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The Threw

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH DETAILED NOTES

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SHAKESPEARE STUDIES

EDITED BY BARBARA A. MOWAT AND PAUL WERSTINE

INDUCTION

Scene 1 Enter Beggar (Christopher Sly) and Hostess.

SLY I'll feeze you, in faith.

HOSTESS A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY You're a baggage! The Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles. We came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, paucas pallabris, let the world slide. Sessa!

HOSTESS You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY No, not a denier. Go, by Saint Jeronimy! Go to thy cold bed and warm thee. He lies down.

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HOSTESS I know my remedy. I must go fetch the headborough.

by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy. Let him come, and kindly.

Falls asleep.

Wind horns within. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

LORD

Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds.

Breathe Merriman (the poor cur is embossed)

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound!

FIRST HUNTSMAN

Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord.

He cried upon it at the merest loss,

And twice today picked out the dullest scent.

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all.
Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

FIRST HUNTSMAN I will, my lord.

First Huntsman exits.

LORD, noticing Sty

What's here? One dead, or drunk? See doth he breathe.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale, This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD

O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,

Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his

fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

THIRD HUNTSMAN

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose. SECOND HUNTSMAN

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy. Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

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Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
Procure me music ready when he wakes
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound.
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And, with a low, submissive reverence,
Say "What is it your Honor will command?"
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rosewater and bestrewed with flowers,
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say "Will 't please your Lordship cool your
hands?"
Someone he ready with a costly suit

Someone be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear.
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs.
It will be pastime passing excellent
If it be husbanded with modesty.

THIRD HUNTSMAN

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part As he shall think by our true diligence He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD

Take him up gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets within.

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

Servingman exits.

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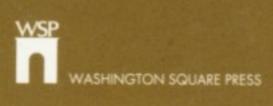
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