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## YE CLIMBERS' SHAKESPEARE.

CHARACTERS: *Member of Alpine Club ; Member of a British Climbing Club ; Nervous Novice.*

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### SCENE I.

Exterior of inn at the foot of Sgurr Slievepenfell.

- A. C. Look, the morn in russet mantle clad  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
- B. C. The air bites shrewdly : it is very cold.  
. . . I'll go fetch an axe.  
*(Enters inn, and returns with ice-axe.)*
- A. C. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill.
- B. C. There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
- A. C. *(to N. N., who has started off excitedly)*  
Your legs are young.  
To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.
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### SCENE II.

At the foot of the Crazy Gully, Sgurr Slievepenfell.

- A. C. *(to B. C.)* Pray, you lead.
- B. C. I will not go first.
- A. C. *(to N. N.)* He does well enough if he be disposed.  
*(To B. C.)* Shall I lead?
- B. C. *(to N. N.)* He does it with a better grace, but I do it  
more natural. *(To A. C.)* Lead ; we'll follow.  
*(They rope up ; A. C. leading ; N. N. second ; B. C. last.)*

SCENE III.

The top pitch, Crazy Gully.

- N. N. . . . How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.
- A. C. Pluck up thy spirits.
- N. N. (*deprecatingly*) These things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.
- B. C. (*who has just scrambled up to cave, encouragingly*) Be  
of good cheer, youth! You a man! (*Looking  
about*) Bestride the rock.
- N. N. (*hesitating*) I'll not budge an inch. (*Thinks discretion  
the better part of nervousness, and obeys.*) Good  
faith! (*Aside*) I tremble still with fear. (*Aloud,  
on "bestriding rock"*) O, 'tis foul!
- B. C. (*laughing*) He that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.  
(*To A. C., who has gone on*) How is't with you?
- A. C. (*out of sight*) I am toiling in a pitch.
- B. C. Is it sport?
- A. C. (*reflectively*) I think it is . . .  
I'll bring thee word straight how 'tis like to go.
- N. N. (*leaning forward and watching*) One cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.
- B. C. Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs . . . (*To A. C.*)  
What cheer!
- A. C. (*doubtfully*) It might go . . . I'll creep up into the  
chimney.  
(*After a pause*) I can go no further . . . What, ho!  
help!
- B. C. (*to N. N., hastily*) Remain here in the cave. (*Climb-  
ing up to A. C.*) How now!
- A. C. I thank my stars! I am happy . . .  
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat.

- B. C. (*returning to cave, to N. N.*) Come on, sir. (*N. N. obeys and attempts crack, and gets about half way up.*)
- N. N. (*with a semi-shriek*) I have almost slipped. (*Comes off on to rope and dislodges a stone.*)
- B. C. Macbeth—Act V., Scene iii., Line 11.
- N. N. (*recovering himself*) Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
- B. C. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me.
- A. C. What's the matter?
- B. C. He has broke my head across.
- A. C. (*looking down, facetiously*) Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake,  
Thy gory locks at me.
- B. C. (*angrily*) Go to —.
- N. N. I am sorry for't.
- B. C. (*good-temperedly*) The labour we delight in physics pain.  
. . . Up to the mountain top.  
(*N. N. tries, but is unable to climb out.*)
- N. N. (*to A. C.*) I have no strength . . . to climb without thy help.
- A. C. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out.
- B. C. (*with satisfaction on reaching top of pitch*) This is the very top.
- A. C. Now, cheer!  
(*All three cheer vigorously.*)
- A. C. Excellent sport, i' faith.
- B. C. Sport royal!
- N. N. (*aside, rubbing his knees delicately*) Some sports are painful.