

1. William Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act V, Scene ii (ca. 1590)  
 KATHERINA. I am ashamed that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
 But now I see our lances are but straws,  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready; may it do him ease.
2. Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act I, Scene i (ca. 1598)  
 CLAUDIO. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?  
 DON PEDRO. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.  
 Dost thou affect her, Claudio?  
 CLAUDIO. O, my lord...  
 DON PEDRO. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,  
 And I will break with her and with her father,  
 And thou shalt have her...  
 CLAUDIO. How sweetly you do minister to love,

- That know love's grief by his complexion!
3. *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act I, Scene ii  
 LEONATO. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.  
 ANTONIO. In faith, she's too curst.  
 BEATRICE. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.  
 ...  
 LEONATO. Well, then, go you into hell?  
 BEATRICE. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.  
 ANTONIO. [To HERO] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.  
 BEATRICE. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'  
 LEONATO. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.  
 BEATRICE. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth...  
 LEONATO. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.
4. *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act IV, Scene i

- CLAUDIO. There, Leonato, take her back again: Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honour. ...Would you not swear,  
 All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
 By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.  
 LEONATO. What do you mean, my lord?  
 CLAUDIO. Not to be married,  
 Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.  
 ...  
 CLAUDIO. I never tempted her with word too large;  
 But, as a brother to his sister, show'd Bashful sincerity and comely love.  
 HERO. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?  
 CLAUDIO. ...You seem to me as Dian in her orb,  
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
 But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals That rage in savage sensuality.  
 HERO. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?  
 LEONATO. Sweet prince, why speak not you?  
 DON PEDRO. What should I speak?  
 I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common stale.  
 ...  
 LEONATO. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?  
 [HERO swoons]  
 BEATRICE. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?  
 ...  
 BENEDICK. How doth the lady?  
 BEATRICE. Dead, I think. Help, uncle! Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

LEONATO. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
That may be wish'd for.

5. From Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds* (1607)

Now I see thy looks were feigned,  
Quickly lost and quickly gained.  
Soft thy skin like wool of wethers,  
Heart unconstant, light as feathers.  
Tongue untrusty, subtle-sighted,  
Wanton will with change delighted.

*Refrain:* Siren pleasant, foe to reason,

Cupid plague thee for thy treason.

...Feign'd acceptance when I asked,  
Lovely words with cunning masked,  
Holy vows but heart unholy  
Wretched man! my trust was folly.  
Lily-white and pretty winking,  
Solemn vows, but sorry thinking...

6. From Thomas Campion's *Second Book of Airs* (ca. 1613)

Vain men, whose follies make a God of Love,  
Whose blindness beauty doth immortal deem:  
Praise not what you desire, but what you prove,  
Count those things good that are, not those that seem:  
I cannot call her true that's false to me,  
Nor make of women more than women be.

How faire an entrance breaks the way to love!  
How rich of golden hope, and gay delight!  
What hart cannot a modest beauty move?  
Who, seeing clear day once, will dream of night?  
She seem'd a Saint, that brake her faith with me,  
But prov'd a woman, as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet, that true content  
Unhappy men in them may never find;  
Ah, but without them, none; both must consent,  
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.  
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill:  
Men must be men, and women women still.

7. From Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*  
How shall I then describe my Love?  
When all men's skillful art  
Is far inferior to her worth,  
To praise the unworthiest part.

She's chaste in looks, mild in her speech,  
In actions all discreet,  
Of nature loving, pleasing most,  
In virtue all complete...

8. "The Cucking of a Scold", broadside (ca. 1615)  
...Then was the Scold herself  
In a wheel-barrow brought.  
Stripped naked to the smock,  
As in that case she ought:  
Neat tongues about her neck  
Were hung in open show;  
And thus unto the cucking stool  
This famous Scold did go.  
*Refrain.* The cucking of a Scold,  
The cucking of a Scold  
Which if you will but stay to hear  
The cucking of a Scold.

Then fast within the chair  
She was most finely bound,  
Which made her scold excessively,  
And said she should be drown'd.  
But every time that she

Was in the water dipped,  
The drums and trumpets sounded, brave  
For joy the people skipped. (R.)

Six times when she was duck'd  
Within the water clear.  
That like unto a drowned Rat,  
She did in sight appear.  
The justice thinking then  
To send her straight away,  
The Constable she called knave,  
And knav'd him all the day. (R.)

Upon which words, I wot,  
They duck'd her straight again  
A dozen times ore head and ears:  
Yet she would not refrain,  
But still revil'd them all.  
Then to't again they go,  
Till she at last held up her hands,  
Saying, I'll no more do so. (R.)

Then was she brought away,  
And after for her life,  
She never durst begin to scoul  
With either man or wife.  
And if that every Scold  
Might have so good a diet,  
Then should their neighbours every day  
Be sure to live in quiet. (R.)

9. From Campion's *Two Books of Airs* (ca. 1613)  
Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton,  
Leave your crafty smiling.  
Think you to escape me now  
With slippery words beguiling?  
No, you mocked me th' other day,  
When you got loose, you fled away.

But since I have caught you now,  
I'll clip your wings for flying;  
Smothering kisses fast I'll heap,  
And keep you so from crying.

