remembers again the trumpet-text in the Koran – 'The heavens and the earth, and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?' As long as the question is of talent and mental power, the world of men has not his equal to show. But when the question is to life, and its materials, and its auxiliaries, how does he profit me? What does it signify? It is but a *Twelfth Night*, or *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or a *Winter Evening's Tale*; what signifies another picture more or less? The Egyptian verdict of the Shakespeare Societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast. Had he been less, had he reached only the common measure of great authors, of Bacon, Milton, Tasso, Cervantes, we might leave the fact in the twilight of human fate: but, that this man of men, he who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into Chaos – that he should not be wise for himself – it must even go into the world's history, that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.

Well, other men, priest and prophet, Israelite, German and Swede, beheld the

same objects: they also saw through them that which was contained. And to what purpose? The beauty straightway vanishes; they read commandments, all-excluding mountainous duty; an obligation, a sadness, as of piled mountains, fell on them, and life became ghastly, joyless, a pilgrim's progress, a probation, beleaguered round

with doleful histories of Adam's fall and curse, behind us; with doomsdays and purgatorial and penal fires before us; and the heart of the seer and the heart of the listener sank in them. It must be conceded that these are half-views of half-men. The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakespeare the player,

nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act, with equal inspiration. For knowledge will brighten the sunshine; right is more beautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom.

Sir John Gilbert, Illustrator and Painter, 1817–97

John Gilbert was born in Blackheath near London, one of six children of George Felix Gilbert, a retired militiaman and a land and estate agent. At sixteen, John was placed in an estate agent's office in Charlotte Row, but it seems that he spent much of his time sketching the colourful spectacle of city life as it unfolded before him. So undistinguished an estate agent was he that after two years Gilbert's parents allowed him to pursue his career as an artist. He failed to enter classes at the Royal Academy, and he was largely self-taught apart from a few lessons from the still-life painter, George Lance.

Gilbert's first exhibited work was a water-colour of *The Arrest of Lord Hastings* at the Society of British Artists. This set the tone for much of his work, which tended to be of an historical or literary nature. He continued to exhibit at the SBA and showed oil paintings at the British Institution – about sixty in all. He also exhibited at the Royal Academy from

1837 until 1851, when he stopped on the grounds that his works were badly hung. He became closely associated with the Old Watercolour Society, of which he became an associate in 1852 and a full member in 1854. He exhibited nearly three hundred works in the Society's gallery, including many depictions of the characters in *Don Quixote* and Shakespeare. He was elected President in 1871 and knighted in 1872.

He began sending his paintings to the Royal Academy once more in 1867, and was elected an associate RA in 1872 and a full academician in 1876. He continued to paint historical themes, longing for acclaim in this field – he was described as 'the Sir Walter Scott of painting' – but he made a small fortune in book illustration and pictorial journalism. He supplied illustrations to numerous periodicals, including *Punch*, *The London Journal* and, above all, to *The Illustrated London News*, to whom he supplied

approximately thirty thousand illustrations over thirty years.

But it was his association with Shakespeare that earned him his greatest fame. He was engaged by Howard Staunton to illustrate his majestic three-volume edition published in 1860. Gilbert's 829 designs, most of which are reproduced in this edition, were engraved by the Dalziel brothers; they frequently depict scenes never before illustrated and stand as his best memorial. His main interest was narrative, and this explains his great success as an illustrator. His naturalistic, sketchy and spirited designs sprang from his fertility and quickness of hand. The fact that he could compose and draw directly on to the wood-block with no preliminary sketches gives his work a spontaneity that is unequalled. He died in Blackheath on 5 October 1897, where he had lived all his life, and his estate was valued at over £230,000.



Throughout the English-speaking world the language of Shakespeare has become an integral part of everyday conversation, but many of those who use it are probably unaware of its source, and only a very few would be able to say in which play or in what connection a particular passage or phrase occurs.

Here are listed a representative number of examples to illustrate this interesting fact and perhaps to be of use to those journalists, public speakers, conversationalists and raconteurs who, wishing to bring into play some particularly apt Shakespearian quotation, would be glad to be reminded of the exact words of the passage they have in mind and of the context in which it was used, especially as

some of the most familiar passages are so often misquoted. For example, 'A goodly apple rotten at the *heart*' has come to be rendered 'A goodly apple rotten at the *core*'.

It is important to point out that many of our well-known proverbs appear in Shakespeare's plays in a different form from that widely adopted. For instance, we say 'Still waters run deep' though the rendering in *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth* is 'Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.' Similarly, 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good' is rendered in *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth* as 'Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.'

