

"THE STAGING OF THE SHAKSPERE CLUB" (1)

With tragic mien, Shakspeare tucked unflinching arm, we entered in the stage,

"For all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players."

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone," Desdemona's now the rage.

"I dare do all that may become a man," so let us in our prayers

"Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world" from out of sight.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," we make haste

"To leave this keen encounter with our wits," ere lonesome night

Shall come "When graveyards yawn"; ghosts are little to our taste.

Our stage manager now takes the lines, and mounting to his seat:

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" he cried aloud.

"Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neigh," and oft repeat,

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time" in any crowd.

Besides, "he must go that the devil drives," whips are also factors.

And now we are "flying between the cold moon and the earth"

"Ministers of grace defend us!" Our revels now are ended, the actors

Have said, "farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content," farewell to mirth.

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1.—These lines were suggested upon witnessing the departure, by stage, of the ladies of the Shakspeare Club from "Meadowbank." As the reader will note every line contains a Shakspearian quotation.