10. Campion. From Philip Rosseter's *A Book of Airs* (1601)

My love hath vowed he will forsake me  
And I am already sped.  
For other promise he did make me  
When he had my maidenhead.  
If such danger be in playing  
And sport must to earnest turn,  
I will go no more a-maying.

Had I foreseen what is ensued,  
And what now with pain I prove,  
Unhappy then I had eschewed  
This unkind event of love.  
Maids foreknow their own undoing,  
But fear naught till all is done,  
When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling wretch to gain thy pleasure!  
What didst thou not vow and swear?  
So didst thou rob me of the treasure  
Which so long I held so dear.  
Now thou prov'st to me a stranger,  
Such is the vile guise of men,  
When a woman is in danger.

That heart is nearest to misfortune  
That will trust a feigned tongue.  
When flatt'ring men our loves importune,  
They intend us deepest wrong.  
If this shame of loves betraying,  
But this once I cleanly shun,  
I will go no more a-maying.

11. From Campion's *Third Book of Airs* (ca. 1617)  
If love loves truth then women do not love,  
Their passions all are but dissembled shows:  
Now kind and free of favour if they prove,  
Their kindness straight a tempest overthrows.  
Then as a seaman the poor lover fares;  
The storm drowns him ere he can drown his  
cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive?  
Blame then the foxes for their subtle wile!  
They first from Nature did their craft receive;  
It is a woman's nature to beguile.  
Yet some, I grant, in loving steadfast grow;  
But such by use are made, not Nature, so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame  
Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love?  
O would Deceit had died when Beauty came  
With her divineness every heart to move!  
Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall,  
To have fair women false than none at all.

12. From Campion's *Two Books of Airs*  
A secret love or two, I must confess,  
I kindly welcome for change in close playing:  
Yet my dear husband I love ne'ertheless,  
His desires, whole or half, quickly allaying,  
At all times ready to offer redress.  
His own he never wants, but hath it duly,  
Yet twits me, I keep not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawn, the more it flows;  
No Lampe less light retains by lighting others:  
Is he a loser his loss that ne'er knows?  
Or is he wealthy that waste treasure smothers?

My churl vows no man shall scent his sweet  
Rose:  
His own enough and more I give him duly,  
Yet still he twits me, I keep not touch truly.

Wise Archers bear more than one shaft to field,  
The Venturer loads not with one ware his  
shipping:  
Should Warriors learn but one weapon to wield?  
Or thrive faire plants ere the worse for the  
slipping?  
One dish cloyes, many fresh appetite yield:  
Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duly,  
Judge then what debtor can keep touch more  
truly.

13. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene ii (ca. 1600)  
That it should come to this!  
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not  
two:  
So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month--  
Let me not think on't--Frailty, thy name is  
woman!--  
A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears:--why she, even she--  
O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer--married with my  
uncle,  
My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules: within a month:  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

- Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
14. Thomas Middleton, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, Act III, Scene v (1606)  
VINDICI. Does every proud and self-affecting dame  
Camphor her face for this, and grieve her maker  
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,  
For her superfluous outside fall for this?  
Who now bids twenty pound a-night, prepares  
Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? All are hush'd;  
Thou mayst lie chaste now!  
...  
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman  
Look through and through herself; see, ladies,  
with false forms  
You deceive men but cannot deceive worms.
15. Shakespeare, *Love's Labors Lost*, IV.iii (1598)  
BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.  
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,  
It mourns that painting and usurping hair  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;  
And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,  
For native blood is counted painting now;  
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.  
DUMAIN. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.  
LONGAVILLE. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
- FERDINAND. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.  
DUMAIN. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.  
BIRON. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.  
FERDINAND. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,  
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
16. Thomas Campion. From Philip Rosseter's *A Book of Airs* (1601)  
Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,  
For all those rosy ornaments in thee...
17. From *The Second Book of Musica Transalpina*, 1597  
Brown is my love but graceful;  
And each renownèd whiteness,  
Matched with thy lovely brown, loseth its brightness.  
  
Fair is my love, but scornful;  
Yet have I seen despisèd  
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizèd.
18. Campion. From Rosseter's *A Book of Airs*  
I care not for these ladies,  
That must be wooed and prayed:  
Give me kind Amaryllis,  
The wanton country maid.  
Nature art disdaineth,  
Her beauty is her own.  
Her when we court and kiss,  
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"  
But when we come where comfort is,  
She never will say no.
- If I love Amaryllis,  
She gives me fruit and flowers:  
But if we love these ladies,  
We must give golden showers.  
Give them gold, that sell love,  
Give me the nut-brown lass...
19. John Marston, *The Insatiate Countess*, III.iv (ca. 1610)  
Farewell, though private strumpet, worse than common!  
Man were on earth an angel but for woman.  
That sevenfold branch of hell from them doth grow,  
Pride, lust, and murder, they raise from below,  
With all their fellow-sins. Women are made  
Of blood, without souls: when their beauties fade,  
And their lust's past, avarice or bawdry  
Makes them still loved; then they buy ventry,  
Bribing damnation, and hire brothel-slave:  
Shame's their executors, infamy their graves.  
Your painting will wipe off, which art did hide,  
And who your ugly shape in spite of pride.