Several of the short passages quoted may not be immediately familiar in themselves but have been chosen because they contain

some well-known phrase. However, where a recognisable line or phrase occurs in one of the longer speeches it has in nearly every case been extracted and set down without context. Some of the phrases included were no doubt in use before Shakespeare's time, but their adoption by him may perhaps have ensured their survival.

It is worthy of note that many of the passages quoted occur in the lesser known plays. To give examples, 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin' is to be found in *Troilus and Cressida* and 'Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind' appears in *Henry VI, Part 3*.

The references below each quotation refer to the act, scene and line number where the quotation can be found.

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth

Since you are tongue-tied
II, iv, 25

The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the
roost
I, i, 109

Smooth runs the water where the brook is
deep
III, i, 53

As dead as a door-nail
IV, 10, 43

Part Three of King Henry the Sixth

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered
oak
II, i, 54

The smallest worm will turn being trodden
on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their
brood
II, ii, 17

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody
II, 5, 55

Strike now, or else the iron cools
V, i, 49

I need not add more fuel to your fire
V, iv, 70

King Richard the Third

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York
I, i, 1

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 today instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
V, iv, 9

Titus Andronicus

... more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of
II, i, 85

The Comedy of Errors

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season,
When in the why and the wherefore is
neither rhyme nor reason?
II, ii, 48

There is something in the wind
III, i, 68

Marry, he must have a long spoon that
must eat with the devil
IV, iii, 64

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Cease to lament for that thou canst not
help
III, i, 241

To make a virtue of necessity
IV, i, 62

How use doth breed a habit in a man
V, iv, 1

Love's Labour's Lost

I would not care a pin
IV, iii, 18

The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt
V, ii, 716

Romeo and Juliet

I will bite my thumb at them
I, i, 48

What's in a name? that which we call a
rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet
II, ii, 43

... parting in such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be
tomorrow
II, ii, 185

Wisely and slow: they stumble that run
fast
II, iii, 94

A plague on both your houses!
III, i, 94

A Midsummer Night's Dream

The course of true love never did run
smooth
I, i, 134

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows
II, i, 249

King John

I should be merry as the day is long
IV, i, 18

... a beardless boy
V, i, 69

I beg cold comfort
V, vii, 42

LBRIS

We know
books

The Taming of the Shrew

An eye-sore

II, ii, 103

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness

IV, I, 211

Pitchers have ears

IV, iv, 51

To bandy word for word

IV, ii, 172

King Richard the Second

All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity

I, iii, 275

This precious stone set in the silver sea

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England

I, i, 46

The ripest fruit falls first

I, I, 153

Since pride must have a fall

IV, iv, 88

The Merchant of Venice

A goodly apple rotten at the heart

I, ii, 102

With bated breath and whispering
humbleness

IV, ii, 126

It is a wise father that knows his own child

IV, i, 80

Truth will out

IV, i, 85

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit

IV, iv, 36

All that glisters is not gold

IV, vi, 65

My own flesh and blood

IV, i, 38

The quality of mercy is not strain'd

IV, i, 184

A Daniel come to judgment!

IV, i, 223

... take thou thy pound of flesh

IV, i, 308

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils

IV, i, 83

How far that little candle throws his beam!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world

V, I, 90

Part One of King Henry the Fourth

He will give the devil his due

I, ii, 132

... tell truth, and shame the devil

III, i, 58

... the time of life is short!

To spend that shortness basely were too
long

V, ii, 82

The better part of valour is discretion

V, iv, 121

Part Two of King Henry the Fourth

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown

III, i, 31

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought

IV, 5, 93

King Henry the Fifth

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard

II, ii, 12

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:

Follow your spirit, and upon this charge

Cry, 'God for Harry, England and St
George!'

III, i, 31

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart

IV, iii, 35

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers

IV, iii, 60

Much Ado About Nothing

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever

II, iii, 64

They that touch pitch will be defiled

III, iii, 60

A word in your ear

IV, ii, 29

The Merry Wives of Windsor

... the world's my oyster,
Which I with sword will open

II, ii, 2

Julius Caesar

Men at some time are masters of their fates;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are the underlings

I, ii, 139

But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me

I, ii, 287

Cowards die many times before their death;

The valiant never taste of death but once

II, ii, 32

Et tu, Brute?

III, i, 77

Cry, 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war

III, i, 273

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears:

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him

III, ii, 78

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones

III, ii, 80

For Brutus is an honourable man

III, ii, 87

If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now

III, ii, 173

This was the most unkindest cut of all

III, 2, 187

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and miseries.

IV, iii, 218

My life is run his compass

V, iii, 25

This was the noblest Roman of them all

V, 5, 68

As You Like It

'Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the
world wags.'

II, vii, 23

True is it that we have seen better days

II, vii, 120

... All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players:

They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages

II, vii, 139