

CONTENTS.

	Page
TIMON OF ATHENS. ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON,	1
CYMBELINE. ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DADD,	75
THE TEMPEST. ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE,	173
TITUS ANDRONICUS. ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON,	251
THE WINTER'S TALE. ILLUSTRATED BY MAYNARD BROWN,	309

PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Vignette, 14		Act IV. scene 1. lines 21-23, 39 <i>Tim.</i> Plagues incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke!
Act I. scene 1. lines 39, 40, 15 <i>Pain.</i> How this lord is follow'd! <i>Poet.</i> The senators of Athens:—happy man!	Act IV. scene 3. line 53, 41 <i>Tim.</i> I am <i>Misanthropos</i> , and hate mankind.	
Act I. scene 2. lines 137, 138, 22 <i>Apen.</i> Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way! They dance! they are mad women.	Act IV. scene 3. lines 373-375, 47 <i>Tim.</i> Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose A stone by thee.	
Act II. scene 2. lines 7, 8, 25 <i>Flav.</i> What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.	Act IV. scene 3. lines 497-499, (<i>Etching</i>) 49 <i>Tim.</i> Had I a steward So true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.	
Act II. scene 2. lines 161-163, 27 <i>Flav.</i> O my good lord, the world is but a word: Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone!	Act V. scene 1. lines 31, 32, 50 <i>Tim.</i> [<i>Aside</i>] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.	
Act III. scene 1. lines 50, 51, 30 <i>Flam.</i> Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!	Act V. scene 3. lines 5, 6, 54 <i>Sold.</i> What's on this tomb I cannot read: the character I'll take with wax.	
Act III. scene 4. line 80, 34 <i>Tim.</i> What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?	Tailpiece, 56	
Act III. scene 6. lines 109, 110, 37 <i>Tim.</i> What, dost thou go? <i>Soft!</i> take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou.	Vignette, 74	

CYMBELINE.

Act I. scene 1. line 125, 89	Act III. scene 6. lines 24–26, 121
<i>Cym.</i> Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!	<i>Imo.</i> Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Act I. scene 4. lines 136–138, 95	Act IV. scene 2. lines 74, 75, 125
<i>Post.</i> What lady would you choose to assail? <i>Iach.</i> Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.	<i>Clo.</i> Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Act I. scene 5. line 5, 97	Act IV. scene 2. lines 368–370, 130
<i>Cor.</i> Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam.	<i>Imo.</i> This was my master, A very valiant Briton and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain.
Act I. scene 6. lines 135, 136, 101	Act V. scene 3. lines 23, 24, 135
<i>Iach.</i> Revenge it. I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure.	<i>Post.</i> Made good the passage; cried to those that fled, "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men."
Act II. scene 2. lines 11–14, 104	Act V. scene 4. lines 1, 2, 137
<i>Iach.</i> The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd The chastity he wounded.	<i>First Gaol.</i> You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you; So graze as you find pasture.
Act II. scene 4. line 147, 109	Act V. scene 5. lines 263, 264, 143
<i>Post.</i> O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!	<i>Post.</i> Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die!
Act III. scene 3. lines 73–75, 114	Act V. scene 5. lines 417, 418, (<i>Etching</i>) 145
<i>Bel.</i> But, up to the mountains! This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast.	<i>Post.</i> Kneel not to me: The power that I have on you is to spare you.
Act III. scene 4. lines 68–70, 117	
<i>Imo.</i> look! I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.	

THE TEMPEST.

Act I. scene 2. lines 146–148, 189	Act II. scene 2. lines 25–28, 206
<i>Pros.</i> A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively have quit it.	<i>Trin.</i> What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.
Act I. scene 2. lines 5–8, 191	Act II. scene 2. line 192, 209
<i>Mir.</i> O, I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces.	<i>Ste.</i> O brave monster! lead the way.
Act I. scene 2. lines 189, 190, 194	Act III. scene 1. lines 68–70, 211
<i>Ari.</i> All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come To answer thy best pleasure.	<i>Fer.</i> O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true!
Act I. scene 2. lines 344–346, 197	Act III. scene 2. lines 83–85, 213
<i>Pros.</i> Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee, Fiith as thou art, with human care.	<i>Ari.</i> Thou liest. <i>Ste.</i> Do I so? take thou that [<i>strikes Trinculo</i>]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Act I. scene 2. line 387, 199	Act III. scene 2. lines 146–149, 214
<i>Fer.</i> Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?	<i>Cal.</i> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears: and sometimes voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again.
Act I. scene 2. lines 464–466, 200	Act III. scene 3, 215
<i>Fer.</i> No; I will resist such entertainment till Mine enemy has more power.	

CONTENTS.

ix

Act IV. scene 1. lines 256–258, 220	Act V. scene 1. line 172, (Etching) 225
<i>Pros.</i> Hey, Mountain, hey!	<i>Mir.</i> Sweet lord, you play me false.
<i>Ari.</i> Silver! there it goes, Silver!	Act V. scene 1, 226
<i>Pros.</i> Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!	<i>Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain</i> <i>amazedly following.</i>
Act V. scene 1. line 91, 223	Tailpiece, 228
<i>Ari.</i> On the bat's back I do fly.	

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tailpiece, 260	Act IV. scene 1. line 77, 283
Act I. scene 1. line 163, 261	<i>Tit.</i> O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
<i>Lav.</i> O, bless me here with thy victorious hand.	Act V. scene 1. lines 37, 38, 291
Act II. scene 1. lines 43, 44, 269	<i>Sec. Goth.</i> With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surpris'd him suddenly.
<i>Chi.</i> Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have, Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.	Act V. scene 2. line 167, 295
Act II. scene 3. line 185, 274	<i>Tit.</i> Come, come, Lavinia, look, thy foes are bound.
<i>Chi.</i> Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband.	Tailpiece, 299

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Act I. scene 1. lines 6–8, 321	Act III. scene 3. lines 69–71, 344
<i>Cam.</i> I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.	<i>Shep.</i> Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!
Act I. scene 2. lines 56, 57, 323	Act IV. scene 3. lines 79, 80, 347
<i>Pol.</i> Your guest, then, madam: To be your prisoner should import offending.	<i>Aut.</i> Softly, dear sir [<i>picks his pocket</i>]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.
Act I. scene 2. lines 299, 300, 327	Act IV. scene 4. lines 166, 167, 351
<i>Leon.</i> It is; you lie, you lie: I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.	<i>Pol.</i> Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this Which dances with your daughter?
Act II. scene 1. lines 1, 2, 330	Act IV. scene 4. line 394, 354
<i>Her.</i> Take the boy to you: he so troubles me, 'Tis past enduring.	<i>Shep.</i> Take hands, a bargain!
Act II. scene 2. lines 26–29, 334	Act IV. scene 4. lines 733–736, 359
<i>Emil.</i> A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you."	<i>Aut.</i> Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [<i>Takes off his false beard.</i>] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?
Act II. scene 3. lines 125, 126, 337	Act V. scene 1. lines 207, 208, 364
<i>Paul.</i> I pray you, do not push me: I'll be gone. Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours.	<i>Leon.</i> My lord, Is this the daughter of a king?
Act III. scene 2. lines 149, 150, 341	Act V. scene 3. lines 79, 80, (Etching) 368
<i>Paul.</i> This news is mortal to the queen: look down, And see what death is doing.	<i>Leon.</i> Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.
	Act V. scene 3. lines 120, 121, 369
	<i>Paul.</i> Turn, good lady; Our Perdita is found.